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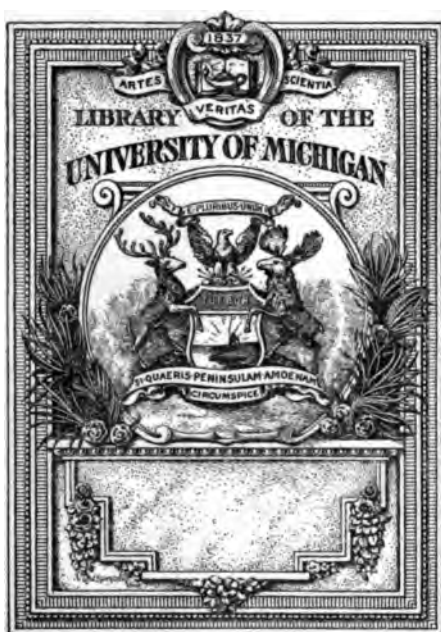
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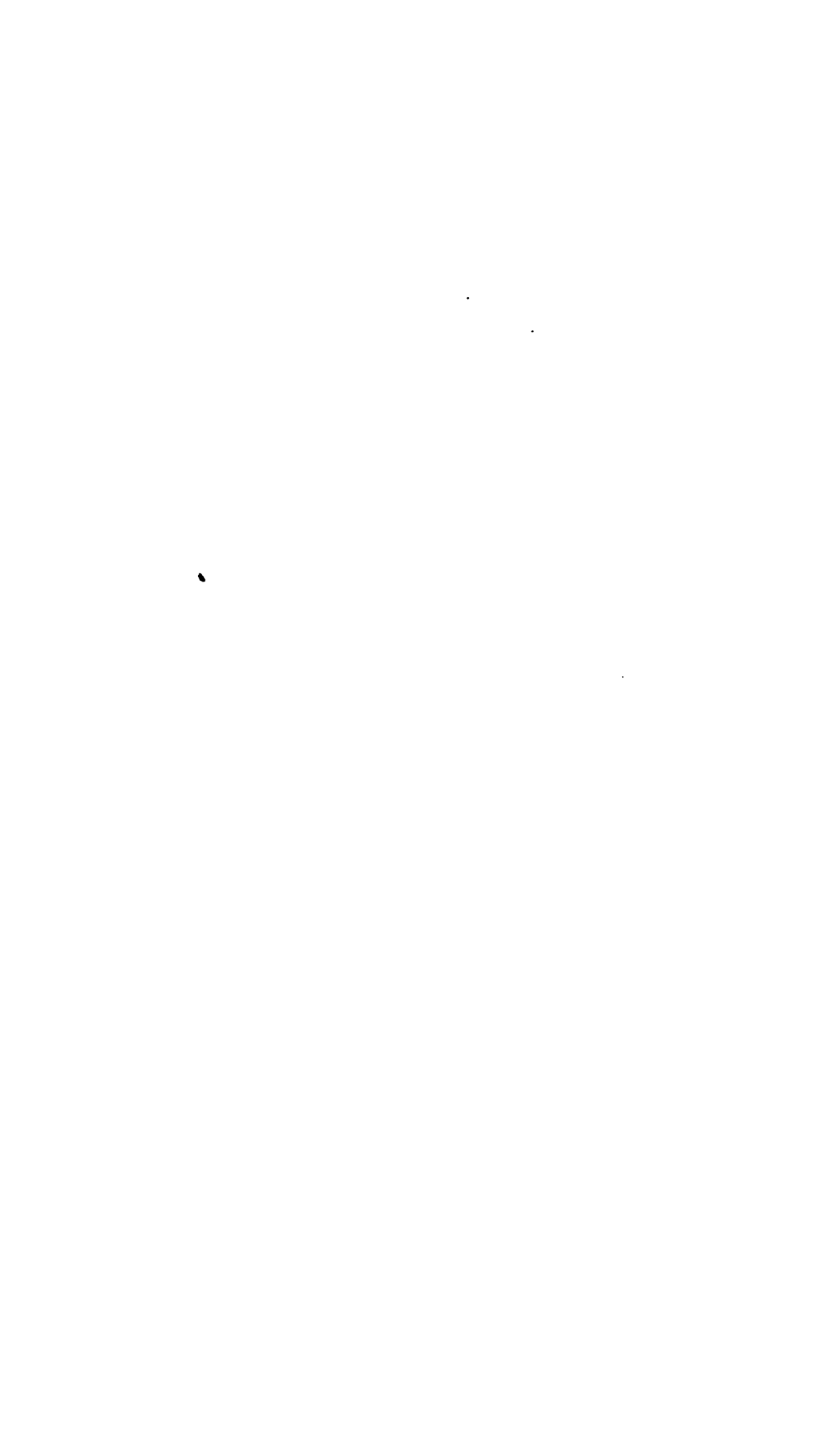
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A

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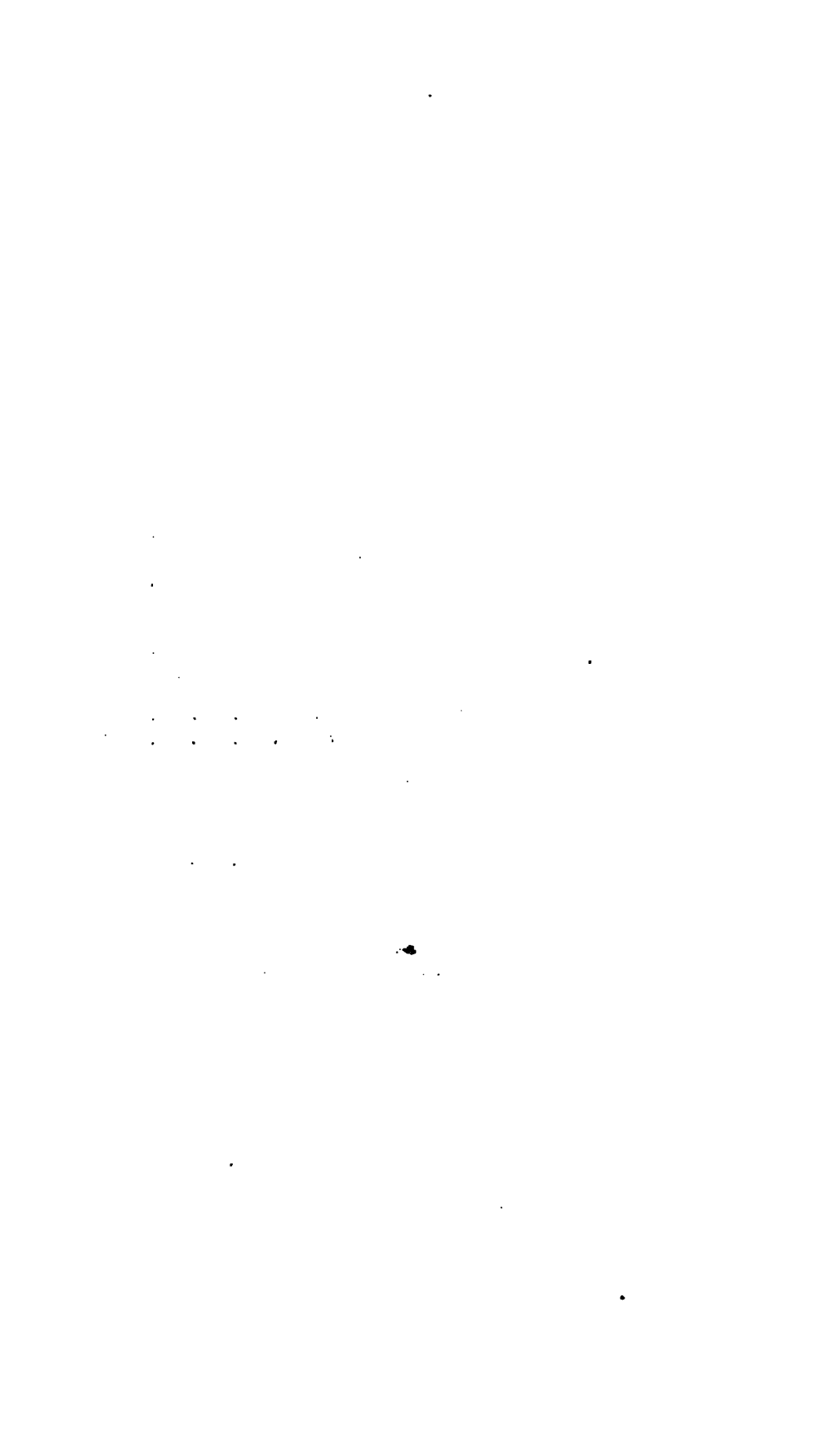
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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VI.

COLERIDGE.*

THIS is one of those books which it is wholly impossible for any work professing to give an account of our passing literature to omit noticing. It is, in every respect, one of the most interesting books which we have ever happened to read, and, from the variety of its contents, one of the most difficult to review. There has been about the announcement of it something which we do not perfectly understand. Several of the reviews have, before the publication of the book, given considerable extracts from it; and, with all our wishes to give the earliest accounts which we can of such books as we think sufficiently interesting to engage our own attention or that of our readers, here are two of the most amusing volumes in the language, of which, owing to the mode of publication, our readers will have already read in the newspapers and reviews such considerable portions, that we are led to give a much less detailed account of the work than we could at all wish, as we are already anticipated by notices of the book in the *Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews*; all of which reviewed the book before its publication. We have heard that the delay in issuing the book after it had been not only printed but reviewed, has arisen from a wish to make arrangements that would secure the advantage of copyright in America.

Of the injustice of the existing law of copyright in these countries, and the way in which it most affects works of the greatest merit, (while the right of the author, terminating at the end of twenty-eight years after publication, necessarily tends to increase the price of the book during the interval,) no one who has given any consideration to the subject can, we should think, entertain a doubt. The fashionable novels of the season, which in a few weeks are not worth the price of the paper on which they are printed, are in no way affected by the law, nor would they, if the copyright was to terminate at the end of one year, instead of twenty-eight. That a state of the law which bears with exclusive hardship on the authors of books of permanent value should remain unremedied is certainly unjust: but, of anything so chimerical as the hope of securing a copyright through America or over the Continent, (though, of course, publishers in America or France may give something for copies of the sheets as they are printed, or such other assistance as may secure to the particular house priority of publication)—we think there never can be anything like a fair chance.

Of our modern poets Coleridge is, in every respect, the most original. In his very earliest writings—in the love-poems, &c. which are the first works of every poet, are the germs of the pecu-

* Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late S. T. Coleridge, Esq. 2 vols. small 8vo. London, 1835.

liar powers which bore such rich fruit Leaves a school-boy poem, which in his after life. We transcribe in was among the first verses he ever evidence of this from the Sibylline wrote.

TIME, REAL AND IMAGINARY. AN ALLEGORY.

On the wide level of a mountain's head,
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery place,) *'*
Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,
A sister and a brother !
This far outstripp'd the other ;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind :
For he, alas ! is blind !
O'er rough and smooth with even step he passed,
And knows not whether he be first or last.

Of this poem Mr. Coleridge has said, "I scarcely know what title I should prefix to it. By Imaginary Time, I meant the state of a school-boy's mind, when on his return to school, he projects his being in his day dreams, and lives in his holydays six months hence, and this I contrasted with real time." Think of a school-boy already engaged in giving language such as this to such thoughts ! Think of his embodying in such personification his own consciousness—already finding in the notions of time, but forms and moods of his own mind—already making outward and visible pictures of the invisible workings of his inward nature—think then of the simplicity and power and perfect beauty of the language—less exquisite no doubt, but scarcely less true than that of his last verses, written after a life of study—not one word, which is not mother English—not one word of which is not such as Mr. Coleridge might have written in the last year of his life. The versification, though not complex, or of any varied power, is rich and musical, and wins the ear on through the whole stanza ; but think of the picture itself, seen in the morning light of a young poet's imagination—

*A sister and a brother !
This far outstript the other ;
Yet ever runs she with reverted face,
And looks and listens for the boy behind ;
For he, alas ! is blind !*

Had this been a picture from actual phenomenal life, the lines would have been pleasing—would have been a dawn

of promise such as the early verses of Pope and Cowley gave ; but it is as the effort of the "marvellous boy" to image to himself the world within—to shape into phantoms—to wreath with flowers and crown with haloes the floating and perishable dreams which with millions and millions pass away and are forgotten ; which, while the very facts impersonated have past, and are for ever passing, more or less dimly before the mind of every one that lives, can with difficulty be brought into such distinct consciousness, as to be made intelligible to the understanding. It is this power of giving a poetical life—nay, permanence, and such immortality as man's language can confer on mere abstractions, that is to us the wonderful thing in those early verses—the lively imagery delights us, but the notion of translating into any imagery thoughts, shapeless as the dust of the desert, is to us the thing of wonder. We feel convinced that the longer the image is dwelt upon the more perfect will it appear. Is there not more than metaphor in the language which describes the poet as a creator ?

It is said that as old age comes on, the feelings and images which had occupied the affections of our youth return, and we have known parents urged themselves to domestic piety, by this consideration, as the strongest of all appeals to a parent's heart—we have heard it urged upon them, that though the world may win your child, yet if life be prolonged for him, a time will come in the ordinary progress of nature, in which the

remembrances of his youth are sure to reappear vividly, in which the mind seems to live again in the recollection of its earliest boyhood—and all that had intervened of bustle and anxiety, and the struggles, in which the good seed seems to be trodden down and destroyed, being almost forgotten, the old man thinks alone of his youth—of the friends of his youth;—and when that time comes, and those recollections return—with what effect,—it was urged—with what effect will not the solemn and tender images of the dead come back upon the old man's heart—his father's voice in prayer—the voice that has been still for perhaps half a century—which could it be heard again on earth, no other heart or ear could recognize. As you love your children, such was the resistless language of the affectionate appeal, as you love your children, let them see that you love your God; if they fall, if they disappoint all your hopes and all your wishes—despair not; and the preacher again dwelt upon the existence of this second spring in man's life, and the irresistible effects which early recollections of good would then bring with them. We are reminded of this by the circumstance that the volumes before us show, how, in the very last years of Mr. Coleridge's life, the state of mind,

which is described in this his first poem, seems to have recurred, and to have re-awakened a poetry which is in some sort the echo of these earliest feelings.

"I am dying, but without expectation of a speedy release. Is it not strange that very recently by-gone images, and scenes of early life, have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those two realities of this phantom world! I do not add Love,—for what is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as *one*? I say *realities*; for reality is a thing of degrees, from the *Iliad* to a dream; *καὶ γὰρ τ' ὄναρ ἐκ Διὸς ἵσται*. Yet in a strict sense, reality is not predicable at all of aught below Heaven. "*Es enim in calis, Pater noster, qui tu vere es!*" Hooker wished to live to finish his Ecclesiastical Polity;—so I own I wish life and strength had been spared to me to complete my Philosophy. For, as God hears me, the originating, continuing, and sustaining wish and design in my heart was to exalt the glory of his name; and, which is the same thing in other words, to promote the improvement of mankind. But *visum alicui Deo*, and his will be done."—*Table Talk*, Vol. 2, page 341.

Of that later poetry we transcribe some passages of great beauty—"The Garden of Boccaccio" has all the warmth of Dryden's happiest style:—

O bliss of blissful hours!
The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the first husband and his sinless mate!
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate!
Of life's gay summer tide the sovran rose!
Late autumn's amaranth, that more fragrant blows
When passion's flowers all fall or fade;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or a magic show,
Whate'er it was, it is no longer so;
Though heart be lonesome, hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest:
The certainty that struck hope dead,
Hath left contentment in her stead:

And that is next the best!

Poetical Works, Aldine Edition, Vol. 2.

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

Of late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;

And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
 Call'd on the past for thought of glee or grief.
 In vain ! bereft alike of grief and glee,
 I sate and cowl'd o'er my own vacancy !
 And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
 Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake ;
 O Friend ! long wont to notice yet conceal,
 And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
 I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
 Place on my desk this exquisite design,
 Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
 The love, the joyance, and the gallantry !
 An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
 Framed in the silent poesy of form.
 Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
 Emerging from a mist ; or like a stream
 Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
 But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
 Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
 The picture stole upon my inward sight.
 A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
 As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
 And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
 All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
 In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
 Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost ;
 Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
 Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love ;
 Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
 Of manhood, musing what and whence is man !
 Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
 Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves ;
 Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
 That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades ;
 Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast ;
 Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
 Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
 To high-church pacing on the great saint's day,
 And many a verse which to myself I sang,
 That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
 Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
 And last, a matron now, of sober mien,
 Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
 Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
 Even in my dawn of thought—Philosophy ;
 Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
 She bore no other name than Poesy ;
 And like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,
 That had but newly left a mother's knee,
 Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone,
 As if with elfin playfellows well known,
 And life reveal'd to innocence alone.
 Thanks, gentle artist ! now I can descry
 Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
 And all awake ! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
 Now wander through the Eden of thy hand ;
 Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
 See fragment shadows of the crossing deer ;
 And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
 The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
 I see no longer ! I myself am there,
 Sit on the ground-ward, and the banquet share.
 'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,

And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings:
 Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
 From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
 With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possess'd,
 And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
 And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
 O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
 And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
 Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
 Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
 The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
 Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
 And forests, where beside his leafy hold
 The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
 And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
 Palladian palace with its storied halls;
 Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
 Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
 And Nature makes her happy home with man;
 Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
 With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
 And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
 A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
 Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn;—
 Thine all delights, and every muse is thine;
 And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
 Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
 Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
 See! Boccaccio sits, unfolding on his knees
 The new-found roll of old Mæonides;
 But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
 Peers Ovid's holy book of Love's sweet smart.

O all-enjoying and all-bending sage,
 Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
 Where, half conceal'd the eye of fancy views
 Fauna, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
 And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
 Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
 The vestal fires, of which her lover grieves,
 With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

Poetical Works, Aldine Edition, Vol. 2.

LIMBO.

'Tis a strange place, this Limbo!—not a Place,
 Yet name it so—where Time and weary Space
 Fettered from flight, with nightmare sense of fleeing,
 Strive for their last crepuscular half-being;
 Lank Space, and scytheless Time with branny hands
 Barren and soundless as the measuring sands,
 Not mark'd by flit of Shades; unmeaning they
 As moonlight on the dial of the day!
 But that is lovely—looks like human Time;
 An old man, with a steady look sublime,
 That stops his earthly task to watch the skies;
 But he is blind—a statue hath such eyes;
 Yet having moonward turn'd his face by chance,
 Gazes the orb with moon-like countenance,

With scant white hairs, with foretop bald and high,
 He gazes still, his eyeless face all eye;
 As 'twere an organ full of silent sight,
 His whole face seemeth to rejoice in light!
 Lip touching lip, all moveless, bust and limb—
 He seems to gaze at that which seems to gaze on him!
 No such sweet sights doth Limbo den immure,
 Wall'd round, and made a spirit-jail secure,
 By the mere horror of blank Naught-at-all,
 Whose circumambience doth these ghosts enthrall.
 A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,
 Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;
 Hell knows a fear far worse,
 A fear—a future state; 'tis positive Negation!

Aldine Edition, Vol. 1.

Of Coleridge's poetical powers the estimate has been each year increasing, and we have never known any instance of a person once admiring his powers, and as in other cases of admiration formed in boyhood, ceasing to love them. There is no one poem which Mr. Coleridge has written, which should not be preserved; but we are convinced that in the late editions *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* should have been printed separately from a great deal which the volumes contain; and that while a very few of the very earliest poems should have been given, as proofs of the early development of poetical power, almost every thing written in the interval between the date of these poems and the year 1797 should have been omitted. The others might have been preserved in some one of Mr. Pickering's beautiful editions, but we have no doubt whatever, that the part of the *Aldine* edition called *Juvenile Poems* has prevented many from reading the better poems. The manhood of Coleridge's true poetical life was in the year 1797, and all earlier poems are but the exercises by which he was disciplining himself for his vocation. There is no one of them which does not exhibit power; yet were we to advise a reader who had not before been acquainted with his works, there is no one of them on which we should wish him to delay; and it is rather from the recollection that Shelley and Wilson have spoken of the political odes as amongst the very finest in the language, than that we ourselves regard them as wholly worthy of Coleridge's mature powers, that we would allow them to be preserved in such an edition of Coleridge's select poems as we

suggest to his publisher. Of the political poems the only ones which we would retain in such an edition, are the blank-verse poem, *FEARS IN SOLITUDE*; and *FIRE, FAMINE AND SLAUGHTER*. We do not believe that by such omission we would lose any one poem which had become embodied in our literature, or had given to popular language or sentiment any expression or allusion; omissions of the same kind cannot be made in the case of writers of powers far inferior to Mr. Coleridge, when by any accident a poem has had that kind of popularity, which makes its phrases, whether they be genuine gold, or only some glittering imitation of it, pass into circulation and be received without question. The *Aldine* edition, (Pickering, 1835) is before us, the part of the first volume called *Sibylline Leaves*, with the exception of some three or four poems, and the second volume, omitting *Zapolya*, ought, we think, to be printed together, and in this way Mr. Pickering would form one of the most beautiful volumes of poems in the language, and we venture to predict, one of the most popular; in reality what we propose would be nothing more than in future impressions arranging the poems differently—for the volumes of the *Aldine* edition are sold separately; our suggestion would enable the publisher to print a smaller impression of the poems which we assume not only to be less popular, but to impair the popularity of the others. The volume we propose would be the most delightful volume of poetry in the language. It is a sad thing to think that almost its whole content were produced in a single year of Coleridge's life. Of the history—

Mr. Coleridge's mind, the volumes of his *Table-Talk* give us no record. When his biography shall be written we will look with great anxiety for some account of the "*annus mirabilis*" of his life, in which REMORSE, THE ANCIENT MARINER, THE FIRST PART OF CHRISTABEL, KUBLA KHAN and the Pains of Sleep, not to mention numberless smaller poems, were produced. Coleridge was not then more than five and twenty years of age, and assuredly since the days of Milton, with whom we have often in thought associated him, never did the spring-time of a poet's youth blossom so lavishly. We have excluded from this enumeration of the works of the period, the political odes, because we feel, perhaps wrongly, that their power is rather that of eloquence than of poetry, and proudly and gloriously eloquent they are. Still—still—while we would not wish one line of them unwritten—they are not a part of the Coleridge of our imagination;—neither have we mentioned any of the prose essays—not only because without some books of reference which are not within our immediate reach, we should have more trouble than we choose to take, to fix dates not very important, but, because, really and truly estimating Mr. Coleridge's prose works as highly as any one can, they enter as little into the feeling with which we regard his poetry as our opinion of Milton's *Areopagitica*, which we have read till we have it by heart, or of his *Tetrachordon*, of which we have, like true reviewers, formed an opinion which will for ever prevent our reading it—interferes with our enjoyment of *Comus*. Of the poems which we have mentioned, the work of the same year, all are different, each in its kind, alone in our literature. We have no means whatever of determining whether *Christabel* was or was not popular on its first publication, but it is quite certain that many of the passages of Byron and Scott, which at once fixed themselves in the public ear, were but the echo of passages in the poem—which often as they have been imitated, are felt still to be wholly unrivalled—indeed we think unapproached.

Of the *Ancient Mariner*, we must seek other opportunities of speaking. We only mention it now as a work so

absolutely distinct from any thing that had been before heard of in our literature, that there is no one writer of whose style it in any respect whatever reminds us, or with which it can, for a moment, be compared. We mention this because the preface to the *Table-Talk*, very needlessly, discusses some silly attacks on Mr. Coleridge's reputation, as an original writer. They talk of the "plagiarisms" of Coleridge. Of all the nonsense which has been written about him, this is the most nonsensical. The origin of the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner* is traced to an old account of a voyage—which says, that "one of the sailors being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy, that some long season of foul weather was due to an albatross which had threateningly pursued the ship: upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition." Till the Opium-Eater made the charge of plagiarism, and till the editor of the *Table-Talk* gave us the passage from Shelvocke's Voyage, we heard nothing of this. There can be no doubt in any mind, that whether Mr. Coleridge remembered or forgot the passage in question, it must have been the ground-work of the *Ancient Mariner*. But is there one person in the world, who, admitting this to be the case, can think for a moment less of the powers of invention displayed in that wonderful poem? We will ask our readers to look back to the account of the origin of the *Lyrical Ballads*, given from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, in our review of Wordsworth's late poems. In that we are told, that, in the original plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, were contemplated two classes of poems. With the portion which Mr. Wordsworth undertook to supply, we are not now concerned. In the other, Mr. Coleridge's portion of the work "the incidents and agents were to be in part at least supernatural, and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And such they have been to every human being, who, from whatever source of delusion, has, at any time, believed himself under supernatural agency." Is it possible that any human being

can conceive the originality which the poet ever aims at, can be that of inventing the very incidents themselves? Plagiarism!—the statuary may as well be spoken of stealing his conception from the quarry from which his marble is taken. For ourselves, we are inclined to think that in future editions the effect of the poem would be increased by printing the sentence describing Hatley's melancholy as a motto to the work; and if anything could increase our admiration of the inspired powers of the poet, it would be his editor's exhibiting—what he could not have himself done without the imputation of unbecoming vanity—the cloud no larger at first than a man's hand, which has assumed the form of this magnificent pageant:

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist.
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape I wist."

Suppose it were found in some old medical book, that a Spanish gentleman had gone mad from reading books of knight-errantry—suppose it could be shown with entire certainty, that Cervantes had read the story, is there any man would think Don Quixote a less original conception? Suppose the Spanish poet—for less than a poet we must not call him—had to repel a charge of plagiarism in this way sought to be established against him, and said, long before I heard of the story I had conceived the plan of describing a mind partially insane, and whether I had seen the story or not could make no difference whatever in any part of my plan. I looked into the old book you mention, thinking it not impossible that it might supply me with an illustration of my subject; my work would, in every thing that constitutes it a poem, have been the same, though such incident had never occurred. Would he have said anything which would not have commanded our fullest assent? Let us suppose Mr. Coleridge not speaking of one of his own poems, but engaged in explaining the character of Hamlet. Let us suppose him using the very words which we find in the volume before us. "Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalizing habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity;

but every incident sets him thinking; and it is curious, and at the same time strictly natural, that Hamlet, who, all through the play, seems reason itself should be impelled at last by mere accident to effect his object. I have a smack of Hamlet myself if I may say so." Suppose our poet having thus explained his notion of the character insisted not alone on the truth but the absolute originality of the conception; and suppose some bystander to quote in reply to him a sentence from Saxo Grammaticus or the "*Historie of Hamblet*,"—that for instance, as giving most support to this argument, in which the counsellor enters secretly into the Queen's chamber, and there hides himself behind the arras. Suppose him to continue his quotation, and repeat from one of these old poems, "that the wariness of Hamblet was not inferior to the craft of his enemies: entering the chamber with his customary air of flying, he began to crow like a cock, beating his arm against the hangings in imitation of that bird's action with his wings. Feeling something stir behind the arras, he cried, *a rat, a rat!* and drawing his sword, thrust it through the concealed spy, whose body he cut in pieces, and cast into a vault." Is there in all this anything that, in the slightest degree, affects the assertion of the poet's absolute originality. Is not the use of such materials as these, in subservience to the power of imagination, that, in which the poet's originality consists? If any thing could increase our opinions of Shakspeare's powers it has been increased by our looking over the piles of rubbish which have been heaped together from forgotten chronicles and novels, and which were his materials. What is there in any or in all of them?—and there is not: single scene which the critics have not been busy in tracing to its source—to lessen our estimate of the miraculous power which is shewn in thus creating its own worlds for these ruins? The Ancient Mariner of Coleridge is as much the creature of Shelvocke's voyage as Shakspeare's Hamlet is the work of Saxo Grammaticus, and a denial the most absolute in terms—supposing such to have been given by Coleridge—of his being under any obligation whatever to Shelvocke, would have been, in the only meaning in which such denial

could have been given, a mere statement of actual and unquestionable fact, one which it seems absolutely impossible should not be insisted upon by any one having to answer, according to his folly, a critic of the class we have been imagining. The inventor of the kaleidoscope might, as reasonably, have been accused of pirating the principle of that beautiful toy from the manufacturer of coloured glass, which he has to make use of; and gentle, and communicative, and singularly free from any thing of personal vanity to interfere with him as Coleridge was, we can imagine him, in the case which we have supposed, exhibiting the same impatience which he would undoubtedly have felt had the question been not of himself but of Shakspeare. Had the passage in any way originated the poem—had it been more than a subject which accidentally served his purpose as well and no better than a thousand others, it is impossible that he should not have referred to it, when in conversation naturally called to the subject, although we can easily conceive strong reasons why he should have in some sort feared to destroy the illusion of his romance by a formal quotation from an actual narrative. It should be remembered, that when the *Ancient Mariner* was first published, the custom had not yet arisen of the poet's seeking to justify every page he had written by some prose authority;—and entertaining as the notes to the poems of Southey and Scott are, and in all respects of value to the student of poetry, we remember, on our first reading *Thalaba*, we were any thing but pleased at the perpetual references to books of travels in support of the imagery. A part of the poet's power is lost when he forces the reader to know that he is not an improvisatore—and the marginal notes given in the new edition of the *Ancient Mariner*—quaintly written as they are, and in perfect imitation of our elder writers, and now necessarily printed in every republication of the poem, are far from an improvement. If the story be difficult they do not lessen the difficulties. The poem was first published without any note of any kind, and we think a reference to Shelvocke could then have been as little expected from a writer who had to make his *Ancient Mariner* wear the

mask of reality as a reference to any thing but his own log books, from such a voyager as Captain Lemuel Gulliver. In any future editions, however, three or four lines from Shelvocke might be printed as a note, and when the works of Coleridge are printed, as one day or other they no doubt will—illustrated as Milton's poems have been by Warton, and Warton's by Mant, we have no doubt that the more perfect such an edition is, the more entirely the writer is enabled to exhibit the whole mind of the writer—often expressed in single words—often shewing itself in images just touched with light, or faintly shadowed and left quietly and by themselves to produce their magic effect, the more entire will be the conviction of the absolute originality of Coleridge's poetry in the only sense in which that word can be used in speaking of poetry at all? The Edinburgh Review ought to have chosen a less offensive word than it has, when it speaks of "Coleridge's plagiarisms from himself and others." Coleridge reprints, in his essay on Church and State, a few sentences from the *BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA* or the *FRIEND*—works that had been long out of print, and which, by one unfortunate accident or other—the fault of his publisher, or perhaps his own fault—were never fairly brought before the public. In another book he reprints from some old newspaper an essay of his own, which he feels ought to have a place among his works, and this is what the conscientious journalist does not hesitate to call plagiarisms. The distinct statement of the fact is, of course, the only answer it can receive. The accusation with respect to others, the only important one, has been well answered by Mr. H. N. Coleridge. We really grudge the page we are obliged to give to this matter. The "Opium-Eater," with great solemnity, tells us that Coleridge, in conversation, explained the injunction of Pythagoras to his disciples, to abstain from beans, to mean that they should avoid any interference with political affairs, public elections being conducted by beans. Mr. De Quincy's assertion is, that Mr. Coleridge explained the matter in this way, in conversation, without making any reference to some German who gave the same account of the matter. Mr. H. N. Coleridge says

that when he was at Eton, the school-boys of the fifth form were taught to give the same explanation, and he cites a well-known passage in Lucian in support of the interpretation. The fact is, that the explanation is every where given, and yet to any one remembering the words of the injunction, it leaves a difficulty which they contain wholly unexplained, and besides, as Mr. H. N. Coleridge says, the ballot was probably not known in the days of Pythagoras. However, we remember, on the very day we read the passage in Tait's Magazine, we met by mere accident, wholly unconnected with any examination of the particular subject, the following sentence in "St. Pierre's Studies of Nature" :—

"Pythagoras has been calumniated as the author of various superstitious practices, among the rest abstinence from beans, &c. but as the truth is frequently obliged to appear to mankind under a veil, so the philosopher, under this allegory, conveyed to his disciples the advice to abstain from public employments, because it was the custom to make use of beans in voting at the election of magistrates."—*Studies of Nature*, Vol. 2, p. 193, Schöberl's Translation.

The "Opium-Eater," who makes a very solemn story of this matter, amusingly enough makes one of the interlocutors in this dramatic mystery say, "The other day, at a dinner party, this question arising about Pythagoras and his beans, Coleridge gave us an interpretation, which I suspect from his manner was not original." Was there ever such nonsense, then, as this, of accusing him of the wish to claim it as his own?

Another count in the "Opium-Eater's" indictment is, that the "Hymn before sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" is an expansion of a German poem, by Frederica Brun. Mr. H. N. Coleridge prints Frederica Brun's poem. There is some resemblance. That Coleridge would have denied this we utterly disbelieve. That in estimating the merit of his poem if he was ever led to speak of the matter, he should have regarded such resemblance a matter of very little moment was quite natural, and if he said so, he expressed an opinion in which we entirely agree.

Take any one of our poets at random—Milton lies accidentally upon our table ;—the poems of the *Allegro*

and *Penseroso*, were suggested by the introductory poem in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, and a song praise of melancholy, in Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of Nice Valour—the Passionate Madman, has supplied not only many of the images, but what is of more moment, the music of which they are in some sort the echo. What has Milton referred to either of these, which yet are the certain sources of the poems we have mentioned? Let any one read Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein together with the original to which it is in every single scene almost in every line, superior; let any one see what additions have been silently and unostentatiously made by Coleridge, without in a single instance claiming as his own what he has thus given to another; expanding, enforcing, illustrating, and winning fame for another; prodigally flinging away in translation what, were his own fame a matter of the slightest regard to him ought to have been embodied in work more properly his own. Plagiarism! Is there a master-spirit of the age which has not acknowledged intellectual obligations to Coleridge? The critics who have been most anxious for the fame of our great poets, have been the most anxious to trace where they could the origin of every word; and are by no means sure that the readers who enjoy poetry most, are those who feel most pleasure in this minute criticism, but to those who wish to cultivate poetical talents such study is absolutely necessary. How the language of any original poet has been formed must always be a work of some curiosity. Of that which is peculiar in a writer to ask how it has originated surely to do any thing but question his originality; suppose we find from one of Newton's or Warton's notes, or Milton, the passages in some old romance, or some forgotten volume of geography, that have given him the names of persons and places, which have been woven by him into one of those magic webs of sound, rather than of thought, that having on fixed themselves, in the ear, hold the mind for ever captive, in most of the cases to which we allude, the evidence that the particular passages referred to originated the thought must be altogether inconclusive,—but suppose the

most distinct evidence of the obligation could be given—and evidence curiously minute is often accidentally afforded—what can it amount to? To this—that while the heavenly power of Imagination seems to glorify and to transfigure the objects on which its light falls, yet the poet does not cease to share the human nature which, for the moment he exalts; that “the glorious faculty” given to him is after all but in degree different from that which is exercised by his humblest reader—that composition, even such as Milton’s, is but the combination of imagery, received and formed even as our own duller day dreams; that the faculty at work is Man’s imagination—that its

materials, moulded in whatever forms they may be, are all derived from the world of the senses. The most original of poets are those who have learned most from the world in which they are, who have borrowed most—if such appropriation as Milton’s or Shakspeare’s can be called borrowing—from the language of earlier poets.

We have dealt with this accusation at too great length, perhaps with too much scorn; in one of his political odes Mr. Coleridge is accused of taking, not a line or a thought, but an ornamental image from a chorus in *Samson Agonistes*—Fudge!

The following passage occurs in the *Progress of Poetry*:

“Man’s feeble race what ills await
Labour and Penury, the racks of Pain
Disease and Sorrow’s weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the ways of Jove.
Say has he given in vain the heavenly muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the Eastern hills afar
Hyperion’s march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.”

We open one of Gray’s commentators almost at random. Gilbert Wakefield tells us solemnly, nothing doubting,

“The imagery and thoughts of this

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted Fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.”

fine passage are adumbrated from a stanza of Milton’s admirable Hymn on the Nativity:

That there is some general resemblance between the passages, there can be no doubt. Suppose Gray to have said, “I had no recollection of Milton when I wrote the lines,” is there one man in the world who could entertain the slightest doubt of the fact? The passages of Milton and Coleridge, in which the ridiculous charge is founded have by no means so strong a resemblance as those of Milton and Gray. The passages in Mr. Coleridge are far from being equal to his general style. We must, at some future time, say a few words on Mr. Coleridge’s poetry. The political odes were written very rapidly, and before his style was perfectly formed; eloquent beyond, almost, any

poetry with which we can compare them, they undoubtedly are; but Mr. Coleridge’s true poetry has powers far higher than those of any eloquence.

In the *Biographia Literaria*, a general reference is made to Schelling instead of marking a translated passage with inverted commas. We looked at the passage in Coleridge, and we own we have so little love for metaphysics—which, when we can understand it, seems to end in resolving itself into something which we had before known, that we wish Coleridge had left the supposed treasure where he found it. However, its value is not the question. In the very work of Coleridge’s from which the passage is taken, are these words quo-

ted by Mr. Hare in the British Magazine, and from him in the preface to the Table Talk :

“ It would be a mere act of justice to myself, were I to warn my readers, that an identity of thought, or even similarity of phrase, will not be at all times a certain proof that the passage has been borrowed from Schelling, or that the conceptions were originally learnt from him. Many of the most striking resemblances, indeed all the main and fundamental ideas, were born and matured in my mind, before I had seen a page of the German philosopher. God forbid that I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a rivalry with Schelling for the honours so unequivocally his right, not only as a great and original genius, but as the founder of the philosophy of Nature, and as the most successful improver of the Dynamic system. To Schelling we owe the completion, and the most important victories, of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honour enough, should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes. Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by those who are its sole legitimate judges by better tests than the mere reference to dates. For readers in general, *let whatever shall be found in this or any future work of mine, that resembles or coincides with the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to him ; provided that the absence of direct references to his books, which I could not at all times make with truth, as designating citations or thoughts actually derived from him, and which I trust, would, after this general acknowledgment, be superfluous, be not charged on me as an ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism.*”

This defence is enough to satisfy any one, and yet it does not express half the strength of Coleridge's case. We shall first endeavour to state the argument of Schelling and Coleridge, as we best can.

External nature may be conceived exist without the notion of the observ-
own *intelligence* (i. e. in the language the German metaphysicians—*subje-
city*) forming a part of the concepti-
The science of Natural Philosophy
commences with this proposition as
postulate ; and the Natural Philo-
sopher, whatever be his system, hav-
to consider outward nature alone, e-
cludes Mind, and every attribute
mind, as being no part of the objects
has to examine. Occult qualities, ap-
ritual agents, &c. cannot be by him
introduced as causes ; and yet ever
system of Natural Philosophy uncon-
sciously and against its will, as it wer-
tends from Nature to Intelligence. The
principle of a law breaks forth, the
husk drops off, phenomena become
spiritual, and at length cease altoget-
her in our consciousness. The ver-
materiality of light, of magnetism, an
of gravitation have become doubtful
and while every system of Natur-
Philosophy sets out with the exclu-
tion of Mind from its premises, yet
every one of them ends in tending to
exhibit Nature as Intelligence.

On the other hand, in the Philos-
phy of Mind, the inquirer regards no
thing as existing but mind. For the
purposes of his investigation, matter
may be assumed—nay, in his premise
must be considered, not to exist. It
presses, impacts, and all the old id-
latries of what may be called the ma-
terial schools of Natural Philosophy
are superstitions and prejudices the
Science absolutely excludes. Any in-
ferences from the properties of matter a-
here out of place, and cannot but mis-
lead.

In the case of the Natural Philos-
pher, exclusion of Mind from his pre-
mises, and in the other the necessity
of treating the existence of Matter as
prejudice, are alike mere arbitrary
argumentative assumptions. The *ma-
terialism* of the first, and the *scepticism*
of the second, are alike the condition
of each separate investigation.* The
absolute truth of either postulate is r

* The state of voluntary scepticism which the mind arbitrarily assumes for the purposes of Philosophical Investigation, and without which Metaphysics could not exist as a Science, is well described in Wills's “ Philosophy of Unbelief,” and the apparent support which the language of Metaphysics thus gives to the cause of Infidelity, is exposed with singular acuteness.—(See “ *Letters on the Philosophy of Infidelity*,” by the Rev James Wills.—FELLOWES, London, 1835.)

asserted, nor any thing more than that such postulates are the necessary prerequisites for each science respectively.

The premise assumed in the Philosophy of Mind—man's own consciousness—as being a part of our own nature, and to us the ground of all certainty, is felt and admitted by all men to be more than an arbitrary assumption. The existence of things without us is an assumption, that if it is supposed not to be a part of our consciousness, cannot have to us the same evidence of its certainty. The transcendental philosopher seeks to solve this difficulty by showing that the former is unconsciously involved in the latter; that it is not only coherent but identical, and one and the same thing with our inherent self-consciousness.

This is in substance the passage, said to be translated from Schelling, which we again have sought to translate from Coleridge, and which we fear is yet far from being intelligible;—without discussing its value, we entreat such readers as have the opportunity of referring to the *Biographia Literaria*, to look at the passage. In it Mr. Coleridge is *professedly giving an account of the philosophy of others*. The passage opens with a complaint of the mind of most men resting in mere words—"which," says Mr. Coleridge, "are but the shadows of notions, even as the notional understanding is but the shadowy abstraction of living and actual truth." "To remain unintelligible to such a mind, exclaims Schelling, (these are Coleridge's words,) on a like occasion, is honour and a good name before God and man." The next paragraph begins with a reference to Schelling, and we really think it impossible to read the chapter with ordinary attention, and think that Coleridge did not do all that any writer could to refer his reader to Schelling as the originator of the passage, be its value what it may. Had he not done so, the case would not, in our view of the matter, have been materially different. Mr. Hare's would then be a perfect defence. As to such things resting on the memory of any man they do not. Like a sum in arithmetic, the argument must be worked out when it is wanted. As to the value of the matter itself, we confess it seems to us but of small account.

We never read the severer parts of Mr. Coleridge's prose works, without remembering his own affecting poem:

"For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient all I can,
And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my
soul."
Ode to Dejection.

The editor of these volumes has done some service in publishing these records of Mr. Coleridge's opinions; many of them are but familiar illustrations of the doctrines contained in his works; the reader whose notions of Mr. Coleridge have been formed from the way in which his name has been afloat in society, will be astonished to find that the character which distinguishes his conversations as recorded here, is practical good sense, great plainness of speech, entire directness of purpose; but great as his information and powers of illustration were, we think he was not either led aright or misled by them; his illustrations were in general not so much similes from remote and unconnected objects as exhibitions of the law which he wished to point out, expressing itself in other phenomena.

In many of these conversations, as in all Mr. Coleridge's later works, is his love for the church exhibited.

The treatise on the church and state ought to be reprinted. Considering the extent to which the church is now assailed, something might be done by exhibiting the real question between the parties engaged in this important struggle, and by seeking to show them that their interests are not so opposed as they imagine.

A tenth of the produce of the soil being reserved for national purposes—being, if an inheritance, yet an inheritance so peculiarly circumstanced, that it is protected from ever merging in the mass of private property; is this an advantage to the country? Mr. Coleridge has, in a dozen passages of his works, maintained the affirmative of the proposition, and we think with undeniable truth. Exclude for a moment, from consideration, all the higher duties of the clergyman—remove what, however, we regard as

of paramount importance, his spiritual relation to the people under his charge—remove even the fact of his being a man necessarily possessed of some education, and compelled to exterior decorum of conduct; and say has there been no advantage to the country in the single circumstance of this portion of the produce of the soil devolving, by a different law of succession, and therefore never, except by some improbable accident, transmitted into the same hands with the rest? For the purpose of argument, we will consider tithes only as they affect landed property; they are, let us say—a portion of the landed property of the country. Consider the tendency of such property to accumulate in the same hands. All the laws of the country were even more favourable than they at present are, to such accumulation; but they still favour it, and the feelings in which these laws had their origin, have outlived the forms in which they were first manifested. Though entails of property are substantially done away with, and serve now for little more than the reasonable purposes of securing a provision for children against the improvidence of parents during the period of minority, yet the feeling in which they originated subsists—the natural vanity survives, which would regard some one individual as the representative of a family; and all the wishes and acts of persons possessed of landed property are influenced by it. To this—a feeling predominating over natural justice, which would suggest something of an equal division of property among children in the same circumstances—to this, a feeling predominating over the strongest instincts of nature which could suggest the fitness of providing with most anxious care, for the youngest, as likely to be most unprotected, for females are less capable, at any time, of protecting themselves—to this, a feeling prevailing even over the intense selfishness of man, as the interests of the individual are forgotten in that of the name, and to be the *founder* of a family is a distinction which would be pretty surely disclaimed by any one understanding, or rather feeling, the vanity of which we speak—to this feeling, which (coun-

teracted and controlled by our institutions, by commercial enterprise by the influences above all of the arts and those professions in which young members of the families of our landed proprietors, with the same feelings—birth, and home, and kindred, pursue their animating course) gives to much that is graceful—much that is generous—and assuredly adds, in every way, to human happiness;—if it be prejudice, which it scarcely is, it is one which, regarding it as subdued and affected by the influences we have pointed to, has its value in being at least a serviceable antagonist to the worse prejudices of official rank, and of wealth, and the power which the would else everywhere command. But to this feeling in its full, and unmitigated strength, was owing the iron servitude of feudalism, preserved for ages, and only now crumbling. To the evils arising from a state of things, the tendencies of which are to give to the whole landed property of an extensive territory, is there nothing of importance in the way of counteraction—in the circumstances of right over land, co-extensive with the landlord's rights? is there nothing in that favourable to the growth of an intermediate independent class, distinguished from the lord on the one hand, and the peasant upon the other, and which class could only assert their own right on principles which involved the establishment of rights for the vassal, and prohibited the lord as one whose power even when it seemed most absolute, was limited and defined? The contest against feudalism was one in which the cause of the poor against the mighty was successfully fought by the Church, in which the victory gained was one of the victories of principle, the value of which is once and for ever. Having succeeded in freeing the people of England from domestic tyranny, the Church was again the great instrument of freeing the country from foreign vassalage and foreign tribute. The history of the Church in England is the history of English liberty—and its fate what it may—for three hundred years of greater civilization than any other country ever enjoyed, the history of the English Church is the history of the literature of England.

We would wish the republication of those books of Mr. Coleridge because they everywhere seek to exhibit not the faults of men or of measures, but the principle sought to be expressed in our great institutions which even by those who are not among the assailants, are less valued, we fear, than at any former time. The defenders of our existing institutions are assailed, as if their object was to perpetuate some such degradation of the bulk of the people, as the law of caste involves, as if the existing institutions of England—for a moment we entreat our reader, for the sake of understanding what we would say, to shut out from his view the anomalous condition of Ireland, whatever he may think of it, or may imagine us to think—as if, we repeat, those institutions were, in fact, an impediment to every advance from the humbler classes, instead of being, as they undoubtedly are at present, and for centuries have been—the certain means of aiding them in every object, not alone of reasonable desire, but even of the most ambitious hope, that a man can entertain in any country, although we were to allow him to fancy an Utopia of his own; for Sir THOMAS MORE's would never do for one of our reformers. Never, probably, was there an institution so decidedly beneficial to a nation as the Church has been in England—not a family in the land, as Mr. Coleridge has well observed, that has not a direct, and—it is in no feeling of depreciation we use a word unhappily equivocal—even a selfish interest in its continuance. Improve it—yes, in all imaginable ways improve it—divide its wealth more reasonably—make its schools and colleges more effective—restore somewhat of its discipline—and with all these changes you but render it more like what its framers wished it to be;—take from it its courts of civil law, and we fancy you will not find the church anxious to preserve them. In your plans for its reform restore, if you will, its convocation, that its own independent voice may be again heard; but suppose it even as it is, unchanged—even as it is, think of its effects—think of what England is in her higher classes, in her middle ranks, in her villages and farms—think of England everywhere but in her large cities,

where all that is evil naturally congregates, and in her manufacturing towns which have outgrown the church establishment, and are, so far, an argument for its increase—think of England as she is, and remember to what an extent the education of the English is in the hands of churchmen; for in thinking of the church institutions of the country, we are not alone to think of the beneficed clergy and parish ministers, but of those members of the establishment—the masters and assistants in public places of education, the tutors in the families of the nobility and gentry, those who have formed the higher classes of the English into what they are, and contribute to make England what she still is, the first and freest country in the world. Think for a moment of this one English institution, and when you have succeeded in bringing the case fairly—however inadequately—before your mind, ask yourself whether all these enviable distinctions of English education are to be flung away; and when you have stripped the church of her property—we know you are quite dishonest enough to do so if you can—say have you provided means to supply the chasm that will thus be left? By whom is the business of education to be conducted? What shall be the new books, and who are to be the instructors of the land? What new system, fresh from France is to replace the Book of God? In spite of all we can do to disguise it from ourselves—for it is hard to look intently on a prospect, that, as it exhibits our nature degraded, it is painful to look upon—the point in controversy is this, shall Christianity continue the religion of the country? To efface this is among the hopes of the infidel party in England, as it has been on the continent; for this there is no language too strong for the radical press. Day after day, in every form in which the wisdom that is foolishness, and the mirth which is unaccompanied with gaiety, and which is followed by heaviness of heart, can array itself—in laborious essays—in poems called philosophical, but most of all, in the unstamped publications, which, in defiance of law, are printed, and command extensive circulation—do we meet with that scoffing spirit which insults everything

at all above itself, and exhibits little kindness or consideration for anything below its own level.

We have exceeded the space which can be reasonably allowed for this article; in the *Biographia Literaria* of Mr. Coleridge will be found some account of his early life and education, some affectionate notices of his early instructors; the book is one which we wish may be reprinted, as it is impossible to read it without loving the man. There is in it a minute account of his studies, and of his opinions on Metaphysics and the principal systems both of England and of the Continent. The part of the book which we most value, however, is the poetical criticism, which occupies more than a volume. In the year after its publication he went to reside at Highgate, with Mr. and Mrs. Gillman—friends in all things worthy of Coleridge; for the last nineteen years of his life he resided in their house, and we can well imagine the bereavement which they, above all others on earth must now feel—during those years the new edition of *The Friend* was published, the *Aids to Reflection*, the *Essay on Church and State*, and his contributions to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and to the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature*, were written; and there seems to have been awakening a second dawn of poetical life. The few verses written in late years are among the most beautiful even of his poems. In the *Aids to Reflection* many of the passages are poetry of the highest order, and almost flow into metrical form; and have a music of their own richer and truer than any of our poets, except Spenser, of whose fluent versification they almost remind us. Mr. Coleridge's studies during all this period, were, we believe, philosophical and theological; and a religious man always, his piety increased as life advanced. One of the most beautiful things we have ever read is his letter to a godchild, written a few days before his death, which we regret has not been preserved in these volumes.

The volumes which his nephew publishes are inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman. When "*The Friend*" was published by Mr. Coleridge in 1818, *it was inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, by Mr. Coleridge, in the follow-*

ing words, which ought to be preserved in every record of the poet's life:—

"Friend! were an author privileged to name his own judge—in addition to moral and intellectual competence I should look round for some man, whose knowledge and opinions had for the greater part been acquired experimentally: and the practical habits of whose life had put him on his guard with respect to all speculative reasoning, without rendering him insensible to the desirableness of principles more secure than the shifting rules and theories generalized from observations merely empirical, or unconscious in how many departments of knowledge, and with how large a portion even of professional men, such principles are still a desideratum. I would select too one who felt kindly, nay, even partially, toward me; but one whose partiality had its strongest foundations in hope, and more prospective than retrospective would make him quick-sighted in the detection, and unreserved in the exposure of the deficiencies and defects of each present work, in the anticipation of a more developed future. In you, honored friend, I have found all these requisites combined and realized: and the improvement, which these essays have derived from your judgment and judicious suggestions, would, of itself, have justified me in accompanying them with a public acknowledgment of the same. But knowing, as you cannot but know, that I owe in great measure the power of having written at all to your medical skill, and to the characteristic good sense which directed its exertion in my behalf; and whatever I may have written in happier vein to the influence of your society and to the daily proofs of your disinterested attachment—knowing too in how entire a sympathy with your feelings in this respect the partner of your name has blended the affectionate regards of a sister or daughter with almost a mother's watchful and unwearied solitudes alike for my health, interest, and tranquillity;—you will not, I trust, be pained, you ought not, I am sure, to be surprised that to Mr. and Mrs. GILLMAN, of Highgate, these volumes are dedicated, in testimony of high respect and grateful affection, by their Friend,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Highgate, Oct. 7, 1818."

Mr. Coleridge was born on the 24th of October, 1772. "He died on the 25th of July, 1834, in Mr. Gillman's house in the Grove, Highgate, and is buried in the old church-yard, by the road side."

SYLVÆ.—NO. I.

I.

On yester-eve I saw at play
 A child—'twas Fancy's precious prize—
 The lovely light of gladness lay
 Couched softly in his gleaming eyes.
 Come, gaze on me, my pretty child,
 And smile again as thou hast smiled :
 Such happiness alive in thee
 Makes me a child again to see !

What dost thou in our "learned bowers ?"
 Heads may be wise where hearts are breaking,
 And happier science thine than ours,
 For thou hast found what we are seeking !
 Ah, would our midnight lamp could bless
 Us with *thine* art of happiness !
 Ah, would its care and toil of thought
 Could teach what thou hast learn'd untaught !

Alone among the flowers he lies,
 As fair as they, as coyly wild—
 "To droop above thy vernal eyes
 I'll set them in thy bonnet, child !"
 A painful throb is in my heart ;
 I will not bid it to depart ;
 I never knew what 'twas to grieve
 With pleasure, till I saw this eve.

The primrose flower of life is here,
 The rapturous promise of its spring ;
 Time touches it with gentle fear
 To harshly touch so soft a thing.
 So bright a flower was never set
 In Flora's fading coronet :
 "Alas ! must thou too fade, my child ?"—
 The boy looked up at me, and smiled.

Sweet spirit newly come from heaven,
 With all the God upon thee still,
 Beams of no earthly light are given
 Thy heart even yet to bless and fill.
 Thy soul, a sky whose sun has set,
 Wears glory hovering round it yet ;
 And childhood's *eye* glows sadly bright
 Ere life hath deepen'd into *night* !

The College Park is the scene.

II.—SONNET ;

WHICH MAY ILLUSTRATE THE LAST STANZA OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

Thou whose meek eyes are bending o'er my page !
 Hast thou not sometimes felt a thrilling sense
 As if our life were but a second stage
 Of elder being ? Dreams—dim dreams from thence
 Rise often on our thoughts, like thoughts of home
 Crushing the spirit of the wanderer lost
 In the drear desert. Oh, for a glimpse to come
 Across the soul, of that most blessed coast
 Whose banks we left to sail the stormy ocean
 That wreck'd us upon earth ! Oft—oft it seems
 In our bright hours, the angel thoughts whose motion
 Darts meteor-like athwart the brain, are gleams
 From our lost heaven ! Sons of Eternity,
 Tho' here the Wards of fleeting Time, are we !*

III.—LINES FOR MUSIC.

To fly the world for thoughts of thee,
 To think of thee till choked with sighs,
 To sigh for thee till tears arise,
 To weep for thee till sorrow dies
 In dull despairing vacancy,—
 If this be Love, I love thee !

To feel it life when thou art near,
 A living death when thou art gone,
 A world from which the light has flown,
 And find *my* world in thee alone,
 To heave with Hope, to faint with Fear,—
 If this be Love, I love thee !

To blush when thou art named, to feel
 My heart beat quick with gentle care
 When steals thy silver voice on air,
 To gaze on thee yet scarcely dare
 To speak, but *almost wish to kneel*,—
 If this be Love, I love thee !

Now, now—to weep the golden past,
 The Eden whose bright hours are o'er,
 To loathe the all that pleas'd before,
 To mourn my dreams, yet dream the more,
 My powers unstrung, my hopes o'ercast—
 If this be Love, I love thee !

* This Platonic conception of human life is really independent of the support of the theories or romances of philosophy. However the fact may be explained by metaphysicians, it is a fact, that these shadowy reminiscences of a something past, to which we can assign no definite date or locality, do make part of the experience of most reflecting and of many unreflecting persons. How often do we find ourselves, in the midst of some interesting scene, tacitly asking, "Have we not felt all this *before* ?" This illusory memory—if it be an illusion—of course, (like all other singular phenomena of the mind,) scarcely admits of any intelligible description to those who have never been conscious of it ; but I have myself had the personal testimony of numbers to confirm my own experience of its existence. An interesting passage from the Eastern Drama of *Sacontala* is *apropos* to this subject. "Perhaps," says one of the interlocutors, "the sadness of men otherwise in happiness, on gazing on lovely objects, and *hearing delicious songs*, originates in a dim recollection of ancient delights, and the *remnants of a connection with some antecedent existence*."

IV.—FRAGMENTS WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE SUIR.

I've borne my pen to this, the slumberous haunt
 Of infant Zephyrs, birds, and flowers, and bees—
 To dignify my solitude with thought :
 And thus interpreting the ideal forms
 That shadow the still mirror of my soul,
 Paint them in language as they pass. 'Tis vain !
 Mine eyes are dim, surcharged with radiant hues,
 And language will not answer to my call.
 Nay, Sleep, the child of Silence, comes to seal
 The gate of Sense, beckon the outgazings back
 Of that strange spiritual eye which sees
 A world in vacancy ! 'Twere better link
 The pearls of poesie in chamber lone,
 Gathering from *thought*, than thus to dare essay
 To fix those charms which vary as we view,
 And wilder the rapt gaze o'erpower'd, o'erswept,
 By waves of *ever-changing* loveliness !

And yet this Stream, (as sure in course, as deep,
 As silent, and as swift, as smothered hate
 Maturing to determinate revenge :
 —Words true, but alien to the quietude
 Of my heart's sabbath sunshine—holy light !)
 And yet this stream !—its noiseless prayer invites
 A soul to company its tranquil way ;
 The soul to float upon a stream as smooth
 Mid thoughts as fair as bloom its verdurous banks,
 And like *it* picturing every changeeful cloud
 That gives and shrouds, and gives and shrouds again
 The purity intense of Heaven ! (Oh, such
 Are the unquiet fancies that o'ercast
 The still profound of soul.) Who hath not felt
 How soothes the natural melody of streams,
 And how their liquid-murmuring flow of light
 Seduces weary hearts to reverie !

Spirit of brightest visions !—for to thee
 Turns my fond soul in every raptured hour,
 Links thee with every paradisaal scene,
 Peoples the grove, the grot, the glen with thee !—
 How oft, surrendered to the placid sway
 Of thee and fancy, have I heard upburst
 The harmony that sleeps among the strings,
 Roused by thy cunning hand ! and as I've listened
 My fancies gently modulant have flowed
 As flowed the music from thy harp and heart,
 Attracted into sweetest servitude,
 The strong entrancement of the speaking strain :
 While mine eyes closed, and left their sister sense
 To reign alone, and Hearing then was Life !
 So nature's music, struck from the deep waters,
 Wiles on the willing soul to rainbow dreams,
 To all that's fair—to Eden-land—to thee !

W. A. B.

THE DEMON-YAGER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

Uprose the sun : the church-dome shone
 And burned aloft like burnished gold,
 And deep and far with swelling tone
 The Sabbath-bell for matins tolled.
 Those holy peals from tower and steeple
 Awoke to prayer the Christian people.

His horn the Wild-and Rhinegrave sounded—
 "What ho! To horse! to horse away!"
 His fiery steed beneath him bounded;
 Forth sprang the hounds with yell and bay,
 And, loosed from leash, they dash pell-mell
 Through corn and thorn, down dell and fell.

In curve and zig-zag speeds their flight,
 And "Ho! Halloo!" how rings the air!
 When towards the Knight came left and right
 A horseman here, a horseman there!
 A snow-white steed the one bestrode;
 Like lurid fire the other's glowed.

Who were the yagers left and right?
 I darkly guess, but fear to say.
 The countenance of one was bright
 And lovely as a Summer's day;
 The other's eye-balls, fierce and proud,
 Shot lightning, like a thunder-cloud.

"All hail, Sir Count! We come in time
 To chase the stag with horse and hound:
 Can lordlier sport or more sublime
 Than this on Earth, in Heaven be found?"
 So spake the left-hand stranger there,
 And tossed his bonnet high in air.

Ill sounds to-day thy boisterous horn,"
 Thus did the other mildly say:
 "Turn round to church this hallowed morn,
 Mayest else hunt down a rueful prey!
 Thy better angel is thy warner,
 And bids thee flee the unholy scorners."

"Spur on, spur on, Sir Count with me!"
 Exclaimed the left-hand cavalier:
 "What's droning chant or chime to thee?
 Hast got far nobler pastime here.
 Come! learn in my distinguished school,
 And laugh to scorn yon pious fool!"

"Ha! ha! Well said, my left-hand feere
 We tally bravely, I and thou:
 Who shuns this day to drive the deer
 Should count his beads in church, I trow.
Mayest go, priestridden oaf, and pray
For me I'll hunt the livelong day."

And, helter-skelter, forward flew
 That headlong train o'er plain and height ;
 And still the yagers one and two
 Preserved their places left and right ;
 And soon a milk-white stag they spied
 With mighty antlers branching wide.

Afresh the Wildgrave winds his horn,
 And horse and hound sweep on amain ;
 When, hurled to earth, all gashed and torn,
 A man lies trampled by the train.
 " Ay ! trample—to the devil trample !
 Our princely sport must needs be ample."

And now, as in a field of corn
 The panting prey a shelter seeks,
 A husbandman, with look forlorn,
 Stands forth, uplifts his hands and speaks :
 " Oh ! mercy, noble lord ! and spare
 The poor man's sweat and hoary hair !

The pitying right-hand cavalier,
 Then mildly warns and blandly pleads ;
 But, taunted by his horrid feere,
 Who goads him on to devilish deeds,
 The Wildgrave fiercely spurns his warner,
 And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

" Avaunt, vile dog !—else, by the devil,"
 The Wildgrave shouted furiously—
 " My blood-hounds on thy bones shall revel :
 Halloo, companions ! follow me !
 And lash your whip-thongs in his ear,
 Until the reptile quakes for fear !"

Soon said, soon done—the Wildgrave springs
 Across the fence with whoop and hollow,
 And, bugle-filled, the welkin rings
 As hound and horse and hunter follow,
 Who trample down the yellow grain,
 Until the ruin reeks again.

The sounds once more the stag awaken ;
 Uproused, he flies o'er heights and plains,
 Till, hotly chased, but uno'ertaken,
 A pasture-ground at last he gains,
 And crouches down among the heather,
 Where flocks and cattle browse together.

But on, by grot and wood and hill,
 And on, by hill and wood and grot
 The yelling dogs pursue him still,
 And scent his track, and reach the spot ;
 Whereon the herdsman, filled with trouble,
 Falls face to earth before the Noble.

The Demon-Yager.

" O ! mercy, lord ! Let not thy hounds
 On these defenceless creatures fall !
 Bethink thee, noble Count, these grounds
 Feed many a widow's little all !
 Sirs, as ye hope for mercy yet,
 Spare, spare the poor man's bitter sweat !"

And now the gentler cavalier
 Renews his prayer, and sues and pleads—
 But, taunted by his godless feere,
 Who goads him on to hellish deeds,
 The Wildgrave scowls upon his warner,
 And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

" Audacious clay-cod ! hast thou done ?
 I would to Heaven thy herds and thou,
 Calves, cows and sheep, were bound in one !
 By all that's damnable I vow
 That were ye thus, 'twould glad me well
 To hunt ye to the gates of Hell !"

" Halloo, companions ! follow me—
 Ho ! tally-ho ! hurra ! hurra !"
 So on the hounds rush ragingly,
 And grapple each his nearest prey :
 Down sinks the herdsman, torn and mangled,
 Down sink his herds, all gashed and strangled.

Grown feebler now, the stag essays,
 His coat besplashed with foam and blood,
 To reach, by many winding ways,
 The covert of a neighbouring wood,
 And, plunging down a darksome dell,
 Takes refuge in a hermit's cell.

But hark ! the horn, the clangorous horn,
 The harsh hurra and stunning cheer
 Along the blast afresh are borne,
 And horse and huntsman follow here,
 Till, startled by the barbarous rout,
 The old recluse himself comes out.

" Back, impious man ! What ! wilt profane
 God's venerated sanctuary ?
 Behold ! His creatures' groans of pain
 Even now call down his wrath on thee :
 Be warned, I charge thee, for the last time,
 Or swift perdition waits thy pastime !"

Again the right-hand cavalier
 In earnest mood entreats and pleads ;
 But, taunted by his grisly feere,
 Who goads him still to hellish deeds,
 The Count shakes off his faithful warner,
 And hearkens to the left-hand scorner.

"Perdition here, perdition there,
 The devil may care," the Wildgrave cried ;
 "Ay, even through Heaven itself I swear
 I'd count it noble sport to ride.
 What care I, dolt ! for thee or God ?
 I'll have my will and way, unawed."

He sounds his whip, he winds his horn—
 "Halloo, companions ! Forward ! On !"
 But, scattered like the mists of morn,
 Lo ! horse and hound and man are gone !
 And echoing horns and yagers' hollows
 The stillness of the grave-porch swallows.

The Wildgrave glances round, amazed ;
 In vain the bugle meets his lip ;
 In vain his toneless voice is raised ;
 In vain he tries to wield his whip ;
 He spurs his horse on either side,
 But neither to nor fro can ride.

All round the air shows clogged with gloom,
 And through its blackness dense and dread
 Sweep sounds as when the surges boom.
 Anon above the Wildgrave's head
 Red lightning cleaves the cloud asunder,
 And then these words burst forth in thunder,

"O ! foe of Heaven and Human-kind !
 Accursed wretch, less man than fiend !
 Whom neither love nor law can bind,
 Even now thy victims' cries ascend
 Before the judgment-seat of God,
 Where Justice grasps the avenging rod.

"Fly, monster, fly ! and henceforth be
 Chased night and day by demon-hordes,
 The sport of Hell eternally,
 For warning to those ruthless lords
 Who, sooner than forego their mirth,
 Would desolate both Heaven and Earth !"

A lurid twilight, sulphur-pale,
 Forthwith envelopes wild and wood :
 What horrors now his heart assail !
 What frenzy fires his brain and blood !
 While that pale sulphur-lightning flashes,
 And ice-winds hiss and thunder crashes.

Then thunder groans, the ice-winds blow,
 The woods are clad in sulphur-sheen ;
 When, rising from the earth below,
 A black, gigantic hand is seen,
 Which grasps the Wildgrave by the hair,
 And whirls him round and round in air.

The flaming billows round him sweep
 With green, and blue, and orange glow ;
 And wandering through that burning deep
 Move shapeless monsters to and fro,
 Till from its gulf with howl and yell
 Up rush the ghastly hounds of Hell.

Thus first began this Yager's chase—
 And, chorusing his shrieks and cries,
 Still after him throughout all space
 His bellowing escort onward flies ;
 All day through Earth's deep dens and hollows,
 All night through upper air it follows.

And ever thus, by night and day,
 Through shifting moons and wheeling years
 He sees that phantom-crew alway ;
 And night and day he ever hears
 Their hellish yells and hideous laughter
 Borne on the winds that follow after.

This is the Demon-Yager's Chase,
 Which, till the years of time be told,
 At midnight oft through airy space
 The shuddering Landmann must behold,
 And many a huntsman knows full well
 The tale which yet he dreads to tell.

J. C. M.

POOR-LAWS FOR IRELAND.

It is somewhat remarkable that public attention has been so little turned to the consideration of the probable result of the labours of the "Commission of Irish Poor Inquiry." It is a subject upon which, of late, even the press has been silent. This may proceed either from a prudent determination to form or express no opinions until the result of the inquiry shall be made public, or from an apathy and indifference as to the measures which may be founded upon it. It is tolerably evident that the latter is the true cause ; for people are generally but too ready to form opinions where their interests are directly concerned, without waiting for solid data to form them upon ; yet this is surely a subject upon which no Irishman should be indifferent. The commissioners have now sat for above a year ; the government has pressed them to report ; they cannot long delay doing

so. Their report will contain not only a detail of the misery consequent upon the present system, or rather want of system, but suggestions as to remedial measures calculated to remove it. It is probable that the next session of parliament will pass a bill in consequence. Even in the present session there has been an impatient desire exhibited of legislating before the report is brought up. Legislation we shall undoubtedly have ; and how will this affect the interests of all who have any thing to lose ? This is a very serious question, and ought to be considered carefully by every one, in order that when the time of discussion arrives the public voice may be the expression of opinions founded upon argument and not of the fear of imaginary dangers, or of the sickly whinnings of morbid sensibility. The question is one which a few years ago was se-

even mooted in society, or if it was, it was only as an outcry against all poor-laws whatsoever. During the last year the appearance of the assistant commissioners, in the various districts to which they were sent, has excited some little curiosity upon the subject; and though no well-defined ideas appear to be yet entertained, even as to the working of poor-laws elsewhere, yet in conversation, a wish is generally expressed that something may be done for the poor; of the advantages or disadvantages of any one probable scheme—of the awful difficulties which lie in the way of the adoption of any, but few have formed an opinion. In order to estimate properly some of these difficulties, let any one only read the published selection from the report of the English Poor Inquiry Commission, and think of the crimes, horrible to imagine, which the English law has fostered, and of the distress which, owing to its imperfect nature, it has left unalleviated; and then let him remember, that this law was the result of legislative wisdom—that for generations its blighting effects were not felt, and were felt even then through the vices of maladministration; let him visit the district from which the most piteous accounts were sent of paupers absolutely devouring the whole substance of the honest labourer; let him visit Kent, and if he is an Irishman he will be inclined to ask, where are the poor? and to ponder over the probability of his own estate, so inferior in value, bearing the assessment necessary for the support of a pauper list so much more wretched, so infinitely more numerous.

The object of the following pages is to excite discussion upon the principal difficulties which have occurred to the writer in the consideration of the subject, and upon certain propositions put now hypothetically, as the grounds upon which they rest, are at present only his own belief of what the state of the country is, but will soon be tested by the report of the commissioners. For the discussion of the general principles upon which such laws are founded, and the result of their application in England, ample materials are already before the public.

1st Prop.—The legislature is bound to provide against the possibility of any citizen's perishing from want.

Many voices have been from time to time raised against this proposition, and one in particular produced a considerable effect;* but the advocates of a voluntary system have, as in the instance referred to, generally rested their arguments upon its practical success in guarding against this possibility, when supported by the unwearied diligence of one benevolent leader and many active corporators; but he must know little indeed of Ireland who could fancy that he saw in her, materials for the general application of that system which has flourished in Glasgow, unaided by legislative compulsion.

There can be no doubt but that similar zealous superintendence might, in some favoured instance, so affect the moral character of a neighbourhood, as to render crime almost unknown and the interference of the law unnecessary. But such an instance would be but a poor argument against the enactment of a law calculated to suppress crime elsewhere. If every one did his duty, laws would not be required. The proposal of a law implies its correlative, a dereliction of duty; and it would be hard to imagine such a dereliction more strongly marked than in the instance of many of the gentry of Ireland, who are either willingly expatriated or live at home in palaces, indifferent to the utter wretchedness of the countless thousands whose lot has been cast by the Creator upon the land on which they were born, while their drawing life from its produce has been left by the laws of man to depend upon the caprice of individuals. Here may be seen the able-bodied workman, labouring all day for that which cannot satisfy the demands of nature—perhaps returning to his starving family only to say, I would have toiled to earn you bread, but could no where find one willing to employ me—perhaps driven by madness to the commission of outrage, or to seek oblivion of his misery in the fatal facilities offered to intemperance; then, with spirit and constitution alike broken, wasting away under the effects of indigence until the grave re-

ceives the indirect victim of starvation, and his family wander forth to live upon the precarious contributions of those who are almost as poor as themselves.

If the principle of a legal provision has been recognized as applicable to England and to France, it is surely *a fortiori* applicable to Ireland, where the lower classes are more indigent, and the higher more culpably indigent.

2d Prop. *The legislature is bound to provide that no permanent obstacle shall stand in the way of the industrious citizen's bettering his condition.*

This is a more questionable proposition than the first, but it is well worth consideration, as it is upon this as a principle, that all preventative measures must be founded, and these are the most important of all.—The great difficulty is, to avoid the danger of interfering with the rights of private property, and with that competition, which is to the dealings of man with man, what the fly-wheel is to a machine, regulating and confining within due limits its energy. But if a case is supposed, in which one part of a district is, as occupied by demesnes or large pastures, unproductive of labour; another part, on account of legal difficulties in the way of draining and reclaiming it from a state of waste, unproductive of food; and the remaining part occupied by a poor tenantry, whose interest in their holdings is merely sufficient to supply them with a minimum of subsistence, who have no motive to providence, no check to reckless increase in the prospect of bettering their condition—who, in fact, cannot find employment sufficient to occupy all, and are therefore driven to a ruinous competition, each trying to underbid the other as to the amount of value to be received for his labour—the alternative being half wages or none at all, and the employer too ready, in most instances, to avail himself of the necessities of the employed—it is hardly possible, in such a case, to imagine anything but good resulting from another party's coming in and finding, upon some other ground, or assisting the proprietors in finding upon their own unproductive wastes, employment for the superabundant population, and thus altering the language of the labourer from "*Give me employment, and give me what wages you*

please," to "If you do not give me a reasonable remuneration, I am able to seek and find it elsewhere." A reasonable remuneration may be fairly described as that which, given for the full work of an able-bodied man, will enable him to support himself and his family, and to lay by something to provide for the wants of old age—of that night when no man can work. Nothing short of this will give the peasant a motive to providence and an interest in the preservation of order and the support of the laws and institutions of the country. It is possible that the legislature may be this third party, and, by means of public works, effect this desirable object. If then, these propositions be assumed as true, there will follow a twofold division of the objects of a legal provision for the poor—

I, The indigent who are unable to work; and II, the able-bodied who are unable to find employment.

To begin with the

INDIGENT WHO ARE UNABLE TO WORK, those upon whom the hand of God has fallen—the widow and the orphan—the parent bereft of children—he who is visited by misfortune, or stricken by sickness. No one can deny the claims to public relief that these bring with them; but the difficulty in this case is, to grant it so as not to interfere with the working of the social frame, by holding out an inducement to relations to abandon those who are bound to them by natural ties. This danger will be guarded against by making the distinction as wide as possible between those who find support among their own relations and those who are obliged to seek refuge in the public asylums: the latter ought to be adjusted upon the lowest scale, the former raised as high as possible. To consider, therefore, first,

PUBLIC ASYLUMS,

or indoor relief. There are two modes in which these may be distributed over the country; either as centres of small or of large districts, of parishes, of baronies, or counties. If in every parish, or such small district, there were to be found a few upright persons, who would devote some of their time to a constant superintendence of an establishment of this nature, no doubt such a division of labour would be highly

desirable; but, alas! there is no one who knows this country, who is aware of the difficulty of getting the people to attend to any business that does not directly concern themselves; who has watched the working of the dispensary system; who has attended vestries or meetings summoned for the purposes of beneficence, but must feel bitterly the inexpediency of trusting the care of such persons or the distribution of such funds to the united apathy and corruption of the middle classes: If such evils have been found to accompany the parochial system in England, we should look forward to their existence here in a tenfold degree. It is only in the towns that there would be any tolerable certainty of finding honest committees, who would undertake voluntarily such offices of charity. And, fortunately, it is in the towns, too, that a large proportion of the objects of charity are to be found. The natural progress of pauperism is this: from ill conduct, misfortunes, or oppression, the tenant loses his holding: he, perhaps, struggles on for some time as a lodger or householder, seeking employment; when this fails, he is driven to wander upon the road, or to settle in the suburbs of towns and villages, where many unite in one lodging, and the opportunities of begging are multiplied. His location there is a great burden at present to the inhabitants of the town or village. The humane are taxed for the support of the outcast from the estate of some wealthy absentee or worthless resident.

The difficulties to be avoided are, the making preparations upon too expensive a scale—building palaces instead of lazaret-houses, so taxing the county too heavily for an outfit, and rendering the condition of their inmates superior to what it would have been had they remained among their own connexions; and also the erring on the same side in the mode of supporting them. The resource to public charity must be rendered distasteful to the objects of it; and it will require vigilant care to keep accurately the balance between the attention required by old age, infancy, or ill health, and the excess which would prove injurious. It would be better to fit up some unoccupied building, or a

range of houses, than to build a new one. There must be a sufficient number of divisions to admit of a classification of the paupers; beds, to be hung against the wall in the daytime, and benches, are all the necessary furniture; cleanliness, ventilation, and heat, the principal objects to be attended to. But, as such an establishment ought to be kept as much as possible as a last resource for the neglected indigents, the propriety of another expedient may be considered; namely,

AN ANNUITY SYSTEM,

or outdoor relief, the reception of which need not imply a loss of grade in the receiver or injure the feelings of moral independence. There must be a certain point, when he who has occupied his station as a useful member of society, as a householder, as a labourer, as a contributor to public resources and private charities, is driven, by declining strength and unforeseen misfortune, to abandon this independent station, and sue for the charity of others. Now, the legislature, that should prevent him from falling, would confer a benefit upon the state by upholding the character of the citizen, and necessarily attaching him more firmly to her interests. It is not too much to say, with an eminent author of the present day,* “Is it not indisputable that the claim of the state to the allegiance involves the protection of the subject? and, as all rights in one party impose a correlative duty upon another, it follows that the right of the state to require the services of its members, even to the jeopardizing of their lives in the common defence, establishes a right in the people to public support, when, from any cause, they may be unable to support themselves.” If the giving of a small annuity to a person who is past his labour will enable him to remain in his natural station, when, without it, he would certainly be driven to the poorhouse, the public would lose nothing in a pecuniary but gain much in a moral point of view. Upon the very moderate scale upon which it has been shown, that these two systems must be carried on in order to ensure their safety, the country could have no reason to com-

* Wordsworth.

plain of the expense. One of the very best organised mendicities in the country, is that in the city of Londonderry; the report of which says, "It was once an experiment whether the poor could be effectually relieved by united aid, and street begging suppressed; it was tried, and the result has answered the highest expectations; the poor are relieved, and street begging is, for the most part, unknown. The cost of each pauper, including every extra expenditure during the past year, has been about three-halfpence per diem; for this sum they are not only entirely fed, but those within the asylum are cleansed and warmed, and many of the old allowed the comfort of tobacco and snuff. A subscription of £2 7s. 6d. will give comfortable support to a pauper for a whole year." With this simple fact, this known result of experiment before their eyes, it is difficult to conceive how many people can talk of the prospect of the support of actual pauperism as likely to be the ruin of the country. The assessment would not be to the poor farmer half what he now gives as voluntary alms. The only people who would feel it would be those rich land or fund-holders who now give nothing at all compared to their means. This naturally leads to the important consideration of the

MANNER IN WHICH THE FUNDS NECESSARY ARE TO BE RAISED.

This question is beset with difficulties, but what financial question is not? The duty of the legislature will be, to provide such a system of taxation as shall raise the requisite sum as evenly as possible, making each individual contribute according to his ability. In order to effect this, the population of the country will probably have to be divided into two classes, the manufacturing or monied, and the agricultural or landed interests. The first may, perhaps, be made to contribute in the shape of a poll-tax, either directly or indirectly, through the employers—thus, in fact, only making the principle of benefit societies compulsory. The landed interest is more difficult to deal with. Two great difficulties stand in the way of an equitable adjustment of a *land-tax*. If collected from the occupier, the burden, at the outset, would be

borne by him, almost exclusively. It would be a long time before the landlord could be made to feel it, and the mortgagee would escape untouched. If it were collected from the landlord, the same inequality would be found, only that the places would be changed, and he would be the principal sufferer; and in cases where a large proportion of his property is in the hands of mortgagees, the burden would be excessive. It is possible that a percentage upon rent, received from the occupier, legally deducted by him from his payment to the landlord, and by the landlord from his payment to all holders of incumbrances upon his estate, would effect something like an approximation to even collection. The expense in this case would be scarcely anything. It would be the tenant's interest to see that the sum was paid into the hands of the collectors at present in the employ of government. However, if the sum is to be raised, it will rest with the wisdom of parliament to do so in the most even manner. The next thing to be considered is the

MODE IN WHICH SUCH FUNDS ARE TO BE DISTRIBUTED.

One of the strongest objections to the English parochial system is the necessity for laws of settlement. With the litigation, inconvenience, and anomalies attendant upon them, the wholesome working of that natural principle, by which the supply of labour follows the demand, is partially checked. The stranger is watched with an eye of jealousy, and the manner in which he is hunted from house to house, from parish to parish, is anything but calculated to increase love and goodwill towards men. It is possible that these great inconveniences might be obviated by a system under which, the money raised from the whole country, should be distributed to the different asylums, at a fixed rate for every individual supported within them. When this rate is fixed at a minimum, it will be impossible for extravagance to creep into the management of any particular institution. When it is a matter of indifference whether all the poor collected in one town or distributed through a great many, they will be found to arrange themselves according to natural circumstances, and

cessity will appear for any act of settlement.

THE MODE IN WHICH THE DISTRIBUTION
IS TO BE REGULATED.

The money being once raised, and the principle of its application established, it is conceived that there will be no great difficulty in collecting together in each town, where it is determined that an asylum should be, a sufficient committee for the purpose of undertaking the management. But in order to ensure uniformity in the practice, and secure the public against the vices of maladministration, it will be absolutely necessary to have a central board acting with a staff of permanent assistant commissioners, of the same character, and invested with the same powers, as the English permanent commission. Possibly the whole system of dispensaries may be placed under the same guidance and control. When thus a refuge and security of support has been secured to the helpless poor, the legislature may, at once, proceed to the absolute

SUPPRESSION OF MENDICANCY.

This may be done without any additional expense to the country, through the means of the police. Without such a law, there would be but half a dam thrown across the stream of misery, and the unchecked current would flow on with more destructive velocity than ever. There is a charm in the chances of a wandering and precarious exist-

ence which leads those who have once felt it, to cling to it as a dram-drinker to the poison which is pressing him into the grave; and until human nature is completely changed, it will be sweet to give to him that needeth, and to witness the joy and content of the relieved. But if the misery endured; if the crime and disorders propagated; if the frequent success of impudent fraud and the heart-rending sufferings of retiring modesty; if the extreme pressure upon the benevolent few,* and the hard-hearted escape from it of the virulent many, under the present system of vagrancy, be contrasted with the order and evenness of pressure, effectiveness and moral influence of a system under which there may be ample security given, that the charities of the country shall not be abused; few will, perhaps, hesitate in agreeing to the principle of a *compulsory provision for the helpless poor*.

We now come to the other division.

THE ABLE-BODIED POOR WHO ARE UN-
ABLE TO FIND EMPLOYMENT.

This is a much more difficult subject, and must be approached with great caution; the lead must be heaved at every step—the evil, which we find is one of acknowledged magnitude, the evils induced by every remedial system which has been yet tried, are frightful to contemplate, but they do not prove the impossibility of discovering a remedy, and as long as such is possible, it is the duty of the legislature to seek

* One instance of this nature may serve as an example of what does too frequently and alas! too secretly occur. The writer was travelling on the western coast of Ireland during a period of scarcity. At some distance from the road there was a miserable turf hovel, from which, as soon as his jaunting car came in sight, a woman ran to the road; her appearance was emaciated; an old and tattered cloak was wrapt round her; she hurried to and fro until the car came up to her; then she sank down, with her face turned away, and was silent. When the car had passed she got up, she walked about; then suddenly ran a little way after the car; then stopped, stood still for a few moments, and then turned slowly to her hovel again. The writer concluded that she was some poor maniac, and passed on; but suddenly the truth flashed upon his mind: he made inquiries and found that she was a widow with an orphan family; *that she was starving, and yet could not bring herself to beg*. If the pen of Wordsworth had delineated such a scene of utter misery, it would have been wept over in gilded saloons. The fiction would have been felt, while any proposal of a law which should guard against the possibility of the existence of such an appalling reality, would be met by the cold-blooded argument of the political economists, who see in it but the natural punishment of improvidence, or by the incredulity of those who give human nature credit for more kindness than it possesses.

for it. The acknowledged evil in Ireland is, that the population has increased beyond the demand for labour, and that the excess is rapidly hurried by consequent idleness and starvation into the class of those who are incapable of labour—but few who know this country will doubt that there is room for the employment of even a greater number of inhabitants in profitable labour. But the strongest argument against the supplying, even if it were possible for the government to do so, this surplus of population with materials to work upon, is the expectation that where ten were employed, they would increase and multiply until, perhaps, forty or fifty were produced as candidates for employment, and so an indefinite increase to population, and consequent misery, be fostered by the very laws intended to diminish it. This argument proceeds upon the principle, that poverty is the only check to population. But if we find, on referring to statistical returns, that, in fact, those countries and those districts in our own country that are poorest, are also those where the most rapid increase of population takes place—if we analyse upon this fact, and trace the reason of it to the unwillingness in any one who has a station in life, an habitual enjoyment of comfort, to hazard, by a blind rushing into expense which he has no certainty of being able to bear, and to the proverbial recklessness of those who have nothing to lose, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion, that the first step towards checking population ought to be the bettering the condition of the inferior classes. Where the landlord will do this he can do it; where he will not, the government cannot make him do so. They cannot interfere with his rights in property, but they can set him an example, and until the face of the country is greatly changed, the government has a prospect of work enough for many generations of the present, or even an increased surplus of population. There are certain works which are now, and from their nature can only be undertaken by the public—there are others which have not as yet, but might probably in future be so carried on with a prospect of advantage to the country. *To begin with those, in the execution of which the public is already engaged—*

Roads and Inland Navigation. Although these may be carried on at the public expense, and by public assessment, the execution is intrusted to private contractors. The late alteration in the grand jury laws has, indeed, remedied some few of the defects consequent upon the ignorance and malversations of contractors; but the condition of those employed upon this work remains the same. The contract is got under a system of mutual under-bidding, and of course the great object of the contractor is to get the work done at a minimum of expense; the wages given are generally even below the rates of this country, and the roads are often the last resource of struggling industry. Where there is a great competition for labour another evil ensues; the landlord gives his interest in getting road-work together with his land, thus receiving for it higher than the market value, and actually selling his interest to the poor, and at their expense diverting into his own pocket the funds of the public. Now, if the public work was done under government surveillance, insuring to the labourer a remunerating price for his labour—that is, sufficient for him to support his family and have something to lay by—this would fix the standard of wages in the country; and if care was taken to arrange it so that the wages might be in proportion to the work done, a motive and character would be given to industry, the advantages of which are really under the present system of day labour almost unknown. The works not hitherto undertaken by the public, but which might probably be undertaken with advantage, are such as roads in extensive unpeopled districts susceptible of cultivation, as Cunnemara, Erris, and the mountainous parts of Donegal, Cork, and Kerry—extensive drainages affecting districts which are in the hands of different proprietors—the lowering of flood waters, such as the Shannon, &c., and converting others to the purposes of inland carriage. If such works could be carried on under the direction of scientific engineers, with the suggestions and concurrent assistance of local committees, probably the riches and resources of the country would be greatly increased, much actual pauperism absorbed, and

much future pauperism checked ;* while a stimulus to private exertion would be found in the example of public improvement, and a much higher tone given to the character of the labouring peasant. The source of funds for the carrying on of these objects might be either incorporated, or move parallel and upon similar principles with those suggested for the support of the helpless poor. With these suggestions it may be well now to stop. They are given for the consideration of those

who are deeply interested in the question. When the evidence, taken by the commissioners, is laid before the public, the cost of such undertakings may be accurately calculated. These observations have been only directed to guide the thoughts of the public into some defined channel, and to establish, if possible, some certain principles upon which future calculations may be made.

C.

* This is a subject upon which precedents would be highly instructive. There are at present from 500 to 1000 labourers in daily employment upon the government roads in Pobble O'Keefe. The person who is employed under Mr. Griffith to superintend this great body of labourers, stated to the writer of this note, that he had employed even a greater number upon the government roads in Tipperary for ten years, and that by the time the roads were finished, the hands were so completely absorbed in the cultivation of reclaimed land, that he thinks it would now be difficult to get a work of this kind executed in the vicinity, and that he has no doubt of the same result being produced at Pobble O'Keefe. Mr. Griffith's very interesting report upon the establishment of King William's Town, and the civilization which followed the opening of new roads into the surrounding district, ought to be read by every one who is interested in the improvement of the country.

CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE, BY E. S. O'BRIEN, ESQ. A. M.—CHAPTER III.

THE SIZAR—ARTHUR JOHNS.

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.*

READER ! When I, commenced this series of tales of true, and yet what many have called strange, romance, I said that I would endeavour to diversify my pages like the chequered scenes of life, with alternations of sadness and of mirth. And such was my intention. I had noted in these tablets from which I draw my memoranda, many incidents at which I once had laughed, as well as many at which I might have wept. But years have passed away since they were realities, and now they have mingled with the shadowy and the dreamy past, and all that once was bright of colouring, or joyous in hue, is overcast by the sombre sadness of the dreary recollections of sorrow and guilt. I have walked with the young, and I have seen them gay and thoughtless, and their merriment seemed glad ; but, alas ! I have

lived to see the same hearts that smiled and laughed, torn, and withered, and blighted—and the bosoms in which, but a little while ago, they beat with gladness, laid in the cold, and dark, and cheerless grave ; and when I look back, all the recollection of what once they were are around that grave like festoons of flowers, mocking by their gaiety the dreariness of death. Had I written my chapters as the events which I remember occurred, I might then have given to them a more joyous tinge ; and still, when I look back to the lives of those who were my companions, and fancy all is dark and gloomy in their history, I cannot but remember that when that history was fact, I did not think so—and then I endeavoured to recall the scenes at which I laughed with them, and the occasions of their merriment—but no ! even these ac-

dismal now, and the mist of bygone years hangs heavy even on that which was most cheerful to behold. Thus I have stood at the base of the mountain, and I have looked upon its glens and its crags and its ravines—and the verdant heath covered its sides, and the wild deer bounded there, and seemed joyous in its native breeze—and the shepherd's cot was laughing in its sheltered nook—and the grotesque cliff peered in some fantastic shape above it—and the painter might have poured upon his canvass many forms of life and joy. But I went a little away, and I looked back from afar upon the hills, and I could see no more forms or features of joy—no cottage glittering in the sunbeam—no deer bounding, full of life; all was lost in the sombre outline of the dark mountain—all was faded into the indistinctness of the dim, and distant, and melancholy blue.

Then, reader! if you be one of those who love those gay pictures that distort the miseries of life into merriment more hideous than the deepest scenes of sorrow and woe, I fear that in my chapters you will find but little to gratify your taste. I tell you, frankly, I have nothing that is gay to set before you: I do not desire to make you laugh. Is there not enough in what is forced upon you every day to excite your laughter? Go and laugh at the politician labouring and disquieting himself in vain—go and laugh at dulness seated in high places, and stupidity blundering successfully into the distinction that should belong to intellect. There are unconscious harlequins enough in that world which it has been said long ago is but a stage.—Laugh, then, if you will, at all that passes before you; at the crowd bowing down in unmeaning adoration to some knave who calls himself a patriot; at the great man who struggles for his own aggrandizement, and calls it principle—laugh at all the follies of mankind; but blame me not if I cannot join you, and when you have laughed your fill, turn to my page—it may be, that there is something in life at which even you might be induced to sigh.

I have headed my chapter "The Sizar."

That word is an expressive one—let no votary of fashion throw down, with supercilious contempt, the page on which it is recorded, that Arthur Johns was a

sizar, as if that appendage rendered his name an unfitting subject for romance. It proves but that he was poor, and that he was talented—and though these be both damning—equally damning disqualifications for becoming the favourite of the frivolous and the gay circles of unmeaning fashion, yet surely poverty cannot check the enthusiastic impulse of the human heart, or dry up the springs of human feeling, and it is with these, reader, that Romance has to do—but we shall see. If my friend was poor, there was nothing dishonourable in his poverty—he was not one of the great ones of the earth—he was of humble, very humble origin, but this did not disgrace him; he never was ashamed of it when living, and now that his ashes are cold in that grave where the poor man and the rich man repose alike, I surely do not dishonor his memory in recording it.

He was gifted with rare and great endowments that singularly burst from all the difficulties that were cast around him by the humbleness of his birth. Of his early days—I mean those which preceded his entrance into the University, for, alas! he never lived to number any but his early days—I knew but little; nothing, indeed, but what I learned from himself. Born of poor but respectable parents, he was intended for a mechanical trade. For nearly two years he actually worked at that humble occupation which yet the Saviour of the world did not disdain to engage in. The association is recalled to my mind by a remark which I often heard poor Arthur make. He told me that he used to feel, when standing beside his carpenter's bench, that it was an honor to him to be permitted to follow that occupation which his Redeemer had followed in the days when he was obedient to his father. He said that he often cherished the hope that he had something within him fitted for far different pursuits; "but when," he used to say, "my proud spirit wandered to ambitious speculations that made me sometimes despise my calling, I thought of who was the carpenter of Nazareth, and I used to put away from me vain thoughts."

That he did not, however, wholly repress all hopes of raising himself from the station of a mechanic, is evident from the fact, that in the evenings, after

he returned home from his day's work, he taught himself the rudiments of Latin. Without help or encouragement from any one, he for some time prosecuted his studies with the most industrious diligence—in those hours which, after his day's confinement, were almost necessary for amusement. He said himself, that the only motive of which he was conscious, was a thirst for information; but as my narrative progresses, my reader will, perhaps, agree with me, that a vague and undefined hope mingled with this feeling, and urged him, perhaps unconsciously, to exertion, of which an object that he then scarcely acknowledged to himself was the aim.

Fortunately—I used the word mechanically—it might have been better otherwise; I might rather say unfortunately he soon met with friends who did every thing that benevolence and prudence could suggest to second his exertions, and direct his efforts. The clergyman of his parish was one to whom his parishioners looked up as to a father, and one who looked upon all his parishioners as his family. Dr. Wail having accidentally become acquainted with young Johns' proficiency in Latin, sent for him to the parsonage, and examined him as to what progress he had made. Being struck equally by his talents and his demeanour, he took a deep interest in the lad; he lent him books, and directed and assisted his studies, and when he considered him fit for the University, the generous man defrayed the expenses of his entrance.

At the University he did not disappoint the expectations which his benefactor had formed. At the largest entrance which had occurred for some time he bore away first place, and returned home the pride of his parents and the wonder of the village. The most flattering anticipations were formed of his future greatness—his father and mother thought that no one like him ever had been heard of, and all the neighbours used to wonder how the carpenter's lad, whom they had seen working so steady and so quiet, could have "beaten all the gentlemen's sons in the college at the learning."

Arthur's high spirit could not bear to be under pecuniary obligations, even to the pastor, whom he revered; and at

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his own most urgent request, an arrangement was entered into, by which he was to repay the money that Dr. Wail had given him on going to Dublin, by giving daily instructions to the younger children at the parsonage. Dr. Wail, however, insisted on such terms that three months' tuition not only repaid what he had advanced, but left him a few guineas to bear the expenses of his journey to Dublin at the first examination.

At this examination he was again eminently successful. He obtained the classical premium, with the most flattering encomiums from his examiner, and returned again to his humble home as unassuming as ever, to prosecute his studies after this fresh encouragement with renewed ardour.

It was at this period that I first became acquainted with him. I had met one of Dr. Wail's sons in college, and having had an opportunity of showing him some trifling civility, I received a most kind and pressing invitation to the parsonage. I availed myself of it at a time when many things had inclined to put me out of temper with the world and myself; and when I thought, and thought rightly, that I would not be the worse of the calm of spirit which with me is always a certain consequence of being an inmate of a good man's house.

From the first moment that I saw Arthur Johns, I felt an indescribable and indefinable interest in him. I had not been long at the parsonage until I heard his name and so much of his history as I have detailed. The circumstances under which our first meeting took place, were calculated to make an impression at least upon my mind. I had been taking an evening stroll with young Wail. Passing through the fields, we overtook a plain looking young man, decently attired in rather a worn suit of black, occupied in disengaging a cow from the stake to which she had been "tethered," or tied. Wail pointed him out to me, and told me that this was young Johns. "Every evening," said he, "he comes here to drive home his father's cow; he is not spoiled by his college honours: he is just as humble and unassuming as ever."

We entered into conversation with him, and even in the few minutes that he talked with us, I could not help

being struck by the simplicity and quaintness of his manner, and yet the justness and strength of his remarks. His dress, I have already said, was plain; he wore his hair combed down over his forehead, after the manner of the Methodists, in which connection his father had occasionally officiated as a class leader or local preacher, a circumstance from which Arthur's character derived much of that stern piety of deportment which was its chief grace. The occupation in which we found him, so characteristic of that humility which prevented him from being raised by his distinctions above ministering to his parent's comparatively lowly condition, spoke more to my mind for his amiability of disposition than all the praises which I had heard lavished on him at the parsonage.

The more I knew of him the more I felt that he was no common spirit, and I looked forward with confidence to the time when he would prove this to the world. There is something deeply interesting in watching the progress of genius, of which the world knows not. We experience more than a sympathy in the struggles of the spirit, which we feel assured, is yet one day destined to sway the minds of men—we find a personal interest in the progress of those powers in which we feel, if I may so speak, that, like the first discoverers of unknown land, we have acquired a property, because their existence is known to few but ourselves. We have a pride in being the first to appreciate the intellect to which the world will one day bend, and we look forward with proud anticipation to its future triumphs, as if, in some sense, they were to be our own.

My intimacy with him soon increased into friendship. He made me the depository of his difficulties and anxieties, and sought from me that advice which my greater age and superior knowledge of the world enabled me sometimes to give him with effect. But I must not dwell too long upon all the little incidents which might, perhaps, be very uninteresting to my readers, however, my fond affection may magnify them into importance. I remained two months at the parsonage, enjoying the society of good Dr. Wail and his amiable family, and every day improving my acquaintance with Arthur Johns. I

left them in the end of April, and I was accompanied to Dublin by my young, but, even then, my dear friend, who came to pass his second examination at the University.

At this examination he was not successful. This is ground upon which, perhaps, I had better tread lightly—my former statement of what was true, of that which actually occurred at one examination, has given offence, and men have said that my object was to depreciate the University, and indulge a malignant sneer at the expense of her fellows. I simply told what had happened. The fellows of college are, I need hardly say, a body of men for whom, as a body, I entertain the deepest respect: there are many men among them whose characters and whose learning would do honor to the proudest station in which intellectual distinction could place a human being; but there *were*—I know nothing of them now—there *were* men among them whom I despised; there were men whom I have seen manifest a littleness of soul, and a pettiness of spirit, that no chance elevation to a place for which they were unfit, could redeem from the most unqualified contempt. I know not how matters may be *now*, but certainly when I knew college examinations, "the race was not *always* to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and though in general the adjudication of honours was honourably impartial, yet where all was left to an individual, there were exceptions to the rule—and in my intercourse with college, I have known more than one instance in which caprice deprived, or favouritism defrauded, industrious merit of its just reward.

Arthur bore his disappointment with the equanimity that I expected. It was immediately after this examination that I advised him to become a candidate for the place of sizar. Few of my readers, perhaps, are unaware that the Dublin University, with that spirit of liberality which so favourably distinguishes her collegiate institutions, has allocated thirty sizarships to the support of poor students, who are unable to avail themselves, in any other way, of the advantages of an academic education. The places are filled up as vacancies occur, after an examination, at which all persons are privileged to present themselves, and the successful

candidates receive their education gratis, and are entitled, for four years, to chambers and commons in the University.

When first I urged him to present himself as a candidate at the examination, which always takes place on Trinity Tuesday, he made many objections. He was apprehensive of failure—he did not think his classical attainments sufficient to meet the competition with which the places are always sought; (I have known upwards of one hundred candidates for six vacancies,) and it was with no little difficulty I overcame his reluctance to encounter the examination. I was not, however, disappointed in my estimate of his success; although without any special preparation for a most severe and scrutinizing examination, he obtained first sizarship, with marks that placed him far beyond the reach of competition.

Having given this decided proof of his ability and classical attainments, and being strongly recommended by Dr. Wail, he had not much difficulty in procuring a situation as assistant in one of the first schools in Dublin, with a salary that to him was affluence, and having his chambers and commons in college, he now seemed comfortably settled.

The free rooms appropriated to the accommodation of sizars are the garrets in the old brick or library square, and in one of these Arthur Johns was soon comfortably lodged. Each set of rooms is generally appropriated to two, but the Provost, as a compliment to his acquirements, allotted him a set to himself. This is generally considered as a favour. Poor Arthur seemed greatly gratified by the compliment it implied. The first evening that I sat with him in his small and solitary chambers, he told me of it with pride. I did not wish to damp his spirits, but I could not help involuntarily sighing, as I thought the favour was to be condemned to the solitude of a lonely garret. Those who know the miseries of a "chum" will understand that it was a real favour; but just then I thought that there was no great compliment in being left without a companion, to the miserable and unfriended loneliness of a college life. There was something that was, alas! too prophetic in the melancholy feelings with which I regarded it.

Between the duties of his situation and his studies Arthur's whole time was occupied; occupied, indeed, far more than I could have wished. I could not but observe with alarm, as the summer advanced, that the constitutional paleness of his cheek had assumed a still more ashy wanness, and that his once bright eye was beginning to be heavy and glazed. I urged him to take more care of his health, and to read less; but he used to laugh at me: he said the walk to and from the school was sufficient exercise for him. When I urged on him the danger of too much mental exertion, he used to point to his head, and say, "God never gave us our brains to be unemployed, and he never will let us be injured by employing them."

And it seemed as if his confidence was well grounded. Naturally delicate, he appeared uninjured by an application that might have worn down the most Herculean frame. Winter passed away, and at every examination he attained honours, and raised his character. Everyone now spoke of him: he became the subject of almost universal interest. The chief portion of his time was devoted to the study of the classics; and yet it astonished me, who knew how much he neglected his scientific reading, that he bore a high, a very high character, as a scientific scholar. By the most strict economy of his time, he had also contrived to amass a fund of general information that was quite surprising; and it may give some idea both of his ability and his industry that while, for five hours in the day, he was harassed by the wearying and dispiriting labours of a school, he yet managed, in the hours that were his own, not only to prosecute his academic studies with a success that might well have been the result of undivided application, but to acquire a knowledge of those subjects of general literature which the majority of academic students too generally neglect.

And, as if to make the difficulties of his situation more apparent by contrast—as if to bring into more striking relief the truth of the maxim, which is as old as the days of Juvenal—as old, perhaps, as the selfishness and the heartlessness of society—that poverty is a drag upon genius, a weight that

crushes many a noble spirit to the earth—his principal opponent for honours was a young man of fortune, and one whose parents wisely thought that their wealth was well applied in providing for their son every facility of distinction. From one examination to another St. George was provided with the best tutors that the University could afford, and the hours of his study were broken only by recreations that might invigorate his mind. Poor Arthur was thrown upon his own resources; and the best, because the earliest, hours of his day were taken up in toiling, not so much to find a livelihood for himself as to minister to the comforts of his parents; and yet, with all these odds against him, the child of poverty and toil was successful against his favoured competitor.

Time passed on, and another summer vacation arrived, with its long and dreary days—long and dreary to those who have ever passed them in the solitude of the city, or still more in the desertion of college. In the months of July and August the streets of Dublin are almost deserted. The rumbling of the wheels of a solitary carriage rolling along may occasionally be heard afar off in the quietness of the streets; and the cart of the waterman, as he goes about to lay the dust, tells you that, at least, the municipal authorities calculate upon the presence of some passengers in the streets, for whose convenience they are concerned: but go into College, and you have the utter picture of desolation. You find at the gate, perhaps, a solitary porter, listlessly keeping his sinecure watch; but you meet in the archway no troops of gowned gobs hurrying to and fro, as they flock to or from their lecture; no pompous premium men, looking with an air of self-importance at the notices on the gates. You hear no hum of voices in the courts. You may look round and round, and see no trace of any living thing: nothing meets your eye but the glare of the hot summer sun, falling on the white burning pavement, and flung back with increased intensity upon the pillars and walls of the gray buildings. All is lonely and deserted; and you feel almost afraid that you are guilty of a crime as the echo of your own footsteps starts the *silence and disturbs the repose* of the

cloisterlike stillness that is around you. And yet there are men who make this lonely place their residence for the summer months, some by compulsion, and some by choice.

In the beginning of July Arthur paid a short visit to his parents. I would have given much to have seen this meeting. But I can conceive the pride with which they must have received him to their humble roof. I can fancy that I see his old father blessing God for having given him such a son; and his plain mother, with her matronlike cap and clean white apron, gazing on him with pride for the past and anticipation for the future, as he sat by their lonely fireside. His visit, however, was a short one: he returned to Dublin sooner even than he had intended. I confess I thought this strange; that he should thus, as it were, tear himself from the shelter of a parental roof: and when I found that he had returned, after an absence of a fortnight, I feared that he was getting too proud for his parent's cottage. I was at first angry with him; but I began to think that perhaps the feeling was only what might be expected from proud and foolish human nature; and I sighed for the imperfections of mankind, that alloy even the best and noblest dispositions with the base mixture of mean selfishness and silly pride. My reflections were, perhaps, philosophical. I might not have formed too low an estimate of human nature; but I did my friend deep injustice.

After his return I never saw such intense devotion to study as he manifested. His whole soul appeared concentrated in the desire of distinguishing himself. I knew not how to reconcile his sacrifice of health, of everything, to this one object. He did not seem ambitious. He was a mystery to me. It might have corrected my unjust suspicions of his want of filial duty that he had proved his affection for his parents far more substantially than by paying them long visits. Ever since he left them he had received monthly his stipend from the school where he was engaged; and each month he transmitted the best part of it to his mother, reserving only so much as was necessary for those wants with the supply of which the strictest economy could not dispense.

During the long days of summer—days in which, as I have already said, College is almost altogether deserted—I often made it my business to interrupt his studies and force him into an hour's recreation. Often, of an evening, did I bring him reluctantly from his books, to wander under the shelter of the fine old trees in the College park,* and talk with me of many and of strange things. He loved the moonlight of a summer night; and often did we carry with us two chairs from his apartment, and sit under these old trees, watching the moonbeams silvering their leaves, and an occasional bat wheeling round their branches, and then winging his dreary flight to some crevice in the walls of the library. On one of these occasions a circumstance took place which I never can forget. I had been speaking to him of his future prospects. I had been reasoning with him on the indiscretion of the course he was pursuing in devoting his entire time to classical studies, to the neglect of scientific pursuits. I suggested to him that for classical knowledge the University made no permanent provision; while, by applying his time to the study of science, he might ultimately obtain a fellowship—a result which his abilities and, above all, his habits of intense application, might warrant him confidently to expect. He told me candidly that he did not wish for a fellowship. I spoke of its emoluments: he only answered by a deep and heavy sigh. I pressed him on the subject. "Of what use," said he, indignantly, "is the wealth that fellowship confers on you, when a regulation which is the remnant of monastic barbarity prevents you from sharing it?" A deep red blush, I thought, of indignation, passed over his countenance. I could not help laughing. Of all the persons I knew I thought him the least likely to be deterred from a fellowship by the celibacy regulation; and I told him so, and rallied him on the point.

He seemed ill at ease: he rose from the chair on which he was sitting, and stamped his foot hurriedly on the ground. I rose too, and we both, almost mechanically, walked away from the spot.

Nothing more passed between us; but I felt convinced, by the extreme agitation of his manner, that it was a particular attachment, and not a mere general liking for the matrimonial state, that created his aversion to the restraints of the celibacy statute—a statute which is certainly one of the most absurd remnants of a barbarous code, for the maintenance of which no rational justification has ever yet been put forward, and of which the only effect is, to drive from the fellowship here every man of genius, unless *the few*—and of men of genius they are *the few*—who can bring themselves to submit to its odious and unnatural provisions.† But this is a digression. Let me confine myself to the history of my friend.

I did not wish to question him upon the subject connected with our conversation in the park; and yet it often occurred to me that he was endeavouring to lead the conversation so that I should ask for a disclosure that he wished to make, but did not choose to volunteer. I determined to seek an opportunity of obtaining his confidence on the only point on which I had reason to believe that it was withheld. Accident soon obtained it for me.

I was invited, about the middle of September, to make one of a party to visit the Lakes of Killarney. I sought and obtained permission to invite Arthur to accompany us. To my surprise, he positively refused. I pressed him; but, what with him was very unusual, he was obstinate, without being able to give a reason; and I was at last reluctantly obliged to forego my useless solicitations.

The evening before we were to set out I spent with him in College. The evenings had shortened to their autumn

* It is usual to close the park gates at night-roll hour; but at the time of which I speak the gates leading into the park were, during the summer vacation, permitted to remain open until twelve. I do not know whether the same custom is still observed.

† My readers will, perhaps, recollect that it was an early attachment that diverted from fellowship the views of Charles Wolfe; a man who, surely, as a fellow, would have done honour to the University. See Russell's Life of Wolfe.

length, and there was no moonlight; so we could not now go and take our usual walk in the park: it was, too, a drizzling evening; the light, misty rain, or fog, was coming in at the open window in the attic beside which we sat—for in summer the garret rooms, from their vicinity to the slates, become intolerably hot; in winter they are, for the same reason, proportionally cold. It was such an evening as might put anyone in bad spirits. Arthur was very much depressed; but I attributed it to the state of the atmosphere. Twilight was closing in fast. As we sat conversing, a pause occurred in our conversation: Arthur rose and walked across the room in violent agitation. "Mr. O'Brien," said he, "you are going away tomorrow. We may never meet again; and there is only one secret I have never told you. I do not wish to take it to my grave."

I was astonished at the sad and bitter tone in which he uttered the words, but he did not give me time to interrupt him. "Mr. O'Brien," said he, more loudly, "do not laugh at me; do not think me a fool; I am one—I am in love."

The earnestness with which the words burst, as it were, from the contending emotions that were choking in his throat, told me that even if love might ever excite a smile, his was not a passion at which I could laugh.

"For years," said he, "long years, a hopeless passion has been preying upon my soul; it has roused me into energy that belonged not to me. You have told me that I have abilities. I have shown them, but oh! they were but like the maniac's strength, the unnatural excitement of the same powers that belong to other men. Love was the frenzy of my mind, and that frenzy gave me new and unnatural strength, and like the maniac, *that strength has worn me out.*"

These were the very words he used, and even if they are incorrect, I will not alter them.

"When I was but a child," continued he, "a passion seized upon my mind, and the idol of it has never since for a moment left her shrine. I have dreamed of her when asleep—I have thought of her when awake. I have *wandered over the hills*, and heard her *voice in the music of every breeze*, and

seen her image mirrored in the bosom of every lake. Thirteen years ago—thirteen years ago"—and he paused upon the words—"she was a child—a sweet innocent child, and I was a boy, and not much older than herself. I gathered her wild flowers when she was out with her maid walking through the fields, and I loved her then, and I have loved her ever since."

He had not yet mentioned the name of the object of this wild and enthusiastic passion; the story was singular, indeed: I need not attempt to detail it in his own burning words, but the substance of it was this:

Matilda — (I cannot give her true name, and there is a sacredness around her in my mind which prevents me from attaching a fictitious one.) Matilda was the daughter of a gentleman who resided at no great distance from Arthur's home. When they were both children he had conceived for her the most romantic passion, which, unlike most boyish loves, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He met her in her walks through the fields when the tenderness of both their ages prevented the distance which the difference of rank created between their more mature years. As they grew up he met her but occasionally, but still the passion lived in his heart. He used to go wherever he thought that he could catch a glimpse of her, even at a distance; and what was most singular was, that though he had cherished this passion for fifteen years, until the object of his childish affection had become a woman, and he himself a man, yet never had he once given the slightest indication of its presence; it was shut up in the loneliest recesses of his own heart, and in that shrine he was content to worship, in secret, the treasured image of the unconscious object of his admiration.

There was something so singularly, so wildly, almost so unreally romantic in the history of this passion—thus formed in childhood, cherished for thirteen long years in secret, and now for the first time communicated to any human being—that it invested his character in my mind with a grandeur that it never had possessed before. The constancy with which he had clung to his early idol, even where he had no possible expectation that his

love was requited, could only spring from feeling not like that of the ordinary sons of men. His was the worship of a poet, which could thus abstract, as it were, its object, from all the circumstances that surrounded her, and bow down before her in secret in all the purity of spiritual affection. Here, too, was the clue to much that had been hitherto mysterious in his character. His almost superhuman exertions to attain distinctions that he did not seem to prize at all, was to raise himself to a station in which he might honourably seek her love. And while I could not but admire the depth of that love which prompted him to these exertions, I could also the better appreciate the fulness of that filial devotion, which, instead of hoarding the immediate proceeds of those exertions, appropriated them to ministering to his parents' comforts.

He walked up and down the room for some time—he seemed ashamed of what he had told me. At last he flung himself upon a chair, the only one beside the one which I occupied, which his scantily furnished apartment contained—he leaned his head upon the table, and burst into a convulsive flood of tears.

It was but for a moment—he became calm. "Mr. O'Brien," he said, "I am foolish; but had you like me loved. No! love is not the word to express what I felt, what I feel—it was madness—for fifteen years she has been the vision of my soul—a part of my existence—mysteriously present to all my thoughts—but now," said he, "the spell is broken. Surely man disquieteth himself in vain."

I endeavoured to urge upon him the possibility that he might yet attain his wishes—but he stopped me. You do not know the nature of my passion—long—long before I calculated on the cold contingencies of life—this passion seized my mind. I remember the day when I gathered her wild flowers—she then seemed to me like an angel; and from that hour I associated with her everything that was fair, and virtuous, and pure. I was then in an humble station, and in it I would have been happy, but it was not God's will. She crossed my path like a being from another sphere—a spark, as it were of fire, fell upon my

soul, and it has been burning ever since—and this was the flame whose flickering gleams men have admired; for I know I have been admired—but do you recollect Horace:

"Post ignem ætheria domo
Subductum Macies et nova Febrium
Terris incubuit cohors;"

And so it was with me, a fever preyed upon my heart, and consumed me, and the production of this disease was what you called talent."

"She is now a woman," he said, after a pause; "but I cannot bear to think of her otherwise than as the simple and innocent little girl of former days—with her eyes like as the heaven on which she smiled, and her curls clustering along—but I have seen her—different—changed—like other women—a flirt."

A deep groan burst from his heart. With difficulty I persuaded him to tell me to what he alluded. It seemed, that during his last visit home, an officer quartered in the neighbourhood had been paying Miss — some particular attention—she was not very averse to receiving it. Her familiarities, which never passed the bounds of propriety, in the eyes of a jealous lover were crimes. She knew nothing, she could not dream of his attachment; but still he fancied it a crime that she should receive even the common-place attentions of another; and unable to endure the sight of what his madness—for madness it was—regarded as a desecration of the goddess of his idolatry, he had hurried from his home; and this was the secret of that abrupt departure which I had attributed to such a different cause—but how could I have dreamed of the real one?

But with absence his love returned—he reasoned with himself that he had no cause to have a lower opinion of Miss — than he had before; but still the spell was broken—she had hitherto been an ideal creature of his fancy—upon whom, as it were, no one could look but himself—she was now but a woman—and strange to say, for the first time, he began to think of the possibility that some more favoured rival might bear away the prize for which he had toiled so long. It was strangely characteristic of the wildness of his passion, that never

before had this very rational apprehension crossed his mind.

His love, he confessed, was as strong as ever, but he said it was undefinably changed in its character—it had assumed more of reality and less of that mysterious indefiniteness which had been, perhaps, its charm. It seemed, he said, as if its object had been suddenly removed from that holy and enchanted bower, in which the magic of his imagination had securely enshrined her, and was now in the world of sense, exposed to all the dangers and subject to all the caprices of ordinary women.

He now mourned over the hopelessness of his passion. I endeavoured to inspire him with hope. "Ah!" he answered me, "in what reasonable time can I hope to attain a station in which I might hope for her hand—years must pass away—years to me of solitude and anguish—and will she wait for a lover of whom she has never heard, and whom, if she did hear of, she would despise—ah!

"bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque."

Some rich and heartless fool will purchase her with his wealth to misery." He smote his forehead with his clenched fist, and muttered "PURCHASE HER," two or three times, bitterly.

This was a conversation that there was but little use in pursuing. He was the victim of a passion, the strangest that ever preyed upon the heart of man—and what to say, I knew not. I urged him strongly to change his mind and accompany our party to Killarney on the next day, but he was inexorable. He said, when I was about to leave him, that he had a presentiment we might never meet again. This was very strange, for he generally spoke in a tone that I considered almost presumptuous of the certainty of his reaching a good old age. I remarked to him the change. "I will tell you why," said he. "You remember the first commandment with promise—'Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days be long.' I thought I surely had honoured mine, and that my days would be long."

"And why not depend upon the same promise now?"

"Because I am not sure that I have

always honoured them, Mr. O'Brien," continued he; "it went to my old mother's heart to part with me the last time. She did every thing but command me to stay, and I might have gratified her; and I pleased myself; and she cried sore when I left her."

"Well, Arthur," said I, "if this be the only thing in which you have not done honor to your parents, I trust God will forgive it, and grant you length of days."

"Amen," he responded, in a tone of mingled confidence and fear.

We parted; and as I heard the heavy slam of his garret door as I hurried down the stairs, its sound fell upon my ear with a strangely dismal and melancholy foreboding. It was now quite dark; I wrapped my cloak tight about me and sallied out across the courts. I looked back, and saw the glimmering of the candle from Arthur's attic window cast a faint and solitary ray upon the darkness that wrapped the rest of the buildings.

Next morning rose gay and joyous upon the world, and I turned my back to town to enjoy a fortnight's ramble among the far-famed beauties of Killarney. At the end of that time I returned to town, and but a few hours had elapsed before I sought out Arthur Johns.

I found his room shut up, and from his opposite neighbour, who had returned to College in my absence, I learned a story that even now I can hardly bear to tell. Poor Arthur had been seized with a brain fever—he had been some days ill before any body knew it—and one day he was found in the agonies of delirium by one of the few students who were then inmates of the College, wandering about the courts, his head streaming with blood, and his face and linen disfigured with its stains. He was taken by this student upon a jaunting-car to Sir Patrick Dunn's hospital, where he still remained.

To the hospital I rushed, almost distracted with grief and alarm. I found one of the surgeons, who told me that poor Arthur's death was hourly expected. He said that it seemed a case in which proper treatment at first might have subdued the complaint. "But," added he, "when he came here, mismanagement had put it beyond our reach." I was admitted to his bedside.

He lay in one of the wards of the hospital, in a clean but lowly bed. He did not know me; his eyes were rolling heavily in a deadly stupor, and his lips moved occasionally as if attempting to mutter something; but they gave utterance to nothing but the most indistinct sounds. For about four hours I sat beside him, determined to see the last of him. It was just as the twilight was fading away in the darkness that his pulse ceased for ever to beat; and one long, gasping sob exhaled his last breath.

I could hardly believe that he was gone—that this was the end of him of whom so many fond and proud hopes had been entertained. I am not soft-hearted; I have seen death in many a shape, and I am stern enough to gaze on it unmoved; but when I looked upon him in that bed, a lifeless and a mangled corpse, and thought of all he was and of all he might have been, and of what the surgeon had told me, that care at first might have saved him, I thought my heart would have broken.

I say, his mangled corpse—for—how shall I tell the most horrid part of this dismal tragedy! He had, it seems, sent for an apothecary on finding himself unwell. The wretch whom he sent for ordered him a blister for his head, and paid him no more attention; thinking, I suppose, from the appearance of his garret, that he was not likely to make much by attending him. He sent the blister, and his college woman, his only attendant, applied it to his unshaved head and left him. The pain tormented him, and in a fit of delirium he tore away the blister and parts of the scalp together, and with the blood trickling over his face he wandered out into the courts. My readers know the rest.

These dreadful particulars I learned from the nurse-tender. She told me that in the fits of his delirium he had often called on me, and that sometimes he would fancy himself talking to a beautiful young lady, and then again he would think he was contending with a she-devil. And this was the end of one who might have been an honor to society and to his country!

Round his neck I found a key carefully fastened. I took it off, and having obtained admission to his rooms, I proceeded to secure the little effects he had. Every thing was just as he had left it. His dictionary was still open where he had been searching for the meaning of a word; his Bible, too, never had been closed since last he read it. But, gracious God! I felt my heart faint, and a deadly sickness come over me as I discovered but too positive proof of the horrid truth of the nurse-tender's tale. But I will not shock my readers by describing that, the recollection of which, even now, makes the blood curdle at my heart.

The key which I had taken from his neck I found to open a little cabinet that stood on a table near his bed. Inside it I found a piece of mechanism which I still have in my possession—a little coffin, most beautifully formed, of mahogany, and lined with scarlet cloth. On opening it I found a heart of the same material, broken into two, and branded on it with fire, the word “*Matilda*.”

A few months after this I was again on a visit at Dr. Wall's. Poor old Mr. and Mrs. Johns—they seemed many, many years older than when I had seen them last. I could not have believed how quickly sorrow does the work of time.

I had many opportunities of meeting with Miss —, and the more closely I watched her the more mysterious did Arthur's passion appear. There was nothing extraordinary about her; she seemed to me a pretty, unaffected, and innocent-hearted girl; she spoke of Arthur as a person whom she hardly knew, but expressed great commiseration for his bereaved parents. Alas! she knew not; and if it could mar an hour of her light-hearted happiness, I trust that she may never know the heart that burned—that broke for her. It is not probable that she ever will; it is more than probable, if she does, that it will cost her but a passing pang. She has since married, and with her husband gone out to India.

CAUSES OF THE FAILURE OF THE REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

No. II.

THERE never was a people more devoured by civil strife and more harassed by foreign power than the people of Ireland. Previous to the conquest, their history seems for centuries to be but a record of crime, without one gleam to shed a halo around the name of any one individual in the long catalogue of kings and chieftains. We have the strongest testimony of the fearful lengths into which they were drawn by the fury of contending factions, who seemed as ambitious of rivalling each other in atrocity as in power, till the whole island became one mighty theatre for the fearful drama of intestine discord; it swept through the land like the spirit of the hurricane, blighting and wasting in its course, till at last one of those feuds—contemptible but for their multitudinous consequences—led to the arrival of a few bold adventurers from the shores of England. Subsequent to the conquest that ensued—for those raving patriots who deny a conquest of Ireland, may as well deny the conquest of America—the same spirit of discord and civil strife, the same genius that had walked before through the land in garments rolled in blood, still lived among her people, and made those who were devouring each other only the more facile prey to the stranger; at the same time, as might be expected from the fierce spirit that ruled all the conquests of those dark ages, those who won by the sword were resolved to maintain by the sword; so that every atrocity which the fury of faction could perpetrate, and every crime which the gauntleted hand could work, fell upon the bosom of this doomed and bleeding land.

It could not be that true religion could live in a land so circumstanced. It could not be that her gentle voice could be heard amidst such a storm of contending passions; and though they began to subside in after times, yet their effects still remained, and even yet remain to a certain extent to our own times. It is *like the ocean over which the storm has raged; it may have passed away,*

but we still see the heaving of the long swell and the rolling of the troubled wave; years have rolled by, and we fear some few more must vanish with them before the passions of the people will cease to heave to and fro beneath the breath of agitation.

There was no period in the history of Ireland replete with more fair prospects for civilization and religion, than the period of the great plantation of Ulster. It promised to introduce civilization; it promised to establish the principles of the reformation—the former upon the ruins of native barbarism, the latter upon the decay of the Roman church. Both these purposes of true philanthropy it partially accomplished—the former far more extensively than the latter—and our present inquiry is as to the causes of its failure in not having more widely extended the influence of Protestantism among the native population; for we conceive that there is an innate power—an *expansiveness*, as some have called it, in the principles of the Reformation calculated to force their way to the hearts and understandings of mankind.

The important truth is continually forced upon the mind, while perusing the records of Ireland, that the cause of the failure of the Reformation arose out of the political and social state of the country, which, from the struggles of contending factions—from the continued excitement in which they lived—from the reiterated rebellions into which they were seduced—from their deep and degrading ignorance—and from the wild and barbarous state of the natives in general, was both unfitted for the reception of true religion and incapacitated from right judgment respecting it. Besides all these elements, there were others peculiarly connected with the settlement of Ulster that assisted in defeating, to a certain extent, the great purposes for which it was originally designed, and in them, as elsewhere, we can at once perceive, that the unfortunate circumstances of the country, which make it ever the

victim of agitation, are, as they have been, the causes of the failure of the Reformation in Ireland.

The state of the province of Ulster previous to this settlement, was such that it was soon felt by the English government to be the most difficult of management. Its chiefs were of ancient lineage, and had powerful influence over the provincial clans; and being men of incontrollable ambition and warlike propensities, they were enabled to harass the government and defy the power of England in the field; its general population were in a state of the wildest barbarism, addicted to predatory warfare, and delighting in deeds of blood; its surface was covered with extensive woods and morasses, without the remotest traces of tillage, except in a few isolated districts. The whole province was in a state that rendered it exceedingly difficult of government, and its remoteness greatly added to that difficulty; indeed there scarcely appears to have been a single year that was not marked either by some dreadful conflict or massacre among the native chiefs and their clans, or by some fierce rebellion against the authority of England; nor did there yet appear any mode of civilizing and quieting that extensive province, except by crushing the power and influence of those native chiefs who, acting on the love of predatory warfare universal among the peasantry, were enabled to gather around their standard, at any moment, a multitude of retainers to make their incursions against the English; and besides this, there was a love of whatever was of long standing, an inveterate attachment to old customs and habits of life, deeply seated in the disposition of the natives, so that no means had ever yet been devised capable of weaning them from their wild mode of life, which, at the same time that it retarded the progress of civilization and national improvement, left them a more easy prey to the delusions practised on them by the chiefs, who ever sought to excite them to disaffection and stimulate them to rebellion.

This inveteracy in ancient customs, peculiar always to uncivilized people, and paralleled only among the savage of the desert or the wandering Indian of the forest, demanded *some great*

effort on the part of the English government. It appeared to them, as it appears to us, absolutely necessary to wean them from their wild and unsettled habit of life to a state of cultured civilization, and to tame into tranquillity and submission to equitable laws, a people who had lived hitherto without almost any law but the will of the chiefs, and who were easily led into the rebellious designs of every disaffected chief. The whole history of Ulster, previous to the plantation of that province, is a saddening witness of a state of wild barbarism—wandering and predatory habits—ferocious and bloody feuds—rebellious outbreaks and horrible atrocities that demanded something more effective than the ordinary methods of reducing such a population to “civility and religion,” as the writers of that day express it. The following extract from a proclamation issued by James the First, will illustrate this:—

“We do hereby profess, on the word of a king, that there never was any shadow of molestation, nor purpose of proceeding in any degree against them for matters concerning religion. Such being their condition and profession as to think murder no crime, marriage of no use, nor any man worthy to be esteemed valiant that did not glory in rapine and oppression, that we should have thought it an unreasonable thing to trouble them for any different point of religion, before any man could perceive by their conversation that they made truly conscience of any religion.”

This proclamation shows that the object of government was not merely the forcing any particular point of controverted religion upon the population, but the reducing them from their wild habits to a state of settled civilization—reducing them from their Scythian custom of wandering from district to district, to a state of settled and civilized life, and weaning them from fierce and barbarous habits of lawless rebellion and intestine feud to a tranquil submission to the laws of England. The language of this royal paper is the stronger, when it is recollected that it chiefly refers to the leaders of the northerns, who had just fled the province; and when such a description was applicable to the chiefs of Ulster, we may easily infer the fearful state of the mere peasantry. They lived in the

most wild and wandering state, distracted into petty factions that committed atrocities upon each other at which humanity shudders, and always under the odious influence of a number of chieftains, who imposed their arbitrary exactions and capricious wills as law upon their own factions, and sought even to impose them in a similar manner upon others; and the result was, that neither peace, nor security, nor prosperity could ever be established in the province, until the whole system of the country was remodelled by effectually crushing the influence of these chiefs, and teaching the peasantry to know the sweets of tranquillity, the comforts of security, the protection of law, and the advantage of prosperity.

It was in order to accomplish this, which was plainly for the advantage of the native population, and also for the important purpose of establishing a steady and loyal population in the heart of that disaffected province, that the crown first undertook the plantation of Ulster. It was no part of the design to oppress or remove the native population, but to plant among the immense unpeopled and uncultivated tracts with which the province abounded, a more loyal and civilized class, who, by their orderly and industrious habits, would practically teach to the natives the advantages of order and industry. The thinness and scattered state of the native population rendered this a matter of no great difficulty, especially as at least three-fourths—we speak far within the truth—of the entire province were wholly uncultivated even in the rude fashion of the country, but were left covered with natural forests or extensive bogs and morasses, not in the smallest degree more improved than the back woods of our American colonies.

An opportunity—just such an one as could be desired, and yet could scarcely be hoped for—was afforded, by the flights of Tyrone, Tyrconnel, and other northern rebels, who, on finding that their secret treasons were discovered, and fearful of the consequences, fled to the continent. These chiefs were the proprietors of the greater portion of the soil of the province which thus became forfeited to the crown; and it was upon these forfeitures that the crown proposed to

establish the new population, not by removing, or in any wise oppressing the native population, but by locating among them the settlers from England and Scotland. The motives and feelings that influenced the government in this noble and, as the result has proved, most wise and politic measure, were pure and disinterested; they were so far removed from any thing like a spirit of oppression against the people, that we do believe, we are verily convinced, that the chief and prevailing motive was a disinterested desire to confer the greatest blessing that they could bestow upon them, namely, the order and industry of civilized life, and a taste for all the improvements in habit and life which belong to civilized society. The following extract from Leland, will fully justify this language:—

“The passion for plantation which James indulged, was actuated by the fairest and most captivating motives. He considered himself as the destined reformer and civilizer of a rude people, and was impatient for the glory of teaching a whole nation the valuable arts of life, of improving their lands, of extending their commerce, and refining their manners—of establishing a population in Ireland composed of loyal and industrious inhabitants, who by mixing with the old natives should entice them from their barbarism, and thus of converting the wildness and distraction of the country into one fair scene of order, peace and prosperity.”

We may add another extract from the same writer:—

“The repeated efforts of the native Irish to harass and distress the government, which they could have no rational expectations of subduing, only served to confirm their subjection. By their conspiracies and rebellions a vast tract of land escheated to the crown in six northern counties, Tyrconnel, (now called Donegal,) Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh, Cavan and Armagh, amounting to about five hundred thousand acres—a tract of country covered with woods, where robbers and rebels found a secure shelter, desolated by war and famine, and destined to lie waste without the deliberate and vigorous interposition of the English government. James, who affected to derive his glory from the acts of peace, resolved to dispose of these lands

in such manner as might introduce all the happy consequences of peace and cultivation. The experience of ages bears the most honorable testimony to the design, and Ireland must gratefully acknowledge that here were the first foundations laid of its affluence and security."

So much, then, for the motives of the plantation of Ulster; they were purely political and philanthropic, and partook in no degree of sectarian bigotry or prejudice. It was impossible, however, from the very nature of the measure, although we believe it was never once contemplated at the time, that it could fail in having a most important influence on the religion of the population; and looking at the result after so many years, we cannot but regard it as the most important measure ever undertaken by the English government, as connected with the religion of Ireland.

As our present object is to show the causes of this great measure having failed to influence the religion of the country, as much as from its nature it ought to have done, we need not enter very minutely into the details and particulars of the plantation; but as it is possible, indeed very probable, that many of our readers are unacquainted with the conditions on which lands were granted to the settlers, we shall give them in the concise form of the historian, and we do so the more readily as they lead us to the true cause of the failure of the measure in the reformation of the religion of Ireland.

"Estates were assigned to all to be held of them and their heirs. The undertakers of two thousand acres were to hold of the King *in capite*—those of fifteen hundred by knights' service—those of a thousand in common soccage. The first were to build a castle, and enclose a strong court-yard or *bawn*, as it was called, within four years: the second to finish a house and bawn in two years; and the third to enclose a bawn, for even this rude species of fortification was accounted no inconsiderable defence against the incursions of an Irish enemy. The first were to plant upon their lands, within three years, forty-eight able men of English or Scottish birth, to be reduced to twenty families, to keep a demesne of six hundred acres in their own hands, to have four free farmers on a hundred and twenty acres each, six leaseholders each on a

hundred acres, and on the rest, eight families of husbandmen, artificers, and cottagers. The others were under the like obligations proportionately. All were, for five years after the date of their patents, to reside, either in person or by such agents as should be approved by the state, and to keep a sufficient quantity of arms for defence. The British and servitors were not to alienate their lands to mere Irish, or to demise any portion of them to such persons as should refuse to take the oaths to government. They were to let them at determined rents, and for no less term than twenty-one years, or three lives. Their tenants' houses were to be built after the English fashion, and united together in towns or villages. The old natives whose estates were granted in fee simple, to be held in soccage, were allowed the like privileges; they were enjoined to set their lands at certain rents, and for the like terms as the other undertakers, to take no Irish exactions from their inferior tenants, and to oblige them to forsake their old Scythian custom of wandering with their cattle from place to place for pasture, or *creaghting*, as they called it, to dwell in towns, and conform to the English manner of tillage and husbandry."

Such was the conditions of the celebrated plantation of Ulster, and it will be at once perceived that there was no spirit of wrong or oppression against the natives. The Irish were permitted to hold and locate their own lands with their own countrymen, and to claim and possess the same privileges as the English or Scotch, and in all the conditions exacted from all parties, there was nothing that savoured of the narrow spirit of sectarian bigotry, but all had reference to the civilization of a wild and barbarous district. Nothing could be devised more wisely adapted to accomplish this noble end and measure of philanthropy, and the result has proved, in the experience of two centuries, the consummate wisdom of the design, for ever since that plantation, the province of Ulster has been the seat of manufactures, the model of agriculture, the example of loyalty and peace, and the garden of true religion to this island.

It is precisely at this point, and arising out of this fact, that the difficulty commences, for it may well and reasonably be asked, whence has it arisen, that although this plantation of

Ulster—and the same question is applicable to the subsequent plantations elsewhere—has weaned the natives from their primitive barbarism of life, it yet has not won them from their religious prejudices, and that though it has led them to habits of civilization, it has never induced them to embrace the principles of the Reformation. It must ever be carefully kept in view that although a vast body of English and Scottish Protestants were thus located in this country, and thereby a vast accession was made to the numerical amount of the Protestant population, which has increased and multiplied in full obedience to the primitive commandments; yet it does not appear that they were to any extent worth noticing. The means of Protestantizing the nation, they themselves were Protestants, and maintained steadily, and do still maintain, their Protestant principles; but the same may be said of the natives, who were Roman Catholics, and maintained steadily, and do still maintain, their Roman Catholic principles. Neither sect seems to have made any great advance on its opponent, and it is a remarkable and important fact, that at this day the comparative numbers, belonging to both sects, are pretty much the same relatively that they were two centuries ago. The oldest estimate of any value which we possess, is that of Sir William Petty, who states the relative proportion of the two classes as follows: Roman Catholics to Protestants as *two and two-thirds to one*—and the latest upon which we can place any confidence, is that of Mr. Forster, who estimates the proportion at *two and three-eighths to one*. So that although a century and a half has intervened between these two estimates, and although they shew a small advance on the part of the Protestant population, yet on the whole we may say that these plantations did not as much as might reasonably have been expected, influence the religion of the natives. It is, therefore, the inquiry remains as to the causes of this failure, why was it that those measures failed to establish the principles of the Reformation in this country? Why was it that while they introduced civilization and industry—the English name and English habits—they yet failed to *introduce the religious principles of England?*

We feel no hesitation—none whatever—in stating that these causes were of a *political* and not a *religious* nature. This we urged in an article in a former number, and think we proved was the case with those causes which led to the failure of the Reformation in the palmy times of Elizabeth. It is very facile work for factious demagogues and interested priests, to declaim about the love and attachment of the Irish peasantry to the religion of their fathers, and it is just as smooth and oily an occupation for the sectarian bitterness of some separatists to wag their filthy tongues against the apathy, and neglect, and carelessness of the Established Church. But the truth—the naked truth—is, that the reformation of the natives from their old superstitions was not impeded by either any attachment to the Church of Rome, or any negligence of the Established Clergy, but by causes that had their birth amidst the *political* throes of the country.

We feel convinced that no sensible and unprejudiced mind will think otherwise of this matter, provided always he knows any thing about it. We throw in these provisos, because we have often met very adventurous and very flippant cits—mere club-house talkers—who dilate as dogmatically as if they were really the profound sages they affect to be thought, while they, in sober sadness, are fully as well acquainted with what passes in the moon, as with the chequered history of this island. Now we, who profess to be something like authority in all matters connected with Irish history, whether of politics, or religion, or literature, or antiquities—we, *The Dublin University Magazine*, do assert, without any fear of contradiction from any quarter to be respected, that the ancient superstitions of the natives of Ireland have not been perpetuated either by their fancied attachment to the principles of the Church of Rome, or by any pretended neglect on the part of the Church of England, but by that great evil which has ever walked through the land with the rampant step of a giant, and lashed it with a scourge of scorpions—namely, the political state of the country, which has ever exposed it a prey to be torn in pieces by intestine distractions, and a theatre for the contention

of every faction in the empire. It was this spirit—the evil genius of Ireland—that marred the noble and glorious prospects that were opened in the days of Elizabeth; and it was this spirit that passed again over the land, and desolated, as with a whirlwind, the fair and beautiful vista that opened to the view in the plantation of Ulster.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. We mean not to fasten the failure of that great measure in reforming the religion of Ireland altogether upon the troublous bearing of the natives. Far from it: we feel that the failure arose from the conduct of the plantation—through the mistakes of some and the wickedness of others—in connexion with the evil condition and general political and social state of the native population, a state that required more cautious sagacity and more political wisdom on the part of those who conducted the settlements than they appear to have exercised, for although the crown had devised the measure with consummate wisdom and disinterested feeling, those who carried it into effect were too often either reckless adventurers, or grasping spirits that did not enter into the feelings and spirit of the crown, and it was, therefore, the less to be marvelled at, that the natives—always delighting in stormy strife and agitation—habitually addicted to the reckless bearing of faction, and naturally burning for some plausible pretext for disaffection—should take fire at every thing that was not perfected with that prudent caution that was so necessary in even the details of the conduct of so great a measure.

There is, therefore, much in the way of apology may be offered on behalf of the natives. We may farther note, that among a wild and ignorant population like that which had possessed the province of Ulster, there was a vast difference between embracing the *civilization*, and receiving the *religion* of England. They could easily perceive the comforts of houses constructed in the English manner, and would naturally be led to adopt it. They could readily observe the advantages of tillage and a settled farm, and would, therefore, easily be led to prefer it to their half-Scythian fashion of *creaghting*, or

wandering about for pasture, as if the whole island were an open common, to which all had an equal right who could show an equal might. They could thus naturally be led to adopt what appeared evidently and on the face of it, to be a palpable advantage, and accordingly they did, to a certain extent, adopt the civilization of the settlers. We say to a certain extent, because it is a fact that to this day those portions of Ulster which have continued in the hands of the original inhabitants, and who have still clung to their original religion, are very far inferior in culture and civilization to those portions which came into the hands of the settlers. Thus, while to a certain extent they embraced the habits of order and industry, which were introduced among them, because they saw them so plainly to be advantageous to themselves, they did not equally embrace their religious principles, because, among other reasons, they could not so easily discern the advantage of doing so.

This distinction requires to be kept in view, for the population were altogether in too barbarous a stage—immersed to the throat in absurd superstitions and impenetrable ignorance, and could not form an opinion—were, in fact, incapable of thinking on the principles of a religion which, like Christianity, in its pure state after the Reformation, presented itself to their eyes divested and disrobed of those external trappings and sensible displays in which ignorance soon generally invests it. They could see, therefore, but little attraction in this religion; while, perhaps, they saw, or thought they saw, something not always commendatory of it in the conduct of the settlers. If we, then, throw into the scale that feeling—that gigantic feeling among even savage tribes—which arose out of their relative situations, they were the conquered in the presence of their conquerors—slaves, as their leaders would tell them, doomed to hear and to bear the clanking of their chains, even in the presence of their foreign masters. There were not wanted in those days ample pretexts for sowing disaffection, discontent, and agitation; there, unhappily, were not wanted acts of wrong, which the spirit of faction

and bigotry, with that tact which is peculiar to this country, could handle with large effect on the excitableness and enthusiasm of the mere Irishry; and, more than all, there were not wanted then, any more than now, individuals who, for their own selfish purposes, could wield the pretexts which might, or might not, be afforded, for the continued discontent and disaffection of the natives. Bold, bad men, they knew the influence of religious discord, and they knew the inflammable nature of those upon whom they acted; they threw in the torch of religious discord, and essayed to sever two nations, that, were it not for the political state of the natives, excited by their factionists, would have been long since a happy and united people.

The peculiar position in which both parties were placed naturally created materials for mutual estrangement; and truly the history of the times shows that those materials were not suffered to sleep undisturbed. On one hand, the settlers entered a wild and woody and uncultivated country, abounding in deep morasses and impenetrable fastnesses; and respecting its inhabitants the settlers entertained strange and confused impressions, arising from their predatory habits, barbarous customs, atrocious murders, and unnumbered rebellions. It was natural, therefore, that, entering a new country under such impressions, they should shrink from close intercourse with, and should feel a watchful jealousy towards, the native population. On the other hand, it was equally natural that the natives should feel an estrangement from those who had conquered their country and flung the chain of England's power over the green hills of Ireland, and who went so far in the steps of conquest as to seize upon the very soil, and transfer its possession to the children of the sassenach. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that a strong suspicious jealousy should find place in the hearts of both settlers and natives; and we know that it is not in a soil of such a character that the beautiful plant of true religion is likely to spread abroad its branches: it could neither strike root downwards nor bear fruit upwards.

The settlement, however, had scarcely

been accomplished, a very few years had scarcely elapsed, when, as if there had not been already ample materials for hostility, a new and unexpected element of discord was cast among them, one which, we believe, more than all else, caused the failure—so far as it was a failure—of the plantation of Ulster, and threw up an impassable barrier between the Protestant and Roman Catholic, that is, between the English and Irish population. We allude to the violation of the conditions of the settlement on the part of the more extensive planters or landlords, who, for their own ends—for their own selfish aggrandisement—generated an object of rivalry, which ever has separated, and does even yet separate, the two classes.

The conditions contained in the various grants of lands strictly required that the proprietors should in no case alienate their lands to the natives, or plant them as tenants on their grants. The Irish chiefs were to locate the natives on their lands: but the English and Scottish were required to plant those who were of English and Scottish birth upon theirs. This condition was wise and just under the peculiar circumstances of the settlement; and if it had been strictly adhered to it would have prodigiously extended the benefits derivable from the measure: but, unfortunately for our distracted country, in which there seems to be an evil spirit ever ready to breathe a blight upon our loveliest prospects and upon all that is most beautiful and admirable amongst us, some of those new proprietors did not adhere to these conditions, and actually removed those English and Scottish tenants whom they had first planted on their grants, and located the natives in their stead. The competition for land, the rivalry which was thus generated between the settlers and natives, soon became a deep and dark feeling, that, to this day, clings to the individuals of both classes; for the settlers felt that they had been wronged, and they felt a burning indignation at thinking that the new landlords should thus cast them off and prefer a class of tenantry who, from their barbarous habits and few wants, could afford to offer a larger rent for their lands, and who possessed no other recommendations.

This conduct on the part of the new proprietors is thus noticed by Leland :

"Such was the general scheme of this famous northern plantation, so honourable to the King and of such consequence to the realm of Ireland. Its happy effects were immediately perceived, although the execution by no means corresponded with the original design. Buildings were slowly erected; British tenantry were found difficult to be procured in sufficient numbers; *the old natives were at hand, offered higher rents, and were received into those districts from which it was intended to exclude them.* In this particular the Loudoners were accused of being notoriously delinquent. They acted entirely by agents: these agents were interested and indolent, and therefore readily countenanced this dangerous intrusion of natives. Later times found reason to lament the fatal consequences of this error; for the present, however, a number of loyal and industrious inhabitants were poured into the northern counties, considerable improvements made by the planters, and many towers erected."

We thus perceive the seeds which have since yielded so permanent a harvest of evils were sown together with the plantation itself; and we thus also perceive the selfish motive which influenced those who violated the conditions of their grants. We are referred by the foregoing writer to the testimony of Sir Thomas Phillips, who wrote to the King on the subject, and also to that contained in Pynner's Survey of the Province. The language of the former is as follows :—

"The Londoners found the natives willing to overgive, rather than remove, and that they *could not reap half the profit by the British which they do by the Irish*, whom they use at their pleasure, none looking into the reasons which induced the natives to give more than, indeed, they could well pay—their assured hope that time might, by rebellion, relieve them of their heavy landlords, whom, in the meantime, they were contented to suffer under, though to their utter impoverishing and undoing. Thus they slighted, *for their private profit's sake*, the planting of civility and religion, [the seeds of peace and plenty,] which his Majesty specially sought to sow for God's service and the safety of the country."

This is a cutting testimony against the conduct of some of these planters. We cite it from that valuable work on the policy of the Church of Rome, by that interesting and able man, the late Doctor Phelan, who was a light in this dark country, and a star of the first magnitude and brilliancy in even our Dublin University. We shall add the following testimony from Pynner's Survey of Ulster, as illustrating the system by an individual instance :—

"The Earl of Castlehaven hath three thousand acres. Upon this proportion there is no building at all, neither freeholders. I find some few English families; but they have no estates, for, since the old earl died, the tenants, as they tell me, cannot have their leases made good to them, *unless they will give treble the rent which they paid*; and yet they must have but half the land which they enjoyed in the late earl's time; all the rest of the land is inhabited by the Irish.

"The Earl of Castlehaven hath six thousand acres [in another division]. The agent of the earl showed me the rent-roll of all the tenants on these three proportions; but their estates are so weak and uncertain, that *they are all leaving the land*. They were in number sixty-four; and each of them holds sixty acres. The rest of his land is let to twenty Irish gentlemen, *contrary to the articles of plantation*; and these Irish gentlemen have under them about *three thousand souls of all sorts*."

We have here the true secret of the fewness of the Protestants in Ireland. They could not pay so great a rental as the natives; they were accordingly removed from the land by these selfish proprietors, and the natives were substituted in their place. This led the Protestants to leave the estates and to emigrate to America, and it is the very same system which has of late years conducted to the extensive emigration of the Protestant population of Ireland. When shall these things cease, and when shall the noblest and finest people that ever blessed a land cease to be sacrificed to that golden calf—an extended rent-roll?

Independent, however, of the manner in which this misconduct in the plantation affected the numerical strength of the settlers of the lower orders, &c.

had another and not less important influence in checking the progression to be expected naturally from the inherent expansion of Protestantism: it threw in, among the various items that already ministered to the mutual estrangement of the settlers and natives, the additional incentive which arose from the rivalry or competition that found its birth in this system. It could not be otherwise than that the successful native would laugh at the settler who was just now discarded even by his own countrymen, and taunt him on the folly of his having ever entered the country; and it could not be otherwise than that the poor ill-fated and wronged Protestant, finding himself discarded merely for filthy lucre's sake, and seeing his natural enemy and rival triumphing over him, and entering on the very farm which, perhaps, his own hands and those of his family had created, should give way to sentiments of hatred to those natives who were thus proving themselves successful rivals. The state of feeling—the mutual hatred—the dark jealousies, that found a birth in this system, which was in direct violation of the articles of the plantation, separated the Protestants, English and Scottish, from the Roman Catholic Irish, to such a de-

gree that, among the lower orders, there was an end to every kindly feeling. This feeling, like everything in Ireland, soon became a weapon in the hands of bigots and factionists, and was most adroitly used, so as to become an insurmountable barrier against the progress of the principles of the Protestant religion.

It was thus that the noble prospects that seemed opening to the cause of true religion in this great measure have been clouded and darkened, and have failed in the expected effects. But it was ever thus in this unfortunate land of crime, where the hideous spectres of Superstition and Poverty seem doomed to wander for some years longer, and where every effort of philanthropy, every aspiration of true patriotism, every exertion of genuine religion, seem fated to be marred by political causes, by the peculiar political state of the country. No effort, almost, which philanthropy, patriotism, or religion could have tried has been omitted; and yet everything has been crushed to the earth by that dark doom that enshrouds all that seems calculated to emancipate our island from her darkness, her sorrows, and her crimes.

THE HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

"Proceed, Turlogh," said Red Hugh, the moment the warden's men left them alone next night; "I am longing to be at the opening of your breaching battery."

"Now that I have broken ground,"

replied Turlogh, "I mean to push my works with vigour, and don't despair of hoisting the English standard on the top of Maynooth before midnight," and so he took up his tale.

THE REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS—PART FIFTH.

When Sir John Talbot was led out from the dungeon into which he had been so roughly thrust a few moments before, his first impression was, that he was about to be carried to execution, and he strove to bear himself with as much self-possession as a man in so dreadful a condition might. Had his thoughts been less occupied with this belief, he would not so long have overlooked the change of manner exhibited

by his conductors. Those who had dragged him thither with savage violence at the command of Parez, now led him forth almost obsequiously on the orders of their new warden. But he expected nothing less than the rope or the axe, until they reached the barbican. When they entered the archway, however, his fears of immediate execution were removed, but he felt persuaded that he was about to be given up, perhaps on

an exchange of prisoners, to the English. But, the bridge was not let down—did they, then, mean to throw him into the moat?—no; they led him up a narrow stair in the thickness of the wall, and out into an apartment, the floor of which was still shaking from the recoil of a piece of cannon, discharged immediately before they entered. The place was full of smoke and crowded with men; he recognised voices that he knew through the tumult: they were those of some of his own old company that he had commanded at Artane—surely they could mean him no harm?—but why pursue his fancy through all the mazes of doubt and wonder that perplexed him from this moment till Art's final explanation of his release, and Ellen's first half incredulous welcome back to her arms? She was in an inner apartment, attended by the wife of her rescuer, the now commander of the fortress. The thickness of the walls, and the situation of the place rendered it secure against the cannon shot of the besiegers, but the report of every piece discharged from the adjoining gallery rung through it with stunning intensity; still, as the safest spot on that side of the castle, it was considered a fortunate thing that it had been assigned them, and they, as wives of soldiers accustomed to the tumultuous occurrences of war, endured the hardship of their condition without complaint. But although Talbot and his lady had thus escaped the more imminent peril that had lately threatened them, they were still in a state of great danger and distress; for, whether the castle should be held or lost, he must, sooner or later, fall into the hands of those whom he could not but look upon as enemies; and, in addition to this, and under any circumstances, poor Ellen had the prospect of seeing what was now to her an even worse misfortune rendered inevitable by the impossibility of making any exertion for the attainment of the Church's pardon. The warden, however friendly, was bound to hold them his prisoners till the arrival of Lord Thomas; even had he been willing to connive at their escape, the closeness of the investment prevented the possibility of effecting it; for, by the second morning of the siege, the English trenches commanded, or intercepted every avenue, while nu-

merous and vigilant bands patrolled the whole circuit of their lines from sunset to break of day. The siege went on with little prospect of success on the English side for a week. Parez was still confined from the effects of his wound, and unable to take any part in the command of the garrison; the son of Connogher accordingly continued to exercise his authority unquestioned: he was a favourite with the great majority of the men, and was obeyed with alacrity and cheerfulness; so that the defensive operations went on too successfully under his superintendence to admit any murmur among the adherents of the wounded warden. Parez, nevertheless, received every needful attention at the hands of his successor, and Art took frequent occasion to declare his purpose of surrendering his acquired authority the moment its old possessor should be able to resume the exercise of it. Accordingly, on the first day of Parez's convalescence, ere he had yet left his own apartments in the keep, Mac Connogher sent up his baton, with an account of the state of affairs, and asked to have his orders as when he had been only second in command.

In two days after, Parez made his first appearance on the walls. He was pale and haggard—his head was bandaged, and he was still unable to bear the weight of a helmet; but, with seeming indifference to the danger of such exposure, he proceeded, leaning on Sheridan's arm, to the walls. The men received their wounded commander with that respect which soldiers ever pay to those who bear the marks of service. The short but mortifying altercation between him and his officer was already half-forgotten, as Mac Connogher had, during his command, studiously discountenanced all allusion to the subject, and the excitement of the siege had all along prevented much attention to any thing beyond the passing events of the hour. Parez received the congratulations of his garrison with apparent indifference, or if any emotion was perceptible, it was but the uneasiness of conscious humiliation. Still he resumed his command with every appearance of having determined to make up for its temporary loss by fully exercising it now. Every post was rigidly inspected, and many alterations made in the existing disposition of the de-

fences, partly, as it seemed to make a show of confidence in his authority, and partly, to express his disapprobation of the steps taken by his lieutenant. But, while he thus gratuitously asserted a right which he could not have feared to see disputed, by direct changes, many of them manifestly for the worse, he did not venture on a repetition of any of those demands which had been originally resisted; and when the son of Connogher, in the course of his duty as warden of the barbican, received him at the entrance of his post, he heard that functionary's report, and issued his own orders without once alluding to their dispute or its causes. His looks, however, were full of its recollection, and it needed no experienced eye to read through their forced calmness a deep and implacable purpose of revenge. Art was not less quick than his companions to perceive, at a glance, that his peace was far from being made; but he had now gone too far, and felt too much satisfied with the justice of his cause to recede, and accordingly, his first care after Perez's departure, was to take measures for the security of those whom he had at such a risk taken under his protection.

Sir John and his lady had gone to walk in the gallery of the upper court, the only spot about the castle where the fresh air and sunshine could be enjoyed in safety, and hither their generous guardian hastened to seek them. It was well he did so, for the platform on which the arches of this corridor opened, lay right in the way of Perez as he went his rounds. The warden had been passing along by the opposite side, occasionally viewing the country through the embrasures of the parapet wall, when, on looking round, his eyes were suddenly arrested by the sight of the captives. They were standing where the sun-light fell on the floor of the gallery through one of its open archways, and were looking out in the direction of the mountains. They seemed unconscious of the presence of the warden's party, for the platform was overgrown with grass, and their footsteps were inaudible amid the din of the siege resounding from the other side of the castle. It was like the thrust of a knife to Perez to see them, for Talbot's arm was round his wife's waist, and where he stood clasping her

to his side, the fresh breeze blew out her ringlets, till they lay waving and wantoning over his shoulder, and some sudden emotion had made the unwonted blood mantle on her cheek, till she looked even more purely beautiful than when in the unimpaired bloom of her happiest days. Talbot was pointing to the hills; they were talking of their prospects should Skeffington be forced to raise the siege, and he, as he was not without hopes in that event, be set at liberty by Lord Thomas. They were, meanwhile, in perfect security; neither arrow nor bullet had fallen on that platform since the commencement of the siege, and the gallery overhead was proof against cannon shot.

"Should he play the part of his father's son, Ellen," said the knight, alluding to the expected conduct of Lord Thomas, "we may walk the dew together yet, over yonder blue hills of Wicklow."

"How lovely they look," she exclaimed, "and how unconscious of our woes and sins. Is it not strange that with all this rattle in my ears, I had forgotten the siege for a moment, while looking at them? but listen—how the cannon thunder! Are you sure we are not in danger standing here?"

"We were safer in the barbican," said Talbot, drawing her arm within his, and moving away more suddenly than even her timidity had desired; for, as he turned his eyes towards the scene of more immediate action, they encountered the scowl of their hated enemy fixed upon them with baleful intentness from beneath the folds of the white scarf that bound his bruised and livid forehead. At the same moment Ellen beheld their protector coming forward from the farther end of the gallery, and signing to them to make haste that way; she had not yet observed Perez, but ere they had advanced more than a few steps, the warden stood before them. Ellen shrieked, for he was a ghastly spectacle. Some strong emotion had burst the half cicatrised wound, and the blood was oozing from the edges of the discoloured bands, and trickling down his cheek, that was as pale as ashes; but his eye burned with the live fire of unquenched malignity. He muttered some words scarce intelligible, and with an impatient motion of his hand, summoned his attendants. Sheridan and Tyrrel ad-

vanced, but the son of Connogher was at his side as soon as they.

"So, please your nobleness," said Art. "I would fain have your commands regarding the disposal of the stores in the great tower of the gateway; this noble knight and his lady, who are in my custody, (laying strong emphasis on the words,) have need of further accommodation, and the bulk of these commodities takes up unnecessary room."

Parez turned fiercely on his lieutenant as he spoke, but the imperious severity of his glance gave way as he read the firm confidence of the looks that confronted him. He cast his eyes round; the captives had drawn to the side of their protector; the attendant soldiery of the guard looked on with aspects of significant indifference; he saw the risk of again tampering with unconfirmed authority, and checked the dangerous command which was already rising on his lips. "Let the stores remain, sir," he said, with as much carelessness of manner as he could assume; then looking round the vaulted ceiling of the gallery, he concealed his disappointed rage under cover of an examination into its security. "I thought that last shot had shaken the groin of the arch," he said, "but now I see it is a flaw in the masonry—look to your post, Master Mac Connogher—lead on, men, I am weak from my wound, and must to my quarters." So saying, he took Sheridan's arm and proceeded. His plea of illness might have been well believed, for he had spoken in a voice faint from conscious meanness, and as he went his steps were unsteady, and his knees shook beneath him, while he leaned heavily and in silence on the shoulder of his supporter. His face was pale, too, as that of a dying man, but the blackness of night was on his brow, and spread a double gloom over the discolouration of its actual bruises. He gained his quarters exhausted with anguish of mind and body, and did not show himself again upon the walls till late in the next day.—But now, before he had been an hour on duty, it was found expedient to restore many of the defences to almost the same arrangement that they had presented on Art's resigning the command. It was impossible not to see that the failure of these unnecessary alterations operated powerfully to Parez's disadvantage, for no

restoration was suggested till its necessity had become practically apparent. The warden was soon to be convinced of the distrust with which his orders now began to be regarded. On going his rounds the third evening, about dusk, he overheard the men in one of the flankers talking among themselves of the conduct of the defence.

"The churls will be ready to unmask another battery before morning," said one.

"Had we not wasted our shot so long upon their empty ditches, they could not have pushed their works so far for a week to come," was the reply of another.

"*Dar m'anin*," cried the first speaker, "had the lieutenant continued in the command, they would have had another story to tell the Gunner before now; 'tis little less than mad the warden must have been to throw the work back as he did."

"I'll tell you what," replied the other, "it was the spite that was on him, and nothing else: if Art had let him deal as he liked with the knight and his bantierna, we would have heard nothing of countermanded orders."

"It is a true word for you, Shawn; the son of Connogher was in the right."

"By the hand of my body, he was in the right; and if it had gone much farther, he should not have wanted for one or two, that I know, to back him in it."

"Ho! if it ever comes to that, by this match in my hand, never say the word twice; there's never a man of my company but would turn out at a wag of Art's little finger."

"By my troth, and I hardly know a man in the castle that would not, unless, may be, O'Madden or Sheridan; they, and one or two others that are always about him, would, I suppose, stand by the warden in a pinch; but, to tell you the blessed truth, Con, it is very discontented entirely the most of us are to see how we're sold by his ill ordering of the defence."

"Well, never mind, *mo bouchall*, we're bound to obey, and do the best we can with such orders as we get; so hand here your rammer till we give the churls another shot."

Parez did not wait to hear another

word ; he returned to his quarters to reflect on what had been almost more than his ears had been able to endure. He could not have believed that his authority was so weakened ; he still had hoped to regain it far enough to enable him to assert his right to the prisoners sooner or later ; but the temper of the garrison, to judge by all that he had seen and heard, would now no more permit this than that he should seize and execute their favourite, his lieutenant himself—a design which he had seriously entertained during the earlier stages of his convalescence.

Those who had an opportunity of observing the warden's window, which opened on the inner yard under shelter of a stone colonnade, might have seen his shadow come and go on the drawn curtains as he paced back and forwards with rapid but unequal steps through his apartment, thenceforth till long after midnight. At length this index of his movements ceased, but the lights continued burning for an hour after. It still wanted some time of dawn, and Talbot had risen to view the state of the walls ; for it was thought that a new turn would be given to their operations about sunrise, when the English were expected to open the battery they had been for the last two days constructing in advance of their former works. The firing on both sides had ceased ; for the besiegers were too intent on preparation for the morning's cannonade to waste their ammunition from a comparatively ineffectual distance, and the Irish could not tell where the threatened danger was to be met, as a deep trench concealed all the nearer operations of the enemy. There was neither moon nor star ; but a grey, hazy light in the sky showed the outlines of objects with sufficient distinctness after the eye had had time to adapt itself to its imperfect agency. From where the knight stood the long line of parapet appeared unbroken from tower to tower ; for the sentries kept under shelter lest they should be seen against the sky by the enemy beneath ; and the platform was bare of all but its silent guns, under the carriages of which many of the wearied artillerymen lay hushed in profound sleep. The word had been *passed a little time before*, and every

thing had relapsed into silence, save an ominous hum from the field that had lasted throughout the night, and still gave fearful token of the storm that was shortly to burst from the English trenches. The knight contemplated the scene with an interest which he could not suppress. He knew the strength of the castle, the enormous thickness of the walls, the ample numbers of the garrison, their munition and strength in artillery. He had watched each move of the besiegers from the beginning—he had seen the opportunities they possessed, or might possess—and he was satisfied that in good hands Maynooth could still hold out for six weeks against whatever force the Deputy might bring against it. “Ah,” thought he, “had I the ordering of but one piece of cannon on that flanker, I should not be long making them unmask the guns—and that an hour before their time, too—that they are planting yonder so securely.” As the thought shaped itself into words in his mind, he raised his eyes to the spot he meant, but was surprised to see the figure of a man clearly defined above the parapet wall, at the angle nearest the field and most exposed to shot from the works below. “Keep down, sirrah,” cried Talbot, or you will be marked by some of the churls, and get a bullet through your head. Ha!” he exclaimed, as the twang of a bowstring told that the venturesome individual had discharged an arrow against the English trenches ; “ha, by my hand, you are a lusty artilleryman ! Your shot, I’ll warrant, has dismounted one of their demi-cannon at the least !” but ere the words were spoken the archer was gone. A moment’s consideration banished the smile with which Talbot had regarded the seeming bravado. “Alone! gone! I do not like this,” he said. “Ho, sentry, who was he who loosed that arrow off the west flanker?” The nearest sentry had been looking down at the ditch and counterscarp through an embrasure, and only heard the sound of the shaft overhead ; he on the next station had seen a man descend into the courtyard, but thought it was his neighbour who had delayed with his comrade after being last relieved. Whoever he had been, the archer was not to be found, and an increased bustle in the

English trenches prevented further inquiry ; but Talbot held the circumstance in his recollection, and determined to keep a sharp watch on that part of the walls next night.

Morning, as had been expected, developed the further operations of the besiegers. Just at sunrise the first embrasure of the new battery was thrown open, and the black mouth of a piece of heavy cannon appeared frowning through the unexpected aperture. In rapid succession five other portions of the concealing rampart fell away, disclosing each its gun, all pointed towards the centre of the north wall of the castle, where it was weakest, as well in masonry as in its flanking defences. Maynooth castle consisted of the keep, a huge, square pile in the centre of the court-yard and its quadrangular outworks. These were flanked at intervals by other towers, of mean proportion when compared with the great donjon they surrounded, but many of them equal in size to the chief keeps of strong castles. It was against the north side of these outer walls that the English battery had now been opened. The first salvo was fired the moment the masking stuff had been cleared away, and a heavy fall of masonry announced with how formidable an effect. It was not, however, any part of the main wall that had yielded thus suddenly. As in the case of Dublin castle, when battered by the rebel troops the year before, the rampart was but stripped of a watch turret, the base of which overhung the ditch. The fall of stones and timber rattling against the foot of the rampart, and plunging into the displaced waters with such a crash, spread a moment's consternation among the Irish ; but when the smoke cleared off, and they saw their main defences uninjured, they gave a bold reply to the English shot, and thenceforth till mid-day the battery and walls blazed with the fires of an equal cannonade. It was a sight to make the heart of a soldier bound, about mid-day, to see that side of Maynooth castle. The wall was stripped of all its battlements and turrets—cornice and corbel beaten clean off the face of the masonry, and covering the rampart foot with scattered ruins that sent up clouds of dust and spray, as each new fall beat out

the lime from their disjointed masses, or drove them, with sliding banks of earth and rolling timbers, thundering and flashing into the ditch beneath. Still the main wall itself, although thus scared and naked, stood unshaken and swarmed with defenders. Every embrasure and loophole poured forth its shower of shot and arrows, and the cannon from the flankers and north angle of the barbican thundered incessantly. On the other side the battery sent forth its volleys at intervals ; but each salvo shook the air with such a report as drowned all other noises, till the ear recovering, could catch the crash of falling fragments and the roar of shouting men again. The smoke lay in the calm air like a thick bank of mist above the ditch and trenches, or boiled up round the walls in slow fleecy volumes as each successive explosion from beneath heaved up its stifling canopy ; for the light atmosphere did not permit it to ascend, nor was the gentle breeze that bore it from the walls strong enough to dissipate it when it settled down. Amid this scene of unnatural darkness and devastation, the great keep of Maynooth stood stern and undisturbed in the calm face of heaven, like a grave warrior, conscious of his strength, awaiting victory. The Geraldine banner displayed from its summit scarce rustled upon the tall flag-staff, or if it did occasionally unroll a portion of its field in the light wind, it was but to be kissed by the sunshine and return to its folds, as if in calm scorn of the uproar underneath. But these below had no eyes for the quiet security of the rest of the castle ; theirs was fierce labour, and a perilous footing among blood and ruin—plying their shot over broken parapets and through half-choked embrasures, treading amid prostrate men, loose fragments from the wall, dismounted guns and broken carriages, with the din and clamor of hell resounding in their ears, and death flying from their hands in flame and thunder.—It was enough to make a coward join the struggle of his own accord to see the reeking tumult on the long platform, and hear the answering shouts of the combatants as they cheered their comrades on in the hot and panting labour. "Saint George ! Saint George ! huzza !" resounded from the English trenches after each volley.

"Farragh! Croom Aboo!" was the cry at every shot from the walls.

"*Tomás-an-teeda go bragh!*" shouted the son of Connogher, as he stood by the side of his smoking culverin, with outstretched neck marking the effect of his last shot; "*Dar lamh mo choirp*, I hit within a foot of the saker's trunnion; had I been three hands' breadths nearer she was dismounted: but I've choked the embrasure; I can see it through the smoke half filled with rubbish, and there are two of the churls down. Hand me a crowbar, till I lay her an inch lower," he cried, shifting the wedge under the breech of his gun. "By the hand of my gossip, the old wall stands it well!" he continued, as another salvo from the breaching battery rebounded from the unshaken rampart.

"They might as well pitch their shot into the face of the Sculp," said Barry Oge, ramming down the charge as he spoke; "I remember them having to break a hole under the platform stair for a sewer in the old earl's time; and you might as well have tried to pick through the solid whinstone; it is a perfect quarry, twelve feet, if it be an inch. But come, Master Mac Connogher, are you levelled?"

"Stand clear," cried Art, "I have them covered; so, under God and the blessed Patrick, here's for the churls once more: *farragh!* Ah, *dioul, dioul!* he cried the moment after, "I have levelled too high by half a fathom."

"Give me a pinch at the gun," cried Talbot, who had been gazing at the scene from a bench in the back of the gallery; and, springing forward at the word, he seized the iron bar, swayed up the culverin, and had levelled again, before he for a moment recollected his situation.

"By the hand of my body, Sir John!" exclaimed Art exultingly, "I knew you could not hold back much longer. Stand clear, you sons of unfortunate fathers, till his nobleness lays the gun. Staff of Patrick! but 'tis proud I am to serve under your father's son once more, *a ric wasail no chree!*" But the knight, with a sigh, and a bitter pang to remember that he was no longer entitled to take a part on either side, laid down the match which he had just raised to apply to the touch-hole. "I

have no right, Art; I have no right," he said, and turned away.

The tears were in poor Art's eyes as he took up the abandoned implements, and resumed his management of the gun. "If your nobleness would but fire this once," he said, suspending the motion of his hand as he brought the match down to the powder; "sure 'tis not to be expected that you should stand idle and the work going on at such a thundering rate before your face! Well," he continued, as Talbot threw himself again upon the bench, "let who will lay the match to, 'tis your nobleness's shot at any rate;" and so saying, he gave fire.

"*Farragh! croom aboo! Tomás-an-Teeda go bragh!*" resounded from every part of the gallery the moment the effect of the shot was seen. "The saker is dismounted!" cried one. "There are three churls down under the carriage," exclaimed a second. "Their battery is all in confusion," cried a third. "*Farragh! Talbot aboo!*" shouted Art. "Noble Sir John, take the command of us. Here we are, as ready to stand by you as ever! Come on, *mo vouchalee!* don't you hear how they are cheering him from the platform? What do we care for the cowardly warden? *Talbot aboo!*" The men joined vehemently in the shout, and Talbot stood for a moment half irresolute: his blood was all on fire; his foot unconsciously advanced, and his hand, with instinctive eagerness, gripping to the shaft of a rammer: but what right had he to rush into gratuitous danger, while every shot, even sheltered as he was, went to the heart of his wife with such a pang as her faint voice and imploring eyes had too well attested when he last left her side? "I dare not do it, Art," he exclaimed; but I must leave you; for if I remain here I cannot keep my hand from the work." He turned, with a strong effort; but just as he made the first step to go away, a shot from the English trenches came in through the embrasure, and, after breaking a piece of metal off the lip of their gun, struck the wall, and, in its rebound, killed one of the men, and dreadfully shattered the leg of another. A burst of rage followed from all parts of the gallery, and the rest of the company, careless of who their commander might be, began to work their cannon

again with all the furious eagerness of revenge. Talbot dragged out the wounded man from the midst of the tumult. He was one of his own old troop. All the bone below the knee was crushed and shattered: the man was fainting with pain and loss of blood. "If I can take no part in the battle, I will, at least, see my wounded friends cared for," said the knight; and, lifting the soldier in his arms, he bore him out by a side door to the platform, at the further end of which the hospital had been established. This was the main scene of battle, and it was with considerable difficulty that Talbot made his way, under such a load, through the tumult that filled it from end to end. This, too, was Perez's post; but the knight had forgotten him in the excitement of the moment. He had not, however, advanced more than a few steps when he saw the warden: he was pacing backwards and forwards on a little spot of clear ground, protected by the height of the parapet, which was there without embrasure, and bore a light wooden gallery overhead for musqueteers: his step was unequal and impatient, and his countenance full of gloom. He did not observe Talbot, for his eyes were fixed on the ground during all the time the knight was in sight, except once, and then they were raised with a quick suspicious look, like the furtive glance of a spy than the calm survey of a general on his own walls. The knight could not but remark with surprise the little interest he seemed to take in the defence; and, as he proceeded, he overheard from more than one the expression of similar astonishment. He gained the hospital unhurt, and duly committed his charge to the care of the attendants. He had now to return by the same way, to regain the barbian where Ellen was, and had again to pass the warden. While staggering under the weight of the wounded man, and toiling through the wreck of the platform, with such difficulty as he had experienced in crossing to the hospital, the knight had not observed so much the various missiles that fell on or over the narrow road he trod: but, as he was without armour, he had now a much quicker eye for the flight of an arrow or the fall of a round shot; for, although the whole force of the breaching bat-

tery was directed against the face of the wall, the guns of the more remote trenches had not yet ceased to throw frequent shot into the platform and court-yard beyond. But they were the archers who chiefly galled this position, and it was trying enough to the courage of an unarmed man to see their shafts glancing up from the sea of smoke, and flashing in the sunbeams, like so many separate pencils of light, as they fell thick, dazzling, and almost inevitable, around him. As the knight gazed up and down, watching for such as came his way, he observed one arrow rise from the smoky cover of the trenches with a slow and irregular flight, very unlike the rapid curve of a shaft shot in anger. He marked its course: it came waveringly through the air towards him; and, ere it dropped, he saw that, in place of the goose-wing, it was feathered with a billet. He snatched it up: the letter was addressed to the hands of the warden. "By my honour," cried Talbot, as he plucked the paper out of its slit in the wood, "I was right when I guessed there was some foul play in the bowshot from the flanker last night! Perez is in correspondence with the English: it was he I saw. By Heaven, I will charge him with his treason face to face!" He rushed forward with the sealed billet in his hand; but, before he had pressed through more than half the obstacles that lay between him and Perez's post, the word was passed along to send forward the letter *from the warden's spy*, that had just been shot in. "From the warden's spy!" cried Talbot. "Have we, then, a spy in the English trenches?"

"It would appear so," said the old soldier who took the letter—for Talbot rendered it the instant he heard it thus voluntarily acknowledged; "but our warden is not fond of telling us of these things before their fit time."

"It was expecting this, belike, that kept him so anxious for the last hour," said another.

"Most like, indeed. God send the news may be good; for if we had got but good information of their designs this morning, we might have had their battery silenced before now."

"Ay, and, with the help of God and the blessed Patrick, will have it silenced before the sun sets. There are

two of their best pieces dismounted already. *Farrah!*"

Talbot did not wait to hear more: he pushed through the crowd, anxious to ascertain whether he had really injured the warden in his suspicions or not. He found himself again in Parez's presence, just as the billet was put into his hand; for the bearer had been hurt by the way, and the delivery delayed. The face of the warden flushed deeply as he broke the seal, and the unaccustomed blood did not leave his cheek till after he had read the letter through: his eye grew full of triumphant speculation, and his step became rapid and firm as he paced to and fro for a minute after, apparently meditating on its contents. It was an unusual thing for those around to see a smile on the pale countenance of their warden; yet, though all present argued satisfactory intelligence from such a symptom, there still lurked somewhere on his features an expression that no man there could behold with pleasure.

"So please your nobleness, I trust the news is good," at length said the captain of the platform, who had been ordered to attend, and who awaited the communication in marked impatience.

Parez started. "The news, O'Madden!" he said, hurriedly thrusting the crumpled billet into his bosom, where he kept handling it under his doublet for a moment. "By my hand of valour, the news is good: we shall give the sally shortly. Ha, *mo vouchalce*," he exclaimed, with an animation such as he had not displayed during the siege before, "we shall have knocks at close quarters before the sun goes down! Who here has the cleanest knack of cutting the throats of churls? Let him get his skene in order; for he will have work enough within the hour, if my spy deceive me not. Ha, O'Madden; I did not show you the knave's billet. Mark what an account he has given of their loss in the trenches." So saying, he plucked it forth, and handed it to his officer. O'Madden perused the paper with evident satisfaction, and it passed from hand to hand among those who stood about the warden, some reading, and some commenting on the contents.

"Slain in the battery, fifteen men and a sergeant; wounded, three-and-twenty."

"*And in the trenches?*"

"Twelve slain and nineteen wounded since sunrise."

"*Farrah!* I knew we'd do the work when the range was altered, as I advised: if we had done so at first!"

"What say you?—numbers of the English in our favour? By my faith, and there had need, for 'twill be safer to be friends than foes to the Ape after today. *Croom aboo!*"

"What is the hour fixed for the sally?"

"In about an hour from the present time."

"By the blessed bells of Saint Woolstan's, Master Parez is a good man in the gap, after all! He is going to head the sally in person."

Talbot felt the blood burning upon his cheek for having entertained suspicions so unworthy even of an enemy. He cast his eyes to the ground, in the confusion of an ingenuous spirit; for, although he had not given utterance to a single imputation of treachery, he felt ashamed to look the warden in the face, without some reparation for the injury done him even in thought. He now, too recollected that, while a prisoner in the fortress, his own presence there, uncalled, might well excite just animadversion. He moved away, with an air, as he felt, of more conscious condemnation than he ever remembered to have exhibited before. His uneasy steps were arrested by the voice of Parez; but the tone of the first word more than made amends to the knight's conscientiousness, for the warden addressed him with a loud levity, that was not less unexpected than offensive. "Ho, ho, Sir Knight," he cried; and Talbot, looking up, encountered his glance, which was full of insolent triumph, yet why he could not conjecture. "Ho, ho, Sir Knight, we give the sally shortly. Shall we count on you as a volunteer?"

"Master Parez, I am here a prisoner," said Talbot.

"Ay, and will continue so till latter Lammas, if you count on being enlarged by the Gunner," replied the warden, with a mocking, ghastly laugh.

Talbot turned to go, without making any reply; for he felt that he could not do so without betraying irritation, which every motive now urged him to repress, as the warden's authority was evidently on the increase, and it seemed doubt-

ful, should the sally he meditated prove successful, whether Art himself would much longer be able to contend against it. Pare3 regarded him, as he went, with another glance of ominous meaning, and the knight returned to his quarters more anxious and perplexed than ever. He had not been long here when, from his apartment, where he sat calming the fears of his wife, he heard the warden's voice in the gallery without. His amazement was much increased to hear the tone of cordiality in which he spoke with Art and his company. The reason, however, soon appeared; he was inviting volunteers for the sally; but so great was the willingness of the men, that, instead of requiring the inducement of fair words to go, it needed all the warden's authority to oblige a sufficient number to remain. Foremost of those who offered themselves and were accepted was Art; the best men of his company followed under Redmond and Barry Oge; while Gillaspik3 was obliged, much against his will, to remain as captain of the gun. Singing and shouting, the volunteers descended to the court-yard, and Talbot again came forth, and took his station by a deserted loophole, to be a spectator of their sally. On the left flank of the English position, and occasionally disclosed, as the skirts of the great cloud of smoke were rolled back or lifted by the breeze, stood a single gun behind a temporary breastwork of gabions and sand-bags: it had been brought forward to supply the loss of one of the dismounted pieces in the battery, and was planted here until a place on the breaching platform should be cleared for it: but the breastwork of the breaching battery was now one shapeless mound of earth, all its embrasures beaten down, and the ground, for ten yards in front, quite ploughed with the fire from the walls; this, however, slackening as the men were withdrawn for the sally, gave an opportunity to the English to repair the damage; and when Talbot looked forth, their sappers were swarming over the face of the half-levelled rampart, clearing away the rubbish of the fallen parapet, and piling up a new breastwork under the covering fire of the detached gun that has been mentioned, and of a second, similarly planted, on the other flank, both aided

by a constant discharge of small arms and archery from the main trenches behind. Talbot had just time to observe these features of the scene below when the noise of the descending drawbridge announced the issuing of the gallowsglass. They sallied in two bodies, one led by the son of Connogher, the other by the warden. Pare3's company took the safer service of covering the drawbridge and securing the retreat; while the division led by Art came down along the edge of the fosse with the noise and impetuosity of a torrent, and never slackened their speed till they had swept the field clean over the temporary battery, which they trampled into rubbish, on to the foot of the main breastwork itself: up it they went like a wave of the sea, and over, and down among the bristling array of the defenders in the trench behind, with a roar of shouting men and a crush of iron, that made the knight leap to his feet, and involuntarily join in the cheer of encouragement that rung from all the walls. For some minutes the strugglers were concealed by the intervening rampart; but the storm of mingling weapons overhead was still visible above the breastwork—sword and battleaxe flashing bright through the smoke as every blade caught the sunshine, and the whole flickering and whirling tumult swaying backwards and forwards with the eddying impulses of alternate victory. At length the tide of conflict set in steadily in one direction, and the whirling sweep of the axe fell fast and faster through the thinned array of spear and broadsword, as the Irish drove their antagonists in one tumultuous mass out of the choked trenches in upon the area and platform of the breaching battery. Here, under and over the silent guns, they now plied their work with the cold steel, while the gradually dissipated smoke of the gunpowder was replaced by a steaming cloud of dust, tossed up from the reeking labour of two hundred grappling combatants. At last the battery also was abandoned by its defenders, and the Irish, dragging away the bodies that encumbered every gun, prepared to turn their momentary success to advantage; for although they were now alone upon the ensanguined platform, they had still to make good the

passages at either side against such numbers as must soon regain their lost position. There was a minute's fierce toil with ropes and crowbars, and a gun was seen heaved up to the crest of the bulwark; another effort with their iron levers, and a shout as they heaved again; then down went the cannon, its smashed wheels flying diverse, and its carriage torn in two, as it plunged, with a crash, into the ditch below. The spray of its fall had hardly returned to the tossed surface of the water, when another followed; but the Irish were no longer able to maintain their ground, and before the platform itself could be torn up, they were driven over the rampart back upon the field. Still they kept together, and gave determined battle, making for the ground where the detached piece of cannon still remained among the ruins of its little battery and dead bodies of the artillerymen who had fallen in defending it. Here they made another stand, but it was only while a strong rope was fastened to the carriage: the moment this was done the gun was dragged away, and the gallows came in at full speed, the cannon leaping and rattling in the midst, as they tore it by main force over every obstacle, until they gained the verge of the fosse again, and found their further retreat covered by the protecting lines of their companions. They were received with long and vehement cheers, both from the warden's company and the men upon the walls; and when they drew their prize at length into the castle, and stood to breathe themselves in the security of the inner yard, it was a spectacle worth earning by a share of their danger, to have seen the exulting triumph of the whole garrison. But, of the number that had sallied fresh and vigorous under the son of Connogher, there remained no man that was not now exhausted by toil or wounds, and many that had issued from the gateway, were not among those who even in such a plight recrossed its threshold. Talbot had descended to the court the moment of their arrival, anxious for the safety of his friends. He apprehended he knew not what calamity, but his fears were groundless; Art and Barry Oge were both there, panting, begrimed, and bloody, but *sound of body and limb, and full of fierce exultation.*

"*Chorp an Christ, Sir John,*" exclaimed Art, the moment he saw the knight, "I'd rather than Ireland that you had been with us!—we have not left a gun in their battery fit to fire—*hurroo! croom aboo!*—fetch me a flaggon of ale, you sons of fortunate fathers, till I drink success to *Tomàs-an-leeda!*"

"Ale, after work like yours," cried Parez, whose looks of triumph were now as bright as those of any around; "no, by my hand, Master Mac Connogher, it is in the very best wine of Spain we will drink to the son of Gerald. Ho, Sheridan, fetch forth a butt of Spanish wine into the great hall of the keep; by the bones of Brendan, Master Mac Connogher, we must drink a cup together after the good service you have done me this day, or I would ill deserve the aid of such an officer."

"With all the veins of my heart, warden!" cried Art, grasping the hand which the other extended as he spoke.

"By your hand," said Parez, warmly returning the pressure, "there is not another man within the four seas I'd rather drain a cup with than yourself; and if there was any ill-will between us Master Mac Connogher, God knows it was not I desired it: but why talk of what is past and gone?—there is not a man in the castle I could not take by the hand after such a day's work as you have done for me—not one, by my honor; and here is Sir John Talbot, and by St. Patrick's staff, if he will but join us at supper in a cup to old times, notwithstanding all the injuries he has done me, and Heaven only can tell how great and numberless they have been—I say, if Sir John —"

"Master Parez," said Talbot, "I never did you an injury; but, till other reparation is made me than the offer of so unseasonable a carouse, I shall not forgive the wanton injuries that you have done me. You are warden here, and, if you think a butt of wine can safely be broached in a castle so hotly assailed —"

"What, Sir; do you presume to lecture me upon my duty?" exclaimed Parez, turning pale with what seemed sudden rage. "By Heaven, but that you are betried by a man who has done me such good service, I would have you made to know a fitter business

for a prisoner, as you are, than to bandy objections against the discipline of this garrison ! Master Mac Connogher, you left their battery in such a condition as will warrant us in any refreshment for the men we please."

"By the hand of my body," said Art, "I left it worse crippled than I ever saw a battery before; you hear there has not been a shot since, Sir John; the men are hot and thirsty, and *dar Aiaran*, they do need some refreshment." He spoke decidedly, but with a tone of regret at having to condemn the interference of the knight by giving his voice against him; and Talbot, angry with himself to think that he had caused unnecessary pain to his friend, yet unable to make any amends in the presence of Parez, withdrew in silence and dissatisfaction to his quarters.

By this the sun had set, and the lights in the distant encampment of the besiegers began to twinkle through the twilight; but, in the devastated trenches all was dark and silent. The success of the sally had been complete; the battery was a mass of ruins, and the English had abandoned all attempts to reconstruct it. Whatever guns or ammunition had been left were now removed, and the whole aspect of the field seemed to proclaim that the siege was about to be changed to a distant investment. To a garrison so well victualled as that of Maynooth, such a prospect was anything but disheartening, especially as Lord Thomas himself was daily expected with a powerful army out of Connaught. No wonder, then, that the walls rung with many a shout of triumph and secure revelry, as the men enjoyed the bounty of the warden in their different quarters, for, with their evening rations, Parez distributed to all a liberal allowance of ale and aqua vitæ. Talbot had blamed himself for an allusion which seemed to impugn the conduct of Art in permitting such an indulgence to the men at that important crisis, but when he found that the son of Connogher did not return to his quarters at the usual hour, and remembered certain extravagancies into which he had fallen while at Artane, and heard the prolonged indications of carouse, which since sunset were resounding from the keep, he began to justify his former opinion: grow-

ing momentarily more and more uneasy, until, unable longer to control his anxiety, he went out upon the walls, to see whether the sentries were at their posts, and if the different guards were ready in their quarters to turn out on an alarm. He found nothing but feasting and revelry among the men, many of whom were already in a state of intoxication. The sentries, it is true, had not left their posts, but friends and comrades were with them on the walls, where, dark as it was, they sat in knots among the ruins, draining aqua vitæ from horns and meathers, boasting, singing, shouting, and, here and there, one more weary or less strong-headed than the rest, asleep. Talbot was a prisoner: it was only by sufferance that he was permitted to leave the barbican, or walk the battlements at all; he had no authority to make the men desist, and mere expostulation was worse than useless. He determined to descend to the court-yard, and make an effort to see Art; for, independently of his regard for so many old companions, and unwillingness to see them suffer by the capture of the castle, it was now an object with Talbot to aid in the defence of the place by every means that a man so situated might honourably employ, until the arrival of Lord Thomas, at whose hands he hoped for so much more favourable treatment than from the English. He found the court-yard deserted, but the great hall of the keep was crowded with revellers. He advanced to one of the windows, and looked in; there was a long table before him covered with drinking cups, and all a-swim with wine; the best men of the garrison sat round, their faces flushed, their eyes on fire, their tongues stumbling in universal clamour. The loudest and the most excited was the lieutenant of the barbican. "Drink, sons of fortunate fathers, drink!" he shouted from his end of the board.—"Ho, Master Parez, why so pale?—I challenge you to drink a cup of wine with me; my throat is full of the dust of the churls' trenches still."

Parez, pale and uneasy, was sitting at the head of the board eyeing his guests with quick, suspicious glances, more like a man among enemies than a host in the midst of friends. But this might be the natural disgust of an invalid unable to keep pace with the

enjoyments of those around him. He started at Art's summons, and, evidently affecting a degree of intoxication, forced a wild laugh as he poured out a goblet of wine, and exclaimed—"Drink! I will drink with you, son of Connogher, till the dews rise in the morning! *Slainte go bragh!*" Then threw himself back in the seat as if to drain the goblet to the bottom, but in reality to conceal the fall of the liquor, which he spilled aside over his shoulder. None at the board remarked it, and Talbot could well imagine an excuse for unfair drinking in a sick man so situated, but to affect intoxication at the same time was doing too much to promote the hilarity of guests under any circumstances, but particularly now, when it was manifestly the warden's duty to put an end to the carouse as speedily as possible. But there seemed no symptom of an approaching conclusion; and Talbot, after sending in two messengers, neither of whom returned, was obliged to go back without any of those whom he had come to seek. Enraged, and beginning to grow alarmed at the state of the garrison, he mounted the platform once more, determined to take some means of breaking up so ruinous a debauch. There was a half-extinguished lantern lying under a gun carriage, where it had fallen from the hands of one of the drunken galloglass; a sentry with his back propped against the parapet and an empty black jack between his knees, sat sleeping beside. Talbot plucked a match from his belt, lighted it, and passing on towards the barbi-can, with a swift and steady step applied it successively to the touch-hole of every gun upon the platform. Three of the cannon being charged, went off, and immediately there arose a tumult in the court-yard greater than had yet resounded through Maynooth since the siege began. The voice of Art was loud above the storm of curses, shouts, and execrations that rose from the throng of unarmed men, half terrified, half desperate, as they choked the doorway of the hall, trampling upon and impeding one another in their mad efforts to get out. "To the walls, to the walls!" he exclaimed; "every man to his post; I've drunk the warden down; but, *dar lank mo choirp*, I am able for two churls yet,

Farrah!" and so saying he rushed up on the platform. But there was no enemy to be found: the walls were scoured in all directions—the sentries questioned, shaken, struck; but all in vain. Talbot had succeeded in exciting whatever vigilance remained among them, and he now left it to operate with undiminished force, and, as it soon appeared, with happy effect also; for, ere the alarm subsided, all the sentries were on the alert, the guards disposed in their several guard-rooms, and the garrison at large lodged in their proper quarters. Throughout the broil the face of Parez was not seen either in the court-yard or on the walls. He was sought for in the hall by those who had seen him, at the commencement of the alarm, sink, apparently overcome in the debauch, beside his seat: but here he lay no longer; and as the doors of his own apartments were closed, the search was given over, in the belief that, finding himself unable to contend against the effects of his excess, he had retired to conceal them from the garrison. It might be, too, that his excuses were made with a more ready consideration on account of the unwonted good fellowship and liberality that had rendered them necessary; but to Talbot, who knew that there had been no excess committed, save in deep dissimulation, by the warden, all this wore a very different, but a much more perplexing aspect. He, however, was wearied with excitement and watching; and now that the sentinels had been replaced and warned of their duty, comparatively secure, so that he did not much longer continue to watch or listen; but, speculating vaguely on the conduct of Parez, which he felt inclined to attribute in the main to cowardice, fell not reluctantly asleep.

Talbot started up: he had surely heard a shout from the walls; but all was silent now, save the heavy breathing of the men in the outer gallery, where Art and his company had their quarters. It was still quite dark, but the knight had slept so soundly that he knew not how long, so that it might be but a little after midnight, or it might be on the point of dawn. The events of the night before came confusedly upon his recollection, as they ever do on that of a man who

has been much fatigued, and he stood for a moment self-condemned to think that, with causes of suspicion so palpable, he had not seriously provided against treachery before now. But it was now too late; he *had* heard the shout, and now heard it again from the main platform itself, and that both loud and clear—"Saint George, Saint George! huzza!" "A Holland, a Holland!" "A Brereton, a Brereton!" "Down with the rebel dogs! Huzza! the castle's won!"

"*Croom aboo!*" exclaimed the son of Connogher, and the floor shook as he leaped to his feet from the bench on which he lay, ready accounted for an emergency, as were his men; but he still spoke with the extravagance of intoxication. "Who says the castle's won?" he cried. "You lie, you churl, the castle's not won! Up, up, *mo hoga!* the churls are on the walls; *farrah, farrah*—follow me!" and he threw open the door that led to the platform, and charged out among the English—for the English they were who now stood on the main ramparts of Maynooth. They had crossed the ditch where it was choked by the fall of the watch-turret, and ascended by ladders. The temporary alarm of the drunken sentinels had been insufficient to prevent the drowsiness of the debauch returning, and they now lay gasping in their blood on all the posts they should have guarded, many of them put to the sword before they had had time to spring from their fatal sleep to unavailing resistance, for resistance was now hopeless; the keep and court-yard were already in the hands of the assailants, and overwhelming numbers soon drove back the son of Connogher and his companions from the main platform: all now that strength or courage could effect was to make good a retreat into the bar-bican; and hither the repulsed party with difficulty returned, reeling, bleeding and blaspheming in the double madness of despair and scarce abated drunkenness.

"*Dioul, dioul, dioul!*" cried the unhappy lieutenant, striking his brow with his clenched hand, when he saw the wretched spectacle of wives and little ones crowding up from the lower apartments; for the families of most of the married men of the garrison

were quartered here; and piteous it was to hear and see them, in the clamorous disorder of their terror and confusion, clinging to those who could but a little longer protect them—some with tears and entreaties, others with reproaches—the children weeping aloud in terrified astonishment, and all despairing."

"Pulse of my heart!" exclaimed Art, in a voice of agonizing anguish, as he embraced and then gently repulsed his wife from where he stood keeping up tables and benches against the door—"pulse of my heart's blood! keep away from me, and leave me to do the best I can for you all. Sure, Norah, you know I will lay down my life for you."

"We will all die before they harm a hair of one of your heads!" cried another father or husband.

"Oh! Art, Art," exclaimed his wife, "this is what I often told you would come of—but Art dear, you're hurt. Blessed Virgin! you'll bleed to death if you don't let me tie a handkerchief round your arm."

"Mind little Feargus, Norah; don't heed me, for I deserve it all. *Chorp an dioul*, it was my own folly that has brought us all to this!" and again the wretched lieutenant struck his brow.

"Queen of Heaven, have mercy on us!" cried Norah; they are breaking in; I hear them with hammers at the gate below. My child, my darling child! what will become of you?"

"To the archway, *mo vouchalee!*" exclaimed Art; "the churls are breaking in from the court-yard; stay where you are, my own darling; there's not a drop of blood in our veins that we wont spill for your sakes!"

"To the archway! cried Barry; "and if they come up it will be over our dead bodies."

"Stay!" exclaimed another; "they are bringing one of the platform guns to bear upon the door; stay where you are, and we will fight them where we stand."

"*Dar m' anim*, we have the advantage of the ground here; let us stay and defend the gallery," cried a third.

"Let them come," shouted a fourth; "we'll meet them here."

"*Chorp an dioul*, Sir," cried Art, "are we not bad enough already with-

out your disobeying orders ? to the archway, I say !”

“ To the *dioul* I pitch you and your orders !” was the reply, and a blow succeeded. All was now clamour and utter confusion, and the women and children involuntarily raised the ulla-loo, when a voice was heard, calm but distinct, over the tumult, commanding silence. “ Son of Connogher, am I again your captain ?”—It was the voice of Talbot.

“ Noble Sir John, I would rather than Ireland you were !” cried Art ; and a general shout of *Talbot aboo !* was raised by the men.

“ Then, silence and hear your orders. The barbican cannot hold out ten minutes longer.” The lamentations of the women were here renewed, but soon checked by the severe tone of command in which the knight now spoke. “ The English will execute all male prisoners : such of you, therefore, as are able to bear arms must sally ; but as the enemy are in force on the other side of the fosse, your wives and children must be left behind. Silence, women, or you must be removed : they will be safe from violence ; there is no alternative ; better to escape thus than to die before their faces, after provoking further ill-treatment by selling your blood at a cost that can but exasperate the churls who lose it. Hear your commands, then. Barry (Oge, take six men and be ready to lower the drawbridge the moment the outer gate is thrown open. Son of Connogher, to you I commit the leading of the sally ; you will throw open the outer gate when I give the word, and sally with your own and Redmond’s company ; Gillaspikie, you will join the son of Manus when he has performed his orders, and with him bring up the rere.” And so he proceeded to issue his commands, with a peremptory rapidity that left no time for dispute or interruption, marching the men into the open space between the outer and inner gates from the galleries above, where the women and children were compelled to remain, after a brief space allowed for parting ; and a sad scene their parting was, where the words of fondness that the husband pronounced over his wife were scarce audible in the din of blows redoubled on the yielding gates that must soon admit the enemies

who were thirsting for his blood. But the pitiable scene was over, and the men stood ready for the sally, the son of Connogher, battle-axe in hand, at their hand :—“ Are you ready ?” cried Talbot : the lieutenant was struggling with some strong emotion. “ One minute, Sir John ?” he said, and, catching his assent from the eyes of the knight, laid down his battle-axe, and ran back to the gallery. Art’s courage was too well known to admit a suspicion of blenching on the mind of any man there, and it was thought that he desired to bring away some valuables, an opinion which procured him but little commendation from the impatient and by no means clear-headed band he had left behind. He returned with little Feargus in his arms, folding the infant in a mantle as he descended. There were some who could not forbear a smile as they beheld him, but the greater number sympathised in the solicitude of the father.”

“ Here, Redmond,” said Art, “ help me to tie him on my back. I could as soon leave the heart out of my breast behind me ! Feargus, *a lanua*,” he said, looking round as the boy was belted firmly between his broad shoulders ; “ ’tis the first time I ever had such reason to be loth to show my back to an Englishman ; and, darling, if your father has to show it for the first time this night, may the great God put a shield over you, that will take their blows as freely for your sake as this breast that I may never press you to again ! Noble Sir John, I am ready now.”

Talbot wrung his hand—“ May God speed and protect you !” he said ; but the son of Connogher, exclaimed in sudden amazement, “ Staff of Patrick, Sir John ! do you not come with us yourself ?”

“ No,” said the knight, mournfully but firmly, “ I must not leave my wife.”

“ *Chorp an Chriost*, Sir John, and why should we leave ours ?”

“ Were they in the same danger, Art, I should ask no man of your company to cross the drawbridge to-night : do you remember from what you have already saved her ?”

“ *Dar m’anim*,” Sir John, the warden can do you no harm now.”

“ I would to God he were past harming any of us more ; but, Art, he has

the will still, and I fear me much is likely to have the power also ; but the gate will be driven in before you go, if you tarry longer. Son of Manus, let go the chains ; draw the main bolt, Gilaspique ; there, throw it open wide : now, *mo koga*, forward ! strike together, and hold right a-head, and may God speed you !” The last words were drowned in a shout, with which the Irish rushed out into the darkness, and in another half minute the noise of strife from beyond the draw-bridge, announced that they were among the enemy. Talbot stood listening till the rush of the rallying column sounded from beyond the spot where they had met the opposition, and then, satisfied of their having fought their way with unexpected success so far, he turned to the inner gate, now fast yielding to the exertions of those within the courtyard, and, withdrawing the bolts, stood with nothing in his hand but a lamp, alone before the victors.

“ Sir John Talbot, you are my prisoner,” said an officer, advancing the moment he saw him.

“ I yield myself willingly to so brave a soldier, Sir William Brereton,” replied the knight, “ and I would claim gentle usage for the women and children, who are the only persons left here.”

“ They shall be done no violence,” replied the Englishman ; “ but your lady, Sir John, I must keep in strict custody, as well as yourself, until my Lord Deputy arrives.”

“ I thank God, that I have to deal with a man of gentle nurture at last,” said the knight, “ and will not repine at whatever custody you place us in, if we be but together.”

“ I have no orders to separate you, Sir John, and will be satisfied by your keeping your apartment.”

“ By my honour, I thank you !” cried Talbot, involuntarily extending his hand, but Brereton drew back.—“ Pardon me,” said the knight, quickly ; “ I had forgotten ; I am a prisoner.”

“ If mine were the only bonds in which you are wrapped, Sir John Talbot,” replied the Englishman, “ I should not let such a difference of condition stand between me and the hand of a man who did such good service to my mother’s brother ; but——”

“ But what, Sir ? I understand you not.”

“ I am a Christian,” replied the Englishman.

“ Death and perdition !” exclaimed the knight, “ is this accursed curse to be flung in my teeth at every turn ? I wish Archbishop Alan and his murderers were with the devil together ! I am sick of the hateful lie ; but again, I pray you, Sir William, pardon me, for I have no right to tax you with injustice in believing what the world believes of me, although how wrongfully I call God and man to witness, as shall yet be seen either on earth or in heaven, if there be virtue in truth, or justice in the ends of Providence ; but come, I am wearying you : lead me to my place of custody.” While this conference was going on, the barbican was taken possession of by the troops from the courtyard, as well as by those entering from the field after their ineffectual attempt to stay the flight of the company that had escaped. Talbot was conducted to his apartment, at the door of which a sentry was posted, and where he was permitted to remain with his wife, undisturbed save by their own apprehensions, till after sunrise.

Day-light disclosed an altered scene to the captives, as they sat at the great window over the inner gate, looking down on the court-yard. Instead of the exulting galloglass, in his wild costume, shouting and singing round the doorways, there stood the well-ordered men-at-arms, drawn up in two fair lines from the keep to the gateway, silently awaiting the arrival of the victorious Lord Deputy. The red cross of England blew out broad and steady in the morning breeze from the flag-staff that had borne the banner of Fitzgerald at sunset ; and those cannon which but a few hours before had cast death and confusion among the English trenches, were now turned inwards on the walls they had defended, and pointed at the miserable remnant of the garrison where they stood, crowded into a narrow corner of the court, disarmed, dismayed, and helpless, expecting the doom of rebels. As the dawn grew clearer, the knight could mark the faces of many whom he knew, among his unhappy fellow captives : there was Tyrreli, weak from loss of blood, sitting

on the pavement with his back to the wall ; O'Madden was there with one arm broken, hanging loose and motionless from the shattered shoulder ; and there was Sheridan, whom, after all his enmity, he could not but pity, as he stood with his hands tied behind his back, and his head sunk on his breast, while the blood trickled from a wound on his forehead, down his bruised armour to the ground. Many others there were whose sad plight he could more fully commiserate, since there were but these already named, who had none ever shewn him ill will or violence—for the only man whom he could not have pitied was no where to be seen. At length the noise of drums and trumpets announced the Lord Deputy's approach, and all eyes were turned to the gateway, as the mounted cavalcade came trampling over the drawbridge, and poured into the castle with the combined pomp of military, judicial, and ecclesiastical power ; for there rode with the Lord Deputy the Chief Justice, the Chief Baron, and the Lord High Chancellor Archbishop Cromer, with many other exalted personages of high authority in the state. But there was another spectacle which suddenly attracted more than a divided interest with the entry of Sir William Skeffington. As the Lord Deputy came in at the gates, there issued from the keep a company of officers to receive him in the court-yard ; these were led by Sir William Brereton with the keys ; after him came Salisbury and Holland, two English captains, leading—Parez. On him all eyes were turned. He was neither manacled nor disarmed, and he advanced with an air of ostentatious confidence, although assailed by such a yell of execration as might have abashed any but a Judas. It was plain he had sold the castle ; but before the indignant knight or his lady could see what farther was to take place, they were summoned to attend the Lord Deputy.

"You have done the king good service, Sir William," were the first words they heard Skeffington pronounce, as they were led forward among the throng, expecting, indeed, the worst that could befall, but bearing their fate with the decent resignation of long experience in misfortune ; "you have

done his majesty good service, Sir William," said Skeffington ; "let me now know what have been the terms."

"So please you, my lord, a thousand pounds to Master Parez in hand, and the disposal of two prisoners in his custody."

Talbot started, and Ellen's heart began to beat with fearful apprehension.

"Are they rebels to the king ?" said the Lord Deputy.

"So please you, my lord," replied Brereton ; "I will read your lordship his letter of stipulation, which will explain all."

"Proceed, Sir William ;" and the knight took forth a paper, from which he read as follows :—

"For the honorable hands of Sir William Brereton, knight, these, with speed.

"Right Honorable—If you would devise a means to do yourself a service you would not waste your shot on my walls, but rather consider what I propose to your discretion. I am able to hold this castle, if I would, till Christmas. I am able to give the same into your hands, if I will, before sunrise tomorrow. Ponder the difference, and weigh well the advantage. It is not that I need a reward, and yet a thousand pounds were far short of the value of the service ; but I have reasons which concern myself, and are sufficient. Wherefore, taking no thought of what may move me, take heed of what I am moved to. I will render you this castle if you will secure me a thousand pounds in hand, and the custody of my own prisoners. They are but two—a villain whom I must be left to deal with as I please, he and his paramour. On these terms, and no other, you shall have the castle. Mark me—I must have the full custody and disposal of my prisoners ; *that and the* thousand pounds. So, (right honorable,) if you think fit to entertain this offer, send me a reply, and shoot it in tomorrow, as I tonight shoot this to you. Direct it to my own hands : I shall devise a means to have such a billet in readiness as shall pass for it, should it be seen by any of my garrison. And now, as you shall deal with me or not, I offer you my commendations or defiance ; for, be assured, that my power

is equal to either course you may take. Farewell.

"PAREZ, Warden of Maynooth.

"*Postscriptum*—Mark, the full custody and disposal of my prisoners.

"C. P."

It was with difficulty the Irish could be restrained from violence, even manacled and guarded as they were, during the reading of this letter; and Parez, although he stood protected by an armed guard, quailed and shook under the terrible curses heaped upon him by his victims. But order was again restored by dint of blows, and the betrayer stood once more collected in audacious effrontery as Brereton proceeded. "My lord, this letter was brought me on yesterday morning before sunrise, and in reply I shot an answer in about mid-day, accepting the warden's offer, and craving to know when and how he purposed to fulfil it. There was a sally from the walls a little after, and your lordship has seen with what success, so that I scarce expected to hear again from Master Parez; but being constant to his word, he shot me another billet a little before sunset, which I will also read to your lordship.

"Sir For the honorable hands of Sir William Brereton, these, with speed.

"Right Honourable and my very good Sir—My commendations to you. You may scale the north wall where the ruins of the turret have choked the ditch, without fear, when I shall show a light from the middle window of the west side of the keep nearest the battlement. The capture of a gun from your trenches offers a fit occasion for rejoicing; and I shall so order it that there will be no lack of liquor to carry the garrison's revelries to a fortunate issue. I have drugged a cask of wine for the nonce, and if I be not deceived, some of our light hearts shall have heads heavy enough before morning. Remember the conditions of our agreement, and, till I meet you at the door of the keep, farewell.

"Your honor's assured servant,

"C. P.

"*Postscriptum*—My prisoners lodge in the barbican: they are, one Talbot,

erewhile a knight, but now under the bann of the church, and a Mistress Ellen Dudley, his paramour.

"C. P."

"My lord," continued Brereton, "the signal being given, as here described, about two hours before day, we entered the place as directed, and found the garrison asleep; so that little labour sufficed to complete the work, save, only, that some Irishry quartered in the barbican escaped: the warden's prisoners, however, are secured, and now await your lordship's pleasure."

"I cannot break the faith which you have pledged, Sir Willlam," said Skeffington. "This Talbot is convicted of the murder of an archbishop, and it matters little into whose hands he may fall, since, as I gather from Master Parez's letter, the warden meditates him as little good as the Chief Justice."

"My lord," said Parez, stepping forward, "I am willing to hand him over to the civil power, to be dealt with as the law has provided. I only stipulated to have the disposal of him, that so great a criminal should not escape by exchange of prisoners or otherwise."

"Then why not execute him out of hand, while you had him here?" asked the Deputy.

"My lord," replied Parez, hesitating, "I—I was unwilling to stretch my authority as warden: but, my lord, he is at your lordship's disposal now; and as for the lady"—

"Well, Master Parez, we shall settle this presently," said Skeffington, "In the meantime, I have to thank you, on my master the King's behalf, for this service, which I acknowledge to have been a sparing of great charges and a saving of many valiant soldiers' lives to his highness; and when his Majesty shall be advised thereof, I am bold to say he will not see you want during your life. But, as I hold a poor one thousand pounds but a light recompense for service so weighty, I would wish to know what has been your condition as a servant to the rebel, in order that no man need say hereafter you have been the loser by this change of masters."

"My lord," replied Parez, colouring with pleasure at his complete success, "I have to return your lordship my

most hearty thanks for your consideration; and as to the estate in which I have been supported while serving the rebel, trust me, my good lord, I would esteem my condition much more honourable and prosperous to enjoy but a tithe of the same, as bounty from his gracious Majesty, who is my natural and rightful sovereign, albeit I have most basely and unnaturally rebelled against his lawful authority."

"But, to the point, Master Perez: what benefits have you enjoyed as servant to the Geraldine?"

"My lord, if I were to relate all the gifts, bounties, and emoluments that have been extended to me by the arch rebel and his father, I should name a sum little short of five hundred pounds in the year."

"Five hundred pounds a-year! Five knights' fees to one warden," said the Deputy, with impressive severity of manner. "Perez, you have served a liberal master."

"Ah, my lord, if he had been but loyal to his prince, I should never have had such a master again: but, indeed, my lord, I had peculiar claims upon his bounty."

"How so, Sir?"

"My lord, I am own foster-brother to *Tomás-an-teeda*."

The rage of the prisoners again broke forth in loud execrations, and extreme indignation at the warden's baseness was freely expressed by many of those who stood around; but Sir William Skeffington turned his head aside, that Perez could not see whether or not he joined in the general disgust.

"Sir William Brereton," at length he said, after a pause, during which the colour came and went upon the traitor's cheek, like shadows of an April day, "read me the warden's letter of stipulation again." The letter was again read. "Have you a thousand pounds in the military chest?" asked the Deputy.

"My lord," replied Brereton, "it is here;" and he pointed to a heavy bag of gold carried by a man-at-arms.

"Pay him his money," said Skeffington. The money was poured out into a helmet, and handed to the warden to count; but he replaced it in the bag, and said he was willing to take it on the knight's word.

"Are you satisfied so far?" asked the Deputy.

"I am, my lord. I have nothing more to ask but the custody of my own prisoners."

"They are at your disposal."

"Then, my lord, I hand over the murderer to be dealt with by the laws; and I claim the wardship of the lady, since she is not his wife, and as I am her next of kin within the four seas: my mother was her father's cousin, and she is not yet of full age."

"You have your demand," said the Deputy. "Marshall, take this knight into your custody. Madam, consider yourself the ward of Master Perez. Are you satisfied?"

"I am, my lord: the conditions are amply fulfilled," exclaimed the traitor, with a smile of triumph so diabolical, that a murmur of indignation burst involuntarily from even the gravest of the assembly, while the Irish prisoners and the lower sort showered a storm of curses on his head, both loud and terrible. Perez bore all with exulting effrontery. But the tumult ceased all at once, for the face of the Lord Deputy, as he turned to address the warden again, was suddenly and fearfully changed.

"You are satisfied?" he once more inquired, in a stern voice.

"I am, my lord," replied Perez, but in a tone of decreasing confidence.

"Provost Marshall," cried Skeffington. The officer advanced; the Deputy pointed to Perez, and, speaking so loud as to be heard to the remotest quarter of the courtyard, cried, "Chop me off the villain's head!"

"My lord!" exclaimed Perez, starting back, in half-incredulous dismay, "your lordship, surely, cannot mean me!"

"Chop me off his head, I say!" cried Skeffington again, in a still louder voice. "He has got what he has bargained for: he shall never betray a brother's trust again!"

"My lord, my lord," cried Perez, "you cannot mean to take my life! You are bound to do me no violence.

"Villain, it is false!" exclaimed the Deputy. "I am bound to give you a thousand pounds: look to your money, count it; you have the full sum you asked. I am bound to give you the disposal of your prisoners: you have

voluntarily made one over to me; and I have, at your desire, appointed you to the wardship of the other: but, traitor, I ask you, where am I bound to give you your life? is that in your agreement? have you bargained in your billet for that? Ho! search me his letter of stipulation for a saving clause in favour of his life, that I may send him under as much iron as he can stand beneath, to enjoy it in the deepest dungeon of Dublin Castle. Search me the traitor's letter for a stipulation that he shall have life or liberty, till I hunt him out of the gates as I would a wild dog out of my pinfold! Take him, I say, Master Provost, and let me see his head upon the barbican within an hour."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy! my lord!" exclaimed the wretch, dropping on his knees: but his supplications were drowned in the shout of savage delight with which his sentence was hailed by the Irish prisoners. "*Willy-na-Gun go bragh!*" cried Tyrrell, springing to his feet with a sudden effort, to praise the just avenger of betrayed friendship; but the exertion was his last, and he sank fainting to the ground, never to rise again.

Sheridan, glaring on his betrayer through the dim suffusion of blood that he could not wipe from his clogged eyelids, took up the cry from Tyrrell as he fell. "Long life to you, Gunner!" he exclaimed; "and I care not, after the word that you have said, though we all go to the gallows this minute! but, Gunner, a vick, rebels though we are, don't execute us on the one tree with the traitor. Ah, villain of the world!" he cried, turning his gory face on Perez, "do you remember how you set me against poor Art—that was the true man in the gap after all—by telling me that he and Sir John Talbot were plotting to betray the castle; and you yourself, you Judas, after selling us all the same minute?"

"Ay," cried O'Madden, stretching out his sound arm, and shaking his clenched hand at the kneeling wretch; "who was it that inveigled me into seizing that knight and his poor lady in Barnsbeg, as I did, on a forged warrant from *Tomás-an-teeda*? for you knew I would never lay a hand on him on the charge of Alan's murder, since the night of Nicholas Wafer's

death, when he declared with the last breath he ever drew, in your presence and in mine, that Sir John Talbot was innocent of the deed as the child unborn; and you, you traitor, did you deny it? Yet now you come forward to charge the knight with a crime that he who was its chief perpetrator has acquitted him of in your own presence, and within a gasp of being in the presence of his Maker!"

"My Lord Deputy," said Archbishop Cromer, who had been attending with marked interest to all that passed, and now spoke eagerly and firmly, "I would question yonder Irish soldier touching what he says of my late brother of Dublin's murder. I have heard enough of this knight's case already to make me anxious for a farther inquiry; and I intreat that neither he nor his lady may suffer any violence or insult till I shall have thoroughly examined both this soldier and the wretched man you have ordered to execution."

"May Heaven reward your lordship!" exclaimed Ellen, fervently, pressing forward to clasp the archbishop's robes. "Oh, my lord, if you did but know what we have suffered since that day when you sent me away despairing from Monasterbooyce! But, alas, my lord, I did not mean to complain, but to thank and bless you for coming to our aid now, when our sufferings are at the worst."

The archbishop, when he looked on his suppliant, was deeply moved. "God help you, my poor daughter," he said. "Yours has been a heavy burden of sorrow since then: but time presses, and if I would be satisfied of this unhappy gentleman's innocence, I must proceed to the inquiry without delay." He motioned to O'Madden to approach. "Were you present by the death-bed of Nicholas Wafer?"

"My lord, I was, and a horrible death he died."

"Did he acknowledge his guilt of the Archbishop Alan's murder?"

"With groans and tears, my lord, and shrieks for mercy, that were enough to make a man's hair stand on end."

"What did he then say of this knight, Sir John Talbot?"

"He cried out, my lord, that there were two whom he would shortly meet

in hell; and when Master Perez, who was there present with me, asked him who were they, he said the earl's squire was one, but that neither he nor Teling would know their comrade till they all met face to face. Then Master Perez said, 'Wafer, why rave you? you know your comrade.' 'I know it was not he who bears the blame,' was Wafer's answer; 'for, though it was in the dark we did it, I could see enough to tell that the man who joined us at the door, as we dragged the old man in, was armed at all points, and was lower than myself by the head; whereas, the knight lay asleep on a bench within, and disrobed, with his door bolted, and stands two inches taller,' said he, 'than I myself; and, with that, he prayed God to forgive him for bringing an innocent man into such trouble; groaning and lamenting, in a way pitiable to hear.'

"And what answer made Perez to that?"

"My lord, he flung out of the room, saying, that he would not hear the church's judgment called in question."

"Where lies he now?"

"My lord," replied Brereton, "we are only awaiting a priest and an executioner to put him out of temporal pain. He is in the guard-room of the barbican, quite distraught for terror. There is some great sin on his conscience. I have seen many men, my lord, afraid to die; but any man in this despairing agony I never saw before."

"How is that, Sir William?"

"My lord, he sits on the ground, with his head sunk between his knees, muttering the most fearful curses I ever heard from the mouth of man. Where he can have learned them, God knows; but it seems to me as if they were some awful imprecations of the church which he thinks are now fulfilling on him."

"Lead me to him, Sir William," said the Archbishop; "I begin to see my way through these mists of error at last." So saying, he proceeded to the barbican, where Perez was confined. The unhappy man was alone in the wide dungeon, sitting, as Brereton had described, in all the nerveless prostration of despair, on the bare floor where he sank when first thrust in *by the guards*. He was shuddering, and muttering, in the monotonous tone

of a man unconscious that he spoke aloud—"The waters of vengeance are in my inner parts! Ah! Wafer, I will see you soon now: you shook like a dry husk in the leprosy; but mine is the girdle and the waters of vengeance—for what was it they said? 'be they girded with the girdle of malediction, and made partakers with Pharaoh, Nero, Herod, and Judas the proditor.' Ah, hell, hell! I too, am the proditor! The waters of vengeance are within me, as marrow in my bones. They are the words of the curse, and to the word it is fulfilling in me. With Dathan and Abiram I shall descend into hell quick! Teling and Wafer, we shall descend into hell quick! Horrible! horrible!—you will know your comrade then, Wafer! you said you would know me when we met face to face at the judgment.—That was the word; and you shook in your leprosy like a dry husk. For what was it they said?—'Good Lord, send them hunger and thirst, and strike them with the pestilence, that they be consumed and their generation clean eradicate.' The bells are tinkling—faugh! how the candles stink!—Ah, sons of Belial, our souls shall be so extinguished, and so shall stink in the nostrils of the Divine vengeance.—Great God, I heard it but once, and I remember every word!" He shuddered, and raised his head, as if to dispel the tremendous recollection by gazing on the objects present, but cast himself forward on his knees the moment he lifted his eyes from the ground, for the archbishop was standing in his robes before him, his hands uplifted in horror and amazement. "Mercy, mercy, mercy!" cried the wretched man, and flung himself forward to clasp the prelate's feet in all the abjectness of prostrate supplication. The archbishop motioned to be left alone with him, and the guards withdrew out of earshot.

In less than a quarter of an hour after, Archbishop Cromer came forth into the courtyard, where the Lord Deputy, with his attendants, was still engaged. "Let Sir John Talbot and his lady come forward," said Cromer. The knight and Ellen advanced into the circle before the Lord Deputy. "My lord and gentlemen," continued Cromer, "it is known to all of you how this knight has been attainted of the murder of my late brother of Dublin, the

Archbishop Alan. The nature of the evidence which seemed to convict him is also known to you, as well as the tremendous sentence pronounced by the church against him. My lord and gentlemen, in the perpetration of that murder there were three persons concerned; two of them, called Teling and Wafer, of whose guilt there is no doubt, and the third, as has till now been generally supposed, this much-wronged gentleman, Sir John Talbot. My lord and gentlemen, I shall ever count this an auspicious day, in such returning years as God may vouchsafe me, which has seen the truth of this matter at length brought to light. The true murderer, my lord, is discovered: Sir William Brereton is witness of his voluntary confession of the crime: Christopher Perez did the murder, and has confessed it. May I pray you to restrain the louder expression of your amazement, till I shall have done justice, so far as now can be rendered, to this innocent and much-wronged gentleman. Kneel down, Sir John Talbot; and, my lord and gentlemen, I pray you silence. In the name and by the authority of that Heavenly Host, invoked to sanction

the misplaced imprecations of the church, I hereby absolve, exonerate, and clearly free you, John Talbot, knight, from the sentence of excommunication erewhile pronounced against you, for the murder of John Alan, late Archbishop of Dublin, of which crime you have been shown to be manifestly innocent: I restore you to all the rights, honours, and immunities whereof you have been by that misplaced malediction deprived; and I declare your marriage with this lady, Mistress Ellen Dudley, to have been true, binding, and honourable wedlock, from the first. Rise up, Sir John Talbot; you are a free man, by the bounty of his Majesty, whose general act of pardon, for such as have laid down their arms previous to the taking of this castle, is hereby extended to you, if you think fit to avail yourself of its provisions."

"Now," said Turlogh, that things begin to look somewhat better, I can leave our hero and heroine with a tolerable grace till tomorrow night, when, God willing, I shall tell you whatever else I know about them or theirs."

WHAT IS THE USE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS?

"*It is very pretty, but what is the use of it?*" is the observation of a sensible child when he is shown a fine piece of mechanism. "What is the use of the House of Lords?" is the question put by the self-sufficient radical to the half-thinking Whig, and the half-thinking Whig replies, "Oh fie! what a shocking thing to say; but, after all, what is the use of the House of Lords?" The said radical will now exclaim, "Ah! well, this is an honest kind of Tory; you see he compares us to sensible children." We disclaim all the honours to be derived from this approbation. We make no such comparison, or at least only a comparison of contrast. The child asks to be informed, because he expects to be informed; he seeks to know the use, because he takes for granted that there is an use: he looks on what has cost time, and labour, and the power of man's wisdom, to complete,

as by its existence entitled to the supposition that it is useful until the contrary is proved. He does not think that all that has been done without consulting him must be wrong. He asks and he is rewarded by an explanation. So shall our friend, the Radical; but whether he will be gratified by the explanation, we do not know, nor indeed do we very anxiously care. We shall proceed then to answer this question; not for the benefit of either of the worthies we have named, but to satisfy the mind of the timid but devout lover of the constitution, who would wish to win the democrat by reason: who would try to charm away the Laodicean fit from a Whig, and who would not even suffer a maniac to be confined until he was persuaded that he was not fit to be at liberty.

The question to which it is our object to furnish an answer, may seem

difficult, because it is new. It is new because it is the result of a state of society hitherto unprecedented; a state wherein the end is forgotten in the means, and man imagines his glory to consist in the creation of the instrument, not in the use to which he applies it. In a state of society like this, it is not surprising that ancient institutions should be despised, and every thing should be decried as useless, and therefore denounced as baneful, which does not produce such a variety of visible effects as to meet the contracted intellects of a class of society, every member of which has a distinct idea of usefulness, compounded of the experience of his own peculiar branch, and the wild theories of his favourite village demagogue. The tailor does not, it is true, demand what is the use of the cobbler; not because he is checked by the recollection that the latter has as good a right to retort the question, but because he feels and sees the benefit he derives from the cobbler. Every thing and every person, however, to whom he cannot apply, or rather is not compelled to apply this latter test, he condemns without hesitation as useless.

Upon this principle the numerical majority of the nation will perhaps exclaim, "What is the use of the House of Lords?"

If we were called on to reply to this question, as asked by the irreverent, short-sighted, and unprincipled Radical, or his dupe and instrument, the self-sufficient and inconsistent Whig, we would merely say, that as we do not conceive ourselves bound to prove our individual utility in order to entitle us to retain our existence, or even our possessions and privileges; so we do not conceive ourselves or any other person entitled to put a question to the peers of England which we would not tolerate to be put to us. This would be our reply to those whom we do not think sufficiently rational to receive conviction from argument, or sufficiently candid to acknowledge that conviction, if received. But we know that there are many really well-disposed and sincere persons who have been annoyed and puzzled by this question. We apprehend the question not to apply to the peers in their individual capacity, rank, or privileges, *but to be confined to the effects on the welfare of the nation produced by their*

influence as a legislative body and court of judicature.

It is asked, then, "What is the use of the House of Lords?" We reply by another question, "What is the use of Parliament?"

If we can establish the point that the influence of the House of Lords does not injure the operations of the legislature, or the comfort and happiness of the subject, it is amply sufficient to silence all pretence of right to interfere with that influence. But we do not intend to rest here; and we think we may with safety pledge ourselves to demonstrate to our readers, both by the principles of reason, by the opinion of the wisest men, and by practical experience, the bold position which we here put forward, that in every thing in which the use and value of parliament consists, the House of Lords have been, and must always be, more useful and more valuable than the House of Commons.

We have asserted that such questions originate in that diseased state of society, which has disposed man, even beyond his natural want, to look rather to the means than to the end. We conceive that this question arises from a certain irrational, but most common, idea, that the use of parliament, or of what they in consequence, denominate the useful part of parliament, the House of Commons, is to represent the people. Now, though we were to admit this preposterous theory, we would fearlessly undertake to show, that, even in this sense, the House of Lords is more useful, and more effectually represents the feelings and wishes of that body of the nation in whom the strength of the nation consists, than the House of Commons. But we flatly assert, that to represent the people is not only not the chief use of parliament, but that it may reasonably be doubted, if it forms any the least portion of the utility of that great body; and that it is merely, and comparatively recently, considered requisite as a means, by which that body may be better enabled to legislate for the benefit of the people, as being more acquainted with their wants.

We shall, in the first place, consider the House of Lords merely in their legislative capacity.

The only use and object of parliament is to make beneficial laws. The

making of statutes for purposes only declaratory of the law, or explanatory of other statutes, (a branch which has of late years become one of its most necessary functions.) I include under this general head. If this were effected by Babbage's calculating engine, or by pounding up in a mortar, certain proportions of paper, types, and ink, the whole object of parliament would obviously be at least as well attained as at present. Inasmuch as the only use of laws is to restrain and to protect—the only reason for placing any portion of the legislative power in the hands of persons elected to represent any class of the community, must be the supposition that the laws will be thus rendered more likely to be judiciously adapted to the benefit of the whole. It is merely a plausible error to suppose that laws will be better obeyed when the people suppose that they have by representation had a share in their enactment. When a man is called on to obey a law against his interest, he never thinks, at least with any degree of affection, of the body whence it has emanated; and when he is called on to enforce a law, visibly for his own advantage, he in general regards the wisdom of the legislature with equal admiration, whether that wisdom be resident in a house of Lords or Commons, a Sultan or Babbage's engine. If the people of England obey the law better than those of Austria or Turkey, it is not owing to their esteem for their representatives, or love for the abstract idea of parliament, but merely to the greater uniformity of that law, its being more founded on reason, and being more generally known and understood; as well as because the tenor of that law has, at least hitherto, been, to give to every individual a right and interest in his property and person, which has rendered the sanction of the law, or, in other words, its power of enforcing its will, more extensive and more formidable. We cannot refrain here from quoting an admirable passage on this subject from one of the most judicious writers on the constitution, himself a citizen of a foreign republic:—

"A man who contributes by his vote to the passing of a law, has himself made the law; in obeying it, he obeys himself:

he, therefore, is free. A play on words, and nothing more. The individual who has voted in a popular legislative assembly, has not made the law that has passed in it; he has only contributed, or seemed to contribute, towards enacting it, for his thousandth or ten thousandth share; he has had no opportunity of making his objections to the proposed law, or of canvassing it, or of proposing restrictions to it; and he has only been allowed to express his assent or dissent. When a law passes agreeably to his vote, it is not in consequence of this, his vote, that his will happens to take place; it is because a number of other men have accidentally thrown themselves on the same side with him. When a law contrary to his intentions is enacted, he must, nevertheless, submit to it. What, then, is liberty? Liberty, I would answer, as far as it is possible for it to exist in a society of beings whose interests are almost perpetually opposed to each other, consists in this, that every man, while he respects the persons of others, and allows them quietly to enjoy the produce of their own industry, be certain himself likewise to enjoy the produce of his own industry; and that his person be also secure. But to contribute by one's suffrage to produce those advantages to the community, to have a share in establishing that order, that general arrangement of things, by the means of which an individual, lost as it were in the crowd, is effectually protected, to lay down the rules observed by those who, being invested with a considerable power, are charged with the defence of individuals, and to provide, that they never should transgress them. These are functions, are acts of government, but by no means constituent parts of liberty. To express the whole in two words:—To concur by one's suffrage in enacting laws is to enjoy a share, whatever it may be, of power—to live in a state where the laws are equal for all, and sure to be executed, (whatever are the means by which these advantages are attained,) is to be free."*

Let us now briefly examine whether the House of Lords is not at least as well qualified for the office of legislation as the House of Commons. The requisites for an able legislative body are chiefly such a course of education and habits of life as are most likely to render them acquainted with the sentiments of able men in the present and former ages,

their own and other nations, as well as freedom from any strong interest in the points on which they are required to legislate ; and such knowledge of the general circumstances of the nation and of the former state of the law, as may render them competent to judge with sufficient accuracy, of the effects likely to ensue from the law they are about to enact. Above all things, it is requisite that they should not consider their rank and power, as a body or as individuals, to depend on the number of laws which they make, in a given time, or on the adventitious circumstance of those laws pleasing or displeasing any particular district or party of the people.

Now we challenge the effrontery of the most barefaced Radical, or the plausibility of the most sophistical Whig, to confute the assertion that in every one of these respects the House of Lords is, of all bodies of whom the nation is composed, the best qualified to make judicious laws for the benefit of the community. By their rank, wealth, and habits, they are, at least as far as theory can lead us to suppose, (and let it be remembered that in this part of our article it is with theory we are dealing,) accustomed to a wide range of elegant literature and philosophy ; they are obliged by the society in which they intermix, to be acquainted to a considerable extent with the works and opinions of the wisest of all ages. They are almost always sent when young to travel in other countries, to learn the habits, institutions, and sentiments of their inhabitants. Their society beyond their own rank is chiefly composed of those most eminent for talents, and for the use made by them of those talents. They have less interest in the common objects of laws than most classes, as their property and rank is in general fixed, and not liable to the sudden fluctuations of that of the mercantile or professional departments of society, and they are consequently less liable to be influenced in their views by considerations of private advantage and profit, and more likely to view questions according to the principles of right and wrong, and public benefit and injury. Their connexions, acquaintances, and even their residences, *being more extensively spread, they are less tempted to derive limited and*

partial views from constant intercourse with any one confined social circle, while the decorum of their rank early instils a habit of command over themselves, and over the expression, at least, of temper and feeling.

In these countries the peerage is particularly fitted for this office, as while raised by rank above the rest of their fellow subjects, they are yet possessed of none of those privileges which tend to draw an absolute line of demarcation between them and others, and to prevent them from being interested in and acquainted with the welfare of the other classes. Their interest must always be the interest of the nation at large ; and while the circumstances we have before mentioned render them more competent to judge of the general good, and less liable to be biased in forming that judgment, yet these distinctions do not operate to such an extent as to render them unacquainted with the affairs on which that judgment is to be exercised. Lastly, let us consider the source from whence this body is supplied. Generally speaking, every member of it has either himself been, or is descended from a family who have been, eminent for talents, virtues, or heroic qualities.

Thus far we have dwelt on the theory of the constitution, and endeavoured to show, by a short sketch, that as far as this goes the House of Lords are of the whole kingdom the portion best qualified to legislate beneficially for the community. Much more might be said to this effect ; but we shall pass on to the more practical part of the subject, and the rather because we do not think that this point, even if fully established, would satisfy the design we have in view, or answer the question to which we have undertaken to reply.

The next branch of our subject leads us to inquire what were the opinions of those who originated the power and authority of parliament ; what they conceived to be its design, and how they supposed that design would be most effectually answered.

Certainly no people, from the Athenian to the Arab, ever were more truly free, were more tenacious of their liberty, or took wiser measures to secure it, than our Saxon ancestors : yet there never existed a body of men in whom

the classes of society were more steadily distinguished, or who paid more uniform respect to the distinctions of rank.

We affect to trace to them our love of freedom. We glory in attributing to them several of our wisest laws and the noblest principles of our constitution; we ascribe, and justly ascribe, to their wittenagemotes some of those institutions to which England at this hour owes her glory. Whom did these, our free, wise, and high-spirited ancestors, consider the best qualified to make laws for the welfare of the nation? Did they select the boxer, whose gambling adventures had gained him an equal portion of wealth and infamy? the manufacturing adventurer, whose sole eminence consisted in his successful attempts to make blacking for shoes? or the needy and reckless demagogue, who went about proclaiming to the rabble that all the existing order of things was one monstrous abuse? Were these the characters or rank of the men to whom our ancestors confided the great duty of legislation? They placed that power in the hands of their "wise men;" and those whom they designated by this honourable title were the then existing peers, spiritual and temporal, of the realm. True it is that many of that class whom we now denominate commoners were included in that assembly; but was it as an elected or representative class? Far from it: each man held his place there in his own right: he was not indebted to a faction for his rank, and compelled to consult the whim of that faction to retain that rank. Such men as this our ancestors deemed the objects of laws, not the makers of them.

But it will be said that new principles were introduced at the Conquest. Perhaps so: if they were, they were certainly not more favourable to liberty; but we are not here called on to show what is the nature of our constitution with regard to this great body, for that is sufficiently obvious; but to demonstrate that, in conferring on one portion of the community the powers and duties of the House of Lords, that constitution has acted wisely. But, in fact, the Conquest, as it is called, although it did ultimately, by the influx of Normans, bringing with them their national habits and institutions, materially alter our constitution, yet, with respect to

the subject of our inquiry, their views and sentiments were precisely similar to those of their Saxon predecessors.

It is an unquestioned fact of history that, for centuries after the Conquest, until the reign of Henry the Third, there is not the least trace of anything like a representative legislature. For the whole of this long period the entire legislative power was vested in the House of Lords and the sovereign, or perhaps we should more correctly say, in the aristocracy of the nation, as the lesser barons had much the rank of our present baronets and esquires of large fortune. The principle was, however, the same; and during the whole rise of the nation to power and eminence, during the formation and establishment of most of our wisest systems of jurisprudence, and during the many gallant and successful struggles in the field and in the council-chamber, by which our most important liberties were ascertained and rendered the birthright of the subject; the whole legislative and deliberative, as well as the supreme judicative power, was entrusted by our ancestors to the aristocracy and sovereign.

"But," it may be answered, "the result proved that they were mistaken, as they found themselves at length obliged to resort to the creation of a representative legislature." That a representative body did at length obtain a great, and has every hour from that to the present period obtained a greater, share in the legislative power; and that that body, not content with its advances in that branch of authority, is at present, by interfering with the King's choice of his ministers, pretending to a share even in the executive department, is certain. But what was the origin of that body, and what were the first effects of its creation? Did the people, groaning under the tyrannical or absurd legislation of the aristocracy, make a grand effort, and compel them to share their power with the representatives of the nation? Or did the peers themselves, conscious of their own inability to make wise laws, seek the aid of this delegated wisdom? Or, rather, did not the monarch, smarting under the successful efforts of that great body in favour of liberty—mortified by their steady opposition to the senseless schemes of a

wild and sanguinary ambition—bent upon gaining the means of carrying on that ruinous war with the neighbouring continent, the success of which would have been fatal, and the failure of which was most disastrous to the empire; and hopeless of ever attaining, with their consent, that arbitrary sway which the other sovereigns of Europe had already, in a great degree, become possessed of—did not the monarch, under the influence of all these motives, fix upon this very representative body, and call them into being, for the purpose of gaining a party in the legislature, from their rank, more easily influenced and corrupted; from their education, more incapable to judge with wisdom and impartiality; from their habits and information less competent to foresee the result of measures; and, from all these united, better fitted to be the servile instruments by which the despotism of the houses of Tudor and of Stuart was to be raised upon the ruins of Saxon and Norman liberty.

The introduction of a representative body into the legislature was so far, then, from being the result of a feeling, on the part of the nation, that the confidence of their ancestors had been misplaced, and that the wise men, as they were emphatically called, were not the fittest persons to be entrusted with legislative power, that it was, in fact, the strongest proof that that body had not only executed their office with ability and success, but that they were such powerful and vigilant guardians of the constitution, that the monarch was compelled to create a house of commons *to enable him to subvert the liberties of the nation.*

The truth of this position was exemplified in the manner in which this new body was looked on by the people. So conscious were they of the object of its formation, and so well aware that their liberties were in safer hands before its establishment, that it was a matter of great difficulty to persuade or force them to return representatives.

For a length of time after its creation, the lower house was merely a committee of supply, and its admission to legislative power was merely a consequence of the influence it derived from the direction of the resources and *of its greater subserviency to the designs of the crown.*

The aristocracy of England was that portion of her inhabitants who alone stood forward to brave and check the growing despotism of the papal see; who formed the constitutions of Clarendon; who wrung from the unwilling cowardice of the caitiff John the great charter of our liberties; who again and again vindicated and restored that charter when violated by him and his successors, and finally established it beyond the reach of danger as the great beacon of the rights of Englishmen. That illustrious body it was who repelled the attempt to substitute for the free and rational principles of the ancient common law of England the elegant despotism of the code of Justinian; and when that system was pressed upon them with all the attractions attending its recent discovery, with all the artifices and ingenuity of the clergy, aided by the influence of the papal see and the favour of the sovereigns of Europe, whom it would have rendered masters of despotic power, they repressed the first attempt to introduce it by the brief and memorable reply, "We will not that the laws of England should be changed."

The limits to which we are at present confined will not admit a detailed history of all the important occasions on which the House of Lords, subsequently to the establishment of the House of Commons as a separate branch of the legislature, exercised its power to check the encroachments of the royal prerogative at one time, and to restrain the democratic spirit of the Commons at another, to defeat the attempts of that body to destroy the rights of the sovereign, or to turn on the very class for whose special protection they professed to have been founded, and to reduce the hereditary rights and liberties of the people to a submissive dependence on their haughty will. Numerous instances of the active, decided, and salutary interference of the upper house on all these occasions of public emergency, might be adduced, to which, as far as we can venture to point out the consequences likely to have resulted from a state of things where experience affords no direct light, the national rights and liberties owed their preservation from ruin.

The importance of the House of

Lords, as the guardian of the people against the tyrannical ambition of the Commons, was remarkably exemplified in the case of the Aylesbury burgesses, in the reign of William III. The Lord Chief Justice Holt had decided that the subject, when refused his right of voting by a returning officer at an election, had right of action against that officer in a court of common law. The Commons, incensed at this, asserted that no one had power to decide in any such cases but themselves. This was an affair of obvious importance, involving the question whether the subject had a right, by the law, to the exercise of his franchise, or whether a majority in the lower house should be able to perpetuate their power by authorising the returning officer to admit only such votes as they approved. The importance of the question was duly estimated by the nation, as well as by the courts of law and both houses. The Commons, enraged that any one should attempt to limit their authority, or propose any other mode of decision than their will, seized all the electors who had brought the actions, resolved them guilty of contempt and breach of privilege, and committed them to Newgate. The latter sued out writs of *Habeas Corpus*, and Holt fearlessly said that they were entitled to their discharge. The house, incensed at such audacity, issued warrants to seize even the counsel who had been concerned. Throughout the whole affair Holt had stood alone. The terrors of the house had intimidated the other judges. He bravely said, "If the House of Commons declare themselves to have privileges which they have no legal claim to, the people of England will not be stopped by that declaration." Here, however, he was mistaken. The people of England would, because they could not help it, have submitted; for their only remedy would have been by a rebellion. Holt would have fallen a victim to his courage, and the usurpation so gained would have been but the stepping-stone to more. But the country was saved even from a struggle. The House of Lords interposed their power; decreed, in a most solemn decision, that Holt was right; published an able and full statement of their judgment; sent it to all the returning officers, with their mandate to

obey it, and enforced a sulky submission on the lower house.

But the peers have not confined their interposition to the defence of the subject, although that is either passively or actively the constant effect of their authority. They have as frequently exerted it in restraining the unconstitutional attempts of the lower house against the rights of the crown: for example—in the reign of Charles the Second, the Commons had contrived a mode of assuming to themselves the whole legislative power, by tacking whatever bills they wished to pass to the end of the money bills; so that the one could not be passed without the other. Here the Lords interposed, and remonstrated against the practice, and finally made it a standing order of the house not to entertain any bills annexed to money bills. Soon after, in the same reign, the Commons attempted to render the crown elective, and to exclude the right heir from it. This would have been effected with the approbation of the people, who merely looked to the particular instance. The Lords, however, though feeling the urgency of that instance as strongly as either, yet saw the consequences of such a usurpation of power, and positively rejected the measure. The result was, that instead of a complete destruction of the whole system and principles of our social constitution, by a proceeding which would have subverted the monarchy, the nation was relieved from all the evils apprehended, by the subsequent abdication of the individual in question, and the consequent settlement of the crown on the very principles advocated by the Commons to justify their proposal, but in a manner which left the whole structure of the constitution precisely as before that event, or rather, if anything, confirmed and secured thereby. The Lords could not, it is true, have foreseen this result, and were therefore actuated merely by a steady and patient conviction of duty in disregard to the shallow wavering and Will-o'-the-wisp-like doctrine of expediency; the adoption of which was certainly never more plausibly urged, or its fearless rejection more gloriously rewarded.

It has also been a favourite attempt of the lower house to pass what are called place bills, restraining

the distribution of preferments by the crown. During the whole of the last century the Lords resisted this encroachment, and uniformly rejected all such bills. We are here far from wishing to imply that the lower house has not been repeatedly of the greatest service in restraining the upper. We think, that in this respect, the obligation, for such it really is, has been perfectly mutual. But if our readers will take the trouble of tracing the circumstances in which these occasions of contest originated, they will probably arrive at the same conclusion which has impressed itself on our mind, that in most instances the improper conduct of the House of Lords was rather the result of individual or accidental motives, while, on the other hand, the salutary interference of that body, and the usurpations of the Commons were part of a system originating in, and produced by the essential constitution of the two bodies. To ascertain this, history must, in this respect, be viewed as a connected whole; but we think that this is the fairest way to view it, and we are assured that the result of the examination will justify the position we have laid down.

We have endeavoured to show that the perfection of a legislative body consists in its being qualified to enact salutary laws for the benefit of the people, and that it is not of the least consequence whether such laws are agreeable to the people; that the House of Peers are in a high degree qualified for this purpose, not merely on account of their extensive acquirements and high honor, but from the fact of their not being, if we may so say, removable from office at the pleasure of those whom the laws are made especially to govern and control, while they are also comparatively free from the temptations of individual interest, and that anxiety to make a name by introducing a measure, which is the natural result of temporary dignity. We have also noticed some of the practical illustrations afforded by history. We would briefly state our opinion thus. As far as results from their essential constitution, the House of Peers must be disposed to consider the introduction of a new law to be in itself, to a certain extent, an injury; the House of Commons to look upon it as a merit. It

is better for a state to have its laws too few than too many. A legislative body should be as much on its guard against activity as an executive against supineness.

It will not be necessary to enter at much length into the question of the utility of the House of Peers as a supreme court of judicature. It is obvious that some such court must exist—that it must be endowed as well with a legal as equitable jurisdiction—and that, since superiors may materially suffer from a trial by their inferiors, though the latter can seldom suffer from being judged by the former, that court should consist of the highest persons in the realm, who are competent for the office. But let us consider what are the component parts of that supreme court. Its acting members are chiefly of two classes, peers by descent, and peers elevated for legal learning and abilities. It derives, therefore, from the latter the greatest body perhaps of judicial information in the world, while the former act as a species of jury, selected from the very finest panel, if we may so express it, that was ever formed.

As the court of ultimate resort, they must be, to a certain extent, judges both of law and of fact, and for this office there exists no other body equally qualified; while, as the authority which is to lay down what is the law in cases wholly new and without precedent, they must be more or less cognizant of, and able to declare the intention of the legislature which framed the law. The right of deciding without appeal, in all manner of cases, must be lodged in some one body. To none can it be so safely entrusted as to that class which is supplied by the constant influx of all that is most eminent for wisdom, learning and virtue.

We cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to a powerful testimony which has lately appeared in favor of the utility of the House of Lords, and of the aristocracy in general. This evidence is drawn from the infuriated hatred and malice displayed towards them in three little pamphlets, attributed, though perhaps without foundation, to the pen of a distinguished patron of, and voucher for, the present ministry. Were that house useless they would not have been honored with such deep and bitter

hatred; were they not really the safeguard of the nation they would not be denounced by the author and his faction with such ferocious hostility, as the grand obstacles to all improvement, or, in other words, as what he and they feel to be, the sole power in the state, able and willing to prevent the absolute ruin of every public and private right—every religious and political institution. This is sufficient to excite the most active malignity of such a person, and the unhappy beings to whom he addresses these seditious pamphlets. But this is not the only crime of that house in the eyes of those men. When the ring-leader of that party, the secret patron and public eulogist of these pamphlets, was first raised to that house, its members were resolved, in spite of all his previous life, to treat him as if they supposed him to possess gentlemanly feelings, and they continued to do so until he had so effectually shown that the Ethiopian could not change his skin, that they were compelled not merely to form a just estimate of his character, but to manifest, in no doubtful manner, what that estimate was.

The works to which we allude are called, "Thoughts upon the Aristocracy of England, by Isaac Tomkins, Gent.;" "A Letter to Mr. Isaac Tomkins, by Peter Jenkins;" and "A Letter to Isaac Tomkins and Peter Jenkins, on Primogeniture, by Timothy Winterbottom."

We strongly recommend the perusal of these little works to all those who think that they should seek for truth by joining no party, the Nicodemus and Agrippæ of politics—but especially to that numerous body who advocate in principle or practice the doctrine of expediency, who eulogize the constitution, and with amiable indignation deny that they would suffer to be removed any portion whatever of its glorious fabric, except merely the useless blocks which constitute the foundation. To this most unhappy class of politicians, who add to the crime of following in the train of revolutionary ruffians the contemptible weakness of doing so reluctantly, we consider these little epitomes of all that is false, gross and disgusting in the radical press of Great Britain may be of use, because we think it will show them more fully

than we can do, the folly and criminality of attempting to attain ends which they suppose to be good, by the encouragement and aid, in however slight a degree, of men whose principles they disapprove; and will demonstrate the practical fallacy of the theory, that in a revolution, the moderate majority of *soi-disant* reformers can restrain the more violent and consistent democrats, and effect by their united efforts a partial alteration.

The rumour, which certainly proceeded from high authority, with respect to the authorship of these pamphlets, was probably grounded upon, and certainly received a strong confirmation from, the remarkable similarity to the style and consistency with the character and disposition of the individual whose first appearance was as contributor to an infidel periodical—his next as the advocate of that unhappy and abandoned woman, whom, for the purpose of obtaining an opportunity of insulting his sovereign and acquiring a polluted notoriety, he actually, while affecting zeal in her behalf, was foully and fatally betraying.

It is not surprising that these productions should have been attributed to, and favourably reviewed, nay, highly eulogized by him, who, after a long and fruitless struggle to creep into the favor of the king he had insulted, and obtain the gratification of his vanity and the great object of his desires, an elevation to that rank which he affects to despise—an introduction to that society on which he now pours forth the vile abuse of his calumnious pen—at length attained the rank to which he had so long fondly aspired, by seizing the moment when a new ministry were coming in and embarrassed by a variety of difficulties, to give notice of a bill, the introduction of which would drive his friends out of office, in order to compel them to secure his silence by removing him to the upper house before the appointed day. The same perfectly consistent individual, while he retains the title of his rank in England, lays it aside in France, and preconcerts with one of the associates of his depravity, that the latter should, in the midst of a furious and pointless tirade against the aristocracy, make a mock apology to his lordship, in order that

he might reply, in a mixture of blasphemous profaneness, and low, sneering vulgarity, that he "would listen with Christian forbearance to every thing that might be said against his order."

We shall proceed to our extracts, merely requesting our readers to observe, that the ultra principles displayed are the real and consistent ones, and that the only consistent ones that can be set in opposition to them are those of decided Conservatism.

We shall commence by showing who are the body against whom these pamphlets are designed to inflame the real anti-Tory party; for we do not designate as a party that mass of persons calling themselves "moderate liberals," who differ from each other in all manner of shades of principles, and even in the extent to which they would act on the very principles they themselves profess to advocate. From this class of individuals the two great parties are gradually, but, of course, with daily increasing rapidity drawing their recruits. When this has continued long enough to reduce this quagmire of inconsistent weakness to a numerical equal to its moral insignificance, the crisis will have come, and we think will also be past, as the mere display of the overwhelming power of the then Tory party will be enough to restore the liberties and heal the wounds of the constitution. But to proceed with our extracts. After anticipating a triumph of his faction, and remarking, that before the approaching opportunity arrives, it is advisable to *attend* a little "to the aristocratic principle among us"—or in other words, to prepare the minds of his gang for their extirpation—he proceeds,

"The nobility of England, though it forms the basis and the bulk, forms not the whole of our aristocratic body. To all practical purposes we must include under that name all their immediate connexions, and even all who live in the same circles, have the same objects, and from time to time attain the same privileges. . . . What difference in society is there between a lord's second son, or indeed his eldest, and the son of a rich squire, especially if he be of old family, that is, if his father or grandfather have been squires before him? . . . That

hereditary privileges are at the bottom of the whole, is not denied; that those privileges being destroyed, all the worst parts of the other evils would cease, is admitted. . . . When the legislature, as in this country, has been long in the hands of the *wealthy*, they are apt to confound and mistake their interests and convenience for those of society at large, and thus to perpetuate regulations from which they alone derive advantage."

Mark, reader, the author, writing for the radicals (for he despises the intermediate class as much as we do) defines the aristocracy as—the peers, all related to them, all connected with them, all who appear in the society in which they also appear, all those squires who can boast a father and grandfather, and finally all the wealthy. He is perfectly right; and however we may detest the author, whether he be the individual who has eulogised these works in a distinguished periodical, or is only famous as the spouse of the most disgusting female writer of the day; yet we fully admit the justice of his assertion, that in all their great interests these classes are indeed identified. We shall presently notice the miserable attempts he makes to prevent his dupes among them from perceiving this inference. Now for the description of their character, habits, society, &c.

"Statesmen pass much of their time in it; they discuss their measures of a party nature before the empty women and the frivolous youths who compose it. They are not a little moved by the opinion which has dominion in these select circles; they are prevented from making useful appointments of men unknown to these arbiters and arbitresses of fashion—and therefore despised by them—but who would be still more despised if they were known, because they are men of learning and sound sense. The same statesmen are also kept from taking an interest in many good works—as in humane and philanthropic pursuits—and in supporting wise measures of improvement founded upon profound views of human nature and of man's wants, by the same tone of ridicule with which, within these sacred precincts, all mention of such things is sure to be greeted. Lastly, as those circles are drawn round the very *focus* of all hatred and contempt for the

people, they are the very hotbeds of Toryism and intolerance; nothing being more certain than that the women of fashion and all the young aristocrats (perhaps more or less of all parties) hate reform; look down upon the people; desire more or less openly to have a strong, arbitrary, Tory government, and would fain see the day dawn upon military power established on the ruins of the national representation." * *

"The want of sense and reason which prevails in these circles is wholly inconceivable. An ignorance of all that the more refined of the middle, or even of the lower classes, well know, is accompanied by an insulting contempt for any one who does not know any of the silly and worthless trifles which form the staple of their only knowledge. An entire incapacity of reasoning is twin sister to a ready, and flippant, and authoritative denial of all that reason has taught others. An utter impossibility of understanding what men of learning and experience have become familiar with, stalks hand in hand, insolent and exulting, with a stupid denial of truths which are all but self-evident, and are of extreme importance. Every female member of this exquisite class is under the exclusive dominion of some waiting maid, or silly young lover, or slander-mongering newspaper; and if not under the sway of one paper, lives in bodily fear of two or three. Bribes, entreaties, threats, are by turns employed to disarm these tyrants; and however tormented the wretched victim may be, she is forced by some strange fatality, or propensity, to read what most tortures her." * *

"Furious to the pitch of Bethlem or St. Luke's, if they themselves be but touched or threatened, nothing can be more exemplary than the fortitude with which they sustain the rudest shocks that can be given to the reputation of their dearest and nearest connexions. Nay, they bear without flinching, with the patience of anchorites, and the courage of martyrs, (but that the pain is vicarious,) the most exquisite and long-continued tortures to which the feelings of their friends and relations can be subjected. This is no exaggeration; for it is below, very much below, the truth. They delight in the slander of that press, the terrors of which daily haunt them, and nightly break their slumbers. Nothing is to them a greater enjoyment than to read all that can be said against their friends. They know, to be sure, that all is false; but, judging

by themselves, they know that all of it gives pain." * * *

"Thus, the class we are speaking of form in reality the slander-market of the day; and yet, with a miraculous inconsistency, they are in one everlasting chorus against 'the license of the press,' which, but for them, would have no being; but for their follies, no object; but for their malice, no support; but for their spiteful credulity, no dupes to work upon; but for their existence, no chance of continuing its own." * *

"Even wit, the most refined, finds no echo in such minds; and if it be used in illustrating an argument or in pressing home the demonstration (which it often may be), the author is charged with treating a serious subject lightly, and of jesting where he should reason. Broad humour, descending to farce, is the utmost reach of their capacity; and that is of no value in their eyes unless it raises a laugh at a friend's expense." * *

"The body at large is our foe; that is incapable of conversion. Mr. O'Connell may threaten and Mr. Brougham (mark reader!) may educate for ages; that body is beyond all the fears which the former can excite, and all the improvement which the latter can produce. All their habits—all their connexions—all their interests—oppose any conversion short of what a miracle could work. The abuses of the system are not merely the protection of their order, but its direct presiding genius. For them, sinecures exist; for them, jobs are done. They it is that profit by the over-payment of public functionaries. They it is that amass wealth by the tax imposed upon the bread consumed, and alone consumed, by the people. For their sons an overgrown army provides commissions and staff-appointments. For their sons a bloated church establishment displays deaneries, and prebends, and bishoprics. To teach their children Tory principles, the public schools (the best education in England, and one utterly below contempt) train the patrician infant to lisp in slavish accents. To confirm the lessons of Eton and Winchester, Oxford opens her conservative arms, and eradicates whatever feelings of humanity, whatever reasonable opinions the expanding faculties of the mind may have engrafted upon the barren stocks of Henry the Sixth and William of Wickham." * *

"I think it is in Sheridan's Trip to Scarborough that a noble lord is intro-

duced as recommending his brother to take to robbing on the high road as a means of subsistence. The spirit of this advice has long been acted on."

We shall now briefly notice the inconsistencies we have alluded to. One of these is merely apparent, it is his eulogy on the middle class; and is as follows:—

"The middle, not the upper class, are the part of the nation which is entitled to command respect, and enabled to win esteem or challenge admiration. They read, they reflect, they reason, they think for themselves; they will neither let a pope, nor a prince, nor a minister, nor a newspaper form their opinions for them; and they will neither, from views of interest nor motives of fear, be made the dupe or tool of others. They are the nation—the people—in every rational or correct sense of the word. By them, through them, for them, the fabric of the government is reared, continued, designed. How long are they likely to suffer a few persons of overgrown wealth, laughable folly, and considerable profligacy, to usurp, and exclusively to hold, all consideration, all individual importance?"

With other similar passages scattered up and down, for the double purpose of blinding his professed friends, but intended victims, and of pandering to the vanity of the low radicals, who must see from the whole work that they are the class really designed by this title. But the most treacherous inconsistency in the work, is that immediately after a desperate attack such as we have given some examples of, he affects to qualify, but really confirms it by some hardly intelligible sentence to the effect, that even if the aristocracy were removed, yet much of the evil would remain, if the accumulation of wealth were allowed; and then wheels off with a flourishing sentiment, that no man in his senses would wish to interfere with the rights of property; that the progress of knowledge will be the best softener of harsher features; that no man who understands our constitution would wish to see the House of Lords abolished, but merely improved, &c. These passages he places where they are likely to soothe the liberal reader, *whom he believes*, and indeed is well justified by experience in believing,

incompetent, either by weakness or indolence, to compare the works with themselves, and with each other, as the radical will do, to whom he always addresses the closing sentence of undefined meaning, but easily understood, that it is his object only to point out the disease, that they are to consider the remedy.

One passage we must extract, as paying a reluctant tribute to the truth of the principle which it is the design of this article to advocate.

"I am far from doubting the policy of the existence of a second deliberative body, less likely to be affected by popular clamour and to be run away with by vague theories and speculations than those who depend immediately on the people; but surely the opposition of our aristocracy has amounted to more than to mere slowness; they have exhibited not the moment of inertia, but a determined and blind resistance."

In this passage itself there is, however, a special absurdity. What is the meaning or the use of a second deliberative body to whom he allows only *slowness*, and will not permit any power of *resistance*? The nonsensical expression, "the moment of inertia," would confer probability on the idea first started, as to its authorship, by an individual, whose impudent assumption of a scientific character, is only equalled by his total ignorance even of the commonest principles of science.

He throws an insidious sop to his dupes by such passages as the following:—

"Nevertheless, don't let us be run away with by names, and fancy that lords may not be very good men, and good reformers too."

"The aristocracy, as a body, is essentially the enemy of all reform. Exceptions there are. Excellent sense in one; in another, good education for about the worst educated (because most religious) country in Europe; in a third, party-zeal; in a fourth, personal spleen,—may alienate members of the body from their natural connexions, and enlist them in the cause of the people. For the aid of these men the country can never be too grateful. Far from repelling them by insult and damping their generous efforts in our behalf by a cold and sullen reception, it is our duty and our interest to hail their arrival among us with open

arms. They are of infinite use to us. Their motives should not be too narrowly scrutinized. They are worthy of all acceptance; and, if we know either what becomes us, or what serves us, we shall affectionately and gratefully receive them."

Even here he cannot refrain from lashing at the individuals whom he affects to praise, and hints to his party that they should receive them *because* they are of use to them; that is to say, that while they require them to help them in destroying their own order, they should conceal, as far as it is necessary to deceive *them*, their contempt and hatred; and as soon as their degrading work shall be performed, they will feel at liberty to treat them as they had done the rest, with the additional punishment and scorn due to traitors.

The following passages are worthy of notice; as illustrating this statement, and also showing to our own party that they need not fear to lose any thing except the privilege they seem to value so highly, that of being spectators of, instead of actors in the contest; and that they may soon expect a clear field, and the mass of indolent and lukewarm self-deceivers, who amuse their vanity by calling themselves the "*juste milieu*" party, are hourly diminishing in number and importance, and will speedily be driven from their absurd and criminal attempt to hover between right and wrong:—

"Does any one dream that above 200, or at most, 250 of the Commons really love reform, merely because the other reformers, the merely *nominal liberals*, do not dare throw out reform bills and motions? Not a bit of it: they hate reform bitterly—hate it for its own sake—hate it for their sakes—hate it for the sake of the House of Lords, whom they really love, and where most of them hope to sit. But they fear us as well as detest us, and they must vote whether they will or no on many questions. Only see the effects of this. It is like the argument of *measures*, not *men*."

"Our friends are the minority; and the rest of the opposition, who, in case of a change, will be the ministerial body, is composed of men in whom the country never can again place any trust; because they have got into parliament under false pretences; wheedling us one day with

promises of strong votes, and breaking these promises the next; gaining their seats by pledges of reform, and forfeiting those pledges the moment they were sworn in." * * *

"But the persons whom we really have a right to complain of, and whom all honest men must blame, and all men of spirit despise, are the forty or fifty pretended liberals, who have not gone over openly to the enemy. These rotten members are the true cause of all the mischief that is befalling us. They will possibly make it impracticable to form a good liberal ministry: they will almost certainly cause any government that is formed to be ill constructed,—patched of feeble men,—unpopular statesmen, and puny reformers, if reformers at all; and they will assuredly make it quite impossible for even such a ministry to last; so that we shall be driven very soon back to the Tories; and that vile and intolerable dominion will be perpetuated over us to the lasting disgrace of the country."

We should not trouble our readers with any notice of the absurdities into which our author falls in talking of property *descending according to the law of nature*; a thing in itself perfect nonsense; the law of nature being force and occupation, and every species of descent being the mere creature of municipal law, and differing in every country, and even in the parts of the same country; as for example, in England, the three rules of feudal, gavel-kind, and borough English tenure; where, in the first, the eldest son; in the second, all alike; and in the third, the youngest alone, is heir to the ancestor; all three systems equally a civil restraint on the natural law by which the neighbours would have all fought for the property; and if the son got it, it would have been the mere result of force or accident, which probably would have given it to the eldest, if any. Perhaps the wisest system was that which gave it to the youngest, on the ground, that, in trading towns where it obtained, the elder children have been provided for by the father in his life-time.

It is truly ludicrous to observe the contortions and anxiety of our author to unite, with any pretence of consistency, his abusive contempt of polished society with his rage and mortification

at being excluded from it; we should rather say, his attempts to excite, at the same time, these two feelings in others, for he is probably, at least to a certain extent, permitted occasionally to pollute that society with his own presence for which he makes this grateful return.

For the purpose of destroying the respect of the lower orders for this society, our worthy radical proceeds:

"The number of men and women are pretty nearly equal in the world, the number of elder sons but small. Every man, says Adam Smith, has a peculiar confidence in his own good luck. Every woman, perhaps, in her good luck and good looks combined. Every one thinks that she has a better chance than her neighbours of securing a matrimonial prize; and if a daughter's generosity or folly lead her to prefer a younger brother, the superior sagacity and prudence of her mother will speedily set the matter right; access will be denied him, perhaps some history of a flirtation with another conjured up, or if he confide his wishes to the fair one's parents, she may not be informed of his proposal. In short, to use the language of political economists, the supply of wives exceeds the demand. Hence arises the noble science of matrimonial angling. The noblest and most amiable part of our species are turned into so many artificial flies to tickle and catch the human trout. Flimsy accomplishments are substituted for solid education; the adornment of the person for that of the mind; dress takes the place of literature; singing and dancing, instead of being regarded, one as a pleasant way of beguiling a cheerless hour, the other as a means of securing a graceful deportment, are ends seriously pursued for their own sake. While the mother superintends the maid or the milliner as she sews the gown on her daughter's back; while she watches with respectful deference Mr. Nesbit or Mr. Woodman, as he decks or disfigures her hair with the orthodox ornaments prescribed by fashion, or plasters the curls with rice water to her temples, her daughter's morals are left pretty nearly to form themselves, and her reading confined to fashionable novels or trumpery annuals. The whole soul of the mother is bent on securing the benefit of an establishment; no time is to be lost, the future is left to *take care of itself*; present attraction is *all that is thought of*. Conscious that

the chances are against her, the market being overstocked, no manœuvre is missed, no opportunity neglected, and much may be, and is, done by the good management of a judicious chaperon. The gaudy bait is skilfully played before the eyes of the destined victim; the fine-drawn slender line is invisible; the simple object of these arts, perhaps just twenty-one and fresh from college, sees and desires, thinks all is gold that glitters; he nibbles: should some other sister of the hook interfere, and try to lure away the prey, falsehood and slander lend their aid to defeat her intrigues: just when the swain begins to think himself in love, the bait is withdrawn, he follows, and at last takes it. But with matrimony comes repentance. Scarce is the honeymoon passed, when he finds out the deception which has been practised; he discovers that, instead of an amiable companion, who can enliven moments of dulness as well as partake of the pleasures of gaiety, he has married an empty, selfish, heartless, frivolous person, who cares not a sixpence for anything but his fortune, and who looks upon him only as the peg upon which her establishment hangs. But it is too late so recede: he may, indeed, "flounce indignant of the guile," but the line of matrimony is too strong to be broken. The natural consequence follows; the gentleman amuses himself with a mistress, the lady with a lover. This may be thought a picture too highly coloured; but I do maintain that it is the tendency of primogeniture to generate this spirit of rapacity and artifice; it even tends to make sister rival sister, and perhaps a whole family pull caps for one man. May be, indeed, under the pressing exigencies of circumstances, a rich grocer or tea-dealer is admitted to purchase his admission into the ranks of gentility by taking some unsaleable commodity off her mother's hands. If no such thing as primogeniture existed, if things were left to follow their own course, and permitted to flow in their natural channels, this disparity between the demand and supply would vanish; this urgent necessity to be the first in the field, and to secure the first rich fool, boy or booby, that might offer, would disappear; women would mate with their equals; and though Hyde Park might not exhibit so long a line of carriages on a Sunday, nor the opera so splendid an attendance on a Saturday, yet the number of old maids at Bath and of divorces at Doctors' Commons would be diminished."

There may be much abstract truth in these attacks, but none in their present application. Interested marriages are, no doubt, common; but we tell our author, and we ground this, perhaps startling, assertion, on long attention and impartial observation, that, generally speaking, the proportion of such unions increases exactly in the ratio of the poverty of the class in which they exist; and to such an extent does this hold, as frequently to have almost compelled us to doubt the existence, in the very lowest classes, of any other motive whatever.

For evidence in support of this we do not refer our readers to the *Eclogues* of Virgil, the *Aminta* of Tasso, or the *Galatea* of Florian, but to the source where we were ourselves instructed—the school of practical and patient observation.

But to return to our author. After a very intelligible dissertation to prove how conducive it would be to public improvement to lay hold on all private libraries, galleries, museums, &c. for the state, and not to remove them from their present residences—far would he be from doing such a Gothic act—but simply to remove the owners from both, and to render the mansion and its contents public property; and showing in one place that to be sickly and profligate is the essential distinction of an eldest son, and the result of too much wealth; he soon after demonstrates, with equal force of reasoning, that these same things are peculiar to younger sons, and a necessary consequence of their poverty. He then kindly condescends to answer some difficulties that squeamish minds might suggest to the adoption of his system.

“It will be objected, I doubt not, that one class of society, the country gentlemen, would disappear from among us were this law or custom of primogeniture to be discontinued: but it may be questioned whether this would be an evil, and whether a subdivision of landed property into portions, sufficiently large, however, for the profitable employment of capital, is not greatly to be desired.”

“I much doubt whether the country gentlemen, improved as they are since the days of Squire Western, are to be considered as a class in any great degree conducive to the public good.”

“To the country gentlemen we owe the evils which the new poor-law bill was introduced to remedy; with them would disappear our game laws; and our corn laws would, perhaps, be more easily abolished. I believe them to be eminently unfit for the management of our jails; and, in short, were a national system of education and a well organized paid magistracy established, I think the proprietors and occupiers of land would speedily learn to manage their own matters better than the best committee of the most active country justices, and that the disappearance of the country gentlemen, instead of an objection, would be found an additional argument on my side. Nor should we by this be deprived of an aristocracy: the intelligence distributed through the country would not be diminished; far otherwise. The mansions, the palaces, the manors, which now are possessed by those who too often inherit the prejudices as well as the estates of their ancestors, would pass into the hands of men of far greater ability and acquirement, who would bring into agriculture some portion of that acuteness of mind and intensity of purpose by which the means of their purchase were acquired, and by which that which, though the most complicated, is the most neglected of our arts, might receive that scientific cultivation which alone can enable the British to compete with the foreign corn grower.”

We shall make but one more extract, for the purpose of warning those would-be Conservatives, who would rather cut their own throats quietly than fright those who wish to do them this kind office, and whose timely exclusion from administration has recently preserved the constitution from being sacrificed to the conciliating timidity of those friends who forget that *public opinion will always follow a decided government*, and has saved the Conservative party from being the subject of a verdict of *felô de se*, the probability of which event seems to have occurred to our radical when he wrote as follows:—

“Now they must make their delicate and squeamish minds up to a little more of a real reform; for without it neither this nor any other government can go on; and if we get it, we must make up our minds not to care who gives it us. I should nowise wonder, friend Isaac, to find many of us even taking to some of the moderate Tories, if they would but

show a reforming spirit, and give up their ultra and Orange connexions. They are very stout when they take to a thing, and they don't stand at a trifle. Witness the Catholic question."

Ere we conclude we shall briefly notice one use of an established aristocracy, which may not have been so frequently observed as those we have mentioned. It consists in its affording a legitimate object of ambition, by which talent can attain rank without power. Of all tyrannies that of talent is the most dangerous. By tyranny we mean, of course, power not legitimately vested. Now, the object of the ambition of talent is a permanent distinction from the majority of society. The temporary eminence attained by each exertion of talent is obviously merely the means employed by the individual to attain the other. It is always a painful and galling mortification to talent to feel its rank depending on those whom it considers as its inferiors. Hence it is that republics whose territories are sufficiently peopled are perpetually involved in civil broils, and uniformly terminate in a despotism. There is no situation in them in which such a permanent distinction can be obtained. Men of talent and ambition are, therefore driven to recollect that that object can only be attained by possessing themselves of immense and independent power. The great movements of republics are, consequently, in general, convulsive, and are effected by the struggles of individual talent aiming at power. Those of a limited and mixed government, like that of Great Britain, on the other hand, are performed by the steady exertions of a great number of able minds, each of whom, having in view a distinct and authorised object, labours on, with that friendly disposition towards his fellow-citizens which results from the consciousness that his object is as generally approved as the means by which he attains it, and that jealous attachment to the constitution of his country which is the consequence of the feeling that on its permanence all his prospects depend. This is remarkably exemplified in a fact which has not escaped the notice even of our Transatlantic brethren, that what is called "*rising from the ranks*," or the elevation of *individuals, by the mere force of merit,*

from the lower to the highest stations in society, is not by any means so frequent in republics as in limited monarchies.

The reason of this is obvious, and may be illustrated by what our readers must have often observed when a mass of persons are congregated to see some public show. If they are on a smooth slope, the weight of all above presses on those below; each feels conscious that he holds his place merely by keeping down others; while those others have not only the sense of their own inferiority of station, but the galling reflection that they are supporting those who are enjoying such advantages over them. This state of things produces a constant restlessness. Each feels that if he must be in a constant struggle, he may as well struggle to improve as to retain his situation; and everyone, consequently, looks on his superiors as tyrants, his inferiors as enemies, and his equals as rivals. But how different the result when a similar crowd is collected on a flight of steps. Here the elevation of one is of no injury to another; each is secure of his own place, and, therefore, under no necessity of exertion, nor disposed to any hostile feeling towards others; on the contrary, if a vacancy appears, they are ready to help up one from below to fill it up.

The fundamental error of all attacks on the system of an hereditary aristocracy consists in the supposition that a state of political or social equality is possible, or consistent with the nature or circumstances of man, either in a civilized or savage state. We are not called on to inquire whether, if possible, it would be even desirable. Our own opinion is, that it would be in the highest degree otherwise; that a state of perfect and permanent equality, if such were possible, must completely paralyze and destroy the faculties and powers of the human mind. And, in fact, such is the natural inequality of mankind, that if we were to suppose the whole race, at any one given moment, rendered perfectly equal, there would be, within one year after, as many degrees of rank as there are in our own constitution; with the important difference that those degrees would be limited only by, and consist in, the various kinds of *power* which the talents or circumstances of each had enabled

them to attain over others. The leading distinction between a republic and a monarchy seems to be this, that while the same distinctions of rank are produced in each by the unequal distribution of wealth, talents, and fortune, they are acknowledged in the one state, and rendered the secure reward of merit, offering to ambition a permanent emi-

nence where its struggles may terminate, and which it may transmit to its posterity; which, being disowned by the other system, they are merely a temporary and precarious usurpation, to be maintained by force or cunning, at the expense of the hatred of all below, and the jealous suspicion of all above them.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

No. V.

THE POPULAR SECRETARIES OF STATE—THE CHIVALRY OF THE "REFORMED" HOUSE—MR. BUCKINGHAM'S COURT OF HONOR—LORD WELLESLEY'S RESIGNATION—FUSC AT WOLVERHAMPTON—HUME ON COSTUME—COCKNEY AMUSEMENTS IN HOT WEATHER.

THE POPULAR SECRETARIES OF STATE.

AT last the Whig-Radical secretaries of state have got into parliament—and how? By what singular and signal act of a grateful and delighted public have these leading members of a ministry arrogating to itself exclusive *popularity*, been enabled to take their seats as legislators for the people? Alas! that they who made the Reform Bill, and then worshipped the idol that they had made—alas! that they should live to see such an event—and so *soon* too! The public did *not* show itself grateful—did *not* show itself delighted, but left the secretaries of state to struggle into parliament by the ignoble and *back-stairs* entrance of two boroughs conveniently vacated *for the occasion*, and one peerage, because no *third* borough was convenient or compliant enough to receive the Right Honorable Secretary for the Colonial Department. What a falling off is here! How different from what might have been! How different from what *was* expected! Lord John Russell was so satisfied of the extreme unpopularity of the Conservative administration, and so modestly conscious that upon him and upon his colleagues were the popular hopes fixed, that on this very ground he led the late opposition to battle. That respectable and united band of members of parliament, consisting of English ultra-Whigs and Radicals, all learned as John Gully, and liberal as Joseph Hume—of Irish Papists, consistent and quiet as Mr. Daniel O'Connell, pure and independent as Mr. Feargus O'Connor—of Scotch "reformers,"

modest as Doctor Bowring, and meritorious as Mr. Gillon—all this various host fought under the banner of that great and mighty chief, Lord John Russell, because he was, or described himself to be, the darling and the champion of the people. Swelling with the thought to nearly the size of Mr. Sheil, or half the size of Mr. O'Connell, he proclaimed that Sir Robert Peel's ministry should be voted down because it was inimical to the people who loved and trusted him and his friends, and them alone. *Within* the house Mr. Grant snored his assent, and *without* (for even then the ex-secretary for foreign affairs had been rejected in the county which in happier days he represented,) Lord Palmerston whispered to all the ladies of his acquaintance that Lord John was right.

The united, congenial, and respectable host of English free-thinkers and "Philosophers," of Irish Papists and Scotch "Independents," carried their first point. Sir Robert Peel's ministry was outvoted, and resigned. Lord John Russell and his friends took office, and *then* the time was come to prove before the face of an anxious and inquiring world that the Whig-Radical ministers were indeed the darlings of the people. The three new secretaries of state were all commoners. Lord John Russell, at the time of his appointment, was member for the county of Devon—Mr. Grant was member for the county of Iwerness—and Lord Palmerston had been member for the county of Hants. The act

of becoming ministers—an act for which, as has been said, their exclusive popularity was the ground and the excuse—vacated the seats of Lord John and Mr. Grant; the whole three had now to show, by the *eclat* of their re-entrance to parliament, the truth and justice of their pretensions to the exclusive favor of the people. The way in which this *was* shown was as follows:—Mr. Grant did not dare to go back to his county; a Conservative was returned in his place by the people, and admission was procured for him into the House of Peers by the influence of his party with the king; Lord John Russell *did* dare to go back to his county, but was beaten by an immense majority, and a Conservative was returned in his room. Colonel Fox, son of one of Lord J. Russell's colleagues in the cabinet, was then induced to resign his seat for the borough of Stroud, a place in Gloucestershire, with which Lord John has no connexion whatever. He was, however, elected on Colonel Fox's recommendation, and the gallant colonel was immediately afterwards accommodated with a place in the ordnance department. Lord Palmerston did *not* address any large constituency. There were half-a-dozen of the closest boroughs now left in England, talked of from time to time as likely to be vacated for his sake—at last one Mr. Kennedy, the only English member who voted with Mr. Dan. O'Connell in the House of Commons for Repeal of the Union, felt himself suddenly unwell, and found sitting in the house very inconvenient to him. He therefore resigned his seat for the borough of Tiverton, and, singular to relate, Lord Palmerston was immediately elected for that place without opposition. Thus did the three secretaries get into parliament; and looking at the means *by* which, and the manner *in* which they achieved that object, it is surely not too much to say, that no one can have any *doubt* as to the veracity of their assertions about the possession of exclusive popularity. No one can feel any perplexity of mind as to the *fact* of the great favor in which they are held by the *people*—that people in whose name they cast out the *Conservative* administration.

It is impossible not to admire the easy confidence with which, under all

the circumstances of the case, Lord Palmerston addressed the Tivertonians, upon acquiring the highly popular honor of being declared their representative. After reminding them of the great and glorious privilege they enjoyed of assembling in the "open air" to hear him declare his sentiments. He said—"The circumstances under which he found himself there, were no less *honorable to them* than *gratifying to him*." Now, let us mark his exquisite reasons. "He had no connexion with the county of Devon—he had never put foot within their beautiful town till the other day, when he obeyed their summons. (He must have meant the summons of Mr. Kennedy.) He had no claim on their good wishes, except those which were founded upon his public conduct and his political principles." All this was excellent: the only thing it wants is a statement of *which set* of political principles (for he has had several in his time) the noble lord wished to make the foundation of his claim to the wise and discriminating favor of the Tivertonians. Were they the principles of the Liverpool, or the Canning, or the Goderich, or the Wellington, or the Grey, or the Melbourne administration? for in all these did the noble lord serve, so continual has been his zeal for the public welfare. The men of Tiverton ought to have asked him this question.

Another instance of his lordship's intrepidity on this occasion it is proper to record, in order that there may be a due estimate formed of the advantage enjoyed by the country in having such a Foreign Secretary. "The government of Lord Melbourne," quoth he, "was suddenly interrupted in the career of reform which it was pursuing, (an *invisible* career, by the by,) and in November last a government took office, consisting of persons who, during the *whole* period of their political existence, had resisted every improvement, and from whose opposition had arisen all the difficulties which the 'reform ministry' had to contend with." Now, it so happens, that during at least two-thirds of the "political existence" of "these persons," the very same Lord Palmerston, who thus speaks of them, WAS HIMSELF THEIR SUBORDINATE OR THEIR COLLEAGUE, aiding and abetting whatever they did, whether it was "in resistance to every improvement" or

not! After this, who can deny that the dignity and wisdom of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, or the activity and vigor of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, are as nought when compared with the candour and high honor of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs?

THE CHIVALRY OF THE "REFORMED"
HOUSE.

Johnson is said to have said, that there was nothing, he thought, in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In a similar mood of mind one might be inclined to hazard the opinion that there is nothing in which the power of the House of Commons is shown so much as in keeping that *wringable* ornament of the human countenance called the nose, unscathed, upon the faces of certain very honourable gentlemen. Some people have protecting vows in heaven and insulting tongues on earth; others who speak with unguarded lips, have friends with singularly gifted ears to get them out of their scrapes; but even these would not do outside the walls of the "reformed" House of Commons. It is only within that highly *privileged* atmosphere that wounds of honor are healed up without the serious consequences which ensue in places less enlightened. I am led to these remarks at present in consequence of the passages (not of arms) between Mr. Joseph Hume and Mr. Lechemere Charlton, which last night occupied the House of Commons. It appears "by the papers in this cause," to use the phraseology of Chancery, that Mr. Charlton, while he was speaking, heard Mr. Hume make use of the words "impertinent fellow," which he believed were applied to him; but for fear of any *mistake*, he sent a letter to Mr. Hume, desiring to know whether it was so or not. Mr. Hume refused to give any answer or explanation. Mr. Charlton wrote to him that by such unmanly and cowardly behaviour he had rendered himself wholly unworthy of the title of a gentleman, and he published a copy of this letter in the newspapers. The next step taken by Mr. Hume in the matter was to complain of it in the house as a breach of the privileges of *parliament*. Another

man would have been foolish enough to *do* something which would have been, or have led to a breach of the peace of our lord the king; but the more considerate Mr. Hume only *said* something to show that a breach of the privileges of parliament had been committed. Mr. Hume did not deny the use of the words complained of; but then, said he, Mr. Charlton had called me an impertinent fellow before I applied these words to him. Who but must admire Mr. Hume's method of retort! He concluded his statement with an avowal that he had no intention of *offending* the honorable member! Mr. Charlton, therefore, affirmed that he had *not* used the phrase which Mr. Hume attributed to him, and which he (Mr. Hume) admitted he had afterwards used himself; for, added Mr. Charlton, "it is a phrase which no *gentleman* would use." A member of the house, named Roebuck, distinguished as the friend of revolt in Canada, and of Mr. Hume, then rose as a witness, and deposed that he (Roebuck) had heard the words "impertinent fellow" applied in the first instance by Mr. Charlton to Mr. Hume. This witness also affirmed that he himself was a cool and an impartial person. On the other side, Mr. Rickards, Mr. Plumtre, Lord Stormont, Mr. A. Trevor, Lord Mahon, and Mr. Wakley, all stated that they had heard what took place—that they had *not* heard the words which Mr. Hume, as principal, and Mr. Roebuck as witness, attributed to Mr. Charlton, but that they *had* heard the words which Mr. Charlton attributed to Mr. Hume. Upon this arose Mr. Spring Rice (Chancellor and under-Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer), who, in the most conciliatory manner, and with the most elaborate blandness of language, begged to suggest that no more should be said about the matter, but that it should rest exactly where it was. O'Connell next, to him opposing, rose. He did not think that the matter should rest where it was, but he did think that the witness (Roebuck, to wit) who distinctly said, that he had heard such and such words used, was a witness much more to be depended upon than they who merely said that they did *not* hear these words. This clever and characteristic observation was evidently suggested by the

case of Mr. Thady O'Flynn, which Mr. O'Connell, from his knowledge of Irish matters, bad at his fingers' ends. Mr. O'Flynn was accused of having stolen a pair of *brogues* from behind the door of the cabin of his sister-in-law's aunt, Mrs. Bridget Muldowney. He was informed that ten witnesses were ready to swear that they saw him steal the brogues. "Plase your Reverence," returned the clever Thady, to the priest who investigated the affair; "Please your Reverence, I can bring a hundert witnesses to sware that they did *not* see me stale the brogues." Now, Thady's defence was not admitted, simply because it appeared that his century of witnesses not only did not, but could not by any physical possibility, have seen what he did or did not do, on the occasion in question, they having been elsewhere. But the matter adverted to by Mr. O'Connell was very different, for the witnesses in that case *were* present, and *did* hear the conversation, or rather the retort discourteous, between Mr. Hume and Mr. Charlton, but although there present, and there listening, they did not hear the words which hot Mr. Hume, and cool Mr. Roebuck, declared to have been addressed by Mr. Charlton to Mr. Hume. Mr. O'Connell, whose sympathies are as keen in a matter of this kind as his arguments are subtle, concluded his speech with a proposition that Mr. Hume should withdraw the words he had spoken, and Mr. Charlton the letter he had written, and that failing this amicable settlement both gentlemen should be committed to the formal and fee-creating custody of the sergeant-at-arms, lest a worse thing should happen to them. There are many who think this would have been a very superfluous piece of caution, so far as one of the parties in the dispute was concerned, and as a man cannot conveniently fight by himself, the assurance that either of them would prudently refrain from battle, removed anxiety as to both. Sir Robert Peel, however, concurred in Mr. O'Connell's view of the propriety of an amicable arrangement by mutual concession, and the weight of *his* opinion settled the affair. Mr. Hume volunteered a confession that he had spoken the *offensive words in error*, and under a wrong *impression*, and Mr. Charlton, after a

very natural expression of his regret, that Mr. Hume had not thought of making this explanation a little sooner, said that as the offence was admitted to have been given in error, he was willing to express his regret for having written the letter complained of by Mr. Hume. Thus ended this "modern instance" of chivalry, in which the member for Middlesex—that renowned knight of the shire—and his squire, the sapient and modest Mr. Roebuck, must be admitted to have shone with all their accustomed lustre. It is not likely that the affair will add much to Mr. Hume's reputation in the pugnacious region of the county of Galway, but what is that to him? Had he done battle with Mr. Charlton, the country might have lost him; as it is, he lives to do battle with the government estimates, and to get papers printed at the expense of three hundred pounds for the purpose of exposing an extravagance of thirteen pence halfpenny per annum. As for Mr. Charlton he seems to have been rather baulked of the *satisfaction*, which he desired from the perverse but patient member for Middlesex. This is hard, but still he need not be inconsolable—

Durum : sed levius fit patientia,
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

MR. BUCKINGHAM'S COURT OF HONOR.

The subject of the *duello* having been incidentally before the house in the above affair, it is to be regretted that advantage was not taken of the advice of the "liberal and enlightened" member for Sheffield. That reform, and voyage-round-the-world-projecting gentleman, has a notice of a motion before the house, which it is but fair to suppose he has not determined upon without much study of the subject of getting out of scrapes by some other method than fighting one's way out of them; and yet it happens, strangely enough, that although even Mr. Wakley's opinion was listened to, in the affair just noticed, Mr. Buckingham does not appear to have been invited to any contribution of his wisdom on the occasion. Perhaps, as the house is apt to be impatient sometimes, it was apprehensive of getting too much. But a time is coming when it will not escape the instruction it requires, for though

Mr. Buckingham's subject has been once or twice postponed, there does still remain upon the notice-book the following: "Mr. Buckingham—Bill for authorising the constitution of courts of honor, as tribunals for the adjudication of those disputes, now commonly decided by an appeal to arms; with a view to provide a competent substitute for the absurd, murderous, and unchristian practice of duelling." All this is very well, and will appear especially wise and proper to those particular 'friends' of Mr. Buckingham, who belong to the *society* so called, and for whose edification, rather than that of the House of Commons, it may be more than suspected, that the ingenious member for Sheffield intends this notice of motion. But with all respect to that gentleman, it is but fair that the originality of this device of his should be attributed to another person, namely, the renowned Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, who conducted a periodical called the "Tutler," in the reign of Queen Anne. This Bickerstaff was not half so Solomonish a man as Mr. Buckingham, but he had a ready wit, and hence by a mere flash of fancy, he arrived at the same conclusion which the learned M.P. has dug out of the mine of *philosophy*, wherein he continually labours for an ungrateful public. The curious in such matters will be well repaid if they will take the trouble to look to No. 250, *et seq.* of Mr. Bickerstaff's papers, for nice disquisitions, and instructive reports touching this same court of honour. The plan of the court was announced under date the 14th November, 1710, and it contains some admirable hints, which, if Mr. Buckingham have not yet availed himself of, he ought so to do forthwith. A little alteration is, of course, necessary, from the change of habits and authorities since that time, but so practised a reformer as the member for Sheffield, will feel no difficulty about that. One thing, however, he ought to follow strictly—Mr. Bickerstaff named *himself* president of the court. Mr. Buckingham must not allow his disinterestedness or his modesty to prevent him from following so respectable an example. No doubt he has so much considered the subject as to make him the fittest judge in questions of such niceness as are likely to come before the

court which he proposes to institute. How important and how delicate his predecessor, Bickerstaff, deemed the duties he might be called upon to perform, may be gathered; from the following extract, copied from his first publication on the subject:

"I am very sensible that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points that daily perplex the youth of the British nation; and therefore I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, how far a man may brandish his cane in telling his story without insulting his hearer; what degree of contradiction amounts to the lie; how a man shall resent another's staring, and cocking a hat in his face; if asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes; whether a man may put up with a box on the ear, received from a stranger in the dark; or, whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife? *with several other subtleties of a like nature.*"

The considerateness of all this must strike every one, and it will certainly be no discredit to Mr. Buckingham, if in his practical and praiseworthy undertaking, he shall avail himself of the collateral suggestions, as he already has of the plan and its title, of those who have gone before him.

N. B. In several of Mr. Bickerstaff's papers, between the 14th Nov. 1710, aforesaid, and the end of that year, will be found deeply interesting reports of the proceedings before the court of honor, of which he had the honor to be president. The evidence is set down in a concise and yet very lucid manner, and the decisions are distinguished by a most felicitous appropriateness.

LORD WELLESLEY'S RESIGNATION.

Whether considered morally, or politically, this distinguished nobleman's *resignation* cannot but be looked upon as rather extraordinary. He resigns his place as lord chamberlain, and then he appears quite resigned to the mystery which hangs about the cause of this very decisive step during the early career of the renewed Melbourne administration. Lord Londonderry, in the House of Peers, quotes the fact of his resignation as circumstantial evidence of the disgust with which the noble marquis regarded the

new order of affairs in the Irish government. Lord Melbourne, in reply, insisted that the policy of the government, as regarded Ireland, was much approved by the noble marquis. On the 2nd [of June, the noble marquis being then present in the House of Lords, and Lord Melbourne, and a royal duke, from whom Lord Londonderry was understood to have received his information on the subject, being also present, Lord Londonderry, alluding to his former statement, and the sort of denial given to it by Lord Melbourne, intimated that he was prepared to shew by *documents*, the correctness of the statement he had made, if that were desired; though, for his own part, he had no inclination to press the matter farther. Upon this Lord Melbourne, who had contradicted the former statement of the noble marquis, (Londonderry,) and Lord Wellesley, from whom that statement, or something to that effect, had originally come, both said they were *satisfied*, and had *no wish* for the production of the documents. This shews pretty plainly, how much Lord Melbourne's denials are worth, however confidently they may be put forth. The belief of the best informed upon the subject seems to be, that at the first levee which took place after the memorable *procession* of Lord Mulgrave into Dublin, the Marquis Wellesley told His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, that he had resigned in consequence of the dissatisfaction he felt at the way in which the authority of government was represented in Ireland. Some maintain that all the dissatisfaction he felt arose from the fact that he had not himself been re-appointed to the Lord Lieutenancy, while others insist that it referred to the political junction with O'Connell and his gang. Whatever it may have been, it is now clear that he did make a communication to the Duke of Cumberland, touching his resignation, which was understood to convey dissatisfaction with government arrangements in Ireland; and it is further upon record that when invited to an explanation upon this point, in the House of Lords, he declined it, and preferred leaving the matter as it stood. As far *as can be judged from what has come before the public, regarding this matter,*

Lord Melbourne's conduct was a pitiful combination of shuffling and hauteur.

FUSS AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

The conceited Whig-radicals of South Staffordshire, with that political menial, Edward John Littleton, at their head, were arrogant enough to think, and confident enough to persuade the government to think, that they had the representation of the county all in their own hands, and could make sure of a seat, for any Whig country-gentleman, with ordinary pretensions to that honor. In consequence of this, the creature Littleton was made a peer, and the Hon. Colonel Anson was nominated as his successor in the representation of the county. This Colonel Anson is brother of Lord Lichfield, who made himself convenient to the Russell and O'Connell party, during the administration of Sir Robert Peel, by lending them, free of charge, an empty house of his, wherein to hold their factious meetings.

The colonel himself had been beaten at Yarmouth, in the general election, by a Conservative opponent. It was his luck to be beaten again in Staffordshire, notwithstanding the confidence of his friends, and again by a Conservative. The dirty mob of Wolverhampton were so provoked at this, that they got up a pretty considerable row, which a magistrate of the county, who was also a clergyman, and a supporter of Colonel Anson, thought serious enough to demand the interference of the military. Some thirty or forty dragoons were accordingly called in, the riot act was read, and the rioters put to flight, by the three dozen soldiers. In the *engagement*, one horse was killed on the side of the military; and several men scratched, and one boy severely wounded, on the part of the mob. This was no very mighty affair, and here it might and ought to have ended; but the radical tail of Colonel Anson's committee thought it a fine opportunity for a fuss, so they constituted themselves a committee of inquiry, took evidence (not on oath), and forwarded the same to the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Lord John Russell wished the impertinent meddlers far enough for their pains, for as it was not a Conservative politician who

called out the military, he had no desire to make a grievance of it. The Horse Guards sent down an order to some one, to see whether the military had behaved properly or not; and it was found that they had. Meantime the hearts of certain magnanimous members connected with Staffordshire, waxed great within them, and they talked big in the House of Commons about the necessity for a government investigation. Lord John Russell wished to get off, but the Radical party gave him a tug, to remind him of their mastery, and he grumbled an assent. He determined, however, to be even with them in another way; and, in order to shew his respect for their suggestion, sent down as the investigator, one Sir Frederick Roe, a police magistrate, a very respectable man in his line, which is that of examining cases of larceny and assault, and reducing refractory cab-drivers, and the like, to order, and a due sense of their enormities. No sooner did Sir Frederick get to Wolverhampton, than a meddling idiot named Roaf, who began the fuss about inquiry, proceeded to bother him about *publicity*, and half a dozen reporters from the London newspapers attacked him all at once upon the same score. These gentlemen, of course, even sent forth their complaints to all parts of the earth, borne on the broad sheets of the London papers; and the fuss grew more and more prodigious. Several special despatches have gone down from the Home Department since; and at this present writing, it cannot be anticipated what mighty agitation this affair may not lead to. This much is clear, that half a dozen Protestant clergymen might be murdered by Mr. O'Connell's friends in Ireland, without the House of Commons, or the government, taking a fiftieth part of the notice of it, which has been bestowed upon this *row* of the Wolverhampton blackguards, in which one horse has been killed, and one boy wounded.

HUME ON COSTUME.

The member for Middlesex, if not very profound in his knowledge, must be admitted to occupy himself with a great variety of subjects. This even-

ing the discussion of corporation reform having gone off much more quickly and quietly than was expected, worthy Mr. Hume, willing perhaps to divert the thoughts of ministerial members from a painful sense of disappointment, entered upon the subject of costume. He spoke with his accustomed feeling of the inconvenient necessity which existed for wearing a bag-wig and sword, at the levees of the Speaker, and in a strain of energetic eloquence, recommended a dispensation to be granted regarding these appendages to senatorial gentility. The subject was discussed with infinite gravity, and eventually postponed until a greater number of members should be present to give due weight to whatever decision might be come to upon so important a point. The considerateness of this can only be duly estimated by those who have seen the most important votes, regulating the application of millions of the public money passed, as they do every session, with fewer members in the house than were on the occasion of the bag-wig and sword discussion. There are different opinions as to Mr. Hume's own views in seeking the abolition of "court dress" at the Speaker's levees. Some say that he has a political object in it, and is anxious that nothing that savours of a court, not even its costume, should appear at the levees of the head of such a great *democratic* assembly as the House of Commons now is. Others affirm that he had nothing but a little economy in view, and was anxious to save the half guinea which the hire of these court ornaments for the evening would cost him. Some, again, will have it, that the wearing of a sword, and seeing others wear such weapons, makes him feel a little queerish about the heart. He cannot help recollecting, that were he to meet with a hasty opponent, like Mr. Charlton, for example, things might be brought to a *crisis*, under such circumstances, before there was time to lay the affair before the House as a question of privilege. Another view of the matter is, that Hume was put up to speak on the subject by the members of the tail, who consider that the Hollywell-street Jew dealers have used them ill in this matter. The old-clothes men have, it seems, raised the hire of bag-

wigs and swords to the gentlemen of the tail, and demand thirteen and four pence. This would be bad enough, and hard enough to bear; but the reason they give adds insult to injury. They insist that they run some risk of their property being pawned or hypothecated by the hirers, and that there is almost a certainty of its being so pawned and soiled, as to cause a much more than ordinary expense for cleaning, even supposing it honestly returned. Application was then made by the tail to Mr. O'Connell's friend, Mr. Sheriff Raphael on the subject; but he informed them that being no longer a Jew, but a Papist, he had lost his influence in Hollywell-street, and could do nothing. As a last resource, therefore, to save their shillings, and be revenged on the Jew brokers, they got Mr. Hume to speak for the abolition of the costume altogether. I shall not pretend to decide which of all these reasons is the most correct one. Perhaps the fact is, after all, that the honorable member has some acquaintance sincere enough to tell him how shocking an appearance he makes in a court dress. I once knew a man skilled in such matters who used to say that nothing in outward show was such a test of a real gentleman as a court dress. A gentleman, he said, looks more a gentleman in that costume, while a coarse vulgar fellow is sure to look like a footman. According to this canon, it is needless to say, which Mr. Hume would most resemble.

COCKNEY AMUSEMENTS IN HOT WEATHER.

"The suffering eye, inverted nature sees," in all that regards cockneyism. Even in their pleasures they seem to cultivate what would give any unsophisticated human creature the most supreme disgust. It is now the Whitsun holidays, and the weather has suddenly become hot as that of the Tropics. What then do our worthy cockneys? They all "go a pleasuring," and a pleasant business they make of it, truly. Go down to the Thames wharfs, and look at the steam-boats starting for Greenwich, and Woolwich, and Gravesend. *Look at the hundreds and thousands crammed together—men, women, children, provisions, drink, pipes, tobacco,*

all crushed into one mass—some fainting, some laughing, all sweating, and all more or less satisfied that they are "taking their pleasure." The boat rolls, and almost pitches them into the river—the smoke, thick and black, is vomited forth from the iron chimney, and the flakes of falling soot settle on their melting visages, and soon dissolve into black paint. The steam puffs out, and its odour, mingled with that of heated grease and iron, regales the nostrils of the crowd; but what is that to them? they are "going a pleasuring"—they "niver seed such fun." They arrive at their destination, and awful then is the consumption of beer, considerable that of gin, and immense that of tobacco. Children, white and swollen, with excessive and unwholesome feeding, cry with indigestion, and are appeased with more greasy cakes. The parents seek a public house, and enter a room already crowded, where, to a natural nose, the fumes of beer and tobacco seem to have had possession ever since the flood: the man has his pipe and pot, the woman her gin and water—the children share both, and then get sick. The hour arrives for the boat to depart—they hurry on board again—get jammed, and crammed, and smoked, and steamed as before, and at last arrive at home to a supper of bread and cheese, and more beer, satisfied that they have got through a day's "pleasuring." This is the mechanic's holiday. The shopman flatters himself he is much more genteel. He gets on the top of a coach and is borne into the country. Does he delight himself with the prospect of noble trees and rich meadows, and inhale the delicious odours of blossoming bean fields, and all the sweet breath of the country? Not at all—that is "no go"—"not the thing"—he must show his gentility on the coach-top, and therefore takes out his cigar case, gets the coachman to stop for a light, and to prove his liberality rewards him with a cigar. Presently, all round him is involved in smoke, and stench, and city slang. The ugliest, or the most beautiful country, is all the same to him—he is busy talking of the minor theatres, and spouting the eulogy of his cigars, and telling how much they cost by the pound. He arrives at his

inn, eats and is insolent, and applauds himself openly, and asks "what's to pay?" with an air that signifies his opinion that while he pays, he may do what he pleases. Having got drunk with brandy and water, the coachman advises him to go inside the coach in going home. There he commits some impertinence, is checked, gets worse, and is kicked. He grumbles something about the law, but does nothing, and so concludes his day of pleasuring.

These I have sketched are the moderns—there are also plenty of

persons of the good old school, who go decently in their one horse-chaise to see a friend in the country, or take their ease in their inn jocosely, but with discretion. It is pleasant to see them in these sultry evenings, jogging back to town, at a quiet trot of five miles an hour. I think I can tell by their looks that they say their prayers, and pay their bills regularly. Peace be with all such.

St. Giles's, London, June 12, 1835.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

As once in boyhood David slept on Bethlehem's palmy height,
His ears were opened by the Lord to hear the song of night.
The heav'ns proclaimed him, and its stars in sweeping chords did roll,
And their silent music floated down upon the Psalmist's soul.

Light is Jehovah's countenance! the sun spoke from the sky,
And the western red replied and said, His garment's fringe am I.
The dark clouds met and muttered, with the evening thunder warm—
We are His chamber, He is here, when sternest roars the storm.

He mounts my wings, sung forth the wind; and soft a summer air
Sighed back—When I come wafting past, lo! God is walking there.
Old earth was silent, till there sang a sweet descending shower—
Be freshened—thou shalt praise Him in the fresh fruit and the flower.

And every field made answer meet—In joyfulness we spring—
And the cornfields cried—a glad some host 'gainst hunger do we bring.
We bless Thee! shouted moon and stars—We bless Thee from the skies!
We bless Thee for a drop of dew, the grasshopper replies.

He slakes our thirst at waterbrooks—so murmured forth the hind—
His might hath made me, said the roe, the fleetest of my kind.
Deep from his desert howled the beast—He sendeth us our food,
Flocks bleated forth—He clothes our lambs—lo! God is very good.

Without Him evil were my lot, the raven hoarsely cried—
Strength to my travail He hath brought, the rough she goat-replied.
The dove and all birds slumbering sung—we've found us out a nest—
Fast by the altar of the Lord in peacefulness we rest.

We rest in peace—night sung, and sung, and held the lengthened note,
Till now the waker of the dawn re-oped his shrilly throat;
Be ye lift up, ye heavenly gates, ye everlasting doors—
Awake, O man! and praise the Lord, who life with light restores!

Arose the sun, and David sprung from sleep beneath the palms,
But in his soul had entered deep that mountain-dream of Psalms.
Still to the harp 'twas on this theme the tuneful monarch sung,
And from the spirit of that night our holy Psalter sprung.

June 10, 1835.

ANSTER'S TRANSLATION OF FAUST.*

THE connection of this visible with an invisible system of things, as it is one of the most awful, so is it one of the most interesting subjects of human contemplation. In every country and age, the existence of intelligent beings—inhabitants of some unseen world, yet holding mysterious intercourse with the tenants of this dim spot—has formed a part of the creed even of the rudest and most illiterate. Fancy has exhausted herself in devising the shapes and occupations of unencumbered spirits, and kindled in love or shrunk in fear from the images of beauty or of terror thus fashioned in her own secret chambers, and after models which seem like the relics of some past existence. From the Word of truth is known the occasion of all this busy toil, and the true original of those half-effaced forms which man's fallen spirit makes such bewildering efforts to regain. The angels of Light and the angels of Darkness engaged in a fearful conflict, on which man's eternal destiny depends, and in which he, too, has his side to choose, and must choose, these constitute the two real classes under which may be ranged all those lovely or fearful creations of the mind in its ever-repeated and ever-baffled, while unaided, efforts to exhibit their dim ideas still lingering within.

When the general diffusion of Christianity had made public the secrets of the spiritual world, this mass of truth mingling with the fantastic matter of popular superstition easily amalgamated with what were, in fact, only imperfect representations of its own forms: but, while it modified these vanities, itself underwent various modifications. Truth was run into the mould of opinions already existing, and took their shape while it altered their character. The existence of One evil spirit, mighty in power and terrible in hate—the sublimest, perhaps, of all conceptions, save that of God himself—was among the most important of these secrets; and it would be curious to trace the

various forms which, in different countries and at different times, it has assumed. No minute inquiry of this kind is here intended: it may, however, be observed, that in those countries where Philosophy had already busied herself about the great question of moral evil, and the connexion between virtue and happiness—vice and misery was theoretically understood—men's conception of the Adversary represented him more evidently as using sin for the great instrument of assailing the happiness of mankind, and while its prevalence readily suggested the power of the being who wielded it so as in some cases to produce an awe almost approaching to worship, this was unmingled with anything like familiarity or affection. With our barbarous ancestors of the North the case was different. Of the miseries and hardships of our fallen race they had indeed their fair share, and on the Enemy, when acquainted with his existence, they were not slow in charging them: but their connexion with moral evil was little thought of by these rude men; so that one great element of measuring the power, and of moving their own hatred of the evil one was wanting. By degrees he came to be thought of as mischievous rather than wicked—a doubtful and dangerous, rather than a hateful object.

Poetry—whose business is with truth, as it exists in the Fancy, on its passage from Sense to Reason, when stripped of its gross material clothing, and not yet spiritualized, so moulding it that it may affect the Intellect through our emotions, as in the hands of Philosophy it does through our reasoning faculties—Poetry, as might be expected, soon availed herself of the popular conceptions of the fallen Archangel; and, adapting by her magic power, this creature of opinion to the passions of men and the laws by which those passions affect the mind, brought it in all the startling reality of truth before that part of man's nature of

* *Faustus*, a Dramatic Mystery; the *Bride of Corinth*; the *First Walpurgis Night*. Translated from the German of *Göethe*, and illustrated with Notes, by *John Anster*, LL.D. Crown 8vo. pp. 491. London, 1835.

which truth, in its reality, is the proper object. That this, as well as every other manifestation of truth, has been attended with beneficial effects, cannot, we think, be doubted; and we not only agree with Mr. Anster that it is too late to inquire whether the fallen angel be a fitting subject for poetry; but we do think it never ought to have been matter of question at all.

On the genius of the poet—on the circumstances of the time and country in which he lives, must depend the mode in which he will exhibit characters whose exhibition is required in the exercise of his art. That the present age is preeminent in knowledge is the boast of its philosophers—that it is an age of light without love is the complaint of its divines. Each views the progress of intellect with different feelings, but both are agreed as to its progress. That the divine should trace in the empire of intellect—we speak, of course, of mere intellect—the work of man's Enemy, is but natural; and, so far as the philosopher admits that popular system of religion which represents this world as a world "lying in the Wicked One," to form a proper machinery for poetry, so far he must admit the propriety of attributing to the poetic god of this world the sway of his favourite principle; while his admiration of the principle itself must incline him to view with favour any striking exhibition of its mighty workings. It is, we believe, Lord Shaftesbury who has observed, with no less truth than elegance, that true wisdom comes more from the heart than the head: but Knowledge, as distinct from this wisdom, and unregulated by it, is an engine of tremendous efficacy, and a sublime object of contemplation. A Being, then, allbut omniscient, yet without heart, is a proper subject for poetry; and, as the Enemy of mankind is such a being, the exhibition of him under this character is what the circumstances of our time might well suggest to a great

poet. Under this character he is exhibited in the noble poem before us; and the wayward bearing, and grim and grotesque buffoonery of the Northern Demon are used by the poet for the purpose of this exhibition. To this his northern country may have inclined him, the difficulty of exhibiting sin as such, without passion, was got over, by using as the representative of its author the creature whom popular superstition had learned to regard without moral hatred—and the creed of the poet, which, as to moral distinctions, seem to have been of the laxest, offered at least no difficulty.

The story selected for the display of this wonderful Being, and in which he is introduced as using his passionless and boundless craft to effect the degradation of human nature,* in one of its most exalted forms, is the old nursery tale of Faustus; and all the wild and strange mysteries in which the Philosophy of the dark ages wrapped her scanty store of truths, perplexing the mind with that "darkness visible" of half-conjectured reason veiled in grotesque absurdity, are employed with consummate art to aid and give effect to the display; while the light thus poured upon these darkling elements, is, with harmonious order, proportioned to the intelligence of ordinary minds by a power and variety of rhythmical expression altogether unrivalled.

The drama opens with a scene in Heaven, and the Hymn of the Archangels is a strain of such magnificence as half to justify the poet's boldness.

RAPHAEL.

The sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes—obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along:
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight,
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light!

* According to Göethe's philosophy, the happiness of the Spirits of Light appears to consist in the enjoyment of Truth and Beauty, to which they have correspondent desires. The Spirits of Darkness have no such desires, and, consequently, no such happiness—but, as it would seem, no uneasiness in its absence. Man's mind lies between the two, having the desires without the adequate objects. From this want arises his error and misery. His attainable perfection consists in the acquisition of the objects, his degradation in the extinction of the desires: nothing further!

GABRIEL.

Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The vexed sea foams—waves leap and
moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,
And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

MICHAEL.

And winds with winds mad war maintain,
From sea to land, from land to sea;
And heaven round earth, a living chain
Of interwoven agency.—
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,
While, Lord, with Thee thy servants feel
Calm effluence of abiding day.

ALL.

New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

Our first acquaintance with this noble passage, was in the Fragments from *Faust*, published in the posthumous works of the late Byshe Shelley—but spirited as is the version of Shelley, and spite of the prejudices of a first love, we think that Mr. Anster has surpassed him. The poetry is indeed to be found in Shelley, and it is poetry powerfully expressed, but this expression is the result of great effort, and bears the mark of being so; it wants the magic sweetness and melody of Mr. Anster's numbers; the combination of which, with the sublimity and rapid succession of the thoughts, appeared to Shelley unattainable, but which, to judge from the multiplied display of it in the volume before us, seems in Mr. Anster the result of a power of adapting the harmony of words to that of the thoughts which they express, with a truth almost approaching to the natural concord between the harmony of thoughts and that of the emotions to which they give birth; this power does not, we think, exist to the same extent in any other living poet, and nothing but the publication of the present work could have convinced us that it had not died with Coleridge.

The Hymn is followed by a dialogue between the Supreme Being and *Mephistopheles* the demon of the drama.

In this dialogue there is much that is offensive to a Christian's feelings, and the rather that the hint of the dialogue itself is probably taken from Scripture. On this head Mr. Anster has very naturally and with great ingenuity, though we think vainly, endeavoured to justify his author, for his argument at least goes the length of justification. Admitting, and we are not prepared to deny it, that the introduction of the Supreme Being is as justifiable as that of the Adversary, and that the exhibition of *his* daring and rebellious spirit unrestrained even by the Highest Presence is too essential a part of his character to be omitted; still, what the offence mainly consists in is, the misrepresentation of the real relation between God and the Evil One, and in the sentiments which He, who cannot behold sin with allowance, is made to express towards its author.

In the way of *excuse* of his author, and in justification of the making this scene a part of his own translation, Mr. Anster is more successful; we wish that we could find room for his argument, but we feel that we have already detained our readers too long from the poem itself.

In the dialogue already noticed, *Faustus* has been delivered over into the *Dæmon's* power for a season. The next scene exhibits him in his closet wearied of intellectual pursuits, and of the vanity and vexation of spirit which wait on them; feeling those boundless desires to which faith alone can, in our sphere, give even an ideal object, and without that faith to rest on; in this state he has turned to the forbidden arts of magic, and summons the unseen dwellers of the air to his assistance. The changes which come over the spirit of the restless child of clay, and the effects of the mysterious presence of his unearthly visitants, are expressed in powerful and original poetry. This awful converse is interrupted by the entrance of a pupil, and *Faustus* thereby recalled to earthly cares, resumes his desponding thoughts as at first. The shifting of his attention to each of the objects about him, the eagerness with which he follows for a while the train of feelings which they suggest, and the disgust with which he turns from them one after another, are displayed with matchless

art ; at last his eye rests upon a phial
of deadly poison.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou :
Already do I feel the strife
That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace ; and now—and now
The swell, that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit ebbs away ;
Outspread like ocean, Life and Day

Shine with a glow of welcoming ;
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles
from other skies !

The goblet into which he is about
to pour the poison, recalls a variety
of domestic associations—having dwelt
on these for a while—

This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
Will set it thinking in another mood ;
Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood ;
It is my choice ; I mixed it, and will drink :
My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
(And with it be my heart and spirit borne!)
A festal offering to the rising morn.

[He places the goblet to his mouth.

Bells heard and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of Angels.*

CHRIST is from the grave arisen,
Joy is His. For Him the weary
Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,
And the cares that prey on mortals :
He hath burst the grave's stern portals ;
The grave is no prison :
The Lord hath arisen !

FAUSTUS.

Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and heavenly !
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
The cup uplifted from the eager lips !
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter morn ?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation ?
That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
The pledge and proof of a new covenant !

HYMN continued.—*Chorus of Women.*

We laid him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh ;
His children and friends
Laid their dead Master here !
All wrapt in his grave-dress,
We left him in fear—
Ah ! where shall we seek him ?
The Lord is not here !

Chorus of Angels.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer ;
Temptation hath tried him,
But he was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory !
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial ;
The grave is no prison :
The Lord hath arisen.

FAUSTUS.

Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild, most powerful,
 What seek ye here?—Why will ye come to me
 In dusty gloom immersed?—Oh! rather speak
 To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
 I hear your message, but I have not faith—
 And Miracle is Faith's beloved offspring!
 I cannot force myself into the spheres,
 Where these good tidings of joy are heard;
 And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,
 Even now they call me back again to life;
 Oh! once, in boyhood's time, the love of Heaven
 Came down upon me, with mysterious kiss
 Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
 Then did the voices of these bells melodious
 Mingle with hopes and feelings mystical;
 And prayer was then indeed a burning joy!
 Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
 Drove me, a wanderer through fields and woods;
 Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
 Of a new life and a new world for me;
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
 This music welcomed in the happy spring;
 And now am I once more a little child,
 And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
 Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
 Then sing ye forth—sweet songs that breathe of heaven!
 Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

Any praise of such poetry as this would be impertinent.

In the next scene Faustus and his pupil are found observing and mingling with the groups of citizens assembled to celebrate the Easter festival in the suburbs. Faustus falls into a moody reverie, and again invokes the spirits of the air. A black dog is seen wheeling about them attracting their attention by his gambols, and at last joins them. We then find Faustus again in his closet with the dog. Somewhat soothed by his late intercourse with the real world, his calmer thoughts are continually interrupted by the angry growl of his companion. To fix his mind he takes down the New Testa-

ment, and is commencing a translation of St. John's Gospel, when the aggravated impatience of the dog convinces him that his solitude is haunted by some spirit of evil; he has recourse to powerful spells, and Mephistopheles at last appears as a travelling scholar. After a short converse, the Dæmon, who is desirous of departing, but detained by the superior power of Faust, proposes to the Doctor an exhibition of his art; he lulls him to sleep with the aid of a song of his assistant spirits, the expression of whose wild and unearthly melody, Mr. Anster may well be proud of as a triumphant effort of his art.

SPIRITS sing.

Vanish, dark arches,
 That over us bend,
 Let the blue sky in beauty
 Look in like a friend.
 Oh, that the black clouds
 Asunder were riven,
 That the small stars were brightening
 All through the wide heaven!
 And look at them smiling
 In beautiful splendour,
 Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender

Children of heaven,
 In spiritual beauty,
 Descending, and bending
 With billowy motion,
 And others, their brothers,
 Downward are thronging,
 Willing devotion
 Flowing to meet them,
 Loving hearts longing,
 Sighing to greet them.
 O'er field and o'er flower,
 On bank and in bower,

Ribands are fluttering,
 Graceful they move,
 Where lovers are uttering
 Feelings of love,
 Bower on bower,
 Tendril and flower:
 Clustering grapes,
 The vine's purple treasure,
 Have fallen in the wine-vat,
 And bleed in its pressure—
 Foaming and steaming, the new wine is
 streaming,
 Over bright precious stones
 It rolls on from its fountain,
 Leaving behind it
 Meadow and mountain,
 It lingers in wild lakes, more leisurely
 flowing
 Where the hills to behold it with pleasure
 are glowing.
 And the winged throng
 Fly rejoicing along
 Onward and onward,
 With wings steering sun-ward,
 To where the bright islands, with magical
 motion,
 Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.
 Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
 Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
 As over land or over waters
 Chance the idle parties scatters.
 Some upon the far hills gleaming,
 Some along the bright lakes streaming,
 Some their forms in air suspending,
 Float in circles never-ending.
 All their feelings and employment
 Is the spirit of enjoyment;
 While the gracious stars above them
 Smile to say how much they love them.

While the Doctor is asleep, the fiend
 contrives to escape.

In the next scene Mephistopheles
 again appears on the stage with
 Faustus, and at last induces his victim
 to sign the usual devilish compact, on
 condition of obtaining for him that sat-
 isfaction and acquiescence in his lot

for which he has so long toiled in vain.
 This scene is one of extraordinary
 power, but we cannot bring ourselves
 to mar it by extract or abridgment, and
 it is too long for insertion entire. Hav-
 ing persuaded his victim to leave his
 retirement, the fiend first brings him
 to a society of drunkards; their revels
 and the grim gambols with which the
 Dæmon diversifies them are exhibited
 in an extraordinary scene, but Faustus
 does not find here the object of his
 search. Love is next to be tried: for
 this purpose Faustus is taken to a
 witch's kitchen—Strange Monsters,
 having the speech of man without his
 reason, are cooking some hellish broth;
 their jargon, in which snatches of
 meaning are clinked with nonsense
 into wild rhymes, makes Faustus's head
 giddy, and the reader's nerves must be
 of the strongest if it has not the same
 effect on them. The witch herself
 appears; he receives from her a potion
 by which his youth is renewed; and
 his desires are inflamed by the exhibi-
 tion in her mirror of the form of per-
 fect female beauty. The Dæmon's train
 for his victim is now fully laid—

“ With this draught in him he will meet,
 A *Helēna* in every street.”

Accordingly he throws Faustus in the
 way of a lovely girl returning from
 church. Faustus, instantly enamoured,
 offers her his arm—she disengages her-
 self—Mephistopheles enters—Faustus
 demands of him the instant gratifica-
 tion of his desires, and after a slight
 hesitation skilfully managed to inflame
 them, the fiend promises to introduce
 him to her chamber; the next scene
 accordingly finds Faustus in Margaret's
 apartment, which she, somewhat ruffled
 by the incident in the street, has just
 left.

FAUSTUS (*looking round.*)

How calm! how happy dwells the tender light
 In this still sanctuary reposing here,
 And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
 And blessing all.—Spirit of peace and love,
 I give myself to thee! Oh, love, whose breath
 Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
 Be thou henceforth my life!

How round us breathe
 In every thing the same prevailing quiet
 And neatness, and the feeling of contentment!

—In low estate what more than riches are,
 And this poor cell how very, very happy!
[He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair beside the bed.]
 Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
 Year after year, the generations gone
 Welcomed in joy and grief: how many a swarm
 Of children round this patriarchal throne
 Have gathered here! perhaps beside this seat—
 I well can fancy it—a happy child
 —Even now she scarce is more—at Christmas eve,
 My love has knelt down at her grandsire's feet,
 Among the children grouping to receive
 The Christmas gifts, with pleasure undefiled,
 Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
 Her young round cheeks prest on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
 Is breathing in thy very atmosphere;
 I feel it sway me while I linger here.
 The sense of neatness felt in every thing,
 Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
 The little table with its covering,
 The floor with clean sand crackling to the tread.
 Every where round the hand beloved I trace,
 That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
 Where dreams and meditative thought,
 And, nature, thy benignant powers
 Within her virgin bosom wrought,
 As day by day each influence pure,
 Of heaven and earth her heart mature,
 And fain would welcome forth, and win
 To light, the angel from within.

Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
 Filled with the warmth of happy life; and here
 The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
 Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

But thou accursed, what art thou?
 What brings thee to her chamber now?
 Alas! I tremble but to think,
 And feel my heart within me shrink.
 Poor Faustus! has some magic cloud
 Befooled thine eyes? thy reason bowed?
 Else why this burning passion strange?
 And why to Love this sudden change?
 Oh man—unstable, erring, blind,
 The plaything of the passing wind!

And should she now return and meet
 Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
 Into the coward! at her feet
 In what confusion sink!

Just as Faustus' better feelings are for Margaret; he desires Faustus to
 excited, Mephistopheles enters with a place them in her cabinet.
 casket of jewels, designed as a present

FAUSTUS.

I know not; ought I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Can you ask it?

Perhaps you wish to keep the casket;
 If so—and that 'tis avarice—
 I wish you joy of this cheap vice;
 I'm glad the momentary bubble
 Of love has burst—it saves me trouble;
 And easier pastimes you may find
 Than practising upon her mind.
 My poor brain scarcely understands
 What you are at—I rub my hands
 And scratch my head.

[Places the casket in the press, and closes
 the lock.

Away—come quick—

Soon shall this young, one fancy-sick,
 Think often of you—wish and will
 All to one object pointing still;
 And there are you,—as starved and dull

As if 'twere your old lecture-room,
 And the two sisters beautiful,
 PHYSICS and METAPHYSICS, whom
 You loved so long, were standing there,
 With their haggard faces and grey hair;
 In person by the doctor's chair.
 Come, come.

[Ereunt.

After a few scenes in which, by means
 of a female friend of Margaret, whom
 Mephistopheles deceives by pretending
 to become her suitor, Faustus is intro-
 duced to the poor girl, whose simplicity
 and devoted affection are beautifully
 drawn. Then follows a scene in which
 Faustus wholly possessed by his pas-
 sion has retired to some solitary place,
 and which is one of such extraordinary
 merit, that we must contrive to make
 room for it.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUSTUS (*alone*).

Yes! lofty Spirit, thou hast given me all,
 All that I asked of thee; and not in vain,
 In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou
 Been with me, manifesting gloriously
 Thy presence—thou hast looked on me with love,
 —Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature;
 Power to enjoy and feel! 'Twas not alone
 The stranger's short permitted privilege
 Of momentary wonder that thou gavest;
 No, thou hast given me into her deep breast
 As into a friend's secret heart to look;
 Hast brought to me the tribes of living things:
 Thus teaching me to recognise and love
 My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
 And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
 And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
 Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
 Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
 Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
 Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
 Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
 To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!
 Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
 Its secret inward being all exposed!
 And when before my eye the pure moon walks
 High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
 Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
 The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
 Before me seem to move, and mitigate
 The too severe delight of earnest thought!—

Alas! even now I feel MAN's joys must be
 Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,
 Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods;
 This is thy gift; but with it thou hast given,
 Inseparably linked, this vile associate,
 Whom I abominate but cannot part:—

Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
 To make me to myself contemptible;
 And with a breath will scatter into nothing
 All these high gifts; with what officious zeal
 He fans my breast into a raging flame
 Of passion, to possess that perfect form
 Of loveliness! Thus, from desire I pass
 On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
 Even in enjoyment languish for desire!
 [MEPHISTOPHELES enters.]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Have you not had enough of this before?
 A pretty kind of life to live for ever!
 Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us
 Seek something new.

FAUSTUS.

I wish you had something else
 To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! well! and if you wish I'll leave you here
 To your delights—never say it again.
 Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose
 A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature
 Of a companion—kept the whole day long
 Busy, and never can make any guess
 From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
 Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

FAUSTUS.

Ay, there's the tone;—that is so very like him:
 Tires me to death—expects me then to thank him!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor child of earth! and couldst thou, then, have borne
 Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I
 That saved thee from imagination's idle!
 I guarded thee with long and anxious care;
 And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
 Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,
 Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
 Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,
 Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
 Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?
 Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!
 I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

FAUSTUS.

Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
 In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
 And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
 The devil thou art—still hate and poison it!
 Wouldst grudge the short delight—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Delight indeed!

Yes, transcendental rapture!—mighty fine!—
 In night and dew lying among the hills,
 In ecstasy embracing earth and heaven—
 To swell up till you are a kind of god—
 To pierce into the marrow of the earth
 In a fool's fancies—all the six-days' task
 Of the creation in thy breast to feel—
 And in the pride of conscious power enjoy
 I know not what of bliss,—to cherish love

That has no limits but must overflow
 Till it loves everything that is—till earth
 And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,
 Has passed away—and then the glorious hour
 Of intuition ending—how it ends
 I must not say——

FAUSTUS.

Fie, fie upon thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes!

"Fie, fie!"—it does not suit your taste, forsooth—
 Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well
 In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,
 And will not hear of what the modest heart
 Yet cannot go without. Good, good!—a word,
 However, upon what you said—I grudge not
 To you or any man such pleasure, as
 He now and then may feel, in playing tricks
 Of self-deception; pity 'twill not last.
 You are already blown out of your course—
 Are almost what you were when first we met;
 And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself
 Soon into actual madness—frenzy-fever,
 Or melancholy horror. For your own sake
 Have done with this: your love, poor creature! sits
 Within there,—you should soothe her! All with her
 Is sad and gloomy—out of her poor mind
 You never are: she loves devotedly,
 Poor thing! On thee she thinks—thinks ever more.
 First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,
 As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook
 Above its banks—and thou into her heart
 Hast poured the sudden gush; and now the brook
 Is dry with thee again: methinks 'twere well,
 Instead of reigning here among the woods
 On an imaginary throne, that you
 Would comfort the young monkey, and requite
 The poor thing for her love,—to her the time
 Seems miserably long—she lingers at
 The window, gazes on the clouds that pass
 Slow o'er the old town-walls. "Oh that I were
 A little bird!" she cries. This is her song
 All the day long, and half the heavy night!
 One moment is she mirthful—mostly is
 Sad,—then she weeps till she can weep no more;
 Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
 But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,
 This all is love—deep, tender passionate love.

FAUSTUS.

Serpent—vile serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Ay, and one that stings.

FAUSTUS.

Infamous wretch, begone! name not her name—
 Pollute it not—stir not into desire
 My half-distracted senses.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is this?

She deemed herself abandoned—and is right.

Off, viper !

FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You are raving—I am laughing :
What a hard task it is, forsooth—just think,
And let it cure your spirits,—you are going
Not—as to look at you one might believe—
Not to the gibbet—but to a fond mistress !

FAUSTUS.

What were the joys of Heaven, if with them blest
In her embrace?—could my disquiet be
Stilled on her bosom? could it hush to rest
This drear presentiment of her undoing?
And am I not the outcast—the accursed—
The homeless one, whose wanderings never cease—
The monster of his kind? No rest for me—
No aim—no object; like the stream, that, mured
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
Along its course of ruin,
On to the inevitable precipice—
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
And violently seeks the desperate shock.
And—by the side of such mad stream—was she
—A child with a child's feelings; her low cot
In the green field upon the mountain-slope,
And all that she could wish, or love, or hope,
Her little world, all—all in that poor spot;—
And I—the heaven-detested! was it not
Enough, that the mad torrent grasped and tore
The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore
All, that opposed me, in my downward course
On with me?—Her, too, her—her peace—her joy—
These must I undermine?—these too destroy?
Hell! Hell!—this victim also!—Thy support,
Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!
What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall
Down on me of her ruin—perish all—
She—I—and these wild thoughts together !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! in the fever-fit again?
How seethes and burns the muddy brain!
—Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,
When difficulties thwart,
Or unforeseen calamities occur :
Fools, when they cannot see their way,
At once grow desperate,
Have no resource—have nothing to propose—
But fix a dull eye of dismay
Upon the final close.
Success to the stout heart, say I,
That sees its fate, and can defy!
—Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,
In most things pretty devil enough;—
Of all insipid things, I least can bear
That sickening dose—a devil in despair !

We will not attempt to intrude our own feelings on those with which the reader must have perused this magnificent scene, and shall pass to another of equal excellence in another way—it is that between the unhappy Margaret

and her lover, which terminates in her ther's murder and her own undoing.
becoming the instrument of her mo-

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET—FAUSTUS.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry.

FAUSTUS.

Be assured, my love.

MARGARET.

Tell me but this :—what think you of religion ?
You are a good and honest-minded man ;
But, I believe, and fear, think little of it.

FAUSTUS.

Forbear, my child—thou feelest that I love thee ;
For them I love would give my life away—
I would not rob another of his hopes
In Heaven, or of his faith in creeds and churches.

MARGARET.

'Tis well—but more than this—you must believe.

FAUSTUS.

Must I ?

MARGARET.

Oh, had I any influence !

—Thou honourest not the holy sacraments ?

FAUSTUS.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

But thou dost not receive. —

At mass or shrift 'tis long since thou has been.

— Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUSTUS.

Forbear, my love ;

Who can say truly, " I believe in God ?"

— Ask it of priest or of philosopher,

And the reply seems but a mockery

Of him who asks.

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe !

FAUSTUS.

Misunderstand me not, thou best beloved :

Who can name him, and, knowing what he says,

Say, " I believe in Him ?" And who can feel,

And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong

Hardening his heart, say, " I believe him not !"

The all-embracing, All-sustaining One,

Say, doth he not embrace, sustain, include

Thee ? — Me ? — Himself ? — Bends not the sky above ?

And earth, on which we are, is it not firm ?

And over us with constant kindly smile,

The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch !

Am I not here gazing into thine eyes ?

And does not All, that is,

Seen and unseen, mysterious all—

Around thee, and within,

Untiring agency,

Press on thy heart and mind ?

— Fill thy whole heart with it—and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness—

Then call it what thou wilt,

Happiness !—heart !—love !—God !

I have no name for it—Feeling is all.

Nature is but an echo of the voice

That rings through all—a vapour hiding Heaven !

MARGARET.

This is all good and right ;

The priest says pretty much the same,

But in words somewhat different.

FAUSTUS.

Every where,

All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,

In its own language each doth utter it—

Then why not I in mine.

MARGARET.

Made easy thus

'Tis plausible—yet must it be unsafe :

Thou art no Christian.

FAUSTUS.

Hush, my child.

MARGARET.

I grieve to see the company thou keepst.

FAUSTUS.

What do you mean ?

MARGARET.

The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,

I hate him from the bottom of my soul.

In my whole life, has nothing given my heart

So deep a wound as that man's alien visage.

FAUSTUS.

Beloved, fear him not.

MARGARET.

The very sight of him makes my blood thrill !

To most men I feel kindliness—but him

Do I detest ; and with a feeling strong,

Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes

To have you with me—does a secret shudder

Creep over me when I behold this man.

He is—I cannot be deceived—he is

A villain ; God forgive me, if I wrong him !

FAUSTUS.

He's a queer fellow—do not mind his oddities.

MARGARET.

I would not—could not live together with him.

If for a moment he comes to the door,

He will look in with such an air of mockery,

And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger

Kept down—you see he has no interest

In any thing—'tis written on his brow

He feels no love for any living soul—

And when I am so happy in thy arms,

In the sweet confidence of love forgetting—

Forgetting every thing but thee, then—then

He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers !

FAUSTUS.

Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings !

MARGARET.

The feeling overmasters me so wholly,
That if he does but join us straightway seems it
As if I ceased to love thee—where he is
I could not pray. This eats into my heart.
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel
In this as I do.

FAUSTUS.

This is antipathy.

MARGARET.

I must away.

FAUSTUS.

Alas ! and may I never
Meet thee, where none can come to trouble us ?
One little hour—and must it never be ?
Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul !

MARGARET.

Ah, that I slept alone ! This very night
How gladly would I leave the door unbolted !
But then, my mother's sleep is far from sound ;
Did she awake and find you there, I should,
Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

FAUSTUS.

Dear angel, throw aside such fears ; this phial
Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured
Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,
Deep tranquil sleep.

MARGARET.

I must do as you bid.
Could I refuse you ? 'Twill not injure her ?

FAUSTUS.

It will not ; otherwise would I advise it ?

MARGARET.

Dearly beloved, if I but look on you
I must obey—I cannot hesitate :
There is a something not to be resisted,
Which overpowers me—makes your will my guide
In every thing ; and having gone so far
Already, is choice left me ? Having given
So much, what is there for me to refuse ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters.*)

The monkey ! is it gone ?

Poor Margaret's ruin is brought before the reader by the exhibition of her remorse. She is represented before an image of the *Mater Dolorosa*, and the hymn with which she accompanies her offering is exquisitely pathetic. We can afford room but for one stanza :—

"Where can I go ? where can I go ?
Every where woe ! woe ! woe !
Nothing that does not my own grief betoken ;
And when I am alone
I moan, and moan, and moan,
And am heartbroken."

In the next scene Mephistopheles so contrives it that *Margaret's brother*,

who has heard of his sister's shame, shall be slain by Faustus, and poor Margaret is brought in just in time to witness his death.

The terrific scene which follows is one of the most perilous and successful essays ever made by any dramatic poet :—

CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE—ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET, *among a number of people.*—
EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How changed is every thing
With thee, poor Margaret,

Since when, still full of innocence,
Thou to this very altar
Didst come, and from the little old thumb'd
prayer-book

Didst hie the murmured prayers;
Half with the children out at play,
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
And half with God in heaven.

And dost thou, canst thou think? . . .

Thy brain, where wanders it? . . .

In thy heart oh what a weight

Of guilt! of evil done!

Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—

She who through thee did sleep and
sleep away

Into undying agonies?

And on thy door-stand whose the blood?

And in thy bosom is there not

A stirring, that is torture,

And with foreboding fears

Makes felt the present woe?

MARGARET.

Woe, woe!

Oh that I could escape

These dark thoughts flitting over and
athwart me,

And all accusing me!

CHOIR.

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA,

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA.

EVIL SPIRIT.

The judgment arrests thee—

The trumpet is sounding—

The graves are a-stir—

And thy heart,

From the sleep of its ashes,

For fiery torture

Created again,

Awakes up and trembles.

MARGARET.

That I were out of this—

I feel as if the organ

Stifed my breathing,

And that the anthem was

Breaking my heart.

CHOIR.

JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,

QUIDQUID LATET ADPAREBIT,

NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT.

MARGARET.

I feel so tightened here,

The pillars of the wall

Are grasping me;

The arch above

Weights on me.—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thyself—sin and shame

Will find thee out—

Oh, never were they hidden—

Air—light—exposure—
Woe's thee!

CHOIR.

QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS,

QUEM PATRONUM ROGATURUS,

CUM VIX JUSTUS SIT SECURUS.

EVIL SPIRIT.

From thee their countenances

The sons of light all turn.

To reach to thee their hands

Makes the pure shudder—

Woe!

CHOIR.

QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS.

MARGARET (*fainting*) to the girl next her.

Your flasket, friend.

After the murder of Margaret's brother, Faustus is hurried by Mephistopheles to a festival of witches and demons on the Hartz Mountains. This extraordinary scene, in which poets, philosophers, wizards, goblins, demons, All th' unaccomplished works of nature's hands, Abortive, monstrous, or confusedly mixed,

are hurled together in wild medley, mocks any attempt at description. The fiend's design is probably to produce madness in his stupefied victim; and how well calculated the scene is for this purpose may be judged from the following magnificent description of the tumultuous midnight march to this infernal congress, in which Mr. Anster has convinced us of capabilities in the English language of which we had no conception. He had here, too, to contend with Shelley, who, if, as we are inclined to think, he has in one or two parts of the scene surpassed our author, can, on the whole, certainly claim no more than a fair equality, and who, in the particular passage we are about to quote, though very excellent, is decidedly inferior.

Clouds frown heavily, and hearken
How the wood groans as they darken,
And the owls, in fear and fright
At the stormy face of night,
Beat the air in homeward flight;
The halls of evergreen are shaking,
And their thousand pillars breaking,
Hearken how the tempest wrenches
Groaning trunks and crashing branches,
And the earth beneath is rifted,
And the shrieking trees uplifted—
Bole, and bough, and blossom cheerful,

Fair trees fall in ruin fearful ;
 —How the haughty forest brothers
 Bend and tremble !—how they fall !
 How they cling on one another's
 Arms !—each crushes each and smothers,
 Till, tangled, strangled, down come all ;
 And the wild winds through the ruin
 Are howling, hissing, and hallooing !
 Down the valleys how they sweep,
 Round and round, above and under,
 Rend the giant cliffs asunder,
 And, with shout and scream appalling,
 Catch the mighty fragments falling !
 How they laugh, and how they leap,
 As they hurry off their plunder !
 Headlong steep and gorges deep,
 Gulph, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
 Echo back the stormy thunder !
 — List !—I thought I heard a ringing
 In my ear of voices singing—
 Above—around us—faint, now clearer,

Distant now—now warbling nearer—
 Now all the haunted hill along
 Streams the maddening magic song !

WITCHES IN CHORUS.

On to the Brocken the witches are flock-
 ing—

Merry meet—merry part—how they
 gallop and drive,
 Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
 And young green corn is merry alive.
 With the shapes and shadows swimming by,
 To the highest heights they fly,
 Where Sir Urian sits on high—
 Troughout and about,
 With clamour and shout,
 Drives the maddening rout,
 Over stock, over stone ;
 Shriek, laughter, and moan,
 Before them are blown.

* * * * *

The wind that scattered the clouds is dead,
 And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon :
 She hides her head—and the stars are fled ;—
 With a whispering, whistling, drizzling sound,
 And a fall of meteor fires around—
 Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
 The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

Faustus having discovered that Margaret is in prison and about to be executed for the murder of her mother and child, an angry interview takes place between him and the fiend, the original prose of which, we much wish that Mr. Anster had, in condescension to our British tastes, rendered in verse. Faustus insists that the fiend shall obtain his mistress' liberation. This Mephistopheles is unable to comply with, but promises to procure him

admission to her dungeon, and the means of effecting it himself. In the next scene he and Mephistopheles appear rushing on black steeds over a wild plain where some unhallowed rites are performing. Then follows the closing, and, perhaps, the most effective scene in the whole of this extraordinary drama. We shall not attempt to weaken its effect by comment or abridgment.

PRISON.

FAUSTUS (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before an iron wicket*).

'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.
 Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
 More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
 And here, within these damp walls doth she live,
 And is to die because she was deluded—
 To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
 And thou dost hesitate to go to her !
 Dost fear to look upon that face again !
 Onward, irresolute !—this mad delaying
 Keeps death a lingerer here—secures his prey.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing heard from within.—*
 MARGARET'S voice.]

SONG.

*My mother ! my mother !
 The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
 My father, inhuman, For supper hath ta'en me—
 My little sister hath, one by one,
 Laid together each small white bone,
 'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool ;
 And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
 Fly away, fly away, all the long summer-day,
 Little bird of the woods, fly away ! fly away !*

FAUSTUS (*opening the wicket.*)

She feels not that her love is listening—
 Hears but the chains that clank, and the straw rustling.

[*He enters.*]

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the straw of her bed.*)
 Woe ! woe ! they come ! they come !—death, bitter death !

FAUSTUS (*in a low voice.*)

Hush ! hush ! 'tis I who come to rescue thee !

MARGARET (*rolling herself at his feet.*)

Art thou a man ? Have pity upon me.

FAUSTUS.

Hush ! hush ! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers.

[*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*]

MARGARET (*throwing herself on her knees to him.*)

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee ?
 It is not more than midnight now—have mercy !
 Is it too long a time to wait till morn ?
 And I am still so young—so very young !
 And must I die so soon ?—and I was fair—
 And I was fair, and that was my undoing.
 Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—
 Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—
 Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—
 Ah, spare me ! sure I have not injured thee :
 Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain !
 Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

FAUSTUS.

How can I bear to see these sufferings ?

MARGARET.

I know that I am wholly in thy power—
 Only permit me once to give my breast
 To this poor child of mine : all the long night
 It lay upon my heart, they took it from me ;
 They took away my child to torture me,
 And now they say that I have murdered it,
 And never more will I be gay and happy :
 And they sing songs about me—'twas ill done ;
It was ill done—so the old ballad runs,
 Who told them I was meant in it ?

FAUSTUS.

Thy lover, Margaret, kneels at thy feet ;
 He comes to open these sad prison gates.

MARGARET

Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints.
See ! see ! beneath us hell boils up—the devil
Is raving there below in hideous rage !

FAUSTUS (*in a low tone of voice.*)

Margaret—Margaret.

MARGARET (*with eager attention.*)

That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*]

Where is he?—Where?—I heard my own love's voice!

Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.

I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;

I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—

I heard him call the name of Margaret;

Amid the noises and the howls of hell,

And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,

I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice!

FAUSTUS.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

'Tis thou!—oh, tell me so once more!

[*Presses him to her bosom.*]

'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now?

Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are they?

'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.

I am already free: look—there's the street

Where we first met—where first I saw my love—

And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,

Where I and Martha used to wait for thee.

FAUSTUS.

Come, come with me.

MARGARET.

Oh, stay a little while—

Some moments more—I love to stay with thee!

FAUSTUS.

Haste, haste! ah, linger not,

One moment more—a moment's lingering now

Will cost—we cannot tell how much.

MARGARET.

How! what!

And hast thou then forgot that kiss of thine,

My love? So short a time away, and yet

To have forgotten all those signs of love!

Why do I feel so sad upon thy neck?

Oh, there was once a time when all thy words,

And every glance of thine seemed heaven to me.

And warmly didst thou press me to thy heart!

Oh, let me feel once more that loved embrace!

Alas! thy lips are cold and dumb—ah, where,

Where is thy love? Who robbed me of thy love?

FAUSTUS.

Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.

I love thee with unutterable love;

But follow me—this one—this one request.

MARGARET.

And is it thou, and art thou surely Faustus?

FAUSTUS.

Yes, yes! But come!

MARGARET.

And thou wilt break my chains!

And thou wilt take me to thy arms again!

How is it thou dost not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

FAUSTUS.

Come, come!—the darkness of the night is fading.

MARGARET.

My mother, I have murdered her—my child
I drowned my child—and was it not thy child,
Thy child and mine? yes, thine! and thou art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thine hand—it is not then a dream;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—
Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!
What hast thou done? Ah, sheath thy bloody sword;
Ah, hide it from me.

FAUSTUS.

Think not of the past;
That which is done, is done. Come, this delay
Is death to me!

MARGARET.

No; thou must yet remain,
Till I describe to thee the graves, which thou
To-morrow must see made: the best place give
To my poor mother; near her lay my brother;
And by their side a little space away,
Place me; and on my right breast lay my child;
No other will lie with me in that bed!
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

FAUSTUS.

Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

MARGARET.

Come! Whither!

FAUSTUS.

From this prison to thy freedom.

MARGARET.

Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without?
Come to the bed of everlasting rest—
Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—
And art thou leaving me? may I go with thee?

FAUSTUS.

Come, come; the gates are open, only come.

MARGARET.

I dare not go; there is no help for me.
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wonder in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

FAUSTUS.

I will be with thee.

MARGARET (*wildly.*)

Fly, fly,
Save thy poor child ;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood ;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank
He lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not,
Still does he stir
With the motion of life.
His little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue him ! rescue him !

FAUSTUS.

Recall thy wandering mind—thy life's at stake.
One step and thou art free.

MARGARET.

Oh, that we once had left yon hill behind !
See there, my mother sitting on a stone—
Icy cold comes a dead hand on my temples.
My mother there is sitting on a stone,
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod ; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—
Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were ?
It was a happy time !

FAUSTUS.

She listens not ;
Words have no weight with her ; there is no way,
But forcibly to bear her hence.

MARGARET.

Touch me not ; no, I will not suffer violence :
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp ; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Every thing my love asked me, willingly.

FAUSTUS.

Day dawns—oh, hasten hence, my love ! my love !

MARGARET.

Day ! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day ;
My bridal day it should have been ; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas ! my garland is already withered ;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love :
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands ;
The bell hath sounded ; the death wand is broken ;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on ;
On to the scaffold they have hurried me ;
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me :
And now through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave !

FAUSTUS.

Oh, that I never had been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears at the door.*)

Away, or you are lost;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the grey morning.

MARGARET.

What shape is that which rises from the earth?
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place;
What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me.

FAUSTUS.

Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

MARGARET.

Upon the judgment throne of God, I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUSTUS.*)

Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

MARGARET.

Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child.
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come—she is judged!

VOICE (*from above.*)

Is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUSTUS.*)

Hither to me!

[*Disappears with FAUSTUS.*]

VOICE (*from within dying away.*)

Henry! Henry!

Large as have been our extracts from this truly original poem, the reader who confines himself to them can have but little idea of its power and beauty as a whole. Considered strictly as a dramatic composition, its great merit consists in the characters of Mephistopheles and Margaret. That of the former is a masterpiece. Pure intellect, exerted in ceaseless activity and in one steady direction, by the force of habit, without motive, without emotion, without gratification, would, in the first instance, appear the most unmanageable of all personifications; it would seem impossible to prevent it from becoming a cold, unreal, and uninteresting abstraction, or impossible to preserve it amid the working of passions and the bustle of real life in unimpassioned and unmoved consistency—yet the triumph of the poet is here complete. No touch of human feeling, no stirring of desire, no enjoyment of gratified affec-

tion or appetite ever mingles with the constant operation of the Dæmon's deep and unclouded wit; every superstitious fancy, every mysterious feeling, every fearful recollection of the reader's own breast, all the externals connected with the legendary fiend, are set at work by the poet to give full and distinct personality to this creature of his fancy; but through all the apparently wild and wayward extravagancies of his action, the unearthly consistency of the Dæmon's character is observed without a break. Margaret and Martha were probably suggested to the author by Juliet and her Nurse. We find in Margaret the same girlish simplicity as in Juliet, modified only by the differences of her country and condition, the same love at first sight, the same ready confession of her passion, and when her affections are engaged, the same

"Bounty as boundless as the sea,
And love as deep;"

but in the terrific sequel of her career of guilt and shame, the bard has exhibited the character suggested to him under circumstances unparalleled in the original—has vindicated his claim to it, and fairly made it his own. Considered in each scene by itself, *Faustus* is admirably drawn. Each scene is an exhibition of human nature in some particular posture, but that harmony is failed of, which makes these the postures of the same individual mind, and fixes them to one person. *Faustus* wants personality, and the reader feels little interest in the nominal hero of

the piece throughout. To judge, however, of this poem by the rules of the regular drama would be absurd. The best critic, after all, is the reader's own mind and feeling; and we are mistaken if our extracts have not supplied him with materials for forming some judgment of the *poetry* in this volume. We must add one more, and that one, because in the whole compass of English Lyrical Poetry—and to *English* poetry it now belongs—we do not think that there is any thing which surpasses it—it is from the prelude at the theatre :—

Give me, oh ! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise !
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays ;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing ;—
Then, as I wander'd free,
In every field, for me
Its thousand flowers were blowing !
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery ;
Magic in every thing unknown :—
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.
Yes ! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich !—my glad inheritance,
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—
Give me, oh ! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,
Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind ;
Give me my youth again !

Whether Mr. Anster may not have some right to complain that we have considered this work rather as an original poem than as a translation we cannot pretend to determine. On himself, after all, the guilt, if there be any, mainly rests. We have read the poem with an unbroken and unoffended interest which we should have thought it impossible for a translation to create and sustain, and even still find it hard to recur to it with any permanent recollection that it is one. This, we consider—and we think that most readers will agree with us—constitutes its greatest excellence. The poet whose mind moves so freely and so truly through the whole

train of another's operations as never in their exhibition to remind us of effort or constraint, may certainly stand on fair ground of rivalry with his original :—Could higher praise than this belong in the present case to any poet ? The poem is one which tries the translator's skill in every species of poetic composition, and in each taxes his powers to the very utmost :—Mr. Anster has shrunk from none, and in all he has been eminently successful. The conceptions of his author are not preserved in the cumbrous folds and wrappings of the Embalmer's art, but start up before us in the fair forms and proportions of living things. Even without the

reader's possessing a knowledge of the original language which would enable him to judge of Mr. Anster's merit as a critically faithful translator, there is an internal evidence of the general fidelity of a translation, arising from the consistency of its parts, which all can appreciate, and which this work possesses in the highest degree. Germany owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Anster for being the first who, after years of incredulity, has in these countries fully justified her enthusiastic admiration of her mighty bard. As Irishmen we feel justly proud that this high triumph has been achieved by our countryman. The man who, under any circumstances, gives a new impulse to the literature of his country, has a strong claim on her gratitude; but this claim is greatly enhanced when, as in Mr. Anster's case, he has made the attempt amid the absorbing interest of political excitement and the conflict of angry and tumultuous factions. His work must, we confidently expect,

assume a permanent station in the highest rank of English poetry. Under these circumstances, and with these feelings, we cannot bring ourselves to notice such lesser imperfections as must be found in any of man's labours; and we take our leave of Mr. Anster with the sincerest admiration of his genius, and congratulation of this triumphant display of it.

The other translations in the volume are executed with the same spirit and vigor as the larger one, on which we have dwelt so long, and present the same indications of extraordinary original power in the translator. In the Notes the reader will find much rare and interesting information. The Preface is written with an elegance that does honour to the author's taste, and a kindliness towards his brother labourers which does honour to his feelings, and the Dedication associates with his own a name dear to every scholar, every man of worth or genius, and every Christian in this country.

CORPORATION REFORM.

IN February last, on the meeting of parliament, the House of Commons, at the suggestion of Lord Morpeth, inserted a clause in their address to the King, in which they expressed their regret that the progress of many useful reforms had been interrupted by the dissolution of the preceding parliament. To those who remembered that but a little time before that dissolution, the Whig Lord Chancellor had declared that if the session of 1834 had effected little, the session of 1835 would effect less, this proceeding of the House of Commons appeared strange and unaccountable. It was, however, adopted upon the distinct and emphatic assurance of Lord John Russell, that, at the time when the Melbourne cabinet was broken up, a variety of measures of reform were actually in the course of preparation, when, unhappily, the sudden dismissal of the industrious and honest statesmen who composed the Melbourne Cabinet had deprived the country of the promulgation of those *marvellous measures* that were to be

enduring monuments of the wisdom and the patriotism of their authors.

Those assertions of Lord John Russell were certainly strangely at variance with the no less positive declarations of Lord Brougham. The House of Commons, however, chose rather to believe the word of the ex-minister; and, on the assurance of that word, they committed themselves to the truth of his statements. This was probably all that Lord John desired—the statement served the party purpose for which it was designed—it furnished the pretext for an unmeaning amendment to the address to the King, and gave honourable members an opportunity of shewing their factious opposition to ministers whom they had determined to find guilty, but against whom the only difficulty was to find a charge.

The noble lord perhaps prided himself on the ingenuity of his device. It was something to have framed an excuse for faction—to have invented a story that served as a pretext for the base manœuvres of party. Satisfied

with the momentary success of his little scheme, the noble lord never troubled himself to look beyond its momentary consequences—he never once recollected that the time might come when the falsehood would be detected, and its originator exposed—dazzled by the glitter of the emoluments of office, he never once thought of its inconveniences—his whole soul was absorbed in reflections upon the magnitude of the prize at which he grasped, and the triumph of the anticipation of the Home Secretary's place, he never once remembered that when he and his accomplices had succeeded, upon the strength of their unfounded representations, in displacing honest and abler men, the country would expect them to verify their statements by producing those measures for the preparation of which they took so much credit to themselves.

Sir Robert Peel, however, was displaced—the Melbourne cabinet was reconstructed just as it was constituted in November, with the exception of the only individual who appeared to be in ignorance of their glorious measures of reform. With the solitary omission of Lord Brougham, the members of it have been reinstated in place—they again receive their salaries, and bestow the patronage of the crown. Lord John Russell's statement is now subjected to an inconvenient test.—Those measures which were ready in November, ought surely to be forthcoming in April. But, alas, for the veracity of the noble lord—alas, for the credulity, real or pretended, of the House of Commons, that acted on his word—it is now discovered that the measures which were absolutely ready in November, are still to be thought of and prepared. The house adjourns for an unprecedented space of time, to meet the convenience of the new cabinet—and in this awkward emergency, hasty and bungling measures are prepared, to meet the exigencies of the case—principles taken up without consideration, are blundered out into details prepared without care; and, after many procrastinations and excuses, the leader of the House of Commons lays upon the table an ill-considered and a worse digested bill for the reform of municipal corporations in England and Wales.

It cannot but seem strange, that the principle which Lord John Russell thought most important while in opposition, in office he comparatively forgets—the appropriation of the revenues of the Irish church was the great object for which he struggled—to effect this sacrilegious project, he obtained his place. But scarcely has he been placed in his office, when he unaccountably changes his mind. The reform of corporations, upon which no vote of the House of Commons had been passed, which never had been brought forward in the party struggle that disgraced the commencement of the present session, becomes suddenly magnified into the first importance, and viewed from the position in which the noble lord is now placed, those objects, which but a little while ago appeared so vast, have dwindled into comparative littleness and insignificance.

To those who honestly seek the good of the nation, the objects which were of importance in April are surely of the same importance now. The statesman who is convinced of the national utility of a great measure, will steadily pursue it; and, whether in office or in opposition, his efforts will be directed to the same end. But while the interests of the nation are permanent, those of a party may be very changeable and uncertain; and thus, while the conduct of the patriot is steady and consistent as the object which he seeks, the policy of the partizan is vacillating and variable as the interests which he serves. The one has nothing to embarrass his calculations, as he has nothing to consider but his country's good, while the other must take into his account all the perplexing chances of party contingencies, and be guided by all the debasing considerations of party selfishness, altering his course, and changing his tactics, as the poor and paltry interests of party may require.

We believe that the only object of the Whigs is to retain office—the desire of place is the only motive that actuates them. We have long been led to this conclusion, and recent events have confirmed our belief. Ever since the assembling of parliament, the whole tactics of the party have had reference to this single end.

It may be worth while to review the course which they have pursued.

Sir Robert Peel took office with the declared intention of endeavouring to remove every abuse that might exist in the institutions of the country—to do everything to adapt them not only merely to the advanced intellect of the age, but to the new state of society which was created by the Reform Bill—everything that in his honest judgment he could believe calculated to improve the efficiency of our institutions, he pledged himself to support. Nor did he confine himself to professions. All these commissions which, under the Whig government, had been proceeding at so sluggish a pace, were quickened into new activity—measures were put in train for a more equable distribution of the revenues of the English Church, a reform in which his opponents had never moved a single step, and Sir Robert Peel set himself in good earnest to effect those alterations which might promote the utility without endangering the existence of our institutions. The Whigs determined to prevent him from laying his measures before the country—they first declared that the dissolution had interrupted the progress of reform, a declaration which has been proved to have no foundation in fact; but which, at best, could answer no practical end. They then proceed to occupy the time of the legislature with one of the most absurd resolutions that ever was submitted to a deliberative body—a resolution dealing altogether with abstract, not to say imaginary, existences; and which never would have been brought forward if it had not been in the anticipation of its being opposed, and thus, by a series of manoeuvres, dictated by an utter recklessness to everything but the one object of gaining place—they succeeded in driving from the head of affairs the ministers of their sovereign's choice—and resumed the position for which all parties in the country had long since pronounced them unfit.

Out of office they had directed all their energies to gain it—in office they frame all their plans with the single view to keep it. They found that the subject they had taken up in *opposition* would not answer their *ministerial tactics*—the people of Eng-

land were not yet prepared for the sacrifice of the Irish Church—they then satisfy their new allies the Irish agitators, by surrendering into their hands the official patronage of that country, and the grievance of the Irish Church is to be left untouched, while they may invent some measure of reform upon which they may force the Conservatives to oppose them, and then brand them as the supporters of abuse. This was the object with which Lord John Russell prepared his measure of municipal reform. He took up the subject for a party purpose, and he commenced to legislate upon it in a party spirit; and though he has been disappointed in his design—though the Conservative opposition, which he so anxiously expected, has not been provoked, or the popular clamour on which he calculated, been raised—though one party look upon his measure without alarm, and the other regard it with a mortifying indifference, this may shew the erroneousness, but it never can disprove the selfish factiousness of his calculations.

It may be worthy the attention of all thinking men in the country, to calculate the real gain to the cause of reform effected by the factious expulsion of Sir Robert Peel. The only two measures which the new ministry will introduce this session, are the measures of Corporation Reform and a bill for the settlement of the Irish Church question. It seems now uncertain whether the latter will be brought on this session at all;—but, first, of Corporation Reform, some measure of this nature will undoubtedly become law—not indeed the crude and ill-digested measure of Lord John Russell, but a bill embodying its principles and avoiding its many and grievous errors. Now this is precisely what would have taken place had Sir Robert Peel continued in office, except that his measure would have been better arranged, than it is probable the present one will be, even after all the amendments and modifications, which in its passage through the houses it will unquestionably receive. In the matter of Corporation Reform has clearly gained nothing. Then as to the Irish Church, it is more than probable that this question will also be postponed until a more convenient time, but if it is not, Lord

Morpeth's measure will be simply Sir Henry Hardinge's, with the addition of a clause for "appropriating" the "surplus" revenues—that clause will infallibly be rejected by the Lords, the bill will be returned to the Commons without it, and it is very probable that at the close of a long and wearisome session, the bill may be either lost sight of altogether, or if passed, it will be passed without the clause; that is, just as it would had Sir Robert Peel continued at the head of affairs.

While the removal of the grievances of dissenters, the reform of the English church, the reform of ecclesiastical courts, and the law reforms which, under Sir Robert Peel's administration, would have been perfected this session, under the Whig-radical cabinet, are indefinitely postponed,

The following tabular balance-sheet will exhibit clearly what the country has gained by the change :

**UNDER SIR ROBERT PEELE
WE WOULD HAVE HAD**

A bill that would have satisfied all the moderate dissenters.

A well-devised measure of Corporate Reform, based on a popular principle, and securing good municipal government.

An efficient Reform of the Church of England, effected under the sanction of the heads of the church, abolishing sinecures, and equalizing incomes.

A bill that would have settled tithes in Ireland, securing the rights of property, and yet removing all causes of complaint.

A reform of the ecclesiastical and law courts, arranged under the superintendence of the first and greatest reformer of our jurisprudence—a reformer in days when Lord John was the panegyrist of Gaton and Old Sarum.

**FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL
WE WILL HAVE**

An indefinite postponement of the dissenters' marriage bill.

An ill-digested plan of Corporate Reform, arranged in a hurry, for a party purpose.

No measure of English Church Reform.

An abstract resolution about some imaginary surplus.

The whole machinery of the law courts deranged by putting the great seal of England in Commission.

And no measure of law reform.

of England is laughed at abroad, and despised at home.

But it is time that we should come to the consideration of the great question of Municipal Reform. We repeat our conviction that the measure which Lord John Russell has introduced, can never, in its present shape, become law. The interests involved are too complicated, and the relations to be adjusted far too intricate to admit of the measure being disposed of in a hurry. We look, however, with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament to effect such alterations in the bill, and make such additions to its enactments as may secure the great ends of corporate institutions—the good government of the towns in which they exist, and the correct appropriation of municipal funds to the benefit of the community at large. We trust that there is still so much of patriotism in the legislature, that in the consideration of this most important subject—a subject involving more than any other the good of the country, and the happiness of the people—all party considerations will be thrown aside, and that men of all parties will set themselves honestly and disinterestedly to consider how best the new municipalities may be constituted, so as to guard, as far as it is possible for a legislature to guard, against the recurrence of abuses, and secure that the corporations shall, by an impartial administration of justice, preserve order within their jurisdictions, and by an honest distribution of their revenues, minister to the convenience, foster the trade, and give encouragement to the honest industry of the people under their control.

These are the simple objects which we desire to see effected by any legislative interference with the charters of corporations; and for these objects alone such interference is justifiable; Lord John Russell appears to think that these ends are gained by a system of popular election, without any further precautionary provision. We fear that the problem is not quite so easy of solution. Popular election by no means insures purity of administration; still less does it insure prudence and discretion. Indeed we believe that history will amply bear out the assertions that popular jobbing is of all

And to make up for the measures of solid utility we have lost, we have the satisfaction of knowing that our national affairs are managed by such men as Lords John Russell and Morpeth, and our foreign policy under the direction of Lord Palmerston; and that in the hands of men who are neither respectable in integrity nor competent in talent, the government

others the most shameless and corrupt. Peculation indeed, appears to be regarded as the prerogative of the demagogue. Those who have won the favour of the populace by flattering them, are, of all others, the most likely to consider themselves privileged to take liberties with their pockets.

The uniformity of Lord John Russell's measure is a strong presumption against its usefulness; with the exception of the division of the larger towns into wards, the provisions are the same for the largest city, and the most inconsiderable borough in the kingdom—and yet few will say, that the measures adapted for the one will be equally well calculated for the other. But even leaving out of the question the difference of circumstances between a great commercial city and a small venal borough, we apprehend, that it will be found, that there are not merely local interests and local circumstances, but local acts of parliament, that must exercise a very perplexing and disturbing influence upon the particular application of any general measure of municipal arrangement. But this is ever the evil of hasty legislation, that circumstances are overlooked until the mischief, which a little caution might have obviated, is practically felt, when the remedy becomes, perhaps, more cumbersome and complicated than the inconvenience it removes.

Lord John Russell's bill enacts into burgesses all inhabitants of the borough who have been three years rated for the relief of the poor. Whether this be not too extensive a franchise we will not now stop to inquire; it seems, however, strange in those who profess to remove all anomalies from our constitution, to form enactments of which the effect is in every borough to create three different constituencies at once—each exercising functions which would seem to belong to the mass of the inhabitants—the vestry regulating the poor-rates—the ten-pound householders returning the members to parliament, and the burgesses managing the municipal affairs.

The burgesses elect a common council consisting of members of which the number is to vary from fifteen to ninety—the common council annually elect a mayor—a third of the common

council go out each year—so that annual elections will take place under the provisions of the bill.

The mayor and burgesses are to be the incorporation—the common council the directing and deliberating body—besides these, there are to be a town treasurer, town clerk, and in some boroughs a recorder, all to be elected by the common council, with the exception of the recorder, who is to be nominated by the crown—and to be a barrister of not less than five years' standing.

Two very important arrangements are, the institution of charitable trustees, and of auditors of the borough; the funds left in trust to the corporation are very properly placed under the management of a separate board—we do not approve of the constitution of that board, but the principle is good; and all the accounts of the town treasurer and the charitable trustees are each year to be submitted to three auditors, two to be elected by the burgesses, and one to be nominated by the mayor.

In boroughs possessing the right of holding separate courts of session, the burgesses are all liable to serve as grand or petit jurors.

The parts of the bill which appear to us to be most objectionable we shall endeavour humbly to point out. We cannot enter at present upon anything like a full discussion of this great question, but we throw out the following observations, more as suggestions than as comments.

We do not quarrel with the extension of the franchise, but we think it necessary, very necessary, that in bodies so popular and democratic as the new corporations will be, there should be provided some checks upon popular power; the bill does not even require any qualifications for a common council-man, or a mayor—a pauper may be made the first magistrate of a town, if he can find a constituency of paupers to elect him.

In the new corporation there will be no body analogous to the board of aldermen. It might be possible, by establishing a second rank of burgesses composed of the wealthier inhabitants of the boroughs, and giving to these the election of a board of aldermen from whom the mayor should be chosen.

by the common council—to form a system democratic enough for all the useful purposes of popular control, and yet giving to property that just influence which would operate as a check upon popular licentiousness.

The indiscriminate confiscation of the rights of old freemen we altogether disapprove of; their rights might be retained, as they were in the reform bill, to those residing within seven miles of the borough.* We are not quite sure that it is well to take from the inhabitants of the city the power of conferring, even upon strangers, the freedom of their city—the custom is a very ancient one, it is derived certainly from no aristocratic source—it belonged to the republican institutions of Greece and Rome; and even if an honorary freedom were to confer no civic right, it were a tribute worth paying sometimes to distinguished merit—a tribute, be it remembered, of which, in the new boroughs, the people would be the source.

The abolition of the exclusive rights of trading is a measure founded certainly on principles of equitable policy—the time is gone by when trade required the fictitious protection of monopolies at home; at the same time, however, it must not be forgotten, that on faith of these exclusive rights, large apprentice fees have been paid, and property vested in trade. These interests may not have all the sacredness of vested interests, but they may, perhaps, be worthy the attention of the legislature.†

The frequency of elections is a very great evil in the present arrangements of the bill—a third part of the common council are to be elected every year. We do not see that this frequency of election tends to any good end—and we are very sure that it will produce much evil, by creating annually in the borough, all the confusion and dissension, and ill-will, that are inseparable from the almost personal excitement of the electioneering politics of a small town.

In the clause which regulates the method of taking votes, there appears to be some strange indefiniteness which will admit of much dispute, as its proper interpretation. We do not know whether the framers of the bill designed that the voting should be secret, but a construction might be very fairly put upon the enactment which would have this practical effect—a paper signed by the voter is to be handed to the mayor; there is no provision made that this paper shall be open to the inspection of any one else—this would be placing unlimited power in the hands of the mayor—we do not believe that this was the intention of the framers, but the clause is liable to this construction, and the instructions as to the mode of voting should be much more explicit.

The power of removing, at their pleasure, all the officers of the corporation, is one that certainly ought not to be intrusted, without some restriction, to the common council; nothing ever could be better calculated to give occasion for party manœuvring and petty intrigue between needy adventurers and corrupt councillors—and certainly no provision could be more adapted utterly to destroy in the officers all sense of independence, and to minister in the councillors to that spirit of arrogance and pride, which is the besetting sin of all democratic communities.

The discretionary power of granting or withholding licenses for alehouses is one that certainly ought not to be left altogether to the councillors—at least the recorder, who is the only corporate officer totally separate from local politics, and the only one too for whose respectability we have any security, should exercise over the matter some control.

The clauses for furnishing an efficient night watch, and municipal police, as well as we can form an opinion, upon a necessarily hasty perusal, seemed admirably calculated to secure these important objects.

* Since these observations were written, Mr. Praed, on the second reading of the bill, has given notice of amendment to preserve the rights of existing freemen.

† It is but justice to observe that the attention of the public has been already called to this part of the subject, which seemed altogether to be overlooked, by the *Morning Herald*. The subject of these interests was fully and powerfully discussed in the columns of that excellent journal.

There is one very strange anomaly in the bill, but an omission upon which it is needless to comment, as we are willing to believe it originated in an oversight, and will be corrected as soon as pointed out. Many of the corporations possess extensive church patronage, but under the new bill this patronage will be exercised by bodies in which dissenters may have the majority. The simplest way of obviating this monstrous anomaly, is to take the patronage from the corporation, and place it, where all ecclesiastical patronage ought to be vested, in the hands of the bishops of the church.

The appointment of the recorder is to rest with the crown—this is a provision, the propriety of which we have very great doubts; it will throw immense patronage into the hands of the minister of the day, and it is probable that political considerations, much more than qualification for the duties of the office will determine the selection. We have seen quite enough of some recent appointments of assistant barristers in Ireland, to make us very much afraid of leaving to the minister the appointment to *small* judicial situations, appointments upon which the force of public opinion does not act very strongly, and which, therefore, the minister may, with impunity, employ to reward some incompetent and violent partizan, by advancing him to a place for which he is utterly unfit. The appointments of assistant barristers in Ireland have latterly been notoriously political appointments, and in estimating the claims of a briefless barrister to the place, the very last item that would be taken into account, would be his fitness. It is very fair that those in power should dispose of the government offices to their own friends, but every thing connected with the administration of justice should be as far above the suspicion of political bias, as of local influence—and bad as it would be to leave the choice of a recorder to the chances of a borough election, with all the probabilities of faction and intrigue influencing the appointment, we would adopt even this in preference to permitting the minister to reward, perhaps, the *disgraceful services* of a lowly partizan, *by sending him to judge upon the liberties and properties of freemen.*

But happily the alternative is not proposed to us—we have precedent for a source of appointment which would at once place it beyond the suspicion of any corrupt or improper bias—the English reform bill left the appointment of the revising barrister to the judges; and if we needed to be convinced of the superiority of this arrangement, we have only to compare the men so appointed with those nominated in Ireland by the crown. To the judges, then, we would give the appointment of recorders; not to any one of the judges, but to the entire body; perhaps the corporation might be permitted to recommend a certain number, from whom the judges should select a competent person. We repeat that our experience of government appointments in Ireland, makes us very jealous of leaving any *minor* judicial appointment to the crown.

The most objectionable points in the bill are, in our mind, the want of any qualifications for the councillors and mayor, the frequency of the elections, and the appointment of the recorders by the crown. To its principle we beg to be understood as giving the fullest assent, and it is solely from a desire to see its ends more effectually secured that we have ventured to suggest amendments in its details.

The measure for Ireland has not yet been laid before the house—Mr. Perrin has promised the report of the Irish corporation commission, and Lord Morpeth the measure to be grounded on it. We shall now refrain from all comment or remark, but we tell the Protestant people of this Protestant nation to be upon their guard, and to pause before they give their assent to any measure of Irish municipal reform, framed by the allies of O'Connell and the enemies of our Protestant institutions. To any measure calculated to secure good municipal government we will assent in Ireland as readily as we do in England; but the Protestants of Ireland will resist, even to the death, any measure, which under the specious name of corporate reform, will throw corporate power into the hands of the enemies of Protestantism and of England—and convert the very institutions which were formed as the bulwark of our defence into the towers of our enemy's attack.

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THE IRISH CHURCH ABOLITION BILL.

BEFORE these pages meet the eye of our readers, the measure introduced by Lord Morpeth, "for the better regulation of ecclesiastical revenues in Ireland," will have been canvassed both in the legislature and in the public journals. But yet it is an occasion upon which it would ill become us to remain silent. Unhappily the subject is one with which, of late, the people of this country have been but too familiar. Unhappily for the honor of England, the peace of Ireland, the welfare of both! discussions have been multiplied, in which there could be found but little to instruct, if we except the sad and humiliating, but yet, it may be, useful lesson which may be gathered from the contemplation of human folly and human crime. We have seen politicians compromising the greatness and degrading the religion of England for the support of men who avow themselves the enemies of both. We have seen men professing to be Protestants, voting that Protestantism be suppressed—and to effect this they have interfered with the most sacred rights and violated the most solemn engagements; and that no tinge or colour of moral guilt might be wanting to complete the picture of depravity which is presented to our view, men who had sworn a solemn oath never to use their parliamentary privileges to injure the church establishment, are unblushingly voting for its spoliation. Well may we say that it is *unhappily for England that she*

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has been familiar with such discussions!—discussions in which we have been condemned to witness the reckless abandonment of every principle that has hitherto been held sacred; senators disregarding oaths and mocking at the faith of treaties—all sanctions, human and divine, unhesitatingly broken through—the duties of religion forgotten and the sacredness of prescription violated—sacrilege, perjury and perfidy tolerated, encouraged, and almost unrebuked; all this we have been condemned to witness—every thing, in a word, that could painfully force upon us the awful conviction that the high and palmy days of Britain's honor are gone by, and that our country has far advanced in the contaminating and demoralizing progress of revolution.

Not that we despair. No! the struggle will be a fearful one: but even were matters much worse than they are, still the cause of truth would have nothing to fear but from the despondency of her friends. Of all the examples that antiquity sets before us, there is, perhaps, most instruction to be learned from the conduct of that Roman senate, who, when the armies of Rome had been cut off, and her vanquished general driven from the field, returned him thanks on his arrival because he had not despaired of the safety of Rome. This was a noble resolution, and worthy of a people who felt, that though apparently conquered, they could not be put

down; and their confidence had its glorious reward in the success which afterwards attended their arms. And if heathens, amid all the difficulties that surrounded them, after defeats that seemed to threaten the extinction of the Roman name—with but the dim superstitions of Paganism to hint of an overruling power—could yet rely with confidence upon the justice and sacredness of their cause, and rousing by their heroic conduct the fainting energies of their fainting countrymen, could summon to the defence of their altars and their homes the depressed but still unbroken spirits of an almost conquered nation—what, we ask, should be the conduct of British patriots in a far less dispiriting crisis, in a holier cause, with stronger motives to animate, and higher principles to cheer our exertions than heathens ever knew? Shall we, in the fancied hopelessness of exertion, abandon our altars, and wait until it may please our triumphant enemies to make the next attack upon our homes? No! let us imitate the noble spirit of the Roman senate, and let us regard as a traitor to the cause of his country, the man who dares to despair of the safety of the constitution.

But if the cause of the constitution has nothing to fear, except from the inaction of its friends, from this it has every thing to fear. Apprehension upon this point is fully justified by the sad experience of the past. Inroad after inroad has been made upon the ancient institutions of the country; concession after concession has given rise to but a new series of demands, and still there have been found men mad enough to continue in the delusion, that by yielding to these demands you could buy off the assaults of the enemies of our institutions. Indolence still pleaded for the persuasion that left an excuse for the want of exertion, and whispered the soft flattery that there was no necessity to resist a demand that surely would be the last. And well did the leaders of the revolution know how to meet this disposition. Time after time did they protest that what they asked was all they sought, and that having obtained one little measure they would be satisfied. Not to recall the events of a past generation, when the possession of the elective franchise was the ultimatum of the

demands of the Roman Catholics, who is there that forgets the vows by which emancipation was preceded? This was all the demagogues asked. Protestants were found foolish enough to believe them; emancipation is conceded—and immediately the cry is raised for the repeal of the Union and the extinction of the Church. A time is still promised us when agitation shall cease, and the country be left to the blessings of tranquillity, and each concession is to be the herald of the blissful period; but, alas! indefinitely distant that time is receding farther and farther from our view; the land of peace is farther from us than when we were induced to embark in pursuit of it upon the boundless and tumultuous waters of agitation,

“per mare magnum,
Italiam sequimur fugientem et volvitur unda.”

But surely the time is now come when there should be an end of hypocrisy on the one side, or at least of credulity upon the other. We have already conceded too many “last demands” to be fooled any longer by the stale and unprofitable cheat. Indeed it appears as if our enemies were tired of making us their dupes: perhaps they are sure of us as their victims. We do not recollect that *they* have called Lord Morpeth’s bill a final measure. Mr. O’Connell accepts of its provisions as a small instalment of the debt. This, at least, is honest; perhaps we ought to be thankful for it. The abandonment of the old artifices will at least save Protestants from one disgrace—we will not add another to the list of occasions upon which we have fallen into the “unpitied calamity of being repeatedly caught in the same snare.”

There could not be a grosser delusion than to imagine Lord Morpeth’s bill a final measure—it is morally impossible that it should be so. It establishes principles which it does not follow out; it commences spoliation which it does not perfect: its principle is to make the Roman Catholic religion the established religion of Ireland, and to leave the Protestant church a stipendiary body depending on the eleemosynary contributions of the state. The farther it is from fully effecting this object, the farther is it from being a final measure; for this

principle once established, will assuredly be followed up. Mark the applause with which this bill has been hailed by the men who declare that they will not rest until the rule is established, that every man pays his own clergyman as he pays his own physician. Of what value is the bill to these gentlemen, unless as it is a step towards ulterior measures? To them it is utterly worthless for what it enacts, but they value it for the results which its principle may produce. The passing of this bill will be but the fixing of the lever beneath the pillars of the Protestant establishment of Ireland—of England; and it is a mockery to tell us that this will be all that will be done in the work of demolition.

We have endeavoured to consider the measure with coolness. We confess that we have found it difficult to do so. We have endeavoured to suppress those feelings of indignation which could not but arise in our minds as we perused the iniquitous provisions of this bill—as we found principle after principle of Protestantism abandoned, clause after clause proceeding farther in the work of spoliation and insult—cool, deliberate insults flung upon the faith that we had been accustomed to revere. Of all these feelings, though they be but the feelings of Protestants, we have endeavoured for a moment to divest ourselves; and, contemplating the measure with the cool indifference of neutral politicians, as politicians we say, that never was there devised a measure more calculated to create in Ireland the elements of fierce and—unless by the extirpation of Protestants—interminable strife—to perpetuate the moral and physical degradation of this wretched country—to sink her wretched population still farther below the point at which civilization commences—and, by abandoning our country to the uncontrolled dominion of the bigot tyrants of the Romish priesthood, to crush for ever the last hopes of her regeneration, and shake to its very foundations the solid structure of the British empire.

All this we see not, perhaps, in the immediate effects, but certainly in the ultimate results, of Lord Morpeth's measure; and this we say regarding the bill merely in a political point of view, without any reference to *the truth of the*

Protestantism upon which it declares war, or the falsehood of the Popery which it claims as its ally. There was a time when British statesmen would not have dared to put themselves in the infidel attitude of arbiters between Popery and Protestantism, and profess themselves abstractedly indifferent to both. And still we talk of Protestant England—and her Protestant constitution—and our Protestant state. Let this measure pass, and the words are a mockery—the profession is hypocrisy—England is Protestant no more—infidel she may be; ready to make common cause with any superstition with which a temporary convenience may dictate an alliance; but never more can England claim the honoured name of Protestant. Her people will have abandoned every principle for which their forefathers bled—her legislature will have violated compacts as sacred as the right by which they rule—her monarch will have broken his coronation vows—he will have forfeited the right in abrogating the charter by which he holds his crown. National Protestantism is the only title of the House of Hanover to rule over us. Let this be interfered with, and the government of William the Fourth is a usurpation. When England ceases to be Protestant, the act of settlement is a nullity; and, we repeat it, when Lord Morpeth's measure passes, England is Protestant no more. We will have thrown disgrace upon the historical recollections that we have been accustomed to cherish with all the fondness of national pride—the revolution, which we have so long called glorious, we will have stigmatized as a rebellion—or rather, the deeds of our ancestors are enshrined beyond the power of our degeneracy to tarnish: they will remain the witness and reproach of that degeneracy: history, indeed, will then be but a series of reproaches—every page will record the glorious assertion of some noble principle which we have shamefully abandoned: our very national monuments and national observances will testify against us, and the very forms of that constitution with which Protestantism was interwoven will remain the memorials of the piety of our ancestors and the reproach of the apostasy of their sons.

When we say that by the passing of Lord Morpeth's measure England will have abandoned the principles of national Protestantism, we merely advance an assertion to which the noble mover of the bill himself accedes. If there be meaning in the words national Protestantism, it is this—that the state recognizes the truth of Protestantism, and therefore holds it to be her duty to provide for the dissemination of that truth among her people. This principle the bill directly and unhesitatingly abandons: it regards the Protestant church in Ireland as a nuisance which must be cautiously abated, not as a useful thing which is to be fostered. The convenience of party tactics is evidently all that prevents the immediate extinction of the church—the spirit of the bill leads directly to its subversion. This much we might have understood without the very explicit comment of Lord Morpeth, that “were not the church already in existence, he, being a sane man (?) would never think of establishing it.” With regard to the sanity of the noble lord we express no opinion; but of the folly and wickedness of his declaration we have no doubt: of its folly, because it strips away at once the disguise which his party have been assuming of friendship to the church; of its wickedness, because it is the declaration of one who, professing to be a Protestant, yet does not care for Protestantism. We know not whether Lord Morpeth comprehended the meaning of what he said; but we know that the only meaning which his words can legitimately bear is this—that he cares for no religion at all.

We have already spoken of the absurdity of regarding this measure as a final measure. It contains the materials for constant strife, the elements of perpetual change. Fixing an arbitrary standard of Protestant population as the criterion of maintaining the Protestant ministry in each parish, and making provision that the ministers should be removed as persecution, accident, or assassination may reduce the Protestants within the prescribed limits, furnishes at once the source of perpetual altercation, and offers a premium to Popish persecution. Of the danger of this provision to the peace of Ireland, to the lives of its Protestant in-

habitants, we shall presently speak; but this very clause is of itself sufficient to prevent the bill from being a final settlement. A final settlement indeed! the measure unsettles everything—it supplies materials in abundance for future discord. The principle of the bill, as avowed by Lord Morpeth, is this, that the Irish church establishment is a nuisance which must be gradually because cautiously abated; and, having established this principle, the bill professes to be a final settlement. Its provisions are certainly strangely at variance with its professions. It professes to give peace to Ireland, and it offers a premium upon assassination—to remove religious discord and it directly encourages the extirpation of Protestantism—to be a final settlement, and it contains within itself the elements of indefinite change. The abolition of the Irish church and the extirpation of Irish Protestantism are the results to which its principle directly leads. That it does not at once accomplish them is owing to the cowardice, not the good intentions, of the author. The combustibles are prepared, although they are not at once to be ignited. Another Popish plot is in preparation, of which Lord Morpeth is the Guy Fawkes in everything but his daring—with all his malignity to lay the train, he wants his courage to apply the match.

We say that the spirit of this bill must, sooner or later, lead to the establishment of Popery in Ireland.—The bill abandons every principle upon which that establishment could be reasonably resisted. The politicians who framed it have cast away all attachment to truth for its own sake, and instead of that high and holy feeling that looks far beyond the suffrages of the ignorant and unruly multitude for the guidance of its conduct, they have adopted the unworthy calculations of the coward with whom expediency is duty, and who regulates his support of truth by the number of her advocates. They profess to believe in the truth of their religion, and yet they say, we will maintain it only when it is attended by a crowd—we will abandon it when its supporters are but few, and yet it once was promised by the Author of our holy religion, that where two or three are gathered to-

gether in his name, there should be in the midst of them. If religious principle be thus abandoned—if numbers be made the standard of right: if Britain declare herself indifferent to the diffusion of Protestantism: if confiscation of ecclesiastical revenues be no longer deemed a violation of the rights of property: if the instruction of the rising generation in the errors of popery be deemed a justifiable appropriation of the Church's funds, and if all this be done, simply because the Romish hierarchy demand it, then, we ask, what principle survives the adoption of this measure that could supply the shadow of reason against the establishment of popery?

The bill of Lord Morpeth includes two distinct and separate measures; one for the securing of the revenues of the church: the other for their appropriation. Sir Robert Peel has given notice of a motion, that it be divided into two. The first 57 clauses of the bill are occupied in making provision for the realization of ecclesiastical property. There are many, very many objectionable enactments in the clauses, but upon these we will not now stop to comment. It is with the confiscation of church property that we are now concerned. Ministers secure the property of the Church only that the gains of their plunder may be certain. Like Judas' charitable anxiety for the poor, their concern for her interests is but with a view to spoliation. And it is against this iniquitous, this ungodly spoliation, that, in the name of the Protestants of Ireland, we protest.

In every parish where there are less than fifty Protestants, the revenues of the Church are to be sequestered. In every parish in which, at any future period, the number of Protestants may be reduced to less than fifty, such reduction is to be followed by the suppression of the benefice. Was there ever adopted a criterion so arbitrary and absurd? Parishes may differ in extent; parishes of the same extent may differ very widely in population; but none of these things are taken into account with stern and undeviating regularity, the one unaccommodating standard is applied; and where there are fifty Protestants, the benefice remains; where there are forty-nine, it is suppressed. It is in sad and sober *seriousness* we

say, that in parishes where the number of Protestants but a little exceeds the magic fifty, the lives of Protestants are endangered by this clause. The man is utterly ignorant of the state of Ireland, who does not know that in the minds of her popish population there rankles a deep and inveterate hatred of Protestantism. Their hatred of a Protestant establishment is the very feeling which this bill professes to conciliate. Let, then, the establishment be altogether suppressed; let her whole revenues be offered up at once by infidel legislation, a costly sacrifice upon the shrine of popish bigotry. But let not the legislature dare to adopt a clause which will hold out to a people proverbial for their disregard of the value of human life, a direct premium upon assassination. Protestant extirpation has been proceeding rapidly enough. Insult and persecution are every day driving Protestants to foreign lands. Within the last ten years 200,000 Protestants have left Ireland; and every year the number of emigrants is increasing in a fearfully accelerating ratio. Need we go over again the melancholy detail of murdered Protestant ministers, whose profession was their only crime? Need we tell of the good, and pious, and charitable clergyman, barbarously murdered by the very people to whose wants his benevolence had administered? Need we appeal to the sanguinary records of Irish crime to testify how the dark influence of a baleful superstition can fling its deadly shadow across the human soul, until the heart becomes black as the cloud that rests upon it. How the poison of religious bigotry can be absorbed in the moral constitution, until, as it circles with the life-blood, the whole man is vitiated, and the whole heart depraved, and the kindest feelings of human nature are checked in their source, and the most generous emotions of the human breast are perverted in their application. And what, if national pride and hereditary hatred—the proud patriotism that ill can brook the fancied humiliation of a conquered country, and the indignant sense of imaginary wrongs that burns to avenge a persecuted ancestry—what, if these feelings add their influence to the rancour of religious hate, acquiring from bigotry a darker tinge, and leading to bigotry

a more ardent motive—who can calculate the effect of the combination? who can calculate the change that it will produce in the most amiable man, the direction that it will give to the most generous impulses of the mind? Virtue will be devotion to prejudice, justice will shape itself into the desire for revenge, and religion itself will become the sanction for the darkest deeds, the excuse for the most iniquitous attempts. Ireland is the country where all these fearful elements are at work; the people believe themselves a conquered people, and they hate their conquerors; they identify Protestants with their oppressors, and with these they deem themselves at war. The priests cherish this feeling, and teach them to look forward to a time when the Saxon and the Sassenach will be extirpated from the land.* And in such a country—what is the responsibility of the statesman who comes forward and says, to a people governed by such motives, “You look upon the Protestant church as a grievance. I will relieve you of it; but I can only do so where there are less than fifty Protestants in a parish. Poor people, you have been very badly treated—I wish it was in my power altogether to relieve you, but I can only do so partially—but as Protestants diminish (for, be it remembered, the bill makes provision for the prospective diminution of Protestantism) you will gradually get rid of your oppression.” Have we misrepresented the language of the bill?—this certainly is the sense in which it will be understood by these to whom it is addressed. And need we ask the awful question, what will be the conse-

quence? As they value the peace of Ireland, as they care for the lives of Protestants—let ministers abandon this clause. Let them not tell the murderers of Mr. Whitty, the ruthless actors in the tragedy of Carrickschock—that the lives of Protestants are the only obstacle to their deliverance from that which they teach them to call oppression. Let them follow the natural inclination of modern liberality, and confiscate that property which is not the property of the church but of the Protestants of Ireland—the men who have been the only steady friends of British connexion. Let then, our attachment be rewarded with spoliation—let them make a disgraceful alliance with treason, and reserve all their compassion for traitors—but let them pause before they imitate the murderous policy by which David got rid of the inconvenience of Uriah—let them not place the Protestant inhabitants of remote districts “in the front of the hottest battle, that they may fall.”

“*QUIA BONA ALIENA LARGIRI LIBERALITAS—sint sane quoniam ita se mores habent liberales ex sociorum fortunis—sint misericordes in furibus—ne illis nostrum sanguinem largiantur.*”

Perhaps we shall be told that this is merely Tory declamation—for with the radical prints, every argument that they cannot answer is Toryism, and every appeal to justice or to generosity is declamation. Fortunately we have authority that will certainly shield us from the imputation of Toryism, although it may not protect us from the charge of declamation. Let us hear the *Edinburgh Review* upon the subject. In the number of that periodical for last January, there is the following

* Before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1832, Ensign Melville Gore Watson was questioned as to circumstances which took place upon an occasion when he accompanied a party of military to a chapel in the county Meath; he gave the following account of the transaction:—“I was ordered to accompany the soldiers to the chapel, and took my place in the gallery. As soon as the clergyman came to the altar he looked round and seemed rather surprised at seeing me there. He then went down the chapel to give the holy water to his parishioners. When he arrived opposite the gallery in which I was seated with my men, he made a pause, and threw the water up to me, and waited for some seconds; he then returned to the altar, and called out, ‘Who are those men going out of the chapel? I will not allow the house of God to be insulted in this manner. Boys, let them go to their own place of worship; I want no one here to overlook what I am saying or doing. I will tell you what it is, boys, the tottering fabrics of the heretics are falling about their ears, while the Catholic religion is rising in glory every day. Ireland was once Catholic Ireland, boys; it will and shall be Catholic Ireland again.’”

powerful and eloquent passage—a passage to which it is but fair to acknowledge our attention has been called by quotation in the *Standard* :—

“ Now, in attempting to ascertain what shall or shall not be considered a sinecure, we strongly object to the sole adoption of a numerical line. We wish that the line should be indistinct; and would infinitely prefer a complicated standard, incapable of exhibition in a tabular form; and founded on a comprehensive consideration not only of numbers and proportions, but of distance, situation, and such local and other circumstances as can be justly taken into the account. We object to a numerical line, because its effect would be decidedly injurious to that religious harmony and Christian spirit of liberality and good-will, which it is so desirable to promote among the various sects in Ireland. We fear that the exclusive adoption of such a standard would aggravate the spirit of sectarian bitterness, and lend new impulse to proselytizing zeal. It would raise the importance of numerical majorities. It would establish number as the criterion of strength. It would stimulate the priest to such interested exertions for the sake of increasing the number of his flock, as genuine piety never could approve. The slow safe course of conscientious conviction would be abandoned for the easier method of obtaining a proselyte through a direct appeal to his interests or his passions. The means would be disregarded for the sake of the end; and religious conversion would be perpetually defiled by the odious characteristics of a political canvass. It would have even worse effects. If it were established, that because a benefice was found to contain less than a stated number of communicants, it should on that sole account cease to be a separate benefice, but be incorporated with some other—with the most explicit understanding if this were made a rule of action, though that it was applicable only to present circumstances, and would never be re-applied in future—if Protestant benefices were to be dealt with by this sole measure, would not a standard be perpetually afforded, open to the comprehensions of the most ignorant and unreasoning, by which they might ever afterwards be able to ascertain what benefices ought to be extinct, or how

nearly they were trembling on the verge of that numerical line which had been once ruled to justify their dissolution?

“ Not alone for the sake of the Protestant minority, but equally for the sake of the Roman Catholic, do we deprecate the notion of an arrangement which would engender feelings of the worst description, and be fraught with temptations to violence and crime. We would not that in that ill-fated land of bloody brotherhoods—where the bonds of law have been as flax, and the bonds of crime as iron—the Roman Catholic people should be tempted to think that they might do good service to God and their country, if, by intimidation, or by whatever means a secret league might ruthlessly enjoin, they could reduce the number of Protestants in any benefice below that number which had been once ruled to justify its dissolution. It is also a valid objection against a numerical line, that it would occasion a cry for perpetual re-adjustment. There would be perpetual clamour for the fresh application of a principle which had once been sanctioned, whenever circumstances, necessarily fluctuating, appeared to render such a re-application favourable to the wishes of the clamourers.

“ Not only might the Roman Catholic point out benefices in which the Protestant population had declined, and contend that those should be benefices no longer; but with equal reason might the Protestant contend, that, wherever increase of numbers had raised what was once a benefice above the former line of proscription, such original benefice should be now restored. Thus, from each contending sect there would be ever and anon repeated calls for a fresh census and a fresh adjustment; and the result would be, that restless spirit of agitation and contention, which, if not unfavourable to the growth of sects, is fatal to the growth and spirit of true religion. We are not pleading the cause of a sect; we are not contending for the ascendancy of any church; we address these remarks to all denominations of Christians; we hold forth reasons which ought to weigh with the Roman Catholic as well as with the Protestant; we would not only protect the Protestants against the Catholics, but the Catholics against themselves.”

We have alluded first to this provision of the bill, because it is the establishment of a numerical criterion which strikes with the most deadly certainty at the peace of Ireland. We feel, however, that upon this point, we can add nothing to the force of the reasonings contained in the splendid passage we have quoted from the *Edinburgh Review*. Bad, however, as is this provision, it forms but a small part of the evils and dangers of the bill. The alienation of church revenues from church purposes is a direct and unholy violation of the rights of the Protestants of Ireland—it is an undisguised and unpalliated breach of the articles of union—it is an interference with the rights of property that renders the tenure of all property insecure, and it is an abandonment of the principle of national Protestantism—and an iniquitous consignment of whole districts of Ireland to the dark and unmitigated tyranny of the church of Rome.

So many considerations press upon us in relation to this measure that we can but glance at topics upon which it is far more difficult to be brief than to enlarge. We have said that the confiscation of church property is a violation of the rights of Protestants. We have been, perhaps, too much accustomed to speak of ecclesiastical property until in our minds we have confounded it with the property of ecclesiastics. But of the property of the church, the clergy are but trustees, and they hold it in trust for the benefit of their flocks. To the people, the Protestant people of Ireland, the church property belongs, and for their benefit it has been laid apart. To provide for their instruction, and to secure to them the blessings of religious ministration, the wisdom of our ancestors consecrated to their use and to the glory of God, a certain portion of that wealth, which would have been otherwise absorbed in some of the accumulated masses which pander to the pride and minister to the luxuries of the great ones of the earth. To give spiritual consolation to the poor man—to provide him with a friend in the hour of his distress, a counsellor in his difficulty, an instructor in every time of his doubt and his perplexity—a small portion of those revenues were retained which would otherwise have been

squandered by their hereditary owners perhaps upon the vices of a foreign land. And why should this property be taken from us? No one has asserted any claim to its possession—it is ours—ours by the unbroken prescription of upwards of 300 years—ours by the solemn declaration of our own ancient legislature, and of the parliament of the united kingdom—by the national compact of the act of union unalienably ours. When you confiscate these revenues, you rob us. Tell us not that you are taking away the property of the church, as if this was a matter in which we had no concern. We, the Protestant laity of Ireland, are the church, and it is our property you are taking away—property, it is true, with which, as individuals, we have no right to meddle, but which belongs to us as a body—and of which our clergy are the trustees—to procure for us the ministrations of the Gospel of our God.

And if we were, for a moment, to descend from these high and holy considerations, and contemplate in another point of view, the interest of laymen in church property, we shall find that they have even a temporal interest in these possessions which are appropriated to the maintenance of the clergy. The clergy, be it remembered, are no peculiar caste—they are supplied from time to time from among the laity—and long has the church, maintained as an independent profession, offered to the members of the laity not a reward but a provision for piety and talent. While our University extends, with liberal hand, the means of education to the very poorest who can show talent to entitle them to her favour—the humblest Protestant in the land is not below the possibility of seeing his child an ornament to that church—deriving from her revenues that competence which no one has a right to grudge him. Well may we say that church property is the poor man's fund—a sacred deposit, in which the humblest Protestant might assert his vested rights—the poor man's fund, not only as it is set apart to provide for him the ministration of that Gospel which was originally preached to the poor, and those consolations of religion which wealth may sometimes despise, but which poverty always

needs—but also the poor man's fund as it offers to talent and piety of the humblest origin an honorable station and a respectable competence. Far be it from us to put forward any argument that might seem to secularise the profession of the minister of God, or ever so remotely to countenance the notion that worldly views should influence its adoption—but yet we are bold to say, that it has been, although not the chief good, yet a beautiful feature of our church establishment, that the child of poor and humble parents has often taken his place among her ministers, ay, and among her prelates. Many instances there are within our own knowledge, of useful and respectable ministers—men whose origin was humble, but whose worth was great—respected and looked up to by the gentry in the very districts where their relatives, it may be, are still moving in a lowly sphere. In more ways than this, too, the church has been the link that connected together the poor and the great. No matter what differences of rank might exist in a parish, there was one man in it who was of none. The equal of the greatest, and yet the friend of the meanest of his flock—the clergyman, as he authoritatively rebuked the vices of the peer, and sympathised as a friend with all the distresses of the peasant, appeared without disturbing any of the just gradations of rank, to infuse into all the necessary inequalities of society a portion of the spirit of another and a better world in which there shall be no respect of persons. But all this must be destroyed—we say all—for no one is mad enough to believe that their present victory will satisfy the enemies of the church. No! the church will be destroyed—the poor man's fund will be confiscated—and both rich and poor will be left without any institution to remind them of the hopes or the terrors of another world—the one to indulge their haughtiness without the restraint, the other to endure their distresses without the consolations of religion.

And if church property be confiscated, what property is secure? It is always unsafe to send the minds of men back to the origin of possession; it is dangerous to disturb even the prejudice of its inviolability, and accustom the minds of those who have not

to speculations that may lead them to question the right of those who have. Upon what principle that permits the confiscation of church property to purposes of general utility, can the holder of vast hereditary estates be permitted to retain his? They may have been the gift of some ancient monarch; but when you confiscate church property you have made nought of a title as ancient as the monarchy itself—certainly as ancient as the constitution of 1688. Long prescription, uninterrupted possession is no more of any avail. Why should the Duke of Bedford retain his property while that of the Irish church is taken away—Church property may be confiscated! Have the lands of Woburn or Covent Garden become exempt from the liability in passing into the hands of a usurper? Has spoliation cured the defect of title? Why should the Duke of Bedford batten on his thousands per annum, while thousands of human beings are starving in Connaught? In confiscating the revenues of the church, you give up the principle of all possession—you disturb the inviolability of property—you send men back to grants that can be no longer valid, to titles that will not bear examination. You have destroyed the principle of prescription, you have abandoned the sanctions of national faith, and then you put men upon the inquiry into the principles of property: you take away from property the only solid ground upon which its claims can for a moment rest, and then you call our attention to the nakedness of its foundation.

If the oldest prescription can confer a title—if the charters of monarchs can either give or confirm the right of possession—if the usage of centuries can add to its strength—if uninterrupted possession can give the right to retain—if the solemnly pledged faith of the nation be a security, the property of the church can never be taken away. If all these concurrent principles be insufficient to preserve property from confiscation, the sooner we apply to national purposes all the estates in the empire the better. Let all who have property look well to the case we put. Has not the church prescription in her favour? has she not the grants and charters of kings? has she not the

usage of centuries in her favour? That she has the solemn and distinct pledge of the national faith we shall show presently. If all these things be of no avail, where is the property that will be held sacred? If all these titles be held as nothing when weighed against some vague and indefinite notion of the general good, or if they be beaten down at the bidding of popular discontent, it is time for the men of substance in the nation to see and make out some title to their possessions more certain and secure than these. If they cannot, they must be content to hold their estates upon the perilous tenure of liability to confiscation whenever it is expedient to apply their proceeds to purposes of national utility, or whenever it shall please the multitude to declare that it is so expedient.

We have said that the national faith is solemnly and distinctly pledged to the permanence of the church. The fifth article of Union provides, "that the continuance and preservation of the united church, as the established church of England and Ireland, shall be an **ESSENTIAL** and **FUNDAMENTAL** part of the Union." Here, then, is the solemn compact entered into between the English nation and the Protestant parliament of Ireland. When the Protestants of Ireland surrendered their nationality, they stipulated that their church should be continued and preserved. Let us not be told that this stipulation is observed when the imperial parliament take upon themselves to adopt a principle of proportion, and settle according to their discretion where the church establishment shall be maintained. They have no discretion in the matter. The act of Union has placed it beyond their reach. King, Lords and Commons cannot touch the property of the Irish church without destroying an essential part of the Union, that is, virtually repealing the Union. We repeat it, this is a matter in which they have no discretion. They are bound by a solemn treaty that precludes them from intermeddling with the property of the Irish church; if it does not, the words are a mockery. If they do not violate that treaty by taking away any *portion of the revenues*, they would *not violate it by taking away all*. They

have the legal right to confiscate church property; but when they do so they actually repeal the Union, as they abrogate that which is an **ESSENTIAL** part of it. The act by which alone the imperial parliament has the right to govern Ireland, declares that when church property is interfered with, the Union is at an end. Where was the meaning of the stipulations contained in the articles of Union, if these were not to be regarded as settled beyond the power of the imperial parliament to touch. The moment they confiscate church property, no Irishman owes the imperial parliament any further obedience—the compact of the Union is violated—and the Union is, to all intents and purposes, **REPEALED**. Force may still illegally and unconstitutionally maintain it, but all justice will be on the side of repeal. We know the use that may yet be made of this declaration, but we believe it to be true, and we are ready to abide the consequences.

When that which is an essential part of any thing is removed, the thing itself is destroyed. This is the meaning of the word essential. The same authority that enacts the union between the two countries, enacts that the *continuance and preservation* of the Church establishment shall be an **essential** part of the Union. Surely, comment is superfluous. *Let ministers beware how they place justice upon the side of repeal*—how they make the authority of the Imperial Parliament a usurpation. Do we reason with a cabinet whose members once argued that Roman Catholics should be emancipated in accordance with the treaty of Limerick? And shall the men who thus held that an ancient treaty of doubtful authority and of ambiguous import, made between the generals of two insignificant brigades, a treaty upon the faith of which the gates of a petty town were opened, was yet binding upon the legislature of Great Britain. Shall these men now utterly disregard a compact made scarce forty years ago, between the parliaments of two independent nations, and ratified with all the solemnities of legislative assent—a compact upon the faith of which was surrendered the nationality of Ireland? Perhaps their respect for treaties is in the inverse ratio of their obligations.—There was an indefiniteness, an indis-

sanctness, about an old armistice, concluded long ago, that lent it a charm in the eyes of the antiquarian ; a great national compact made but yesterday has nothing of this kind to recommend it to the notice of refined and speculative intellect. It was something to dig out the treaty of Limerick from the rubbish and obscurity in which years had buried it. But the Act of Union, the compact upon which it was based, are subjects too recent and too plain to claim the attention of any but vulgar souls.

But these, alas, are not the days in which treaties, and compacts, or even oaths, will be permitted to keep back the multitude one moment from the gratification of their unruly will. All the solemn sanctions that have been hitherto held binding between man and man, are now held as nought. The spirit of the age is one that tramples upon all obligation, and disregards every contract. Were oaths respected we would have little cause to fear for the safety of the Church. We are tired of denouncing those who have sworn to beher friends, and yet unblushingly exhibit themselves in the senate as her bitter foes. And yet their perjury has found its apologists, and the madness of faction has forgotten, that in destroying the sanctity of oaths, they were undermining the very foundations of our social system. How little need we fear in the House of Commons, if all its members kept their oaths ; or need we speak of the solemn vow which our King has taken "to preserve all the privileges of the bishops and clergy of this realm, and of the churches committed to their care;" a vow, of which political Jesuits have endeavoured to evade the force by pretending that they can divide their King into two persons, and that the vows which he takes in one capacity, are not binding on him in another ; as if the God to whom he swore—that God with whom there is no respect of persons, would regard kings, not in the simple and uncompounded character of individual human beings, but as broken into all the multiform and imaginary existences into which it may please the fancies, or suit the interests of statesmen to divide them. Is it in vain that we appeal to the justice

of ministers, and plead all the oaths, the vows, the compacts, by which the maintenance of our church has been so often and so solemnly guaranteed to us? Shall we then adopt the last reasoning which men apply to those with whom every appeal to higher motives fails, and address ourselves to their fears? No proposition can be more plain than this, that when an essential condition of the Union is violated, in justice and equity that Union is repealed. Do they know the moral force that right confers upon a cause? how it paralyses the opposition of its enemies? Have they calculated how many fully impressed with the danger of repeal, would yet cease to resist it when it would be just? The Act of Union is the grant to the Imperial Parliament of the right to make laws for Ireland, but that grant has its limitations. The preservation of the Church is the tenure by which that parliament holds its power ; let them confiscate church property, and their tenure is, upon every principle of justice, at an end.

But apart from this—apart from all the moral power which will belong to the advocacy of repeal, when the iniquitous violation of the treaty of Union shall have made it a righteous cause—let the British government be well assured that other elements will combine to add force to that cause. Let them beware how they detach the Protestant people of Ireland from British connexion. The Protestants have endured much, but what security is there that they will endure for ever?—and when the Irish Protestants join in the demand for repeal, repeal must follow. Let not ministers deceive themselves by the vain delusion that this question is set at rest—that the spirit of repeal is dead: "it is not dead, but sleepeth;" and terrible to British greatness will be the hour of its awakening, if the blackest treachery and the basest ingratitude have, meantime, lost for ever to the cause of Britain the power that was wont to hold its movements in check.

Once more we will quote the declaration of Lord Plunkett ; we quote it in no spirit of reproach : it is not to mock with the bitterest of all satire his present apostacy. No! we quote it as the deliberate opinion of one who,

fallen and degraded as he is now, was once a statesman. Thus spoke Mr. Plunkett in 1824 :—

“ Sir, with respect to the Protestant establishment in Ireland, I think it necessary not only that there should be an established church, but that the establishment should be richly endowed. Sir, I wish that the establishment should be richly endowed, to enable the clergy to take their place among the nobles of the land. But, speaking in a political point of view, I have no hesitation in saying, that the existing Protestant establishment in Ireland is the grand bond of union between the two countries. *If ever the unfortunate moment shall arrive at which the legislature shall rashly lay hands upon the property of the church, that moment will seal the doom of the Union, and terminate for ever the connexion between the two countries.*”

It certainly is not foreign to the subject upon which we write, to inquire what is the nature of the system, mis-called religious, to which ministers have determined to sacrifice the pure and tolerant church of Ireland. It is of the utmost importance to inquire what is the nature of that spiritual instruction, to the uncounteracted influence of which it is purposed to consign whole districts of the island. The commission which was issued under the great seal, directed the commissioners to report “ such circumstances connected with the moral and political relation of the church establishment, and of the religious institutions of other sects, as might bring clearly into view their bearing upon the general condition of the people of Ireland.” This certainly is information which the legislature should possess before they presume to decide the fate of our church establishment; but it was the folly of the commission to expect that this information could be procured by a few briefless and inexperienced barristers roving in their vagabond knight-errantry of spoliation. The effects of Popery on the condition of the people of Ireland, involve considerations on which the patriot dreads to reflect, and which the statesman trembles to approach. They may be read in the murders, and the outrages, and the barbarities which disgrace those districts where Popery prevails; they

may be read in the blood-stained characters that write upon our island the fearful name, “ the land of murder ;” they may be traced in the perjuries, the awful disregard of oaths which characterises the whole popish population of Ireland, from the member of parliament who numbers himself among the thirty-five, to the peasant who swears himself the occupier of a freehold that he does not possess. Let him who wishes to see the effects of Popery, compare any county in Protestant Ulster, the land of peace and order, with Popish Tipperary, where, in the short space of two years and five months, five hundred and fifty-six murders had been committed. Let him look to the late election for Carlow; let him look to the present state of that once happy but now distracted county. There the despotism of infuriate priests has trampled on all the influence of property—has crushed all those relations of social life that interfered with its exercise—and ground down with the merciless cruelty of bigot tyranny all Protestant and all Roman Catholic independence. Two gentlemen of the highest moral worth, men upon whose characters all eulogy is superfluous, attempted to represent the county with which all their interests were identified. But the priests would have it otherwise; they put in nomination a stranger, a man whose religious creed appears to be strangely unsettled between Popery and Judaism: they exerted all the influence of priestly intolerance—they hallooed on the passions of a furious mob, and they triumphed—the fiendish triumph of ruffian agitation—the triumph of having disturbed the tranquillity of a county—the triumph of having prostrated all political independence—of having set at variance all the classes of society—of having disorganized the whole social system—of having instigated to murder, by advice given from the altar of their God.

We see no reason now to conceal or palliate our opinions. Popery is the curse of Ireland. The conspiracies of the peasantry are adopted at the instigation of the priests. Is there any one mad enough to believe that, with the boundless influence the priests possess—with the knowledge they derive from the confessional—the combi-

nations among the peasantry—sworn to extirpate Protestants “from the cradle to the crutch”—could proceed without their knowledge. This appalling fact, even the liberal judge Fletcher, was forced to confess, in his memorable address when he passed sentence upon the miscreants concerned in the burning of Wildgoose-lodge. It is vain to deny that the popish conspiracies, which for years have made Protestant life and property insecure, are but the engine by which Popery wields the physical strength of a superstitious population to carry into practical effect her unrecanted, her unforgotten dogmas of intolerance; and the ecclesiastical persecution, which was once administered by the holy office, now finds its more irregular, but not less effective agents in the members of the lawless confederacy, and of the midnight gang.

If the commissioners have failed to illustrate the bearing of Popery upon the general condition of the people of Ireland, the accidental discovery of the standard text-book of the Romish priesthood, has done something to supply their defects. We shall endeavour as concisely and clearly as possible, to lay before our readers the case which has been made out, unanswered, and unanswerable, against the Romish priests of Ireland, with regard to their adoption of Dens' *Theology* as their standard book of divinity. Perhaps the more brief and plain is our exposition, the more easily it will be remembered and understood. Of the opinions promulgated by Dens, we shall speak presently; but first let us state the evidence by which his book is fastened upon the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland.

Mr. Coyne, the Roman Catholic bookseller to the College of Maynooth, publishes each year, in Latin, a priest's directory, or almanac, arranged by a priest appointed for that purpose by Dr. Murray, for the use of the Romish clergy. To this calendar, for the year 1835, this respectable bookseller appended a catalogue of works, among which he announced a new edition of Dens' *Theology*: stating that “at a meeting of the Roman Catholic Prelates of Ireland, assembled in Dublin on the 14th day of September, 1808, they unanimously agreed, that DENS'

COMPLETE BODY OF THEOLOGY was the best book on the subject that could be republished; as containing the most secure guidance for such Ecclesiastics as may, by reason of the peculiar circumstances of this country, be deprived of the opportunity of referring to public libraries, or consulting those who may be placed in authority over them;—in consequence, an edition of the work was ordered to be printed by the PRESENT PUBLISHER, to the number of 9000 COPIES. The work is now very rare, and scarcely to be met with. And inasmuch as his Grace, Dr. Murray, Dr. Doyle, Dr. Keating, and Dr. Kinsella, have made it the Conference book for the Clergy of the Province of Leinster, the Publisher, as well to obviate the difficulty experienced by them in procuring the work, as also to advance the cause of Religion and Morality in the other parts of the Irish Church, is induced to reprint a limited number of copies.” And in the Priest's Directory for the last five years, the questions for the conferences of the priests are all avowedly taken from Dens. In the year 1831, the questions are expressly headed “*Dominum Dens auctorem sequentes * * discutiemus.*” This is the evidence tending to fasten this book upon the priesthood. The exculpatory evidence that has as yet been offered, is all contained in two letters, one from Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop, the other from Mr. Woods, the priest who arranged the directory. Neither of these letters in the slightest degree contradicts the evidence of Mr. Coyne's statement. Dr. Murray states that “the publication of the work was undertaken by a respectable bookseller at his own risk;” and this in answer to the question, did or did not this respectable publisher falsify a resolution of all the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland—for this and this alone is the question. And, in the next place, he states that he “did not make it the text book for their theological conferences; for” adds the Doctor with a true Jesuitical naivete, “on such occasions we have no such book, if by this expression we are to understand the work of any writer whose opinions (*when not already defined by the church as articles of faith,*) the clergy are required, or in any manner whatever expected to maintain. In fact,

our clergy are too well instructed to have the least notion of submitting to such a restriction."

Unfortunately all the exterminating dogmas of Dens fall within the exception so ingeniously insinuated in the parenthesis. The duty of extirpating heretics with all the other intolerant bigotries of which Dens is but the retailer are already defined by the church as articles of faith. And Mr. Coyne's statement remains uncontradicted, that all the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland recommended Dens' Theology as containing the fullest exposition of the principles of their church.

Mr. Woods is a little less Jesuitical and a little more daring in his denials. He plumply and stoutly denies the resolution which Mr. Coyne has printed. Now here we just as plumply tell Mr. Woods that we do not believe him—and for these reasons—Mr. Coyne's statement of this resolution was for some time printed, but remained up to the 11th of July, uncontradicted. If Dr. Murray felt the abhorrence of these doctrines which he now professes—why did he permit them to circulate with the sanction of his name? If Mr. Coyne had dared, for the venal purposes of traffic, thus to forge a resolution of the hierarchy of his church—there is no reason why Dr. Murray should call him a respectable man, but there would be every reason why the worst and most indignant censures of the church, whose discipline he had outraged, should be visited upon him; and while Mr. Coyne remains unvisited by the ban of excommunication, which, if Mr. Woods' statement be true, he richly merited, nay more, while he is called a respectable individual both by Dr. Murray and Mr. Woods—there is not a man of common intelligence in the kingdom, who will believe Mr. Woods' statement to be true.

Either Mr. Coyne is one of the most infamous and sacrilegious forgers that ever disgraced the epithet "respectable man," or the statement of Mr. Woods is untrue.

The part of Mr. Woods' letter relating to the adoption of Dens, as the text book for the conferences is still more whimsically absurd—Dr. Murray's denial was guarded by a cautious parenthesis which made to those who

were acquainted with the matter his denial of no avail—but Mr. Woods boldly assumes that the Doctor has given his unqualified denial—and he puts the archbishop's authority very humorously against that of a very indefinite personage whom he calls "the printer." Is this printer Mr. Coyne, "the worthy and respectable bookseller?" Is the priest's directory, too, a forgery? In that directory we find the questions all taken from Dens—but it is merely to follow his order. Mr. Woods, poor dear innocent man—merely wrote down the questions without ever dreaming that he was sanctioning any obsolete opinions. It is strange that the very framing of the questions manifest on the part of the framer an intimate acquaintance with the work—nay, each question arises out of the answer to the preceding—while all are arranged so as necessarily to draw forth the very worst doctrines of the church of Rome. Was it by mere accident that Mr. Woods—sworn himself to receive the Councils of Lateran, of Constance, and of Trent—preparing subjects of discussion, for the meetings of men similarly sworn—propounded questions involving the lawfulness of tolerating the worship of heretics—the proper punishment of heretics—the duties of Catholic jurors under a heretic government—with many other points of similar import—which it is needless to enumerate. If Mr. Woods has thus started these questions by accident, without knowing the consequences to which they lead—if he thus became the blundering circulator of moral poisons—he has exhibited a degree of stupidity as gross and at the same time as mischievous as the druggist who labelled and sold as medicine the most deleterious poisons.

If further proof is wanting is it not to be found, in the simple fact, that an edition of 3,000 copies of this expensive work has been sold among the priests of Ireland? Here, however, is the direct and unequivocal evidence of the Reverend Mr. Croly—a Roman Catholic priest, but an honest man upon this very subject. In a postscript to a new volume which has issued from the pen of this extraordinary man, we find the following:—

"POSTSCRIPT.—OMNIBUS QUORUM INTEREST.—The Theology of Peter

Dens,' which is now before the world, is a standard work of Irish Catholic orthodoxy and of Roman Catholic orthodoxy universally. It was published in Ireland and on the Continent, in the customary way, *permissu superiorum*—with the full sanction and approbation of episcopal authority. No exception was ever taken to it, in whole or in part. It was printed in Ireland expressly for the use of the Irish Catholic priests—to be their guide in casuistry and speculation. In the library of Dr. Murphy's seminary in Cork, there were fifty or sixty copies of it for the use of the seminary and the diocesan clergy. It should be remarked here, that Dens is not singular in his doctrine respecting 'heretics.' Every Roman Catholic theologian who has written on the same subject coincides with Dens. This matter shall be handled in my next publication.

"D.O.C."

This subject of Dens' Theology has been so fully brought before the public by the bold and intrepid exertions of Mr. Mc Ghee, to whose energy and resolution in this matter, the Protestants of the empire are very, very deeply indebted, that it is perhaps unnecessary for us to do more than allude to it. Reviving all the worst and most

odious doctrines of the persecuting church of Rome—doctrines settled by infallible councils as articles of faith—and now proved to be made the subject of the conferences of the Romish priesthood—it is a well stored depository of everything that is atrocious in intolerance. Mr. O'Sullivan, with his peculiar power, has exhibited the results of these doctrines in the practice of the people, and has traced the disorders that have desolated Ireland during the late years, to their corresponding dogmas, discussed in the conferences of the priests. We must venture, as best we can, to lay before our readers another, and if possible a still more appalling feature of this book—a book of which 3,000 copies have been in circulation among the priests of Ireland. They talk of its containing some obsolete doctrines: The greater part of it is a mass of the most revolting bigotry diversified only by the most disgusting obscenity. Of this latter, no words that we can employ can possibly convey any adequate idea. All the impure speculations, of all the impure casuists that ever invented new varieties of crime—appear to be stored up in these pages—corrected and improved by the profligate experience of the most unnatural debauchees.* It seems like the sink of

* The *Tractatus de Matrimonio* contains obscenities of which, even under the veil of a learned language, we dare not pollute our pages by giving the most remote hint. And yet we must calculate very largely upon the impure imagination of our readers, if we supposed, that, even from all that we have said, they could form any idea of these abominations—the following are a few of the headings of the chapters:—

De Peccatis carnalibus conjugum inter se.

I. Circumstantiæ præcipue observandæ circa actum conjugalem. II. Modus. III. Finis. IV. Præcautio damni. V. Solutio debiti. VI. Completio actus. VII. Locus. VIII. Tempus. IX. Tactus obsceni. X. Quid de tactibus proprii corporis.

• De actu conjugali exercito propter voluptatem

Copula ob solam voluptatem est illicita.

De causis ex quibus licet negare debitum conjugale.

De petitione debiti conjugalis peccaminosa.

And each and all of these delicate subjects are discussed with the most minute accuracy of detail. But it is hardly conceivable how the most brutal and practised profligate could have supplied the disgusting—the monstrous particulars that fill up the outline. And these discussions, be it remembered, are intended as a guide to the examination of the confessor, the instructions to whom are all wound up in the following brief but pithy precept:

Confessarius potest etiam conjugatos interrogare sub his terminis. "Confidis quod utaris matrimonio honesto modo non plus faciendo quam necessarium est ad generandam prolem—non habes specialia dubia quæ te angunt." Si autem penitens det occasionem ulterius interrogandi inquirat confessarius an sibi vel compati causaverit periculum pollutionis vel perditionis seminis.

all degraded and perverted human passion—where have been left to putrefy all the impure imaginings, all the monstrous modifications of libertinism that have been deposited in the reservoir of the confessional. And this book is the study of men whom the barbarous institution of celibacy renders very fit subjects for its contamination. But we must drop the veil—we tremble while we think of the effects upon human nature thus circumstanced and thus trained.

We say the effects upon human nature—for even in the breast of the priest human nature is human nature still. We do not think that priests are worse than other men—we but calculate what any men would be in their situation. But even were the confessors living miracles of moral purity, is there no danger to the penitent in thus being made conversant with subjects of which an apostle has wisely said, “that it is a shame so much as to speak?” Let any Protestant who values female purity—who loves the chastity of thought that is the chief charm of a virtuous woman—turn his attention to the picture of confessional instruction we have printed

below—let him imagine, in the secrecy of the confession, in the unguarded moment of religious excitement, the questions which, after much hesitation, we have ventured to print in a learned language, put plainly to his wife—nay, let him imagine questions that, even in the modest obscurity of a dead language, we dare not print—let him picture to himself these questions, put by a man whose daily study may be over the abominations of Dens, communicating his vicious knowledge under the sanction of religion; and when he may thus arrive at some appreciation of the consequent demoralization of the female mind, he will bless God, that in abolishing the iniquitous system of confession (for God knows we would as strongly raise our warning voice against Protestant as against Roman Catholic confessors,) he will, we say, bless God that the wives and daughters of Protestants have escaped the contaminating pollution of such demoralizing tribunals.

And yet this theology—the theology of Dens—is the system of spiritual instruction to whose uncounteracted influence unhappy Ireland is about to be given over!

P.S.—Since the concluding observations of this article were in type, we have received the *Standard* of July 20th, in which there is printed the following, purporting to be a dedication prefixed to the latest edition of *Dens' Theology* :—

Reverendissimo, in Deo, Patri, ac Domino,

D. Danieli Murray,
Archiepiscopo Dubliniensi,
Hiberniæque Primati,
Præsuli,
&c. &c. &c.
&c. &c.

*Hanc secundam editionem
Theologiæ P. Dens,*

*EJUS CUM APPROBATIONE susceptam,
Grati in pignus animi, &c.
&c. &c.*

*Dat dicat atque dedicat
Humillimus et obedientissimus servus,*

Calendis, Maii, 1832.

RICARDUS COYNE.

We confess that we were at first a little surprised, perhaps a little mortified, at finding that we had ourselves overlooked evidence so decisive. On referring, however, to the copy of Dens in our possession, we discovered the solution of the difficulty—THE PAGE CONTAINING THIS DEDICATION HAD BEEN TORN OUT, and the same mutilation has been effected in all the copies that have been recently sold. On referring to another copy procured before the volumes had become the subject of discussion, we found the dedication as it is printed above.

A TALE OF TEN YEARS AGO.

ONE of the finest and most flourishing parts of Ireland is the neighbourhood of New Ross, in the province of Leinster. The town is situated upon the bank of the Barrow, which is here a noble river, capable of floating the largest vessels up to the quay wall; and the surrounding country being rich in agricultural produce, immense stores have been built along the river for the reception of corn, which is thence shipped to England, for the benefit of absentee landlords. For many a day, the principal persons engaged in this trade have belonged to the people called Quakers, a peculiar people, which (politics apart) have been in that, as in many other parts of the kingdom, of great advantage to Ireland, exhibiting in their patient industry, their calm attention to business, their uniform integrity, and their abundant, yet prudent hospitality, an example which, if generally followed, would make Ireland one of the happiest kingdoms in the world. Amongst the most deserving of this deserving community, was old Samuel Ewing, who, having spent the vigor of his life in the pursuits of business, in which he had amassed a moderate fortune, was now retired to spend his old days in a rural dwelling within a few miles of the town; and with his garden, his books, of which, though no great reader, he had a few, and an active concern in every work of benevolence that was attempted in his neighbourhood, the evening of his life was passing away in tranquil and virtuous enjoyment.

Little as he had mingled in the strife and turmoil of life, old Samuel had not been without many of its bitterest sorrows. Happily married, he had brought up a goodly family of sons and daughters, but fell consumption was in their mother's blood; she died ere yet the stamp of age was upon her matron brow, and her children followed her in fast and fearful succession, until but two sons were left of all the group, and of these, one was settled in Dublin, and the other in New York. Yet was not Samuel left quite alone in his retirement: his

brother, who had in early life deserted the society of the Quakers, and gone into the army, married upon the Continent, and was soon after killed in battle—he left a daughter, who was brought up in England; her mother choosing to reside in that country upon the pension allowed her as the widow of an English officer, and to devote herself almost exclusively to the education of her “*belle Marie*,” in whom all her affections centred. But ere poor Mary had attained her seventeenth year, she lost her fond parent and faithful protector: Madame Ewing was carried off by a rapid and wasting illness, but she was sufficiently aware of her approaching end, to ask the protection of her Irish friends for her darling child, who was so soon to be left desolate in a world of which even the ordinary coldness and selfishness are not the worst things to be dreaded, when unprotected beauty and innocence are left at its mercy. The answer she received from Ireland was all she could have wished, and something like a ray of comfort gilded the dying bed of the widowed lady as she blessed her weeping daughter, and thanked God for the hope that had arisen even in the last scene of suffering and sorrow.

Upon her mother's death, the young lady was brought to Ireland, and after living nearly a year in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, with a sister of old Samuel Ewing, she was, upon the death of the last of his children who resided at home, entreated to live with the old man, and be “unto him as a daughter” in the place of the one whom he had recently lost.

Never was a being more fitted to adorn and bless a house of innocence and peace, and to make happy one who could be made happy, by the most devoted exercise of gentle affection, than was Mary Ewing. Grief, for her mother's death, had stamped a character of serious and meditative beauty upon her otherwise brilliant features. This seemed to have settled into a permanent characteristic of her countenance; and yet at times, when the recital of some good or glorious

deed lighted up her heart's enthusiasm, the rosy glow upon her cheek, and the beaming splendor of her dark blue eyes, gave an expression which seemed made for joy alone. Her form was light and graceful as a painter might imagine in his dreams, with that expression of elegance, which nothing but beauty of proportion and of form can give, and Mary was as elegant in her mind as her person indicated.

Carefully, if not perfectly instructed in all feminine accomplishments, through her mother's care—cheerful though serious—gentle and affectionate by natural disposition—and refined by the studies to which her mind had been directed, it might be supposed that Mary was cast in rather too fine a mould for the situation she was to fill in life as the adopted daughter of a retired Quaker merchant; but she had a fund of gentle, yet firm good sense—a discrimination of what was appropriate to the occasion, and an active disposition towards what seemed most calculated to make those around her happy, that formed the solid foundation of a character which obtained esteem, while the graces that belonged to it excited admiration. Besides, old Samuel Ewing, although no more than a Quaker merchant, was naturally, or by special grace of mental disposition, a gentleman. His mind recoiled from all coarseness; he was mild and courteous to every one, and had not only that civility of manner, which in the world is generally thought sufficient, but was unceasingly active in doing delicately obliging things. The desires of his inmates and his guests were prevented by his unobtrusive attention to their comforts, and the knowledge of what was most agreeable to those around him, was always the immediate forerunner of a quiet exertion to realize their wishes.

The strictness of his sect forbade him to take delight in many really delightful things which Quakers suppose to savour of vanity or improper ceremony; but he loved flowers, and had an eye to see when they were elegantly disposed, and he collected natural curiosities and scientific specimens, and to all these matters Mary attended with that solicitude of love, which gives to diligence an unspeak-

able charm, for she really loved her old uncle, and proved her love both by doing and forbearing. Her music and her ornamental drawing were not things that he could openly countenance, and in his presence she took care to suppress them; but the old man would make occasion to go out of the way, when no occupation required him to do so, that she might, by herself, practise these elegant amusements, and she who saw this delicate attention, repaid it by additional efforts to do every thing that was pleasing to him.

But the greatest sacrifice he made, was to her religion. She was a Roman Catholic, as her mother had been; but however he regretted this, he made no objection, as it was his creed, that people should, in religion, follow their own heart with invocation of the Spirit. Thus, notwithstanding this great difference of opinion, they lived together happily, the maiden in the rich blossoming time of female beauty; and the old man in the serene and yellow leaf of contented age.

It was one evening in October, shortly after the sun had set, and the lulled wind gave some respite to the falling leaves, that a horseman who seemed, by the appearance of his clothes and his steed, to have travelled far and swiftly that day, rode up to the plain yet elegant dwelling of Samuel Ewing, attended by a man in ordinary peasant's dress, who rode behind in quality of servant, and whose horse seemed with difficulty to get one leg before the other.

The young gentleman, for such he appeared to be, though travel-soiled, seemed to hesitate when he reached the gate, as if still in doubt whether he should pull the bell or ride on, and then turned round with an inquiring look to the servant. "Pull away, Master," said the man, understanding his glance, "divel a use in thinkin' about it, at all at all. Sarra fut more this ould baste 'll go at any rate, and you can't do bether nor pull away bouldly, and go in."

"But," replied the gentleman, "if Miss Ewing be here, she will recognise me immediately, and I have got a false name put in my letter of introduction, for these Quakers are so scru-

palous, and he may have heard of this unlucky business."

"Whew! Mather," said the servant, with a knowing grin, "axin' your pardon for takin' the freedom to spake sir, shure it is'n't you that id be afear'd to see Miss Ewing. God bless her purty face, the darlin' its well I remember it—the women's cute sir, ay, be me sowl, cuter nor we, a great deal, an' if you let on to her any way at all, she'll soon see what she's to do."

"The question is, what she may think *proper* to do in such a case," said the gentleman, in a tone rather of soliloquy than reply, "for that she *will* do—but no matter—if I do not sec her now, I may never see her again, and, by heaven, that thought is worse than anything else that can happen—I shall run all risks."

Having so decided, he rung the bell, which was soon answered, and in a few minutes he was introduced to the room where old Samuel sat reading, while his niece sat at her needle-work in the window beyond him, "I have come to you, sir, about some business which this latter will explain," said the stranger, scarcely looking at the old man to whom he spoke, but fixing his view with deep earnestness upon the young lady. She started, and raised her head at the sound of his voice, then colored deeply and seemed about to arise and speak, when the stranger raising his hand to his face, intimated, as plainly as he could by gesture, his desire that he should not be recognized. His signs were understood by the young lady, who did not speak, but resumed her position in evident astonishment and embarrassment, while old Samuel, intent upon his letter, was wholly unconscious of the wordless intelligence which passed between the stranger and his niece. "Thy name is Henry Thompson," said he, as he concluded the letter, and looked towards the young man. The stranger bowed, and fixed his eyes on the ground as one bitterly ashamed, while Miss Ewing's astonishment evidently increased. "Thou art welcome to my house," continued the old man; "tomorrow I shall inquire for thee, respecting a ship. My friend who has given thee this letter, says thou art upon a business of haste."

"So much so," replied the young

man, "that if it were possible I should be glad to know this evening whether any vessel is ready."

"This evening! it would be quite useless, young friend; thou wilt lodge with me tonight, and tomorrow I shall go with thee into Ross, and learn what vessel will first sail. Come, take off thy riding coat. Mary, thou wilt order some refreshment for the young man."

Mary, glad of the excuse to escape from a scene which both surprised and annoyed her, rose and left the room, while the embarrassment of the stranger, who remained, left him unable distinctly to reply to what had been addressed to him. As the young lady crossed the hall, the servant of the stranger, who stood at the door, caught a glimpse of her, and throwing down on the ground the reins of the horses which he held, ran towards her with his hat in his hand: "Oh, thin, miss, jewel, but it's a joy to my heart to see your sweet face agin—did you see himself, that's the young mather, miss, that's here, sure, and jist gone up stairs to see you, miss."

"See me!" said the young lady. "Something is the matter," she continued in an agitated tone, "why does your master come here, Patrick, and what is the reason that he pretends to my uncle that he is some other person?"

"Raisin enough, miss," replied the man. "I suppose he had'n't time to tell you of it yit, an' myself does'n't rightly know the ins an' outs of it, but sures its throuble we're in—something about the law, bad look to it—an' my young mather thinks of goin' out of the country."

"Out of the country!" exclaimed the young lady, with astonishment.

"Ay, in troth, miss, an' divil a sorrier boy—barrin its himself, miss—there'll be in the whole country, or upon the salt say, than Pat Mc Cabe, for that same. An' sure it's myself that doesn't know, this blessed hour, whether I'm to go with him or no. I hadn't the heart to ax him, but may be you would, miss."

"I—how can I ask him? he seems not to wish that I should even appear to know him—but what is the matter?" she again repeated with increasing anxiety.

"It is a long story, miss, an' I'd

only put you wrong if I was to strive to tell it ; for, to be sure, he'll tell it to you himself, by hook or by crook : what else should he come here for ? An' be the same token, miss, I make bould to be of opinion that it wasn't only to look after a ship that we came to Ross—there's ships many a place, miss, but where the heart is, you know, miss"—

" Indeed I do not know what it is you mean, Patrick, nor what your master can mean by coming here in this way ;" and so saying, in a tone that indicated some sense of being offended, as well as grieved and perplexed, the young lady turned away to execute her uncle's commands.

" There now, may be I haven't put my fut in it," said Patrick, soliloquizing ; " why the divil couldn't I hould my tongue, and leave my master to tell his own story, whatever it is, for it's little enough of it I know, though it's no use lettin an to be such an *omad-thaun*, as to be runnin away from one doesn't know what. But how cute she is, never purtending to guess why he should come here, when all the country side knows how the young master was smit, and gev up all his ould wild tricks for her sake. It's a pity her relations isn't all the real quality, but only making their money in trade—it's out o' the mother's blood, they say, she has that illegant look, but purty and simple, too, as a child. An' where's the great harm of trade either ? After all, this is a mighty dacent comfortable looking place, an' it all come by thrade. I hope, though," he continued, taking up again the reins of the horses—" I hope they don't mane to lave me an' the horses out here all night ; we want bit an' sup as well as our betthers."

Here his soliloquy was interrupted by his master, who, coming out into the hall, directed him to go round to the stables, and put up the horses, and then to betake himself to the kitchen, where Mr. Ewing had ordered him to be taken care of.

" Thim is the most sinsible words you spoke to-day, sir," said Patrick ; " no offinse to whatever you said before. You'll stay here to-night, sir ?"

" Yes, I have determined upon that."

" More power to you, sir ; you never came to a wiser detarmination in your life, and the horses id say the same, only they can't spake, poor bastes."

" I almost wish that you were in the same condition upon the present occasion," said the young gentleman, " but since you can speak, Patrick, do be very cautious what you say. You are to know nothing of me, but that my name is Thompson, that I have come from Dublin, and that you rode with me to show me the way from Kilkenny to Ross."

" You wouldn't suspect me, sir, of tellin anything ?"

" No, not *suspect* ; I rely on your fidelity—on your affection for me ; but at present discretion is everything, and what I fear is, that without intending it, you may say more than you ought to say. I am sure you would be as sorry for it yourself as I should be, if by any thing that was heard from you I should be prevented from accomplishing my escape."

" Wouldn't I die sooner ?" rejoined Patrick with earnestness ; " but sure I know it's far easier for an Irishman to fight than to hould his tongue, but even that same I'll do, wit the help o' God, barrin it's the priest himself that bids me spake."

" And would you betray me to a priest ?" said the young man hurriedly, and with an air of anxiety and indignation.

" There's no *betrayin'* sir, in what one says to one's clargy," replied the servant, gravely.

" Well, Patrick," said his master, with a sigh, we cannot discuss this now, but be discreet, and be ready very early in the morning, if I have occasion for you."

" Never fear me, sir," replied Patrick, " I wont pay their bed the compliment of stayin in it after daylight, any how."

The young gentleman now returned into the parlour to old Mr. Ewing, upon whom his conversation after Miss Ewing left the room had made a very favourable impression, though it afforded very little information as to the cause of his eagerness to take ship without delay from New Ross. " You were so good, sir," said the stranger, " as to send to order refreshment for me, will you permit me to postpone it

until your usual hour of supper ? and in the mean time, if you will allow me, I shall go to my chamber, as I have something to write, which I must do without delay."

"I thought refreshment needful for thee, after thy long ride," replied his host, "but if thou dost indeed prefer to wait, and would rather dispatch thy business at once, a resolution for which thou dost deserve praise, be it as thou wilt ; I will myself conduct thee to thy chamber."

With these words he led his guest to a chamber as comfortable and neat as even a much more fastidious traveller could have desired, and pointed out to him, with courteous but Quaker-like exactness, where every convenience that he might be likely to stand in need of was to be found. Writing materials, which, in these days, formed part of the ordinary furnishing of bed-chambers in gentlemen's houses, were the only things that were to be added to the conveniences of the apartment.

"Thou hast two hours for thy business before our supper time," said the mild and attentive host ; "we shall then send for thee, and hope by that time thou wilt have finished." He received with evident pleasure the earnest and grateful thanks of the young gentleman, and withdrew.

The stranger, as soon as he was alone, threw himself upon a seat, and covering his face with his hands, thus meditated—"What will she, what can she think of me now ?—I must seem an impostor in the sight of one who, more than any other in the whole world I desired might think well—think more than well of me ! O ! fatal result of folly—where shall I now look for the honor that I might have won—the love that, perhaps, I might have inspired—had I but deserved it ? All now is lost to me, a fugitive and a criminal ! But she must not deem me worse than I am—I cannot hope to speak with her, nor to express myself as I ought, even if I could—I will write, and trust for an opportunity of giving into her own hand an explanation of my present situation. There is no time to be lost, let me at once set about it." He rose, went to the writing table, and exerting all the self-command he possessed, to repress the agitation of his mind, rapidly wrote the following letter :—

"I am sure Miss Ewing must have been much surprised, and I scarcely dare venture to hope that she has not been much offended by that which must have appeared to her my very unaccountable appearance and conduct this evening. I fear that I may possibly add to that offended feeling by the liberty I take in writing this letter, but even with that consciousness, I cannot bear that my conduct should remain unexplained. I dare not attempt to describe the agony of the thought that you might despise me. You have seen to what the necessity of circumstances has driven me. I entreat you to listen to the brief account of these circumstances which I shall attempt to give.

"You, perhaps, do not remember—I can never forget—the occasion on which we first met, very shortly after you arrived from England. That meeting, and the subsequent meetings which made your aunt's house an earthly paradise to me, wrought in me an utter change. I became another man. New thoughts—new feelings—new views opened upon me. Nobler, better, wiser aims were set before me by the gentlest and most unconscious of monitors. The impetuosity—the waywardness—the contempt for that which I ought to have respected—all the faults which were destroying me were by your society—by pondering in delightful admiration on your disposition and your accomplishments, made obvious to me. You have beheld me this evening enduring the disgrace of previous errors—it is to you I owe it, that I am not now proceeding in a guilty and desperate career.

"It is probable that you may have heard, that at an early age, after having lost my father, I was sent to school to England, where a naturally impetuous temper was not improved, but rather made worse, by the tyranny which, in great schools, one class is permitted to exercise over another :—from thence I went to Cambridge, where, for an offence against the discipline of the University, which I then thought of very trifling moment, or rather of no moment at all, I was severely censured. I left Cambridge in disgust, and returned to my home in Ireland, where an indulgent mother was easily persuaded that I had acted

with becoming spirit in refusing to submit to the harshness of College discipline. The fortune which my father had left me, made it unnecessary for me to choose a profession as a means of living, and having a taste for reading, and political disquisition, I soon found enough, and, ere long, alas! too much to engross my time and attention.

"Although a Protestant myself, I deemed it just, or at all events generous, to exhibit the utmost liberality of sentiment towards my Roman Catholic neighbours. I cultivated the acquaintance of the Roman Catholic clergyman, and through him became intimate with his brother, who had shortly before returned from abroad. He, too, had been intended for the ecclesiastical profession, but for some reason which I never heard explained, he had not taken orders. He was exceedingly well informed, particularly on subjects connected with political discussion, and no man could use his information with better effect; he was equally subtle in reasoning, and earnest in declamation. His persuasive powers were irresistible—at least I found them so, and he soon obtained a complete mastery over my opinions and actions. It was then he revealed to me certain views of great political changes to be wrought in the first instance, by secret associations, and in process of time by open force. My folly, or his eloquence, was such, that what I heard, though it astonished, it did not deter me. On the contrary, I thought it a noble enterprise, and admired the depth of deliberation with which the plan had been marked out, from the first suggestions of popular discontent, to the final overthrow of the existing powers and privileges. I need not tell how I was led on, step by step, to take a leading part in the secret conspiracy that even then was at work among the people. Without at all committing himself, (as I now perceive, but did not then,) my false friend led me into taking the oaths of confederacy, and attending the secret meetings, which made me a criminal in the sight of the law. I soon saw that I had gone too far. Even if the apparent ruffianism of those with whom I found myself associated, had not taught me this, I should have learned it from the tyranny which he who had so entangled me, now attempted to exert

cise over me. He made me painfully sensible, that neither my house, nor my purse, nor my time, was my own—he commanded all when it so pleased him, and I saw, with deep indignation that he used me as a convenience.

"It was at this time that you came to reside at your aunt's house in our neighbourhood—the result I have already attempted to describe to you. That which I had begun to perceive to be a course of hazard and of guilt, soon became to me immeasurably disgusting. Do you think this was a mere reaction of caprice—the mere fickleness of one whom passion and not reason guided? Oh! do not think so. My understanding was convinced that there were far better—far more honest, far more honourable pursuits, than those of a political conspirator, and if I felt with all the sweet intensity of passion, that life could also give more exquisite delights than the gratification of fierce and turbulent ambition, deem me not, therefore, to have for this alone repented me of my guilt. The calm good sense, enshrined in feminine gentleness, which you possessed, taught me what was right, while it inspired feelings that now I do not dare to dwell upon.

"But I must proceed. I endeavoured to disunite myself from my political associates, and had to bear first the ridicule, and then the reproaches of the man who had led me into the conspiracy. Against all this your society, which I then had the happiness frequently to enjoy, sustained me. You left our neighbourhood to come here, and the thoughts and feelings which you left with me, sustained me still. Moylan—for that was the name of my tyrant, and you may remember him—a dark, quick-eyed man, who in company was either totally silent, or the leader of the conversation. Moylan bore more and more hardly upon me. At last I resented his intrusion, and we openly quarrelled. I knew that I did so at my peril, but I still thought that, considering the part he himself had had in leading me into the political conspiracy, he would not dare to denounce me to the government. There I deceived myself—ten days ago I learned, with consternation and shame unutterable, that information had been given against me, and that officers were

ordered to apprehend me. Since then I have been a fugitive—a criminal flying from the officers of justice—I have no course but that of escaping out of the country. I have been to Dublin and beyond it, hoping to advise with my uncle, who is a clergyman, but I found he was absent in England. My steps were traced, by information which I have no doubt Moylan must have furnished, and I could not embark from Dublin. I thank him for that, for it has led me here, and I shall once more see you before I leave this country, perhaps for ever. I know not what information may have been forwarded even to this place, and therefore I have obtained a letter of introduction to your uncle as for another person. Pardon this poor degrading deceit to which I am reduced. I hope it will be the last.

"And now farewell. Once more forgive me—forgive me for thus telling you all that my bursting heart will not allow me to restrain, and yet I do not tell you *all*—no, it would be idle and presumptuous daring to do that *now*. I did once fondly indulge the hope, that extricated from the fatal errors into which I had plunged, I might not unworthily visit this house, to pour out with trembling solicitude those vows which now must burn untold within the heart of a miserable exile.—Alas! the agonising thought of what might have been contrasted with that which is! I can now only ask your pity—you will not refuse me *that*—I venture to hope that you will not.

"Where I shall go, I know not; but wherever I go, remembrance of you shall dwell with me—the one sad, sweet thought of an otherwise tasteless existence. May Heaven ever bless you with its choicest blessings. Farewell.

"HENRY TREVOR."

The stranger had scarcely finished this letter, which, hurriedly as it was written, had many pauses between, when he was summoned to the supper-table. Had Mr. Ewing been a younger man, or one more accustomed to society, he might have discovered something to excite his curiosity in the peculiar manner of his guest towards his niece, and in the unusual reserve which distinguished her demeanor; but, solely on hospitable cares intent, and altogether unconscious that

those sitting with him took any particular interest in each other, he did not observe anything out of the usual course. In spite of the unfortunate circumstances which hung over young Trevor, the presence of one whose favourable opinion he so ardently desired to win, led him to put forth all his powers of conversation; and although sobered and saddened in all his remarks, compared with what he had been when Miss Ewing had last met him, he certainly appeared to no disadvantage upon this occasion, especially in the sight of the good old Quaker. "I would thou wert not in such haste," said the old man; "we would gladly lodge thee for a few days, and show thee all that is to be seen in this neighbourhood. My niece could show thee many delightful views about this place which she has led me to. I did not know half the beauties by which I was surrounded until she taught me, old as I am, to perceive them. This is the benefit of education in matters of taste. I wish that thou couldst stay and accompany us in some of our little excursions. I should be pleased to hear thy remarks."

He did not perceive the deep sigh with which his guest assured him it was impossible. "I must depart," he said, "early in the morning." "Well," returned the old man, "if it must be so, I shall get thee an early breakfast, and go into Ross with thee: but I must get for thee one of Mary's drawings; it will show thee one of the views which I wished thee to see."

"If you will excuse me, uncle, I will say good night," said the young lady, rising to go away.

"Ah, Mary," replied the old man, "thou art afraid of thy praises; and so it is best; I love thee all the better;" and he kissed her forehead: "thou art a good child; good night: but I must show our guest thy pretty sketch"—and so saying, he walked into a recess, where his portfolio lay upon an old-fashioned desk, to seek the drawing.

"Mr. Trevor," said the young lady, in a low tone, "good night. Your appearance here in this way is, to say the least of it, surprising: you must judge whether it is right."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Ewing," he replied, "do not condemn me until you have heard—I mean read my ex-

planation of this strange appearance here: it is in this letter; will you receive it? Oh, do not refuse," he earnestly added, handing her the letter which he had written. "I have been most unfortunate."

"I shall read it, certainly," said the young lady, taking the letter. "Good night."

"Good night," he replied, and stood gazing where she had been, until recalled to recollection by the old man calling for his admiration of the drawing, which, after some search among statistical tables, botanical plates, and plans of cottage architecture, which loaded his portfolio, he had succeeded in finding. A more willing and attentive auditor no man could have desired than old Mr. Ewing found in his guest while he dilated upon the skill and taste of his niece. "I perceive," he said, "that thou dost well understand and enjoy works of taste and art. I meet with few who so readily apprehend what I feel regarding such things. But it is high time that thou shouldst think of repose, as thou dost intend an early departure tomorrow morning." To this the stranger agreed, and the new friends parted for the night.

The fatigue and agitation of the day had their usual effect upon young Trevor. He was soon asleep, but his rest was disturbed by the fantastic workings of the mental impressions which had occupied him while awake. He dreamed that he was travelling in a carriage, with Miss Ewing by his side. They were going to be married, and he was intoxicated with happiness. He turned to address to her some rapturous speech, when she interrupted him by remarking on the curious circumstance that a policeman was driving the carriage, and another sitting by his side. He then perceived that they were driving him to prison. He dashed open the carriage door to jump out and escape, when his companion uttered a loud shriek. At this he awoke: the shriek still seemed to be sounding in his ears: he started up in bed: he listened; but all was still, save the beating of his own heart, and the heavy sweep of the night wind through the trees of the garden, upon which his chamber opened.

After an interval of bitter and perplexing thought, he again slept, and

his imagination again became busy with the extravagance of a dream. He thought that while Miss Ewing played and sung at the piano, he sat upon a stool at her feet, gazing in her face. Suddenly that face became illuminated by a smile of more than human beauty and kindness, and, bending down towards him, she asked him, in a voice of more exquisite sweetness than his waking ears had ever enabled him to enjoy, whether there was any song he loved particularly, that she might sing it for him. He tried to reply, but found he could not speak: she frowned at his apparent apathy: he tried to rise to put the song before her; but he could not move. A cloud now filled the room, hiding, by its dismal obscurity, the object of his admiration from his sight: at last it seemed to explode with a loud noise; the light returned in an instant, but the lady was gone! He again awoke, and perceived the early dawn brightening the long lines of thin grey cloud in the east. Resolved not to tempt the return of more dreams, he arose and went to the window. The half-dispelled darkness, and the fresh breeze of the morning, blowing aside, as it were, the heavy curtains of the night, seemed to harmonize with the seriousness of his spirit. He became refreshed and invigorated as he inhaled the air, and the strange unearthly impression which a vivid and agitating dream leaves upon the mind soon passed away.

By the time the sun had risen he was dressed, and had walked out into the garden. He looked at the neat and peaceful dwelling, and thought how happy a life might be led in such an abode, with a companion so good and so gentle as she was who occupied his thoughts. The flowers he looked upon were probably of her training—the ground he walked on had been trod by her a thousand times, and would be again—but where would he be? would there be any remembrance of him, to connect him with that quiet abode—that garden, and those flowers, when the minutes which he should spend in gazing upon them had passed away?

With such thoughts as these dwelling on his heart, he entered, almost unconsciously, a little summerhouse at the end of one of the walks; an exclamation of surprise roused him from

his reverie, and the next moment he was at the feet of Miss Ewing! He found her with his letter open in her hand; and he felt in a moment, from that intuitive and untraceable faculty of the mind which springs to conclusions while reason would be but arranging premises, a whole series of convictions, which thrilled through his heart, swift and subduing as the lightning's flash.

He saw that she sympathized with the distress he had painted—that her's also had been a night of unrest—and that, like him, she had thus early come forth, agitated by his anxieties. And now he was before her, with the secret of his heart revealed to her; not by the sympathy of friendship alone, or pity, did he claim an interest in her thoughts, but as a lover he bent before her, to acknowledge the devotedness of his heart to herself. How strange and affecting is that union of pride and humbleness—of aspiring feeling and yet sincere devotedness, which belongs to the deep sentiment of man's love for woman.

"Do you forgive me, Miss Ewing, for what I have ventured to write to you?" he exclaimed: "I dare not ask more."

The colour fled from the young lady's cheek—returned in a blushing tide—then fled again: she tried to speak, but it was in vain—she burst into tears.

"Dear, dear angel," he murmured; and he, too wept—they were the passionate tears of love.

Miss Ewing was the first to recover her self-possession. "Mr. Trevor," she said, "this is not a time for the indulgence of feeling. I have been deeply affected by the circumstances related in your letter; but, instead of yielding to sorrow, I ought rather to lose no time in offering you my counsel, feeble as it must necessarily be. I cannot think that there is positively no alternative but that of flying from the legal penalties which you believe you have incurred."

"It is the exposure, the disgrace, I wish to avoid," he exclaimed, "and, possibly, legal banishment."

"But is it certain that you must endure any of these? May not the guilt of your accusers be made to appear? I know nothing of business;

but if you would confide this matter to my uncle, he is prudent and kind."

"I feared that his strictness would make no allowance for a violation of the law," said Trevor.

"I do not think that you judge of him correctly," she returned. "If he thought you continued obstinate in the error into which you fell, he would be strict to correct you; but when he sees that an error is repented of, I am sure he would give you any assistance in his power. To put the matter to the test, will you give me leave to tell him the difficulty in which you are placed, and to beg he will give you his advice?"

"Most readily; and with all my soul I thank you for this kindness. I see that I may trust everything to your prudence. Would that I had ever had a friend like you."

"Nay," she replied, smiling, and wishing to raise his spirits from their apparent dejection, "you must not set me down for one of the wise old women whose reputation your servant was accustomed to magnify as 'better doctors than those of *Poticaries*' Hall, and cuter counsellors nor any in the Four Courts.' I can but ask advice of another, which I think may be of use, and, I am almost sure, will be readily and kindly given: and now I must begone, for I see my uncle has opened his windows. I shall find you here or in the breakfast room when I have finished my conference."

But no sooner had she left him, than the task she had so readily undertaken seemed to her very different from what it had when her feelings prompted her to propose it. She began to doubt her ability for detailing the story to her uncle, and it was impossible she could give him the letter to read. Must she not, she said to herself, have appeared too forward to Trevor; and would not her uncle be surprised, and perhaps displeased, that she had not at once informed him who his visitor was when she first saw him? These thoughts quickly occurred to her; but consciousness of the rightness of her intention—a determination to tell nothing but the plain truth—and recollection of the urgency of the case, overcame these scruples. She found her uncle already coming down from his room, and, telling him she wished to speak to him in his study, soon found herself fairly launched

into her *explanation* concerning their young guest.

Mr. Ewing heard the detail with surprise and much interest, and did not exhibit the least displeasure against his niece for what she had done.

"Thee did right, my child," he said affectionately; "thee did right, in telling me of this. I know the family of the young man well, and must have often seen himself when he was a child. I knew also the man Moylan, of whom you have spoken: he is a villain, and that I can prove; but let us go to Henry Trevor: I would speak with him upon this subject."

"My dear kind uncle," said Mary, as she took the old man's arm, and led him to the garden, "how glad I am that you will advise him." They soon found Trevor, and the embarrassment attending upon his apologies and explanations was but just over, when a new scene of bustle arose. Patrick McCabe came running along the walk, and soon stood before them, hat in hand, but so out of breath, that he could not speak.

"What is the matter now, Patrick?" said his master. "What brings you here?"

"I want to speak to *you*, sir," said Pat, now recovering himself, and assuming that *sort* of caution which the common Irish, with all their headlong ways, so soon catch up.

"Speak on, then, at once."

Pat glanced at his master, then at Mr. Ewing.

"Speak on," repeated his master, understanding him. "I have no secrets here."

"Well, then, sir, Moylan's here: he's hard by at the inn."

"Hah!" said Trevor: "he has, then, traced me even here. It seems incredible. Did you see him?"

"Be me sowl, I did, sir, and it isn't asy to mistake the look of him—it was him I seen, sure enough, barrin' it was the devil—and I didn't persave no horns, nor tail."

"But what can *he* have come here for?"

"For no good, any how, sir, the revingeful spalpeen. If it wasn't that he has a brother a priest, be me conscience, I think I'd have basted him warm enough, and thrown him into the Barrow, to cool again before now. He does'nt

come alone neither, sir; there's two strange men with him. What's to be done, sir?"

"Go and saddle the horses directly, and wait in the stable till I come. But I suppose it is in vain now," he continued, addressing his friends as the servant departed: "he must have his victim; further escape can scarcely be practicable."

Miss Ewing sat in silence, looking towards her uncle, while tears trembled in her eyes.

"Thy case is not so bad, young friend," said the old man: "it is not needful that thou shouldst rely only on escape. I know this Moylan, who is a guilty man, and I have proofs against him which he perhaps little supposes. He received a good education, which he abused. It is now twenty years since he forged a will of his father's cousin, whereby he obtained from my brother-in-law a sum of money which he held, belonging to the deceased person. The crime was soon discovered; but my relative being of the Society of Friends, would not prosecute for the felony, but paid the two hundred pounds over again to the rightful owner. At the death of my brother-in-law, his papers came into my hands. I have the forged will still in my possession, and one of the witnesses whose name was forged is still alive. Moylan, who had before that time been intended for a priest, then left the country, and it is only two or three years since he returned. It is plain that I can give thee the means of making a case against him which will cause him to be careful of what he does: in the mean time, I advise thee to abide here, awaiting with fortitude what may turn out."

A ringing and knocking at the gate interrupted their conversation, and a servant came out to say that a person wanted "the master" immediately, on urgent business.

"Tarry, then, here," said he to Trevor, "for possibly it is this enemy of thine. Mary, come then with me; for if it be him, I shall not speak with him but before a witness."

"Why give you this needless trouble, sir?" said Trevor, with bitterness; "had I not better go and meet him at once?"

"Nay, young friend," replied the

Quaker; "better leave him to me; there are other affairs than thine of which it will be needful to speak to him."

"Well, sir, recollect I am here ready, if you have occasion to send for me. I believe you do not approve of resistance in such cases."

"No, no; there must be no violence, and I trust there will be no occasion to think of any such thing: remain here till we come."

When the old man and his niece entered the parlour, they found awaiting them the stranger, in whom Miss Ewing recognized with alarm which she could scarcely conceal, a face which she had seen before. It was indeed Moylan, who, fearful that Trevor would escape from his clutches, and that he should thereby lose the benefit of the terms he had determined to make with him, had come down himself for the greater readiness of driving his bargain. Deprived of the resources which he had derived from the purse and the hospitality of the young man while he was his dupe, he now sought to extort a good round sum from him as his victim. Beyond this he had the ulterior object of sending him out of the country, if not by sentence of the law, by the fear of it; for, now that his political schemes were seen through by Trevor, the absence of that young gentleman was necessary to their success. His information of Trevor's movements, which seemed at first sight incomprehensible, was owing partly to the number of emissaries with whom his schemes placed him in connexion, but chiefly to the secret intelligence he derived through his brother the priest, over whom his superior energy and knowledge gave him unbounded influence. It was in this way that, unconsciously to himself, even the attached servant of Trevor, who would have encountered any peril rather than a hair of his master's head should be touched, furnished intelligence to his master's enemy.

"Hast thou any business with me, friend?" said Mr. Ewing.

"Not directly with you, sir," said Moylan, "except to apologize for calling upon you at so early an hour as this. My business is to find a gentle-

man who I believe arrived here last night, and has not yet left this."

"And what hast thou to do with any guest of mine?"

"I am sure, sir, it cannot be your wish to harbour any one whom the law demands to be given up. If Mr. Henry Trevor is here, he *must* go with me."

"And dost thou *think*, James Moylan, for I know thee," said the Quaker, "that I will deliver into hands such as thine, and without remonstrance, a guest of mine whom thou dost persecute? Bethink thee what thou dost; remember that his father was thy father's benefactor and thine own. Hast thou no sense of gratitude? Remember it was through thy company he fell into the errors which render him liable to the penalties of the law. Hast thou no shame?"

"Sir," said Moylan, in angry tone, "I did not come here to be scolded by you. Let me see Mr. Trevor, and converse with him."

"He will not converse with thee; he is acting under my advice. What is it thou hast to say? is it that he must be dragged by thee to prison?"

"That *depends upon circumstances*," replied Moylan.

The old man considered for a moment. "I think I understand thee," he said: "it might be that thou wouldst not object to the young man going out of the country."

Moylan nodded assent.

"And will nothing less satisfy thee than that thy recent friend shall go forth from his home, a fugitive and a vagabond, because it suits thy convenience or gratifies thy malice?"

"Mr. Trevor *must*, no doubt, leave the country," said Moylan, with a cool determination of manner which seemed to forbid further parley.

"I have, then, a written argument I would wish thee to glance at," said Mr. Ewing; and going to his desk, he took from one of its inmost nooks the forged will of which he had told Trevor. "Dost thou see this parchment?" he continued, exhibiting the endorsement upon it, at a little distance from Moylan.

The villain started back, involuntarily exclaiming, "The scoundrel, then, deceived me; it was not destroyed."

In a moment, however, he recovered his self-possession. "I do see it, sir," he said: "I am not a man to be thus frightened; that parchment should be mine, and I insist upon your giving it to me."

"Indeed I will not give it thee," replied the Quaker; "it shall remain with me," and so saying he coolly deposited it in the breast pocket of his coat.

Moylan looked round him, and out of the windows; it was the glance of an instant, but it satisfied him that there could be no witnesses to the scene but the old man and his niece. "Sir," said he, "I am a determined man; deliver me that parchment, or I shoot you dead where you stand;" and as he spoke, he pulled from his pocket a small pistol, and presented it at the old man.

"Oh! my uncle," shrieked Miss Ewing, springing towards him from her seat; but ere she reached him she sunk down in a fainting fit. At this instant one of the windows was dashed open, and a man leaping in with a loud shout and upraised stick, struck Moylan on the back of the head a blow which stretched him senseless on the ground. As he fell, the pistol that was in his hand was discharged, and it was well that Mr. Ewing had put the folded parchment in his breast pocket, for it saved his life. The ball struck him in the breast, glanced off the parchment, and did no more serious damage than that of cutting a slip from his second best coat, and tearing away one of the breast buttons. All this was the work of less than half a minute; the confusion that succeeded was dreadful. When the servants rushed in from the other parts of the house, and Trevor from the garden, the scene that presented itself was terrific. Miss Ewing and Moylan lay on the floor, both apparently dead; Pat McCabe, for he it was who had come so suddenly to the rescue, had cut his face and hands in getting through the window, and stood over Moylan with stick in hand, and covered with his own blood; old Mr. Ewing was upon his knees uttering pious ejaculations over his swooning niece, and the room was filled with the smoke of the exploded pistol.

A little time, however, subdued the alarm, and gave leisure to understand what had really happened. Miss Ewing recovered from her fainting fit, and wept with joy to find her uncle safe. He calmly thanked Heaven for his life preserved. A little careful washing, and some whiskey applied both externally and internally, made Pat McCabe almost as well as if nothing had happened; but he made a vow never to strike a man again on the back of the head, while he had a loaded pistol presented against a friend's breast. The wretched man, Moylan, had received a dreadful blow, and was the only one who required surgeon's assistance. It appeared that McCabe had been all along at the edge of the window, out of view of those within, watching the interview between Mr. Ewing and Moylan; and when he saw the pistol presented, he acted on the impulse of the moment, and sprung into the room. Had there been time to think, he would, as he afterwards admitted, have taken Mr. Moylan's relationship to the priest into consideration, and have contented himself with tripping up his heels.

The event which had taken place put an end to the immediate danger of arrest in which Mr. Trevor had been placed by the persecution of Moylan, and the next day he had the satisfaction to learn, by a letter forwarded to him from home, that his uncle, to whom he had written a full account of the circumstances, had instantly come to Dublin Castle, and had succeeded in satisfying the authorities that the circumstances against his nephew were by no means of the nature that had been supposed. Directions had, he said, been issued that bail should be taken for his appearance when called upon; and he had no doubt but within a short time the affair would be fully settled. The letter concluded with this comfortable assurance and seasonable admonition:—"You may consider that you have got out of this serious scrape; but let it be a warning to you while you live how you choose your political associates. Even those, much less dangerous in appearance than the desperate plotters or the senseless dupes whom you have lately known, may lead you into much

evil. Remember your experience, therefore, and beware."

As far as could be judged from outward appearances, Mr. Ewing harboured no resentment against the man who had so nearly deprived him of life. The wound in the wretched man's skull, inflicted by M'Cabe's stick, rendered it necessary that he should be put to bed and carefully nursed. When the danger of fever had abated, so that he might be safely talked with, the old man went to him and very quietly conversed with him upon the enormity of what he had attempted to do. Moylan seemed more inclined to exonerate himself from the imputation of rashness and folly, than to attempt to palliate the atrocity of his conduct. He denied, however, that he had any intention to shoot Mr. Ewing. "I believed," he said, "that the forged will had been destroyed. I paid a man to steal it and destroy it, (for I could not trust to him to keep it for me,) and he swore to me that he had done so. I knew that I could never be safe until it was destroyed, and therefore I determined to take it from you. I thought to have frightened you into giving it to me."

"But did you not perceive to what you rendered yourself liable, even in the event of your success?"

"I thought that you and your niece were the only witnesses, and I considered myself safe from the evidence of either. You, as a Quaker, would not swear; she is a Roman Catholic, and I have influence with the church."

Eventually this man was not prosecuted, but a condition was made that he should leave the country a second time; and to this, after what had occurred, he seemed to have little difficulty in acceding.

It was about six weeks after this morning of bustle and alarm that Mr. Trevor again arrived on horseback at old Samuel Ewing's house. In a short time he was walking with Miss Ewing in the garden; and from the following

conclusion of their conversation the reader may judge what preceded it.

"Within a week, then," he said, "I resume my studies at Cambridge, a wiser and a sadder man than when I left it."

"Wiser, I believe and rejoice at," she returned; "but why sadder? You ought to be the reverse."

"One word, one little word from you, Miss Ewing," he exclaimed with tenderness, "and I should indeed have no reason to say sadder; without that word, how can I be otherwise?"

"Believe me," she replied, "I shall ever take the liveliest interest in your success: what would you have me say?"

"Excellent girl!" cried he, "tell me that I may have hope; that if I prove myself not unworthy of your esteem, I may hope for something more than mere esteem; that—that it is not impossible that the love for you with which my heart is overflowing, may be returned. Will you say this?"

She trembled as she answered with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, which were filled with tears—"I should indeed be an ungrateful girl if I pained that heart by leaving it in doubt. I will, I do say what you ask."

* * * *

All this happened ten years ago. Old Samuel Ewing still lives, and he has a grand-niece and grand-nephew, two of the nicest children in all Leinster, and their names are Mary and Henry Trevor. It is gratifying to be able to tell also, that father and mother, and the two pretty children, all go to church together. "Had I continued to live in England," Mrs. Trevor sometimes says, "where I was brought up, I might, perhaps, have continued to perceive the evil tendencies of that church's discipline; but here they are too palpable and too painful not to be perceived. Should any one want to know whether she made this change before, or after her marriage, the answer is—*before*."

MY LIFE.*

THE book whose title we have just written, is one of a class preeminently calculated to realize Gray's well-known conceptions of perfect felicity. In those moments when the mind demands ease and yet excitement, when it would be at once soothed and stimulated, when it covets "a languor which is not repose," it will find among the abundant treasures of our daily literature of fiction, few volumes more pleasantly moulded to satisfy the cravings of this its intellectual epicureanism. Here shall it ponder o'er the moving accidents of a varied life—the eccentric orbit traced by daring spirits, wandering comet-like, now in the distant aphelion of Galway semi-civilization, now in the dazzling (and scorching) perihelion of London brilliancy; at one time with indiscriminate devotion *attracted* lovingly by all the starry eyes of the firmament, at another shooting their terrible way athwart the meridian of "the fifteen acres," or similarly engaged in "firing"—not like ordinary comets, "the length of Ophiuchus huge," but, in defiance of all astronomy—a brace of Joe Manton's best amid the Dulwich meadows or the chivalrous haunts of Chalk-Farm. Such are the heroes who fight, flirt and blunder their mazy course across these many-coloured pages. Though, as our readers are aware, we seldom devote much of our time to analyzing for their benefit, the throng of three-volumed histories, whose leaves—"thick as the *leaves* that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," lie unopened on our table, and solicit in vain either the edge of our sarcasm, or often even that of our paper-cutter; yet, whether it be the relaxing influence of the moment which indisposes us at this season, for politics and philosophy, or the well-earned reputation of the author of the "Wild Sports," we are determined to unbend our critical severity of brow, and treat our ten thousand and one subscribers to a very

unusual copiousness of extracts from the pleasantest novel of the season.

It is hard, and to many it would seem absurd, to criticise the novel with the dignified and systematic elaborateness demanded by the Epic or the Tragedy; and yet who can deny that the novel is far from being the least important member of our living literature? The enormous multitude of these performances, while it precludes separate criticism, swells to a vast amount their aggregate influence; and the pliability of the novel which enables it to assume every form without deserting its essential character, renders that influence efficient for all conceivable purposes. The Protean muse of prose fiction is now, in her Tremaine, the advocate of revelation—now, in the almost daily productions of her lighter moments, the lounge of the ball-room and the club. With the most eminent of living British novelists she is, in the compass of a single volume, profoundly immersed in the mysteries of ethical science, and equally deep in draughts of blue ruin at the asylum of a gang of pickpockets. She alone, of all the versatile offspring of Fancy, has boldly bounded beyond the limits of critical rule, and rushing wildly from the trammels of conventional system, hath dared to appeal from the complicated and contradictory decisions of the courts below to the ultimate source of authority, and throwing herself at the feet of that NATURE, who is the final arbitress of genius and taste, hath refused all subordinate control, and recognized no criticism but *her* verdict. Hence, to the novelist of modern times, the deep debates that have perplexed the legislators of taste—from Johnson to Jeffrey, from Horace to Hazlitt, from Longinus to Lockhart—are *inania verba*; he disregards alike their disputations and their decrees. To him the *means* are indifferent by which he attains his purpose, whether of amusement or of instruc-

* My Life. By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Wild Sports of the West," &c. &c. 3 vols. small 8vo. London, 1835.

tion; the capricious determinations and imaginary definitions of technical criticism disturb him not; and in his simple philosophy he respects these shadowy contests little more than the matter-of-fact competitor for one of Mr. Robins's "desirable situations," may be supposed in his calculations of rent and ruralism to regard the astronomer's allotment and nomenclature of the mountains and valleys of the moon. He submits to no obligations but those of fidelity in the parts and consistency in the whole. Thus the novelist's is preeminently the heritage of all nature—the universe is his estate. Every subject which can be cast in the mould of narration is his property; and the flexibility and variety of his style enable him to enter almost all with advantage. The results upon the state of our literature are obvious to the most cursory observation.

For instance, the Novel has nearly exterminated the Drama. And it is not to be wondered at, when the contest is waged before such umpires as express the public voice of our day. In the arena of modern criticism they are indeed unequally matched. An indolent generation of drawing-room literati, who employ books either as a slow opiate to obtain sleep withal, or as a faint stimulant to preserve from utter cessation the drowsy circulation of vague ideas which they are wont to call their *thoughts*, are scarcely to be expected to prefer the stern and concise simplicity of dramatic composition to the loose structure of the novel, which, by explaining all, leaves the imagination no trouble in realizing its depictions, and by alternating between narration and dialogue, relieves by variety a mind incapable of supporting continuous exertion. The Drama presents itself to the imagination with something like the singleness of conception, the absence of extraneous circumstance, the chaste severity in the entire character of the composition, which mark the productions of the sculptor; the Novel, with that multiplicity of purpose, profusion of accessories, and variety of colouring which fill and flush the canvass of the painter. Few visible objects are fitted for the imitations of sculpture, as few events are capable of being embraced by the

resources of the drama; but every thing that salutes the eye of man may be seized by the picture and the novel. Accordingly, instead of predicting with half the world that the dramatic labours of Scott would be likely to place him on the same narrow pinnacle where Fame has enthroned Shakspeare, we were always inclined to expect the reverse. The genius of the Novel is almost as opposite to that of the Play as those of the Epic and the Lyric are to each other. The diffuseness of the one destroys the habitude of compression required by its rival; the facilities of the one are a poor discipline for the deep difficulties of the other; the boundless range through which the invention may career in the composition of a novel is limited by insufferable restrictions in the composition of a tragedy. We suspect that a great dramatist may become a great novelist; it is not difficult to exchange elaboration and compression for freedom and diffuseness; a Shakspeare may be diluted to a Scott: but we believe that the opposite transformation is almost impossible; that the easy negligence and the seductive facilities of the novelist can by no process be condensed and hardened into the strict and confined labours of the drama; that, if we may use the metaphor, the wide expanded waters of our great romancer's genius could never have been taught to flow (wildly indeed, but) within banks, like Shakspeare, or with the gentle, yet full and clear stream of Racine—or still less, to lie frozen and crystallized to the cold though beautiful forms of the ancient tragic verse. And hence the dramatic productions of Scott form a curious study. They were published, it is true, in the decline of his genius, and some of them written long before its maturity; but even this consideration is scarcely adequate to account for the great deficiency of interest in these performances. With the exception of a very few passages, they are not only unworthy of the author of Waverley, but wholly unlike his powers; they are not only without the sparkling wine of his genius in its full effervescence, but do not even savour of its lees. We believe that the imagination of Scott was eminently *pictorial*, and dealt mainly with the

visible. He felt much, but he *saw* even more than he felt. Hence he was formed to be a narrator, a novelist; or if a poet, the poet not so much of the heart as of the eye—the poet, therefore, of battle-field and mountain chivalry, of Marmion or the Last Minstrel, rather than the revealer of the bosom's mysteries with the author of the "Excursion," or the "Childe Harold."* In his novels, it is true, there is much discrimination of character, but it is not the discrimination of the drama. It is not unwittingly conveyed in the brief disclosure of a sentence, but woven into a long tissue of description. With all this great writer's varied excellencies, it must be granted that we seldom meet either in the novels or the poetry, instances of that power of expression which, by mysterious and inexplicable combinations of words, forces on us a sudden impression which pages of ordinary language could not convey. The reader who does not understand the power to which we allude, knows little of the excellence of Shakespeare or of Wordsworth. Those who are conversant with the poetry of either in a fitting spirit, can aver, though they cannot explain, how the *unsteady* beam of the poetical inspiration shot from amidst the glorious tempest of the thoughts, often darts a lustre upon those secret places of our nature which the grave light of philosophy would in vain strive to reach; as lightning, through cloud and storm, flashes with momentary gleam upon cells far beneath the earth, whose unfathomable darkness lies, and hath lain for ages, hidden from the more enduring and majestic radiance of the daily sun. But it will be said, that such depth, joined to such concision, such miraculous brevity, moulding its profound sentences till they go forth among men the proverbs and oracles of genius, are uncalled for in the novel; and that it is unfair to censure the absence of a merit whose presence we had no right to expect. True; they are only

accidental to the novel; but they are essentially required in the higher walks of the drama. It is for this very reason that we conceive the habitual composition of the one to relax and enervate the mind for the solidity and intensity of the other; and it is for this reason, too, that we consider the habitual perusal of the one to indispose for the enjoyment of the other, and that the actual vacuity of dramatic literature among us is in a great degree due to the prevalence of its lighter, its more flexible, and its more insinuating competitor.

Nor is this all. The novel has also absorbed much of our regular undramatic poetry. Not only has the *tragedy* expanded into the long series of narrated dialogues, but most of those peculiarities which were once thought to belong to *poetry* and to it alone, are now found to gather, with scarcely less effect, around this all-grasping invader. Where is the enthusiasm of the most imaginative and impassioned poetry to which a parallel may not be found in the poesy of our prose inventors—in Rousseau, or in De Stael, his legitimate successor?—seldom, it is true, equal in excellence, for the dignity of rhythmical composition is apt still to insure it the preference with the few whose powers enable them best to adorn it. And this is a triumph, a distinguished triumph; for surely it must be some great and surpassing merit, some peculiar and incommunicable charm, that secures to verse this superiority over a modification of prose, whose variety enables it to assail the heart at every point, and whose ductility allows it to pass gracefully into every mould in which the productions of imagination can engage the heart. Whatever be this charm, however, and powerful as it has ever been, from the first ages of society to its most advanced period, it unquestionably does find a dangerous countercharm in the attractions of the *novel* for all (and they are the majority) whose feebleness of fancy faints under the continual de-

* It is a characteristic fact, that these plays to which we have referred, abound, beyond all others, in *stage-directions*. The reason is manifest. The narrative genius of the author required it; his conceptions were unsatisfied by the naked alternations of dialogue; and these scenic directions exactly answer to the passages of pure description which occupy the principal part of his, as of all novels.

mands of an elevated train of thought. Of the numbers who talk of poetry, there are wonderfully few who read it. Now, to fulfil the desires of these classes, who thus require a portion of intellectual enjoyment, and who yet cannot enjoy the refined etherealism of pure intellect, the novel is admirably adapted. Its easy progress of incident and description exercises without fatiguing; and its appeals to the lower energies of the imaginative faculty, form, like the pleasures of music, a medium between the enjoyments of the senses and those of the mind.

If this intruder—which, from being, as once, the transient delight of childhood and youth, has thus imperceptibly engrossed so vast a segment of the circle of literature—should advance with a rapidity commensurate to its recent progress, there will soon exist no subject independent of its sway. Theology, moral and controversial, has long yielded; and the grave truths of the pulpit now assume the uniform of the circulating library. Philosophy has followed in the steps of her reverend sister, and condescends to coquette through the sparkling pages of Mr. Bulwer and a dozen others. Political Economy has accepted the homely introduction of Miss Martineau; and we are anxiously expecting the period when geometry and algebra shall woo us in the fascinating garb of a *novel*. Perhaps the Earl of Mulgrave would oblige us by this completion of our wishes.

Our present author is not, however, formed for these daring excursions of romance into the regions of science. He is a novelist of a more subdued character, and is rather shrewd than philosophical. We shall give a few extracts at random from his animated pages, without attempting any analysis of his story; both because it is much too varied and complicated for an abstract, and because this meagre anticipation of a tale is generally alike uninteresting to the reader and unfair to the author of a work of fiction. When we study the internal construction of argument in a scientific treatise, we may have recourse to a mere “skeleton,” as when we wish to study the osteology not the beauty of the human frame, when we are anatomists not painters; but when we undertake to observe and

estimate the perfection of form and finish in a production of fancy, it would really be as absurd to employ this dry fabric for the purposes of criticism as a skeleton for the arts of design.

And first we shall present our readers with the following military freak. The gallant heroes are supposed to be quartered in a western town, and consummate a long series of perilous frolics by this insult to venerable virginity.

“It so happened that an elderly gentleman, of some property, who had never been seduced into matrimony, resided in the town. She was a personage of goodly size, great hospitality, and inveterate devotion to the card-table. Shortly before Colonel Selby's departure, a feud had broken out between this lady and some juniors of the regiment. She loved loo; they patronized country-dancing, and at her last fête, taking umbrage at the obstinacy, with which she rejected the introduction of a fiddle, they unceremoniously left the room, declaring, one and all, that they would stand loo no longer.

“This was bad enough in all conscience; but here the delinquency did not end. Unfortunately, in their ‘exit in a huff,’ they passed the supper-room. The door was open, the servants otherwise engaged, and the table already covered. This was a tempting sight, certainly; and it was hard, at that late hour, to retire fasting. A consultation ensued. To return up stairs was determined to be ‘*infra dignitatem*’; to depart supperless a thing not to be tolerated. The course of action was soon decided: one seized a ham, another chose a turkey, my father adopted a chicken-pie, and a fourth selected a cooper of port. None departed empty-handed; and so rapidly was the larceny effected, that the delinquents were quietly refreshing themselves with the abstracted property, and taking their ease in the next inn, before the astonished mistress of the house was advertised that the better moiety of her entertainment had departed with her rebellious guests.

“Deep was the indignation of the hostess. She, one of the Macnamaras of Clare, to be treated with incivility, and that, too, in her own house, was

“To heard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall.”

That night she never closed an eye, and early next morning indited a letter to her kinsman Captain Antony O'Dougherty,

quondam of the Buffs, to require that he should exact due satisfaction for the injury, and take immediate vengeance on the persons of the offenders. But on reflection, she recollected that honest Antony's pistol-hand had been already damaged in action; and even were he in full force, he was but one man, and what was that among so many. Legal redress came next under consideration, and her solicitor, Billy Davock, was consulted in form.

"Billy was a short, punchy little man, wore a light-coloured scratch-wig, took brown snuff, and was reputed the best opinion in cases of assault and battery 'this side of Dublin.' He heard the story attentively, took a long and deliberative pinch of high-tost, shook his head, and requested to have the advantage of a night's reflection—for which he subsequently introduced an item in his bill, under the denomination of 'loss of sleep, 13s. 4d.'

"Next morning, Billy Davock visited his fair client right early. He had turned the case over attentively; and, flagrant as it was, he nevertheless admitted that doubts and dubitations had arisen. Great caution would be necessary in framing the indictment. If Major Cæsar Blake, whom might the Lord mend! was charged in the counts with stealing the ham, he would escape condign punishment, if he, the major, could satisfy the jury that he had merely purloined the turkey. Beside, the delinquents might prove an alibi. By the evidence of the company, she, Miss Macnamara, it is true, might establish the fact of the said Cæsar, with others named in the indictment, having been on her premises the night of the larceny. But, then, the barrack-guard would swear anything they were directed to swear by their officers, as a matter of course, consequently they, the defendants, would prove, by the affidavits of a sergeant, corporal, and twelve privates, that they had never left the mess-room. If the prosecution failed, the traversers would have a good action for defamation and loss of character, and heavy damages would be recovered. Under these perplexing circumstances he, Billy Davock, would advise a case to be submitted to counsel; and he would accordingly, if his client so instructed him, take the opinion of certain persons, whom he enumerated as being learned in the law.

"But, on mature consideration, Miss Macnamara, alarmed at the complexity of the case, abandoned all hope of legal re-

dress. She had, she discovered, but one safe remedy against the parties, and that was, their eternal exclusion from her card and supper tables.

"It is to be lamented that this merciful determination of the injured gentlewoman did not operate upon the offenders as it should. Whether it was, that, hardened by impunity, or piqued because at the next entertainment their names were not found among those bidden to the feast, does not appear; but certain it is, that having discussed an additional quantity of old port, they, '*suadente diabolo*,' sallied out at midnight, to concert and carry on measures of retaliation upon the already sinned against Miss Macnamara.

"The house of this persecuted lady was situate in the centre of the town; yet, being what is in Connaught termed a 'lone woman,' to preserve property and person, it behoved her to have her domicile well secured. Accordingly, the lower windows were defended by iron stanchions, that effectually prevented ingress to or egress from the mansion. Of this the conspirators took advantage: they screwed gimlets silently into the doors and door-posts, front and rear, lashed them together by a stout cord, and thus Miss Macnamara and her guests were illegally deprived of liberty.

"This effected, a slater's ladder was procured from an adjacent yard, a horse-sheet saturated with water, and one of the party, who had been formerly in the navy, mounting the roof, clambered to the chimney-top, and effectually choked the funnel by stuffing it with the wet cloth.

"All within the mansion was joy and revelry; supper had ended, and it was, as all admitted, excellent and extensive enough to have made amply up for the spoliation of its predecessor. The gentlemen were indulging in brandy punch, and the ladies refreshing themselves with port-wine negus. Miss Macnamara, having "cleaned out" the company at loo, was, of course, in glorious spirits; and Colonel Macleod, who occupied the post of honour beside the hostess, apparently infected by the general hilarity, twisted his saturnine features into what he intended for a smile. A probationer from Maynooth had just favoured the revellers with that celebrated drinking song, intitled, '*Jolly mortals, fill your glasses*,' and a *députée* from Mrs. Mac Greal's finishing school at Clonakilty, was arranging her mouth to execute '*Will you come to the bower?*'—ladies laughed, gentlemen pinched them beneath the table-cloth, fun was the order

of the night, Care might go hang himself,

"And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Just then a long continuous volume of dense smoke came rolling down the chimney; 'Murder!' cried the chief attendant. 'Bad luck to them thieves, the sweeps! they promised to have been here a week ago.' Puff, puff, puff, went the chimney. 'Raise the windows!' exclaimed the hostess, who happened to be constitutionally thick-winded. Puff, puff, puff. 'Holy Virgin! I'm smothered!' ejaculated Captain O'Dowd, who had recently returned to his native town, with a confirmed asthma and increased pension. Puff, puff, puff. 'Open the hall door!' roared the priest.

"It's fastened without."

"Puff, puff. 'Try the back one for the love of Heaven!'"

"It won't open."

"The consternation was awful. The company hurried from the supper-room; and the colonel, who, from a pulmonary infirmity, was necessitated to make a rapid retreat, having inserted his spurs in the table-cloth, removed it, glasses and all, without the assistance of the servants. Death appeared inevitable, and the only reasonable doubt was, whether the coroner would attribute it to fright or suffocation. That nicer etiquette, which in ordinary cases prohibits interviews in bedchambers to all ladies and gentlemen who have not been joined together in holy wedlock, was now disregarded, and sufferers of both sexes might have been discovered in all departments of the establishment, in search of a more endurable atmosphere. At that moment of general distress, a voice from the street exclaimed, 'The top of the morning to you, mother Maranamara! Will you give us "Jolly mortals" again if you please.'

"It's them thieves of the world from the barrack!" exclaimed the butler. "Open the door and let us out, or, by the eternal frost, I'll swear my life agin yees in the mornin'!" But equally vain would have been threats or solicitations on the blockading party, had not several lanterns been seen approaching. Off the delinquents scampered, leaving their deliverance from captivity to be achieved by the domestics of the *détenu*, who fortunately were at hand."

The hero of the first volume boldly braves the vengeance of a martinet colonel, by taking on himself the responsibility of this affair, and accor-

dingly has to quit his regiment. He soon after achieves a runaway marriage; and the exaggerations with which the fashionable chronicles adorn a simple tale of elopement and Gretna Green are amusingly given.

"The reception my mother met from my father's family was as enthusiastic as she could have anticipated. Before the gallant Cæsar had even intimated to his brother, as 'head of the house,' any intention upon his part of committing matrimony, the English newspapers teemed with an account of his elopement with 'the beautiful heiress of the wealthy Mr. Harrison.' The singular cause that induced him to retire from his regiment was still fresh in public recollection, and the absurd manner in which these two exploits were ridiculously coupled in the same paragraphs was indeed provoking enough. The *Morning Post* thus announced my father's marriage:

"Major C——r B——ke, who, it will be remembered, abruptly retired from the 18th some months since, for stopping up a chimney-flue, by which two persons were unfortunately suffocated, passed through Carlisle on Sunday last, in a carriage-and-four, accompanied by the beautiful heiress of Stainsbury Hall. No pursuit after the fugitives was attempted, as Mr. H——n lies without the least hope of recovery, from the wound of a pistol-ball received in the unfortunate *mélée* that occurred on the recent occasion. The report that two keepers and the major's servant are dead is at least premature. Of the recovery of one of the former we know that sanguine hopes are entertained."

"The *Morning Chronicle* thus delivered itself:

"We have often to lament the culpable inaccuracy of some of our contemporaries. In a morning journal of yesterday a very imperfect statement is given of a recent occurrence in high life, of which we have been in full possession, but which, through delicacy to the feelings of the parties concerned, we have abstained from noticing. It will be a subject of gratification to the numerous and distinguished connexions of "both the houses" to learn that Mr. H——n, whose leg it was found necessary to amputate above the knee, bore the operation well; and that the gallant ex-major, after having the ball very skilfully extracted by Dr. Drench, of Newark, was able to proceed to Gretna with the agitated but beautiful bride."

The domestic who unhappily lost his life on this lamentable occasion was under-butler at Stainesbury Park, where he had lived for fifteen years and a half, greatly respected. He leaves a widow and seven young children to lament his premature death.*

"*The Globe* had another version of the 'affair,' from which, however, *The Sun* took care to differ. *The Evening Mail* denied the suffocation point-blank; and *The Courier* assured the world that neither man, woman, nor child were killed, wounded, or missing, save and except the young lady and a poodle-dog, which latter, by the accidental falling of an imperial, had been maimed for life. Now, though all this was to the parties very provoking, and particularly annoying to Mr. Harrison, yet it *éclat*ed the business gloriously in Connaught. Nothing could have been more consonant to the general taste of the aristocracy of that favoured corner of the earth. First, there was an elopement. Second, it was with an heiress. Third, the successful swain was a member of 'the tribes';* a genuine scion of the *ould stock*. Fourth, there were diverse lives lost on the occasion. Fifth, judging from conflicting statements, there must have been a general *rookawn*,† without which a runaway match would not be worth a straw. In short, it was unanimously resolved, that Cæsar Blake was a 'broth of a boy;' that his lady, in person and purse, would be a useful addition to the neighbourhood; and that if elderly gentlemen, under-butlers, and poodle-dogs interrupt half-pay majors, they must abide the consequences. To this general commendation even Miss Sally Macnamara, oblivious of stuffed flues and false imprisonment, magnanimously assented."

The following melancholy account of a Schneider's unprofitable travels through Connaught is truly touching. In vain poor Jerry *mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*.

"Jerry had scoured the country from cock-crow to curfew. Of his numerous correspondents, sundry were sick, and divers invisible; one man was absent at a fox-hunt, another had bolted with his neighbour's wife, and those who favoured him with an interview were not more satisfactory. One, whom he had fur-

nished with a bridal outfit, threatened him with instant death for recalling the event, and thereby wounding his feelings, as his lady had left him in a fortnight. Another generously offered to accept at six months for two hundred, provided Jerry handed over the balance, being eighty-four pounds, six shillings, and four-pence, upon the spot. Mr. Bodkin had been cleaned out at the Curragh; and Mr. M'Dermot requested he would oblige him by discounting a bill. Mr. Kirwan was anxious to know on what night the Westport mail was robbed, as that event must have occurred, and himself suspected to have been present and *particeps criminis*, or he, Jerry, never would have the assurance to demand money from him at that time of the year. Mr. Burke felt offended at the indelicacy of the application, as, but five years before, he had actually paid him, Jerry, fifty pounds; and Mr. Donnellan trusted the tenants would not hear he was a tailor, and from Dublin, as he, Donnellan, wished him well, and feared, if discovered, that he could not save his life. In one house he found the lower windows built up, as the occupants had quarrelled with the coroner. At another, even before he could announce his name, he was covered with a blunderbuss from the attic, and obliged to abscond with as much rapidity as if he had committed a felony. In short, Jeremiah Casey was returning a sadder, but not a richer man, than when he crossed the Shannon; and had half determined, like Mr. Daniel O'Connell, to 'register a vow in heaven' never, during the remainder of his natural life, to apply shears to broadcloth for any customer westward of the bridge of Athlone.

"Woman is an uncertain article; and so says every man who has passed five-and-twenty. Some of them are won in smiles, and others are best wooed when sulky. I know not what tempted Jerry Casey, when driven desperate by bad debts, to then begin thinking about matrimony; nor why Honor Blake, when at war with all the sex, should condescend to vow submission to a fraction of humanity. But Jerry was rich as a Jew; Honor living on sufferance with her clan, even unto the third and fourth generation. The result was, that, after a courtship 'short, sharp, and decisive,' Honor Blake was united to Jeremiah Casey; and so said all the newspapers.

* The most ancient families in Galway are known by this title.

† *Rookawn*, in English means a general row.

"There was dire commotion among the tribes, when it was announced that one of 'the ould stock' had committed matrimony with a tailor. But this indignation was deep, not loud. In the alphabet of Jerry's ledger the names of the complainants were awfully recorded. Though he, good easy man, might be trifled with, his lady, if roused, would probably exhibit different feelings. Quickly and quietly the indignity was forgotten: one by one, the kindred of Mrs. Casey condescended to drop in at dinner-time; Usher's-quay was convenient to the Four Courts; Jerry was 'a decent poor devil after all'; his port was sound; his *pot-luck* not amiss; and before the honeymoon had waned her horns, Blakes, Burkes, and Bodkins united legs under Mrs. Casey's mahogany."

We deem it a duty implied in our title to submit to the public the adventurous Mr. Blake's graphic report of his experience as to the state of morals in the University:—

"It was past eight when I presented myself at the college gate. Not being acquainted with the localities of the University, I addressed one of some half-dozen lazy-looking, blue-coated functionaries, who were lounging on benches in the porter's lodge; there keeping watch and ward beside a rousing coal fire. There was not a corporation in Christendom who would not have chosen them 'for her own,' they seemed so oily and overfed. One of these 'gorbellied knaves' waddled out to answer me, and from him I discovered that there would be some difficulty in identifying my worthy kinsman, there being six gentlemen of the name of Blake then resident in this seat of learning.

"'Come, sir,' said he of the blue-coat, as he assumed a leather hunting-cup and lighted lantern; 'we'll make him out, never fear. I'll describe them as we go along. Here, at No. 2, ground-floor, left, lives one. They call him "Dozey," as he does nothing from Monday morning till Saturday night but sleep, drink beer, and set mouse-traps.'

"'We wout disturb him, my friend; so pass by Dozey.'

"'Very well, sir,' continued my guide. No. 9, garret, right—there lives another of them. He is "Bothered Blake;" deaf, dirty, and a premium man.'

"'Leave the dirty gentleman alone,' said I.

"'Just as you please,' replied the polite

porter. 'Will you try 31, second, left? Him they have christened "Bethesda Blake," as he has got "a call," and lectures at prayer-meetings.'

"I shook my head.

"'Then, there's one in 27, lame of a leg. They call him "Pop and carry one."

"'The lame lad wout suit me.'

"'Egad! I am fairly puzzled,' said my guide, 'unless it's "Jack the Devil" you are looking for.'

"'That's the man, for a thousand!'

"'Oh, then, he lives hard by. This way, sir. He chums with "Mad Hamilton," and they hang out at 16, Botany Bay, first-floor, right.'

"'I am so glad you'll find him for me!'

"'Find him!' ejaculated the fat functionary; the Lord only knows where he is to be found at this hour! We'll try the rooms: we may see *the ship*, or perhaps, by accident, the master. Come along.'

"Accordingly, we entered Botany Bay, and halted before a door, which bore in white Roman characters the names of 'Mr. Blake' and 'Mr. Hamilton.' Knock we did manfully; 'but none did come though we did call for them.'

"'Ay, sir, they're out. Lord! they're the wildest gentlemen within the gates, and they're in trouble. Well, more's the pity. Last night they gave a cockle party—and cockle parties, sir, end badly, I have remarked. All drunk—went upon the latter—and left the Brick Square and Botany Bay without a lamp, good, bad, or indifferent. They are to be before the Board tomorrow; and if they escape expulsion, they're sure of being rusticated.'

"'Could you direct me where in town I shall have a chance of meeting Mr. Blake?' I inquired.

"'Not I, faith! But now I remember that Mr. O'Donel, one of the cockle party, came in just before yeerself: his rooms are in the next building, and we'll try if he knows.'

"Mounting two pair of stairs accordingly, Mr. O'Donel in person opened his door. I briefly explained my object, and apologized for disturbing him.

"'No trouble whatever: step in, sir. Hicks, will you drive a nail?' and he pointed to a table, on which divers bottles were paraded. The guide, without ceremony, advanced and took a glass, which the host filled.

"'Bad business, Mr. O'Donel. Hang it! arn't there lamps enough outside without smashing those in college?'

"'Who brokethem?' inquired O'Donel. 'I'm out of the scrape: I was regularly sowed up, and could not have put one leg before the other, if they had made me archbishop of Canterbury. I hear they stole your lanterns, and you were so drunk that you never missed them till morning!'

"'Well, well, time will tell: good night, sir.' I slipped a gratuity, and he disappeared.

"When alone, I explained to Jack's companion the shortness of my halt in town, and how necessary it was to find his brother in iniquity with as little delay as possible. Promptly he offered to assist my researches, promising that if he could not unkenne! 'Jack the Devil,' then was all inquiry useless until tomorrow. 'We have not a moment to lose, or I shall be shut in. We'll take Jack's regular beat, and, I have little doubt, unharbour him.' Accordingly he tucked me under the arm, and off we set.

"'Let me see—this is Lady Abbott's ball. Well, he won't be there, as he is out of temper. That is *nine* now striking; and probably, being in a sentimental mood, he will be taking tea with Miss Lightbody, the mantua-maker, in Nassau-street. If we don't find him there, at *ten* we'll try the theatre—*Eleven*, the "Silver Hell" in Exchange-street—*Twelve*, he'll be at the "House of Lords," or picking a broiled bone at "Nosey McKeown's"—*One*, dancing at the "Free-and-easy," or singing in "the Hole-in-the-Wall"—*Two*, we shall find him on the ramble—*Three*, we'll drop into St. Andrew's watch-house; and after that, for he's not to say a late sitter-up, we'll be pretty sure of catching him in bed taking his snooze at "the Coal-Hole," in Essex-street.'

"I thought of Father Roger. Kit Costello himself could not match Jack the Devil in the multiplicity of his unholy avocations.

"We found Miss Letitia 'at home,' and were shown by an elderly assistant into a parlour behind the shop, where the lady was seated at a table covered with the shreds and patches of millinery litter. My introduction as Jack the Devil's kinsman procured me a most gracious reception: indeed, Miss Lightbody was pleased to compliment my appearance, which she compared with a portrait of Master Jack which ornamented her chimney-piece, and *which she averred might pass for a likeness of myself*. Whether my late escapade at country-quarters was too vivid in my recollection, and made me look with sus-

picion upon strangers, certainly I thought my cousin's description of this 'ornament of her sex' rather overdrawn. She was a fine creature enough, but she 'looked every inch' a mantua-maker. The style of her dress was much too florid for my fancy; and she exhibited an assortment of jewellery in rings, bracelets, and brooches, that was far too exuberant for a fastidious taste, and did not add to 'that majesty of virtue,' of which article, according to Jack's epistles, she possessed a very extensive stock.

"From this lady O'Donel ascertained that the object of our researches had gone to keep an appointment at a coffee-house. Thither my guide piloted me, and there we discovered Jack the Devil in close conclave with a fashionable young man, who, my companion informed me, was assistant-surgeon of the 4th Dragoon Guards.

"So occupied were my cousin and his friend with their business, that we established ourselves, without being noticed, in the very next box to that in which they had ensconced themselves; and as we were only separated by a slight curtain, every syllable they spoke was overheard distinctly, and O'Donel winked, and signified that we should listen to their *tête-à-tête*.

"'We shall be rusticated to a moral,' said my relative with the evil surname. 'The ship would swear an alibi, but they won't believe his oath. They know we had that infernal cockle party; and there was, unfortunately, nobody sufficiently drunk for mischief but ourselves, except devils of good characters—men like Dozey Blake, who creep quietly to bed when they can sit upon their chairs no longer.'

"'Well, I think,' said the surgeon, 'a sick certificate will do—but the disease?'

"'Consumption,' said Jack the Devil. 'I had a fourth cousin that died of it.'

"'It won't do,' said his counsellor: 'they will expect you to drink milk, eat fish, and wear flannel.'

"'D—n fish and flannel!' replied the invalid. 'What do you think of blood to the head?'

"'Wont answer,' was the reply; 'they would put you on the muzzle, interdict port, and prohibit fox-hunting. Come, I have it: you have overgrown your strength, require country air, gentle exercise, and a generous diet. Could you manage a short cough?' The doctor hemmed—the patient imitated it.

"'Very good: try again. Excellent; I have seen a man in pthisis that could

not cough as well. What name shall I sign? are you particular about your physician?"

"Not very," returned Jack the Devil; the Surgeon-General bears a great name in Connaught."

"No better authority need be," said he of the dragoons; "so here you go, honest Philip Crampton. Stop; I'll just add that you go down by easy stages, and are to avoid damp sheets and mental exertion, take exercise on horseback, &c. And now, where shall we toddle to? It is too late for the play, and too early for the 'Hole-in-the-wall.'"

"Why, I promised, if possible, to sup with Letitia: so, come with me. I must, you know, sleep in College, to go like a regular man before the Board tomorrow. I'll just call at Hynes', and tell him to send in plovers and a grilled bone."

"But our appearance changed these arrangements. Jack embraced me with delight; we all adjourned to 'the Hibernian,' supped merrily, and separated before midnight, as became a reformed militiaman and a sober student."

"Next day Jack, with 'Mad Hamilton' and a couple of north-country candidates for holy orders, were honoured by the provost and senior fellows with a private interview, and then and there obtained full permission to visit their respective relatives for a period of twelve calendar months."

"We parted that evening, I to embark for Holyhead, and Jack to convey his sick certificate to Galway, and try how far native air would benefit an enfeebled constitution. Indeed it was marvellous with what apparent strength of lungs the patient cursed a passenger out of the box-seat—but in consumptive cases symptoms are wonderfully deceptive."

We cannot refuse a place to the following interview, which presents us as accomplished a pair of seconds as even that terrific personage, Mr. Morgan O'Connell himself could demand:—

"Our companions were not idle, but went to work like men of business. The amenity of manner that marked their intercourse was delightful, while their politeness would have put a muster of ceremonies to the blush."

"I think this is a sweet spot," said the little man, "as we could find upon the field;—shall we mark distance from this glove?" and he laid one of his white kid-skins on the ground."

"We'll place the gentlemen, if you please, colonel," responded Jack the Devil, "across the ridge, and not leave any line to direct the eye."

"Precisely so." And the commander smiled graciously.

"Do you fight at ten or twelve?" inquired my cousin, and his bow was superb."

"Why, faith!" said the colonel, "personally, I prefer *ten*; but I fancy *twelve* is the favourite distance,—and one must go with the world, you know." And the gentlemen interchanged an innocent laugh."

"Allow me to tell-off the ground," said my kinsman, "and you can correct the paces after me."

"Lord, by no means!—quite certain of your accuracy;" and Jack stepped over the grass as gingerly as a dancing-master. Confound him! he seemed crippled; I had seen him take a stride of twice the length in crossing a dirty sweeping."

"The colonel turned to me."

"Perfect gentleman your friend there—*au fait* at his arrangements. With a *little* more experience, there would not be a prettier second in England. We may regulate the tools," he continued, as my cousin returned after sticking a twig into the turf, twelve paces from the colonel's kid-skin: and the commander proceeded to unlock a mahogany-box, hitherto concealed under an opera-cloak."

"What a nice fellow that major is, John!—a regular trump. I'll take my oath he's the man that was tried for murder." And he too opened his case, and the friends extracted a weapon each from their respective depositories. The colonel handed a pistol to my kinsman, who in return presented his to the short commander."

"Could you execute with that *Stundenmeyer*?" said the little man."

"Beautifully balanced!" responded Jack the Devil. "But I am more accustomed to the saw-handles."

"Sweet luck that of Mortimer!" and every click went through me like a small sword. There they were, bandying compliments, and criticising 'back action,' as coolly as if chatting in a shooting-gallery."

"Shall we load the case?" quoth Jack."

"I think we had better, as your friend is not disposed to apologize. It will save trouble, and bring the affair sooner to an end."

"The devil take both" thought I. From the extent of their preparations, it was quite evident that it would not be any fault of theirs, if the sulky gentleman or myself was not, as they say in Connaught, 'left quivering on a daisy.'"

But we have already exceeded our limits. Our reputation, as thoroughbred critics, might, however, suffer if we were not to add a word or two of reproof. We must, therefore, hunt for a fault; and we will accordingly remark, that with great general fidelity to nature, our able novelist does occasionally forget the situation of his characters. For instance, he exalts a *soubrette* wholly above her vocabulary, when he makes her talk of *badinage*; and in verity our friend Phæbe is altogether too lofty for her calling. Sophia Moreland's first interview with her hero's cousin is something too forward for female delicacy; and we must protest against the uniform process of osculation with which the whole generation of Blakes close every scene in which they are concerned with the other sex. It is strange even for the amatory audacity of a Galway

cavalier. The humour of the newspaper citations is perhaps too often repeated in the course of these most humorous volumes. But these are minor matters, and little impair that general effect which has led us unhesitatingly to pronounce this novel the pleasantest of the year. No author, within our experience, has sketched with such truth, that fast-fading complexion of society once so universal in Ireland, and still retaining a decaying tenure in its western province. The boundless hospitality, the more than feudal loyalty that characterised the domestic economy of the old Irish gentleman, mingled with darker traits—extravagance, intemperance, and the prompt vengeance of the pistol—all these things are depicted in the language, it would appear, of real experience. That state of society *had* its bright side. And in sooth we hardly know whether to grieve or to rejoice, that such traits seem likely, before long, to live only in the pages of our author and his fellow-labourers in the domain of the Irish novel.

THE AVENGED BRIDE.*

EVERY body acknowledges that poetry has gone to the dogs, and verses are at a discount. Helicon, like Harrowgate, is haunted by stale blues and discarded bachelors. Parnassus has become a hill of "no reputation;" and, like a blessed well, the Picrian spring is resorted to by none but fools and drivellers.

Twenty years since, and things were different. Where are those whose sweet numbers youth loved to repeat, and age to listen to? Alas! we must give a sorry answer, Scott and Byron, Crabbe and Coleridge, gone to their last account. Of Southey and the "Lakers" we seldom hear. Moore is a pedler in politics, and Campbell a wanderer in Algiers,

after becoming the twaddling chronicler of a defunct actress.

It is melancholy to dwell upon the decline and fall of the "gentle art." Verses come still-born from the press, and a canto, now-a-days, is avoided like a country cousin. It is true, that, to the honored dead, a host of titled and untitled pretenders have succeeded; annuals infest the drawing-room; albums are plentier than almanacs; and "The Traveller" and "Rape of the Lock" have yielded up their honors to "I've been roaming" and "Oh no, we never mention her."

All this is heart-sinking; but amid the Bæotian gloom, occasional sparks still coruscate. Wordsworth has done something lately, and he has

* A Tale of the Glens. By Alexander Markham, Esq. Belfast, Hodgson; and Dublin, Milliken and Son.

done it well. Our merry partner (*en quadrille*) Letty Landon continues in full song. Indeed the "mantle of the muse" appears to have been latterly seized on by the softer sex; and like certain masculine habiliments, which fashion has decreed to be unmentionable, the ladies cling to it with a desperate tenacity, which augurs but little inclination on their part to render back the garment they have won.

Is it not then refreshing—as Leigh Hunt would say—amid this lyric desolation, to catch a gleam of better hope—and while poets have disappeared by the dozen, to find at last a claimant for the bays? Such is the case—and those whom the "romantics" of Scott and Byron once charmed, will turn with delight to the exciting numbers of the "Bard of the Glens."

To analyze this Irish epic, is not our present intention; and it would be a task of no small delicacy on our part, to select beauties where all is beautiful, and cull "sweets from the sweet." Ours, then, for many reasons, must be a brief and hurried notice—but the essay shall be made—and as Mr. Markham playfully sings,

"—Here goes—

We'll fight it out, no matter what befalls."

Now, if any body imagines, for a moment, that we are going to accommodate him with the story "cut and dry," he will find himself grievously disappointed. Yet to extract from the poem is the difficulty; for it is so equal as a whole, that with a safe conscience, we could not pass over a single stanza. This, to Mr. Markham, would be injustice; and on our parts, a piratical proceeding deserving of a place upon the treadmill. We shall, therefore, only favor the reader with a short synopsis of the tale, as a showman lifts the corner of the blanket to stimulate the curiosity of the doubting boy, who hesitates whether to sport his "browns" for a peep at Punch, or a pennyworth of gingerbread. Rapid as our notice must be, we feel nevertheless convinced, that all and every who reads our review, and who can beg, borrow, or steal the book, will not "let fall the windows of their eyes" until they have perused the

Avenged Bride, from the dedication "to Major-General O'Neill," to "Stuart and Gregg," such being the cognomens of the typographers as they appear upon the imprint.

The chief of the *dramatis personæ* are easily introduced. There is a young gentleman called Macdonald, Mrs. Adelia Macquillan, "the Avenged Bride;" a Sir Hugh Somebody, "nothing but a good one;" and a Mister Kirke "an infernal miscreant" of extraordinary birth and education—

"From Fury sprung and Pain, and nurs'd in blood;"

And here it is necessary to remark, that he, Kirke, is not related in any way to the worthy author of the "Age of Reason."

The first canto opens with an affectionate address to Ireland. Of course she is ill used and neglected; "her bards grown old;" her lyre covered with dust; nobody left to rattle the wires, "and o'er its chords the soul of music fling."

This is hard enough; but the thing becomes intolerable, when it has been occasioned by the indolence of Mr. Thomas Moore, who, as it appears, does nothing but sleep at Sloperon. He is feelingly requested to resume his harp, sing his own melodies again, and

"Send slaves and tyrants to the Stygian lake."

But Mr. Markham has doubts that even his invocation may remove the apathy of Master Tom:—

"And shouldst thou, Moore, once more to sing
refuse,
And leave the glory to some other bard;
Oh drop on me the mantle of thy muse!
The thing I ask I know is something hard."

We think so too,—and confess the prayer of the petition appears to us unreasonable. That one bard should unrobe merely to oblige another is unfair; and even if little Anacreon did consent to accommodate Mr. Markham with the mantle aforesaid, it would hardly make a shooting jacket for the "bard of the glens."

Nor is our gifted countryman insensible to the perils that assail "the young aspirant after fame."

"I have," quoth he, "to cope with mighty foes;
Mad, heartless critics, (a dread host) with all
Their sharp artillery, may me oppose
And hunt me down as sharks would hunt a
gravel;
Yet tho' e'en thus oppos'd, I'll write—here
goes!"

Only stipulating that the "gentle
muse" shall effect some repairs upon
his person and wardrobe,

"Oh help me both my hand and seal to mend!"

The scene of this interesting poem
lies in the county of Antrim, and the
immediate vicinity of the castle of
Dunluce, the most extensive golygotha
on record.

Not Thraasimene's once ensanguined plain,
Thermopylae, Pultowa, or Pera—
Nor all the fields of Portugal or Spain,
Where France's soaring eagle proudly flew,
And England's lion shook his fearful mane—
Can boast more blood; not even Waterloo,
That saddest, direst of all fields of slaughter,
Than this famed habitation of the water."

It would appear that a general peace
had sent the Highland chiefs "in au-
guish home," like disbanded militia
men. There was no chance of kicking
up a row; "they saw, in fact, 'twas
useless," and all submitted "to be of
the peace," but one youth of uncom-
mon pluck and small property. His
mother observed his anxiety—

"I've marked, my son, the anguish of thy mind,
Thy wonted spirits' buoyancy decline;
A longer silence now would be unkind,
So, cheer up, brave youth, you must no longer
pine."

The old lady then relates her mar-
riage and misfortunes, and assures him
that he has an estate in Ireland, and
nobody to keep him out of it but the
right owner. Mr. Macdonald deter-
mines to claim the *fidei-commissum*, and accord-
ingly embarks that very night. A
quick passage brought him

"Before Aurora's vanguard's varied light,"
within sight of the Causeway,

"Which, when once seen, you must for ever see,
Our nation's bulwark, founded on the main,
The prop of Albion and the scourge of Spain."

And after a smart run through "a
hell of waters" and a "foaming Phleg-
ethon," he anchored safely in "the bay
of Cushendun." There he lands—is
received hospitably by Sir Hugh, and

"Two valiant youths of Herecaless mould;"

has a hard drink with the old one and
his "hopeful props;" tumbles into bed,
"buoyant with delight;" and his eyes
and the Canto close together.

Canto the Second has some love,
loud alarms, and a desperate "set to"
between Messrs. Macdonald, Macauley,
and Macquillen.

Canto Three is particularly bustling
and pathetic. The heroine, Adelia, is
in deep distress; Macquillen arrives
to comfort her; but before she is com-
posed, Macdonald drives up, riding on
the car of Fortune, to besiege Dunluce.
An assault is made—

"The castle's gain'd, and one wild mingling cry
Of dying groans and women's shrieks arise."

Ned Macquillen, "in his agony," en-
deavours to blow up the building and
the bride, but Macdonald cuts him
down. Adelia losing her husband and
her temper,

"Now no longer mild,
Through blood-stain'd ranks impetuously
rush'd,"

requests the loan of thunder and
lightning—curses Macdonald awfully
—and concludes with this unchristian
supplication—

"Oh! let me but avenge this bloody deed
On him and his, before from earth I'm borne!
Grant me but this—that I may see them bleed!
And clothe me with all sorts of shame and
scorn;
Let mis'ry, pain, affliction, be my meed—
Outcast of earth—shunn'd, hated, and scorn'd—
All, all I'll bear, tho' countless years roll o'er!
She said—then vanish'd, and was heard no
more!"

Canto the Fourth opens with a de-
scription of Glengarriff, and a denun-
ciation against Atheism. Man, it ap-
pears, *passim*, is not "forin'd to live
alone;" for "having broken his heart's
ice,"

"He feels, though living, he was dead—
For without her, what is the May of life?
'Tis then he feels the lonely life he's led,
And his objections to return grow rife;
'Tis then he thinks 'twere better he should wed,
And ere he's 'fallen into the snare,' take wife;
'Tis then he feels her power, and in a trice
Resolves, like Benedict, to have Beatrice."

This latter couplet we object to—
"in a trice" rhymes badly to "Beatrice;"
and in the next edition, which we opine
will be required within a fortnight, we
would suggest the substitution of the
following:—

Of married streets he fain would have a slice,
And like bold Benedict buckle with Beatrice!

A smart description of a cataract follows, judiciously relieved with the episode of a most unfortunate tree.

"And here, across its mighty force, was flung
A birch, whose root was in the clefted rock;
But in his native dwelling he was stung—
Made by the storm its pastime and its mock;
Seem'd in his heart, his mournful head he hung,
Unable to abide the tempest's shock—
Now bent beneath the spray, he's seen in tears,
A scathed monument of wrath and years."

Then we have moonlight, and its seductive effect upon the soul, with an awful exception; for

"One troubled bosom could not find repose."

This turns out to be our old acquaintance, Mr. Macdonald. He can't sleep, gets up, puts on his dressing-gown, and sets off

"O'er dark'ning rocks, and hill, and dale, and stream,"

to "seek his fate in dens of infamy," and consult a knowing fortune-teller.

These warlocks are now, it appears, a scarce article.

"Such beings lived in olden time, we know,
But not so now—thanks to our legislature,
Who, with their instruments of fire and tow,
Have clear'd the earth from every wizard creature."

Macdonald reaches

"—— The cave
Of Wizard Mona, at the dead night;"

gets mortally alarmed; and while listening "in the climax of his terror,"

"In wild, unmeasured strains the sibyl sung—

"I've leagued with a tyrant—
Well worthy is he,
To be an aspirant
For vengeance with me;
By demons he's fitted
To act in my cause,
His chargers are bitted,
Not a moment he'll pause;

Unsat with blood, his fell minions won't dare
To shrink from his orders—a victim to spare!"

"A kind of stupor o'er Macdonald fell,
As these wild accents struck upon his ear."

And no wonder; but, "spurning fear," he gets what they call in racing, "second wind," kicks in the door, and confronts the old card-cutter. She being attired "in a scanty robe," which, *a la Nora Crina*, "in tatters floated round her withered form," is naturally indig-

nant at being found *en deshabillé*, and inquires,

"Who dares t' intrude at such an hour,
To tempt my vengeance, and defy my power?"

Macdonald modestly disclaims any intention of the sort—acquaints her that he has had "a horrid dream"—requests her "counsel's aid"—and threatens her if she refuses. To this the lady replies "with wild demoniac joy,"

"And though life's taper seem'd about t' expire,
She spoke with fierceness, frenzy, rage and fire."

The *tete-a-tete* is interrupted by "guilt's chosen minister and instrument," Mr. Kirke, who has made an onslaught on the glen, and finished the Macdonalds, young and old. Of course a combat ensues; Mac breaks Kirke's head and his own sword; and in return Kirke shoots Macdonald, who in the real Marmion style,

"—— Held on high
His hand, to which, by death's firm grasp, was bound
The fragment of his blade,"

and, "while taking a melancholy look 'pon the red embers," Mrs. Adelia Macquillen figures in waving a "blazing torch."

"Death o'er Macdonald his dark mantle spreads,"
the old card-cutter vanishes,

"And nought of her has since been heard or seen."

Such is the outline of the story; and as to the poetry, we hinted *ab initio*, that the admirers of the good old school would declare the "Avenged Bride" delectable. To many of "the better brothers" of Parnassus, there is an identity of thought and a similarity of expression, that will strike even a careless reader as remarkable; and it is marvellous that, to persons who sought "the phantom fame" by the most opposite roads, this observation of ours will apply—to Scott, Byron, Moore, and Sheridan, the great unknowns who indited Robin Hood and the Groves of Blarney—a striking analogy of sentiment exists: ay, and even that honest and independent statesman, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, has not escaped a literary collision with him of "the glens."

In Mr. Markham's "Harp that mouldering long had hung," the admirer of the "Lady of the Lake" will recognise an old acquaintance. At the eighteenth stanza "the mustering" will remind him of "the gathering" in the same poem; and an evening scene in canto fourth we would take our corporal oath is mighty like a similar one in Marmion—

"The crimson flag that floated on the wall
Of Redbay's high and castellated steep,
Hung lapp'd in lacy folds, and in the hall
The wearied guards had flung them down to sleep;

The horse was pent within his quiet stall,
And not a groan resounded from the keep
Of the deep dark donjon; no sound could you hear,

Save where the warder's tread struck dully
on the ear."

If we quote correctly from memory, thus Sir Walter wrote—

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Teviot's mountain lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
In yellow lustre shone.

"Saint George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded as the fading ray,
Less bright and less was hung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung." &c. &c.

Now, gentle reader, mark the similarity of these passages. We have "Norham's castled steep," *versus* "Redbay's castellated" ditto; both flags are heavy and lazy; both buildings provided with a donjon, where groaning and weeping is the order of the day; and both, of course, have a warder duly perched upon the battlements. Scott has his *scouts* upon the alert, while the "look-out man" keeps himself awake with the butt-end of a "border-gathering song." This is all as it should be: but what do Mr. Markham's castle-guard?—like the sentries in the "Critic" go as leisurely to sleep as if sitting in a conventicle! We were tempted with *Sneer* to inquire, "Isn't that odd at such an alarming crisis?" and, indeed, it struck us as such a flagrant breach of military discipline, that we opine, even in poetical justice, Mr. Markham should have

brought every mother soul of them to the halberts, although Roebuck and Joe Hume, with every twaddling radical, who dreads a raw back and the pillory, should make a "star-chamber matter of it," and bring the bride and bard "before the house."

In stanza 43—we must uplift our voice, and remonstrate with Mr. Markham—for thrice, and in a single couplet, has he invaded the real or adopted property of a brace of patriots; to wit, Tom Moore and Dan O'Connell.

"Like the expiring bird of Araby,
A nation yet might rise, great, glorious, and free!"

As to Tommy's *bird*, we should hardly arraign him of "the glens" if he abstracted the whole aviary. Mr. Markham is a desperate admirer of Mr. Moore; and surely the latter might oblige him with a "Bulbul" or "butterfly of Cashmere" from his extensive collection, as it's "nae lost what a friend gets;" but to invade the property of honest Dan—to despoil him of a moiety of his poetic possessions—to leave him with but one solitary flower to garnish the "*crambe repetita*" delivered to the "Tail" and "the unwashed:" this is indeed too bad—we feel for the Liberator from our souls, and are horrified at the bare possibility of "some rhyming poetess or maudlin peer" usurping "hereditary bondsmen" next, and leaving him no oratorical resources but hard names and stout assertion.

"In great emergencies there is nothing like a prayer," says Mr. Puff; and so thinks Mr. Markham; and here, too, we trace an analogy between the dead dramatist and living poet.

"Hear, gentle goddess! this my humble prayer,
And take thy votary to thy special care,"

quoth Mr. Macdonald. Now hear Lord Leicester:—

"O mighty Mars! if, in thy homage bred,
Each point of discipline I've still observed,
Nor but by due promotion and the right
Of service to the rank of major-general
Have risen, assist thy votary now!"

But the strongest similarity lies between Byron and the bard of the glens; so striking, indeed, are coincidences in fancy and expression, that people who are hypercritical would almost assert that it amounted to plagiarism. But

this charge is groundless : Mr. Markham as a poet is truly original, and

"There's only one slight difference between
Him and his epic brethren gone before"—

that two people happened to hit upon
the same thought, and one made use
of it first, that's all. Now let us pro-
duce some parallel passages.

BYRON.

"Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains."

MARKHAM.

"Like the simoom that wither'd as it pass'd."

BYRON.

"Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright."

MARKHAM.

"Within Dunluce's halls," do. do. do.

BYRON.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake
again.

And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a
raining knell !"

MARKHAM.

"Knights, squires, and nobles, all had gather'd
now,
And courtly dames with hearts as pure as free,
And joy unsullied sate on every brow.
Now mirth grew loud, and song and revelry,
Before whose shrine young hearts with ardour
bow :

Along the hall the strains of minstrelsy,
In liquid notes, pour'd their voluptuous swell.
Why stops the dance ? Hark to th' alarum-bell !"

BYRON.

"Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale," &c.

MARKHAM.

"And here a scene of wild confusion rose ;
Here bosoms throbb'd in agonising throes ;
Lips clung to lips in long and sad adieu."

BYRON.

"She rose, she sprung, she clung to his embrace."

MARKHAM.

"Flew to her lord, and clung to his embrace."

BYRON.

"List ! 'tis the bugle,
One kiss—one more—another—oh ! adieu !"

MARK.

"Hark to the bugle's thrilling swell !
One kiss—adieu—another—oh ! farewell !"

BYRON.

"From his baldric drew
His bugle."

MARK.

"His bugle from his baldric he unstrung."

ROBIN HOOD.

"And a fat buck went bounding o'er the lea."

MARKHAM.

"Its swelling notes went bounding o'er the lea."

BYRON.

"One effort—one—to break the circling host !"
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost !"

MARK.

"One effort now that death-shock to sustain—
'Tis vain—they yield—break—falter—all is
lost !"

BYRON.

"Sweeps his long arm."

MARK.

"Swept his long arm."

BYRON.

"By heaven ! it is a splendid sight to see."

MARK.

"Oh ! heaven ! it is a fearful sight to see."

We think these extracts will estab-
lish the resemblance we asserted as
existing between the Author of the
"Corsair" and the "Bard of the Glens,"
and we have clearly traced striking si-
milarities to authors dead and alive—
known and anonymous. One only of
our discovered likenesses remains un-
proven, and that is the strong coinci-
dence of conception in Mr. Markham,
and "the Great Unknown" who pro-
duced that unmatched and unmatchable
lyric, intitled, "The Groves of Blar-
ney."

In the second canto, where Macdo-
nald is defeated, and Hope commits a
faux pas—

"But now the slippery dame had gone astray,"

the hero is naturally enough dolo-
rous and cast down, and mark the in-
genuity of the plan which the "Bard
of the Glens" adopts to restore his con-
fidence. Nothing but the simple ex-
pedient of employing an Irish thrush !

"But while his prospects doubt enwrap in
mist,
A little bird sung in his ear—PERSIST !"

There's a contrivance to renovate

the drooping spirits of a desponding gentleman !

" And still unceasingly the little bird,
(The leading speaker in his mind's debate,)
Cried loudly—*PERSEVERE*.

Now, although Mr. Markham has unfortunately neglected to mark its species, we, *nostro periculo*, assert that the bird was indubitably an Irish thrush, compared with which, for good song and sound sense, Moore's " Bird of Araby" was not worth a brass button. It is not uncommon for birds to imitate the human voice, and mimic animal noises. The parrot, the jay, the whip-poor-will, the mocking, and the cat-bird are excellent copyists. Plovers repeat the word "*kill-deer*" distinctly—and the tit-mouse whistles so clearly, that a dog mistakes it for his master's call. But for a union of sense with sound, there's nothing like an Irish thrush :

" It was in Carlow and the month of June,
When I walked forth in the afternoon;
I heard a thrush singing in a bush,
And the song he sung was a jug of punch."

We have almost exceeded our limits of review, and all the while been gleaning the bride's beauties to delectate the gentle reader. Yet we cannot lay down the book without selecting some scattered passages remarkable for their power and originality. Speaking of the destruction of an armada ship, when

" ———vain
Is nautic skill, or personal bravery,
To break the links of Fate's all-powerful chain;
Now the gaunt crew th' appalling danger see,
And seek for safety 'mid the foaming main;
But yawning waves choke navigation up,
And Heaven's broad vengeance robs them e'en
of hope."

This is masterly—" nautic skill," trying to break " Fate's chain," and the " gaunt crew," contrary to vulgar custom, seeking safety at sea, while " hope" and " navigation" are ruined together.

" They passed the causeway—key-stone of the
land,
By which we're to our sister countries bound
With whin-dyke cables, forged by nature's hand."

Hear this, ye Corn-Exchangers—

and let your " Hereditary Bondsmen" abandon Repeal for ever.

" And, tho' like bears they have tied us to a
stake—
Yet e'en in chains we'll red destruction make."

This shall close our quotations. Can any one be more *naive* and desperate ?

But in one thing the Bard of the Glens is unrivalled, and that is, the cursing department of epic poetry. In this we hold ourselves to be excellent judges. We have heard a Connaught priest anathematize a refractory congregation—we have read the curse of Kahama—heard of that of Cromwell, and read Sir Jonah Barrington's version of " the Glorious Memory," " the great guns of Athlone," and " the Bishop of Cork" included ; but before all these give us Mother Macquillan's ! If the reader has a doubt, we refer him to canto 3, stanzas 34, 5, 6, and 7, and we will wager our Perryian pen, (third patent and silver holder), to the stump of " a grey goose," that in the English language no execration shall be produced to equal " the Avenged Bride's."

Before we take leave of " The Bard of the Glens," and we do so reluctantly, we must observe, that while perusing " The Avenged Bride," it struck us forcibly how much this interesting poem had suffered from an evident dislike on the author's part, to employ occasionally his own sweet and euphonious vernacular. Mr. Markham must be aware that in the art of book-making, the more languages an artist can lug in the better. What, let us ask, has obtained for *Milady Morgan* so much admiration and abuse ? Nothing, setting politics and " her knight-hood" aside, but her happy adaptation of divers tongues, foreign and domestic. Whether, while interchanging with a cardinal " the top of the morning," or requiring a squeeze of lemon from the ould Doctor, all is done in good French, or " very choice Italian." To mark the truth of our critique, we may quote the couplet where Ned Macdonald is killed, and the heroine, perceiving that he is demolished, naturally enough requests the dead man to tell her so :

" Edward ! 'tis thine Adelia ; speak, speak,
Edward ! oh, my poor heart, when wilt thou
break ?"

Now, when it is remembered that Mistress Macquillan was a genuine *Emerald*, is it to be supposed that she would make her lament in simple English? "By the mass," not she; her ebullition would be—

"Och, willistra! avourneen, wont ye spake?
Tell me ye'er kilt or else my heart will brake."

But we have done—and yet we could dally for another hour over these delightful pages. Hitherto we confined our notice to the poetry—but we beg to apprise the reader that "The Avenged Bride" is provided with a dedication and preface, and certain matter telepeled "introductory," amounting to thirty-two pages of demi 8vo.—This, no doubt is not only *selon le regle*, but useful too—and Mr. Markham explains it fully:

"But I digress—I hope 'twill not seem treason,
And pray that you will pardon my digression—
And though it may appear here out of season,
Nor useful e'en to give my tale expression,
You'll find in it, perhaps, some rhyme and reason—

It swells the book—now, after this confession,
I hope, my gentle reader, you'll excuse
These little frolics in my wand'ring muse."

The notes occupy nearly a hundred pages more, and form an interesting and erudite melange. There will be found extracts from Hume, the storming of Velore, a genealogy of Fin Maccoule, half a chapter of Genesis, and an important assurance, that the foundation of General O'Neill's bathing-lodge is "Mica slate," with a mixture of "porphyry and jasper."

SPIRITUAL DESPOTISM.*

ABOUT six years have now elapsed since the powerful and original writer whose productions we are about to notice gave to the world the work (Natural History of Enthusiasm) from whose authorship he has drawn the only designation by which he has thenceforth chosen to be known. Three† others have since appeared, the last of which is now before us; and yet, save that he is a layman, and a member, or at least a well-wisher, of the Church of England, we have no direct information as to his personal attributes which could enable us to discover who is the philosopher—nay more, the Christian philosopher—to whom we are so much indebted. We have many proofs of the extent to which the public curiosity was excited in the days of

Junius; and we well recollect to what a degree a similar feeling prevailed in those of the early Waverley Novels. Something of a similar interest has been felt by those who have duly appreciated these works—works which have helped to throw a clear and copious light on some of the most interesting and important subjects that can occupy the human mind, and whose possible influence on the tone of feeling of the present and rising generation, it is beyond its powers to estimate. Few, indeed, can read them without really feeling the strong wish—*cura non mediocris*—which Horace only feigns when he exclaims—

"Ede hominis nomen, simul et, Romanus an
hospes;"

* Spiritual Despotism. By the Author of Natural History of Enthusiasm. London, Holdsworth and Ball, 1835. pp. 500.

† We might say four, as the profound introductory essay to Edwards' Inquiry concerning Freedom of Will, in the edition of that work published by Duncan in 1831, well deserves to be included in the enumeration. We are the more desirous to direct attention to this essay, as, while much less known than the rest of the Author's works, it is equally worthy of attention, both from its own merits, and as enabling us to form a more correct estimate of the extent of his erudition and the soundness of his judgment. The other three are, "Saturday Evening," "Fanaticism," and the subject of the present article. There is likewise a pamphlet entitled "New Model of Christian Missions," which we have never seen.

and this question remaining unanswered, the next is naturally concerning the reason of the *celabitus auctor*. Now, unfortunately, this is even more difficult than the former, as it cannot be answered without the aid of the author himself, whereas the other perhaps may. He has not, however, left us altogether in ignorance of his motives for concealment, as in an advertisement prefixed to the fifth edition of "Natural History of Enthusiasm" he intimates his opinion that he may thereby "better be the instrument of effecting good;" and then proceeds as follows:—"Those who will still ask, Why should not the author now declare himself? may, if they please, suppose that he is engaged in a task more arduous than the one he has already accomplished, the difficulty and peculiar delicacy of which press so heavily upon him, that he is glad to keep free from those secondary motives that might disturb him were he to step out from his obscurity."

The question, How can the concealment of his name the better enable him to do good? involves some curious considerations, which it may not be amiss to mention. In the first place, supposing the author to have been previously unknown to the public, as well in that capacity as in any other, a work of intrinsic merit could gain nothing by having his name appended, and might probably lose, by wanting the additional recommendation of a stimulus to inquiry, as well as of the possibility of its emanating from some distinguished individual. If, under these circumstances, it is successful, its authorship then becomes the best claim to public confidence, which might be even partially diminished by the discovery of its obscure parentage. If, again, he were already a public character, it is questionable whether it might not, on the whole, suffer more than it could gain by being acknowledged. None but feeble and shallow minds require the passport of a great name ere they can venture to pronounce a favourable judgment—minds like that of the vain critic who condemned as poor and worthless that very poem (*Essay on Man*) which, had he known it to be Pope's, he would have been the first to extol. On the other hand, as some strong minds have been blinded by

prejudice to the merits even of a Milton, similar feelings might operate here, and the resulting depreciation be greater than the advantage that might be gained by the extrinsic aid of authority.

There is yet another case supposable.

The author may have already appeared before the public in his own name, and his acknowledged productions may have even been such as were not unworthy of the reputation he subsequently attained in his anonymous capacity; and yet, from accident, caprice, or want of the usual accessory modes of gaining attention, they may not have been so successful as they deserved. Now, suppose farther, that, anxious so to give to the world his opinions on certain momentous points as that they should make the strongest possible impression, he conceived the most likely way to succeed would be to stimulate curiosity by appearing in a mask, and calling in the aid of mystery; he would surely act wisely in adopting such a plan of proceeding. Now, we have a strong suspicion that our last supposition is nearest the truth; and as the author no longer needs any such adventitious aids, and has, we think, completely established his right to speak boldly and be listened to respectfully; if we stretch forth our hand it will be to endeavour to pluck off, not the wreath that sits with so much credit on his brows, but the mask that has hitherto prevented the world from knowing to whom the credit was due. When the strangers of Corinth discovered that the Plato whom they so earnestly desired to see was identical with the pleasing and unassuming individual with whom they had been holding such familiar converse, their first emotions of surprise and pleasure were perhaps not unmingled with disappointment at finding that the renowned philosopher was not much unlike other men, except in superior amiability: but, if men of sense and correct feelings, they must only have thought the more highly of him afterwards. We are not singular, either, in the opinion we are about to deliver, and which, as far as we are concerned, is founded principally on a strong similarity in manner and style, wherever the subject admitted of it, and a striking coincidence in sentiment and phraseo-

logy, that the author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm" and the author of "The Process of Historical Proof" is one and the same person, Mr. Isaac Taylor.

It will naturally be expected that we should produce some of those instances of coincidence which have led us to this conclusion, in order to enable our readers to judge for themselves how far it was warranted: at all events, we think we shall clearly show that it has not been hastily or unadvisedly deduced. In the extracts we are about to bring forward for this purpose, we have marked in *italics* the words and sentences to which we would direct particular attention on account of their coincidence.

In the "Process of Historical Proof," (London, 1828,) we find, in pp. 143, 144, 145, and 148, the following passages:—

"Though not of the most frequent occurrence, yet neither are fanatical excesses so rare as that their proper characteristics should be unknown. Nor is there any peculiar difficulty, either in defining the *elements*, or in describing the appearances of that state of mind to which the term *fanaticism* belongs. The primary ingredient of this vice is *enthusiasm*, which, as connected with the religious emotions, may be termed a *passionate and unreasoning expectation of supernal benefits*. Enthusiasm, in its simple state, is a mild disorder of the *imagination*. But to this *element*, almost innoxious if alone, fanaticism adds a *mixture of the malignant passions*; the excitement, thus sharpened and *inflamed* by the poison of *hatred*, becomes in the highest degree dangerous to the subject of it, and mischievous to society. Enthusiasm is an error; fanaticism a vice. The one produces follies; the other crimes. Armed with power, *fanaticism* snatches at the *sword*, the *brand*, the *rack*. Oppressed, and deprived of the means of active harm, the same passion inspires an iron fortitude in the endurance of *self-inflicted torments*, or a brazen contumacy in contemning the tortures inflicted by another. The same prison-court, or the same hall of justice, has not seldom exhibited, at once, both the phases of fanaticism. There sits one fanatic on the judgment-seat! and there writhes another fanatic on the rack! The indications of the vice with which he [the fanatic] is

infected will show themselves in every word, in every look; for, in every word, in every look, there will be, at once, an *element of extravagance* and an *element of malignity*. Where in this epistle [1 Peter] is there the touch of extravagance? or where do we discover that dash of *malignity*—that envenomed fang of *misanthropy*, which is the proper indication of fanaticism?"

Let us next turn to "Fanaticism," (1833,) and in pp. 28, 29, 30, 84, 85, and 87, we shall read as follows:—

"Discordances, still more extreme, belong to the popular senses of the word *FANATICISM*; for, inasmuch as it takes up a more pungent *element* than the term *enthusiasm*, it commonly draws some special emphasis from the virulence or prejudices of the mouth whence it issues. In another volume, spurious and imaginative religious emotions were spoken of: our present task is to describe the various combinations of the same spurious pietism with the *malign passions*. After quite rejecting from our account that opprobrious sense of the word fanaticism which the virulent calumniator of religion and of the religious assigns to it, it will be found, as we believe, that the elementary idea attaching to the term in its manifold applications is that of fictitious fervour in religion, rendered turbulent, morose, or rancorous, by junction with some one or more of the unsocial emotions: or if a definition as brief as possible were demanded, we should say that fanaticism is *enthusiasm inflamed by hatred*. But the fanatic, inasmuch as he is an *enthusiast* born, must take up yet another and a more sparkling *element* of character; and it is nothing else than the supposition of corrupt favouritism on the part of the deity he worships, towards himself and the faction of which he is a member. The fanatic—and this we must keep in mind—is not a simple *misanthrope*, nor the creature of sheer hatred and cruelty: he does not move like a venomous reptile, lurking in a crevice or winding silent through the grass, but soars in mid heaven as a fiery flying serpent, and looks down from on high upon whom he hates. *Imaginative* by temperament, his emotions are allied to *hope* and *presumption* more closely than to fear and dependency: he *firmly believes*, therefore, in the favour of the *supernal* powers towards their faithful votaries; and, in *expectation* of still more signal *boons* than yet he has received,

offers himself to their service as the unflinching champion of their interests on earth. . . . For the purpose of fixing a characteristic mark upon each of our classes [of instances of fanaticism] as above named, let it be permitted us to entitle them as follows—namely, the first, the fanaticism of the SCOURGE, or of personal infliction; the second, the fanaticism of the BRAND, or of immolation and cruelty; the third, the fanaticism of the BANNER, or of ambition and conquest; and the fourth, the fanaticism of the SYMBOL, or of creeds, dogmatism, and ecclesiastical virulence."

Now, have we not here several very remarkable coincidences. In each work we find the same description given of enthusiasm: in each we find fanaticism defined as a *mixture* or *combination* of enthusiasm with the *malignant passions*; and again, as enthusiasm *inflamed by hatred*: and in each, with but one exception, the same forms of fanaticism enumerated; the *sword* answering to the BANNER, the *brand* and *rack* to the BRAND, and the *self-inflicted torments*, to the SCOURGE. We must bear in mind, however, that the enumeration in the one case is incidental, and does not profess to be complete; whereas in the other, it forms a necessary part of the subject. The verbal coincidences in the two sets of extracts are sufficiently obvious.

Again, in p. 149, there occurs the singular expression *murky fanatic*. "General phrases like these never content the *murky fanatic* when he denounces vengeance on his enemies." Now let us turn to "*Fanaticism*," p. 410, and we shall find: "This is not the mood of the *murky fanatic*, who seeks to avenge the slights he has personally received from his countrymen, by exulting over public calamities." The expression occurs again in p. 445. We may take this opportunity of remarking that there are many single words which, though not exclusively employed by any particular author, are yet comparatively so uncommon, as, when often occurring in two different works, to give some weight to a cumulative argument like ours. Such are, for instance, *subserve*, *polytheism*, *religionism*, the verb *issue* used in the sense of *to end* or *terminate*, and *enhance* for *to increase*; all which are found in common in "The Process

of Historical Proof," and in "Fanaticism," and other works of the same author.

We must not pass unnoticed the remarkable similarity between the observations on the epistles of St. Peter, in the 11th chapter of Mr. Taylor's work, and in p. 222 of "Natural History of Enthusiasm," (6th edition) and p. 204, and 205, of "Saturday Evening," (third thousand). This, again, leads us to remark on the manner of citing scripture employed throughout all the works in common; namely, that when the quotation is of any length, the established version is not used, but a paraphrastic one, made by the author for the purpose. Compare, for instance, those in p. 172 of the Process of Historical Proof, and p. 206 of Saturday Evening; together with the introductory remarks to each.

We had marked some other passages for comparison, but forbear to produce them; as those already brought forward, are sufficient to establish this fact, at least, that if the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm, is not Isaac Taylor, he has either borrowed largely from him without acknowledgment, or else has hit upon a coincidence of sentiments and phraseology little short of miraculous. In speaking in the appendix to "Spiritual Despotism," p. 489, of a work of Mr. William Osburn, jun., on the "Doctrinal Errors of the Apostolical and Early Fathers," he says they (Mr. O. and he) "have been travelling over the same ground, and each alike has carried with him, not the solicitudes or the prepossessions of a theologian; but the free notions of a Christian layman: they have moreover reached, on several points, the same general conclusions, and have even happened to express their opinions, more than once or twice, in a phraseology remarkably coincident." Not having seen Mr. Osburn's work, we cannot say how far this coincidence extends; but we may safely venture to assert, not to any thing like the degree we have pointed out in the present case.

But is not the style of the Process of Historical Proof, much plainer and less eloquent than that of the works of the author of Natural History of Enthusiasm? True, because the subject so requires; but still we could point

out more than one page which would suffice to shew that Mr. Taylor can, when he pleases, or the subject permits, soar high enough to show that his apparent inferiority in that respect does not arise from want of power. Who, for instance, can read the following passages without being forcibly reminded of some in "Saturday Evening?"

"But since neither the nature of the facts nor the extent of their consequences is linked to the testimony, the amount of that testimony cannot, with reason, be made the measure of faith. The bombardment of a town makes itself known to the inhabitants of the surrounding country—on the one side, by the full roar of its thunders; but in another direction, perhaps, an intervening range of wood-covered hills so quells the transmission of sound, that the listful fawn of the forest scarcely catches the alarm. Yet the vibration is distinctly perceptible to him who hearkens; and though the clown may not guess its meaning, the experienced soldier doubts not for a moment what may be its cause. Does then a just logic require that the people on the one side should believe, and those on the other, doubt the fact of the siege, in mathematical proportion to the intensity of the vibrations that reach the ear? This cannot be; for the difference in the *quantity* of evidence is purely accidental. And certainly, if our faith ought not to be measured by the amount of evidence that may happen to convey to us the knowledge of a remote fact, neither ought it to be regulated by the nature or the consequences of the facts. If the continued discharge of artillery be distinctly, though faintly perceived, our confidence in the fact cannot, in reason, be enhanced or diminished by any supposition relative to the occasion of this firing: it may be a mere trial of ordnance at an arsenal; or it may be the storming of a fortress, which will issue in the conquest of a province—in the change of a dynasty—in the ruin of an empire."—p. 257.

"What remains then? The Gospel History cannot be deemed inexplicable; and it is not manifestly false. It is then manifestly true. And though there are still, and may yet be those who, so long as the argument rests quietly in books, will continue to spurn reason, the time will come when attention towards it shall be quickened; men shall feel their personal interest in the question—the

films of sophistry shall be broken as the gossamer of the morning by the foot of behemoth. The common conviction shall be strong and loud, and shall bear down, with a crushing force, upon the band of malignants whom truth could never move. The time shall come—perhaps it is not distant—when, of all the errors that have made sport of the human mind, the most strange, as well as the most fatal, shall seem—the disbelief of Christianity."—p. 294.

But it is now time to turn to the more immediate subject of this article, SPIRITUAL DESPOTISM. *Superstition* had been promised as the next successor of *Fanaticism*; but the author informs us in an advertisement to the substituted treatise, that he "has seen reason, the grounds of which it is not important to state, for altering the order of the volumes he has [had?] announced;" and in truth, the change was, as times go, much for the better. It must be allowed on all sides, that, in the present crisis of affairs, there can be few subjects on which it is more important to form clear and just ideas, than that of ecclesiastical polity in all its bearings; and we do not think we are going too far when we affirm, that the present volume is peculiarly well adapted to promote the attainment of that result. Written, as it is, by a layman, and consequently less liable to suspicion, as being the work of an author, free, to use his own words, "from the solitudes or the prepossessions of a theologian," it is the more likely to make an impression on many who would receive with distrust any suggestions from what they would consider an interested party. Well acquainted, too, as he evidently is, with the workings and effects of dissent and of the so called *voluntary* system, (and, if our supposition be correct, educated in the bosom of nonconformity,) his suffrage in favor of the episcopal and established church, is the more valuable.

We are also well pleased to find that he, an Englishman, has that just conception of the true nature of popery, in which, unfortunately, the most of his countrymen are deficient; many of these, too, men of such political weight and influence, that their opinions are anything but a matter of indifference. Would they were more

alive to the truth of the observations contained in the following extract!—

"In seeking for evidence concerning the spirit and practices of the Romish despotism, we should observe two rules, both clearly equitable and necessary; the first is to look to the pages of those writers only who have occupied high stations in the church, and whose decisions are its law; and the second is to confine ourselves to those times during which the church was in her prosperity, and enjoyed an unrestricted authority. The breaking out of the Reformation gave a new and an exasperated character to all the acts and expressions of the Papacy. From that time forward the church spoke in reference to, or in tacit recollection of, her new and formidable adversaries. She was no longer purely spontaneous. The difference of style and feeling occasioned by the Lutheran schism, is very clearly perceptible in the Romanist writers of all classes; for while the bold and intemperate are far more extravagant and impudent than were their predecessors of the same stamp, the reasonable, the conciliatory, and the philosophic, labour with the utmost diligence and ingenuity to soften the features of the Romish tyranny, to excuse its intolerance, to recommend, on general grounds, its superstitions, and to bring it, as far as possible, into accordance with the spirit of Christianity, and with the feelings and usages of modern times. But as we are bound, in fairness, to reject the exaggerated Romanism of the one class of modern writers, so should we pass by, as unauthentic and spurious—the novel liberality, and the spirituality of the other. We do not ask Fenelon, or Pascal, or the Jansenists, or Dr. Doyle, or Mr. Butler, what Romanism is, any more than we put that question to certain infamous Spanish Jesuits of the seventeenth century; but turn to the popes and the authentic doctors of the middle ages. The principles avowed by these high authorities, and the practices founded upon those principles, are consistent one with another; are necessary parts of the great ecclesiastical theory; and are such as must, in every age, be professed and followed by the Romish church, where she enjoys full liberty, and is not compelled to adapt herself to political necessities. Protestantism annihilated, and princes once more brought down to their place, as the obedient sons and champions of the church, and then this church would

be, and must be, the very same in spirit and in practice that it was in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. In truth, a modern Catholic country, as, for example, Spain, Ireland, or Belgium, would altogether gain, as much as it would lose, in exchanging *infra*-Lutheran, for *supra*-Lutheran Catholicism. That which makes modern popery more tolerable, and in some respects less pernicious to a people than ancient popery was, is precisely that admixture of better notions which it has furtively obtained from Protestantism. But all such mitigations and corrections the consistent Romanist must regard as adulterations, and must wish to exclude and repel. The Romish church can never admit the maxim—'*fas est ab hoste doceri.*'"—p. 467.

The main object of the work will best appear as expressed in the author's own words, which, at the same time, will serve to intimate the line of argument he pursues on some of the questions there brought forward:—

"The alliance between Church and State is loudly denounced as the source and means of spiritual despotism. But history shows that sacerdotal tyranny may reach its height while the Church is struggling against a hostile civil power. No practical inference, therefore, professing to be drawn from the testimony of facts, can be valid, unless what has been accidental to hierarchical usurpation is clearly distinguished from what was its essential principle. Otherwise, we may unwittingly promote the very abuses, we wish to exclude; and may be led moreover to spurn the most important of all the axioms that should give law to the social system.

"Again; the maintenance of the clergy through the medium of a legal provision has, with as little regard to the genuine lessons of experience, been assigned as a chief cause of the corruption of Christianity. No allegation can stand more fully contradicted by the records of antiquity than does this; nor can any thing be more easy than to disprove the assertion.

"Once more: the arrogant and encroaching episcopacy of the early ages, from which the proper counterpoise had been removed, has furnished a specious argument in modern times, bearing against that form of church government which is strongly inferred to have been sanctioned

by apostolic practice, which is approved by the common sense of mankind in parallel instances, and a form too which the spread of Christianity at once demands, and insensibly introduces. A main intention then of the present volume is to point out to the candid reader the unsoundness of certain popular opinions on the above-named important subjects; and to show the futility of the arguments that have had any such assumptions as their basis.

"While thus, at the threshold of his argument, the author explicitly declares his purpose and opinion—an opinion he hopes to substantiate by proper evidence, he must not be misunderstood as wishing to dogmatise where the wisest, the best, and the most accomplished men have ranged themselves on opposite sides. Not a little oppressed by the consciousness that he must advance what none of our religious parties will altogether approve, and what some of them will vehemently distaste, he throws himself upon the candour and generous sympathy of all, in every communion, whose concern for Christianity is serious and sincere. Disclaiming (as he has endeavoured to repress) every feeling unbecoming the holy gospel which he most earnestly desires to promote, he will not believe that any who entertain the same paramount desire, will account him an enemy, even though he may assail their fondest and their firmest convictions."—p. 1.

It consists of ten sections, the titles of which we shall give, to throw a farther light on the nature of its contents, and an appendix, containing some valuable notes and illustrations: there are, besides, in the course of it, many interesting and useful disquisitions on topics more or less connected with the subject. The titles of the sections are—The Present Crisis of Church Power; General Conditions of Hierarchical Power; Sketch of Ancient Hierarchies, and that of the Jews; Rudiments of Church Polity; First Steps of Spiritual Despotism; Era of the Balance of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Powers; The Church Ascendant; Spiritual Despotism supplanted by Secular Tyranny; Present Disparagements of the Ministers of Religion; General Inferences.

As our limits would not permit us to follow the author in his arguments, or to attempt an analysis of the work, which,

to do it justice, would occupy much more space than we could devote, we must content ourselves with extracting a few passages that will admit of it, and referring our readers for further information to the volume itself, which, we can assure them, will well reward the time and attention devoted to an attentive perusal.

We concur in the opinion expressed in the first section; that the present crisis is not confined in its bearings to the British empire alone, but involves the religious interests of the world at large. To the thoughtful mind this view of the subject invests it with an extreme degree of grandeur. Those, however, who consider it as too fanciful, or unfounded, will, perhaps, be better inclined to attend to another, which is more readily appreciable, and comes more immediately home to ourselves.

"The religious interests of the British empire are very unlikely much longer to repose where hitherto they have rested: the powers of change that are awake must be met and directed. Nor is it possible that a greater stake should be at hazard among any people; for the welfare of Britain, momentous as we must think it, is not all that is in question, since, with the religious and civil well-being of our own country the moral and spiritual renovation of all countries is involved. No national vanity is implied in saying so; for none can look at the course of events during the last forty years, or anticipate those almost certain movements of the moral world which await us, without confessing that the brightest and the fondest hopes we entertain on behalf of mankind at large, hang upon the auspicious or the ominous aspect of English Christianity."—p. 3.

"The crisis of the Church we hold then to be the crisis of the Constitution. Renouncing entirely, and even with contempt, those alarms which are made a pretext of by the defenders of corruption, who would fain have us believe that to reform a single abuse in the Church is the same thing as to draw out the ties and pins of the frame-work of the State, it is yet, as we assume, not to be denied that the feeling and the principle which now threaten the Church of England, threaten also, and not very remotely, those civil institutions that stand as a fence against pure democracy."—p. 26.

The secret motives and springs of action of a certain party that is so violent against the Established Church, are well displayed in the following passage ; and the subjoined warning to another party is, we regret to say, only too necessary :

" Be this as it may ; the atheistic faction very naturally takes part against the Established Church in the present season of her peril. Political tendencies, irreligious instincts, the prospect of a triumph over things and persons held sacred, the hope of seeing Christianity, in one of her principal forms, levelled with the dust, and exposed to shame ; indefinite expectations of booty, and a belief that, notwithstanding the zeal of the sects, religion altogether would not long survive the overthrow of a learned and respectable hierarchy interested in its support ; these, and other kindred motives, impel many, as well among the vulgar as the educated, to mix in a controversy foreign to their habits of thinking, and into which they bring no preparation, either of knowledge or of sentiment, that might lead them to a sound conclusion.

" This irreligious interference in a religious controversy cannot fail to be in itself pernicious ; but it becomes more so when caught at and encouraged by some who should know better how and where to choose allies. The aid we receive in argument, at any time, from persons between whom and ourselves there exists an absolute contrariety of first principles, may well be suspected, even if it ought not at once to be renounced. Undoubtedly, some capital sophism forms the bond of that accidental connection which makes us one with men whom we must think in every sense wrong. Let the Infidel and the Dissenter join hands in upheaving the Church, and before the ruins have settled in the dust, the former will turn upon the latter, as then his sole enemy, and his easy victim."—p. 15.

The conclusion of the second section will serve as an excellent summary of the author's sentiments on the condition of Church power :

" We have thus briefly presented to view the four main conditions that affect the power of hierarchies ; namely, the quality of the religion, the national temperament of the people, the political position of the clergy in the state, and the source of church revenues. Spiritual des-

potism, to reach its utmost height, must be favoured by each of these conditions ; that is to say, the religion which is the vehicle of it, must be fraught with superstition—the people must have sunk into a servile and sluggish humour—the Church must have got the better of the civil power ; and the wealth of the country must, without regulation or control, be at the command of the clergy. Spiritual despotism is necessarily redressed or excluded—when theology is reformed—when learning and commerce restore intelligence and liberty to the people—when the civil authority resumes its functions and rights, a friendly reciprocity being established between Church and State ; and lastly, when the nice matter of revenue is well defined and is set clear of the opposite liabilities, to disorder that affect it.

" But there are evils that attend the reaction by which spiritual despotisms are overthrown. These take place—when the dread of church power, and the jealous resistance of spiritual encroachments, lead to a rejection, or a virtual exclusion of those potent principles that impart to religion its practical efficiency, and that invest it with a solemn and serious dignity ; when the growth of popular sentiments, and the republican feeling, operate to withhold from the clergy so much independent authority as is indispensable to the faithful discharge of their duties ; when the magistrate, in his caution against the insidious advances of clerical ambition, holds the church in subserviency to his immediate pleasure, and gives it no leave to exercise its proper legislative and administrative functions ; and lastly, when the rapacity of Churchmen is guarded against in either of those extreme methods of which the one tightens too much the dependence of the clergy upon their flocks, and the other snaps it."

Of the third section we can only notice the introduction, to show how it is connected with the succeeding one on Church Polity :

" The general subject of sacerdotal power, and the abuses to which it is liable, cannot be treated with reference merely to modern institutions, modern notions, and immediate interests. Neither the guiding principles which we have to seek for in the New Testament, nor the real import of the allusions made therein to the constitutions of the primitive Church can be understood without some

knowledge of the notions and usages of the times, and these involve not merely Jewish but Heathen opinions and practices. One cannot read a page of the ecclesiastical controversies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, without feeling that the reasoning, on both sides, is very often vitiated, either by the want of this sort of information, or by the misuse of it.

"A just conception of the Jewish church polity is, we say, indispensable to an understanding of the polity of the Christian Church, and the former demands at least a hasty glance at the contemporary pagan systems."

We now come to one of the most important parts of the work; the Rudiments of Ecclesiastical Polity. It is not our intention to enter on any comparison between this section and the celebrated treatise of Hooker, as they differ altogether in object and manner, and the latter embraces a variety of topics not even glanced upon here. The object of Hooker was to defend the laws, orders, customs, and rites of the Church of England as then established, and to consider the various objections made against it on general grounds, as well as "the specialities of that cause, which lieth in controversy;" and to do this he brings all the vast stores of his erudition to bear upon the subject. That of the author at present before us is simply to inquire and determine what are the rudiments of polity that are contained either explicitly or implicitly in the New Testament. But let him speak for himself:—

"It is generally granted, that, in the Mosaic Institute there was something permanent, as well as much that was temporary; or rather, something universal, as well as a greater mass that was local and national. Few will deny that the converse is true of Christianity; for to insist upon the unchanging universality and the perpetual obligation of every particle of the religious economy left to the world by the apostles, is to plunge into difficulties, both historic and dogmatic, whence there can be no way of escape. It is true that certain communions have laboured to entrench themselves on this ground, but in doing so they have staked the entire authority of Christianity upon the determination of obscure antiquarian

questions. Unless this ill-judged attempt is abandoned, no hope can be entertained of effecting the peace of the Church.

"Judaism, although in fact it underwent extensive modifications in the course of ages, had no yielding property originally imparted to it; because it was adapted to the particular spot where it was actually reared. But Christianity, because intended for all places and times, was left, so far as relates to its exterior forms, and its social constitutions, in a plastic state. Its doctrine and its morality none can imagine to be variable, since they both spring from eternal truths. But this power of accommodation in things which, in their own nature are inconstant, places the gospel of Christ in contrast with almost every other religious system; and affords too a forcible, though silent proof, of the comprehensive design of Him who gave it to the world. The ancient promise, that the Lord's Christ should inherit all nations, is symbolized in what may be called the applicable quality of the worship and polity which he consigned to his followers; for these adjuncts of his religion are so left at large as to admit of needful modifications. Christianity takes an elastic grasp of human nature: Judaism held it as the solid mould holds the metal that is poured into it.

"Judaism is fifteen hundred years older than Christianity; and if the ordinary rule of the inverse amount of historic light, as we recede from our own times, held good in this instance, much less obscurity would attach to the circumstantialia of the later, than to those of the more ancient institution. But the contrary is found to be the fact; nor can we be surprised that it is so, when we remember that the one was a *system of circumstantialia*, to each and all of which religious importance was attached: the other not so; for Christianity challenges the serious regards of men in those things only which conscience and reason confess to be momentous.

"For the most part, it is easy to ascertain the usages of the tabernacle and temple worship, and the Jewish methods of ecclesiastical management. But nothing has been found more difficult than to determine satisfactorily what were the practices of the apostolic Churches, even in some of the main articles of discipline, government, or worship. This striking difference between the Jewish and the Christian economies speaks plainly enough

one might think, to common sense, and should have superseded many an interminable controversy. In relation to certain points of ritual or government, sound reason does not ask any thing more to be said than this—namely, That the primitive practice in such particulars, clearly is not clear ; therefore our modern consciences may be relieved of all solicitude on the subject. Christianity is not a religion of immoveable exterior constitutions ; but of universal and unchangeable truths. Because universal in its essential principles, and universal too in its aspect, therefore plastic in its forms : variable in its exterior, because invariable in its substance.

" Whatever, in the New Testament, relates to modes of worship, and to ecclesiastical constitutions, is couched in general terms. Moreover, those allusions to matters of fact, whence the apostolic practice might be gathered, are slight and indistinct, and not seldom ambiguous. Our inference is plain—Facts so obscurely conveyed must not be taken as if propounded to us authoritatively. It is not in any such form that *LAW* has ever been promulgated ; no legislature has so tortured the ingenuity of a people. It is true that, in the lapse of ages, the phraseology of law may become first obsolete, and then questionable ; but still there was a time when no obscurity attached to it. But that which never was formally and dogmatically expressed, and which, apart from the aid of traditionary knowledge, could not, even in an early age, have been precisely determined, we may boldly say, was not intended as *LAW*, and can never be so employed without hurtfully entangling consciences, and confounding what is really important in morals with what is indifferent. To insist upon some supposed primitive usage, known to us only through a process of ambiguous inferences ; and in so doing, to trample upon the unchangeable and always intelligible rules of Christian charity, is to subvert reason and piety, and to leave no vital force in either.

" God does not confer common sense upon mankind by miracle, nor did he put in movement the vast economy of revelation for the purpose of teaching that which may otherwise be known, or of giving decisions upon matters to which human reason is fully competent. Our Lord's mode of popular instruction shows clearly what is supposed and expected on the part of man, in listening to divine teaching. He boldly expresses general

principles in tropical terms ; and these, such as convey either no moral meaning, or none that would not be trite, frivolous, or even pernicious, unless freely interpreted, as they were intended, by sound common sense. The literal version given of some of these instructions by the fanatic would indeed, if generally prevalent, turn the world upside down. Our Lord omits entirely those explanations, cautions, and limitations, which are superfluous where good sense is in exercise, and which must be unavailing where it is wanting.

" The apostles, in like manner, not only appeal in particular instances to the good sense of their followers, but manifestly presuppose its competency to the management of religious as well as of secular affairs. " I speak unto wise men ; judge ye what I say." " Be not children in understanding." " Is there not a wise man among you ?" Such is the style of those who were commissioned to guide mankind, not to enslave them. But despotism speaks a very different language ; and it is its characteristic to leave no room for discretion : it will push law and precept into every corner of life, and obtrude specific directions where common reason and ordinary motives need no aid. Despotism grudges to treat men as men, but must always deal with them either as children or as wild beasts ; it will always prescribe and measure out every movement ; it will pronounce upon the little as well as upon the great ; and is not content unless it makes itself felt and heard every moment, and in every place. Christianity takes its station upon another ground, and is moved by another spirit. Nevertheless, we may make the Apostles despots, if we will thrust them into the iron chair of tyranny, and extort law from their lips, where in fact they have uttered no decree.

" Christians, of every successive age, are solemnly enjoined to profess, to uphold, and to diffuse the Gospel. But the discharge of this arduous duty, in the amplitude of its meaning, involves many and various measures, adapted to the ever-changing occasions of human affairs, and of a sort not to be prescribed in a code, but which must spring from the intelligent zeal and discretion of those who successively steer the helm of the Church. Human sagacity and prudence (exalted and guided by heavenly wisdom) here find their field. Now, in saying that such and such courses of action belong to the sphere of reason, we virtually exclude

them from the peculiar circle of revelation. Revelation comes in wherever revelation is needed, but it is not needed where the means and the end lie within the grasp of the human mind. God, who commands us to employ the faculties he has given us, will not at the same time supersede their exercise: this were a glaring inconsistency. Whatever reason sanctions in things appertaining to its domain, God virtually sanctions by the voice, at once, of natural and of supernatural theology.

"On the ground, then, of these general principles, we readily evade the superstition of the zealot on the one hand, who will hold no communion with us unless we understand, as he does, some ambiguous allusion to a matter of ritual or polity; and we reject, on the other hand, for the same reasons, the arrogance of the despot who desires to inflict penalties and to impose restraints upon those who do not acknowledge his right to legislate where Christ has promulgated no law. Furthermore, on the very same principles, we hold ourselves free to devise, nay, more, bound in duty to devise, and to carry into effect whatever schemes or modes of procedure may appear proper for promoting or for upholding religious truth in the world, and for transmitting it to posterity; provided always, that such measures accord with the spirit of Christianity, and do not trench, either directly or remotely, upon any of its explicit injunctions. The duty individually, of concurring with any such measures, and of yielding obedience to those who enforce them, must be referred to the broad principle which enjoins compliance with, and submission to existing arrangements, wherever conscience is not invaded. To resist or obstruct public measures, without necessity, is always immoral.

"But whatever is devised or decreed, within the Christian Church, or decreed concerning it, must comport with certain rudiments of polity and worship which are to be gathered from the New Testament, and which stand there either explicitly determined, or reasonably involved in unquestionable facts. What is most important of this kind may conveniently be brought under the following articles; the first of which relates to the duty of openly professing Christianity, and to the consequences of that profession; the second, to the exclusiveness of the Christian profession; the third, to the distribution of functions within the Church; the fourth, to the allotment of offices to individuals; the fifth, to those secular arrange-

ments which this allotment makes necessary; the sixth, to the source or derivation of sacred offices; the seventh, to the counterpoise of the authority vested in the officers of the Church; and the eighth, to the gradations of rank among its officers, or to their relative position and respective spheres.

"How much soever of learning and of dialectic ability may have been already expended upon the subjects involved in the above-named particulars, there may yet be room for a statement of them, in that light in which they appear to common sense, when no interests of party, or prejudices of education are to be saved."—p. 116.

His conclusions on the last three points are briefly summed up in the following passages:

"The two great rudiments of ecclesiastical polity, namely, the sacerdotal origin of sacerdotal powers; and the presence and concurrence of the people in acts of discipline, and in the enactment of regulations, and especially in the management of pecuniary affairs, are correlative; and the worst evils arise from parting them, or from practically nullifying either. The one is not worth contending for, apart from the other; and the one is essential to the complete operation of the other. Whichever party aims to compromise the privileges and rights of the other, is blind to its own."—p. 158.

"If the Christians of a city or district are numerous, and constitute many congregations, these congregations must be combined under some fixed system of organization.

"An organization of many congregations includes the association and co-operation of all clerical persons within such a circle, or diocese.

"The combination of clerical persons, their concord, the distribution of services, and the apportionment to the highest advantage of their various talents, demands a centre of control, and an efficient administrative authority.

"We may, it is true, stop short in a government by a council, or committee, or presbytery. But we do better in following the indication of nature, and the analogy of civil affairs, and in placing the supreme administrative power in the hands of a Father and Shepherd.

"Such, as we cannot doubt, was the practice of the primitive Churches."—p. 184.

We cannot leave this section, without adverting to the very satisfactory disquisition (given in the appendix to it) on the source of the authority vested in the clergy. The commencement and conclusion are all that we can give here :

" On general grounds it is desirable that the argument concerning the source of the authority vested in the clergy should first be treated as a purely biblical question, and then distinctly, as a point of ecclesiastical antiquity. But this separation of the two lines of argument has a peculiar importance in relation to the principle professed by some, that the New Testament is the ONLY LAW, and the SUFFICIENT LAW, as well in matters of church polity, as in matters of faith and morality. Let then the whole biblical evidence, bearing on the subject of the clerical function be reviewed, at the same time dismissing the recollection of facts, the knowledge of which is drawn from other sources than the scriptures. Our question then is this: according to the letter of the apostolic writings, or according to any fair and clear inferences thence to be derived, are the people warranted in assuming to themselves the power of calling to the work of the ministry, or of electing and dismissing their particular religious teachers ?"—p. 155.

" We have then gone through the apostolic Scriptures, noting every passage that seems to bear upon the subject of the appointment of the powers of church teachers and rulers ; not so much as one of these passages gives support, directly or indirectly, to the alleged right of the people to elect, appoint, and remove their pastors. Yet let it be fully understood that we are not now labouring to overthrow the popular influence in this instance ; but are only showing that, if admitted in fact, it must be justified on some other ground than that of scriptural precept and example.

" Certain bodies loudly say—' our PRINCIPLE is a strict adherence to the word of God, as well in matters of polity as in articles of faith and the rules of duty. What the Bible knows nothing of, we know nothing of: our churches are purely apostolic, so far as we can understand the apostolic writings. Traditions we reject ; the practice of the ancient Churches is not our guide ; the Bible, and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants.' Yet these very parties main-

tain the right of the people to choose their ministers as the prime and most precious article of their church polity. Can these two professions consist ? and is there not room for calling upon those who avow doctrines so incompatible, to reconsider the principles of their ecclesiastical system ?"—p. 448.

We cannot touch upon the four next sections, which are devoted to the history of Spiritual Despotism ; but must proceed at once to the ninth, on the Present Disparagements of the Ministers of Religion, which contains many valuable observations. The chief cause of the depression of the clerical order in general he justly considers to be the factious condition of Christianity :

" Why do the ministers of religion enjoy so little honour, and exercise so little power ?—it is because they are divided among themselves. To a certain extent only do they sustain one another, and are sustained in common, by the broad meaning of Scripture. To as great an extent they diminish the influence one of another ; they stand before the world as the rivals and antagonists one of another ; and they make their appeals to the word of God, not only for strengthening their general and salutary power, but for defending their particular position. All this is manifestly incompatible with any high degree of spiritual authority."—p. 375.

While among the great body of Dissenters, Congregationalism is the main source of the evil :

" High-minded and faithful men, (we use the terms in the best sense,) and there are many such among the Congregational Dissenters, may be prompted to deny with indignation the allegation of their infelicitous position. Such should however, as well in justice to themselves as to their own and other bodies, consider, not so much their particular and exclusive case, but rather that of the many among their brethren, less energetic in temperament, less skilled in the arts of government, and less advantaged by talents, or perhaps by property, than themselves. And another, and a more recondite inquiry should also be made, concerning the secret, silent, and universal operation of the popular will, through the course of time, over theological systems, and over moral principles and sentiments, as taught from the pulpit, and as

carried into effect upon the people.—Men are not always conscious of how far they have been carried from their supposed longitude, by a tranquil current, into the course of which they have steered.

“The eagerness of congregational ministers in defending a system so disparaging to themselves, and so incompatible with the dignity, security, and serenity proper to their office, may seem a riddle to by-standers; it is, however, susceptible of some explication. The events of the time have thrown all parties upon a partizan-like assertion of their peculiarities; and it has been felt that any show of misgiving or doubt, as to sectarian principles, would be caught at and unfairly used by opponents. Besides, it is well understood that the dissenting laity generally, are as far as possible from being in a mood to relinquish any portion of their acquired sovereignty, and would abandon the most distinguished of their preachers who should openly controvert popular doctrines. Nor ought we to leave out of the account the unfeigned convictions of many, perhaps of most, of these respectable men, who have persuaded themselves, or have been persuaded, that their polity is essentially the same as that of the apostolic churches. Having had the baronial prelacy of the middle ages to contend with, and having fallen into the almost universal error of fighting for and against NAMES, they have believed themselves to occupy an impregnable position, because they have seen their opponents standing in one that is indefensible. It has been the misfortune moreover of the dissenting clergy, to derive their knowledge on ecclesiastical questions, much more from our English reformation writers, and from their own puritan and non-conformist divines, than from original sources. Very few of them, and manifestly not those who at present figure in ecclesiastical polemics, are familiarly conversant with the Greek and Latin Church writers. The diffusion among them of this sort of learning (proper as it is to a divine,) would infallibly lead to some considerable modifications of opinion. Unhappily, at present, the prejudice prevails, which prevents its being seen that ancient books, perhaps intrinsically undeserving of perusal, may nevertheless claim attention, in a peremptory manner, as the sources and materials of history. Uninformed of the history of Christianity, we are the creatures of that recession of Christianity which happens to be current in our times.

“It is always extremely difficult to state the defects of religious systems without conveying, to those who are uninformed in such matters, an injurious or an exaggerated impression of facts. The author, in this instance, formally cautions the general reader against the misinterpretations or extensions to which his averments may be open. He would commit his pages to the flames, much rather than seem to associate himself with the virulent calumniators of the Dissenters. He well knows the Dissenters; he knows that Christianity is among them in an efficacious form; he knows their zeal, their abundant labours for the promotion of the Gospel; their disinterestedness, their liberality, (unmatched and unlimited,) and their private and personal worth and piety; and although they may scout his praise, he will still praise them. But their opposition to the Established Church has deeply injured them; it has set them wrong, very far wrong, in polity and principles; it has infected them, in no small degree, with a politico-religious fanaticism; and especially it has fixed them, almost universally, in a blind confidence of being, on all points, “in the right,” a confidence which precludes a modest and wise consideration of principles, and leaves scarcely a hope of their entertaining those serious and momentous inquiries concerning the general condition of our modern Christianity, which are now called for.”—p. 386.

The special disparagements of the clergy of the Established Church come next under consideration. These he attributes to the subjugation of the Episcopal Church to secular control, the abuses of patronage, pluralities, &c.; and though last, not least, to the too great inequalities of dignity and emolument among clerical persons:

“The people will not, do not, see it; nay, the clergy themselves do not always or generally feel it, that the English episcopal clergy are under the foot of lay despotism, and are the victims of aristocratic rapacity. But in the popular eye the clergy bear the opprobrium of these usurpations. Acquiescing in them, and immediately benefited, in single instances, by the exercise of these encroachments, they are regarded as the prime parties in the wrong, which, in reality, is beneficial, not to the clergy at large, but to secular men in office, and to the aristocracy.

“Nothing proper to a church-and-state system demands the subserviency of the

Church to the State ; much less an obsequious dependence of the former, from day to day, upon the ever-changing personages of the administration. Would the Church *LOSE* power, or *GAIN* it, by resenting this humiliation ? Unquestionably gain power ; and not merely gain it for the episcopal order, but for every incumbent and curate, in his private sphere, throughout the land. The people would at once see their ministers in a new light ; and if, at the same time, the glaring abuses of patronage were corrected, and the whole system brought under the operation of a gradual amendment, such as should concede something to the people, and absolutely exclude the merchandize of souls—the people would yield to their ministers a cordial reverence and submission, at present hardly granted to the most eminent personal worth.”—p. 395.

* * *

“ The actual constitution of society, the natural diversity of talents and accomplishments, as well as the differences of official rank, properly involved in a church polity, render unavoidable (nor should we think it abstractedly an evil) some considerable inequalities of dignity and emolument among clerical persons. But there must be a limit at both extremities of the scale of ecclesiastical rank : reason, and the spirit and rules of the Gospel, demand it. All ministers of Christ are, spiritually, on a footing ; and they must never so stand relatively one to the other, as to render the cordial fellowship of brethren impracticable, or *undesired*, as well by the depressed as by the elevated members of the order. If alive to her honour and interests, the Church would take prompt means for rescuing any of her ministers from the cruel privations and humiliating embarrassments of absolute poverty. The Church is even more disgraced [by the penury of many of her worthiest ministers, her poor curates, than she is by the excessive wealth of some of her dignitaries.”—p. 398.

Passing over the General Inferences, which consist of some good advice to all sects, and some observations on Reform, all that remains to be noticed is the Appendix, the chief articles in which are, the Inquiry into the Source

of the Authority of the Clergy, and a collection of evidences of, and remarks on, the spirit and practices of Popery ; from both of which we have already given extracts.

We must now terminate our imperfect notice of this admirable work with one more extract, cordially and fervently joining in the eloquent aspiration with which it concludes :—

“ On a subject so nice as this no man will readily receive his opinion from another ; and none ought to resent the opinion entertained by another. We are not, be it remembered, imputing designs, or sounding the alarm of treason and conspiracy ; but are indicating only the natural tendency of principles ; and we assume it as no extravagant surmise that, whatever hitherto the nations of Europe have admired, and some of them emulated in the British constitution, will instantly sustain the unbroken impetus of popular impatience should the English Church be subverted. If indeed pure republicanism be the highest political good, let us calmly watch the progress of the assault upon the Church. But if the *BRITISH CONSTITUTION* be good, and if we desire to uphold and to perpetuate that form of the social system which used to be thought by Britons admirable, and by the world enviable, then must we anxiously inquire whether the Church of England can and will admit that renovation of her powers, which may enable her to cope with the times, and to survive the agitation of the moment, and to continue, as she has been, the guardian of our national welfare.

“ First then for the sake of Christianity, and then for the sake of the country, we should desire and promote the restoration of the Church. May HE who in so many signal instances has put honour upon England, and has sustained her amid the wreck of nations, and has rescued her peace when it seemed gone, and has kept alive within her the cordial profession of his Gospel ; may HE now, in as great emergency as has yet befallen her, send the spirit of wisdom and power, of moderation and charity, upon some who shall repair her desolations, and build her up for ever !”—p. 28.

BORES OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.—NO. III.

“Sous quel astre, bondieu ! faut-il que je sois né,
 Pour être de fâcheux toujours assassiné ?
 Il semble que partout le sort me les adresse,
 Et j'en vois chaque jour quelque nouvelle espèce.”

Les Fâcheux.

I MUST have swallowed a dose of the elixir of life some day or other in mistake for a glass of champagne, or it is against all laws, moral and physical, that the fortress of my existence should have held out so long against the myriad of enemies that beleaguer it. Figure to yourself the afflictions of the man who has no other satisfaction but the committing of his woes to paper ! It were easier to count a host of locusts than the foes of my peace. I am the sport and the prey of every troublesome, busy, impertinent, obtrusive, officious, presumptuous, absurd, ridiculous, disagreeable, malicious, fantastical, preposterous, mischievous, blockhead and knave in the king's dominions. It would overtask Linnæus or Jussieu to reduce the bores of my acquaintance to class and order. Sometimes have I thought of classifying them by their magnitudes, as astronomers do the fixed stars ; but then it was almost impossible to say that one plague was greater than another, where all were the greatest plagues in nature. Sometimes (as I have said in a former chapter of my grievances) I have contemplated an arrangement by offices or departments, fancying myself a kind of monarch—royalty, we know, is often but a state of splendid wretchedness—having my bores of the bed-chamber, my bores in waiting, my bores ordinary and extraordinary, in short, a whole suite of cockcombs—a complete retinue of dunces—as handsome an establishment of “*les fâcheux*” as ever graced, or disgraced, formed or deformed the court of any potentate under the sun. According to this system, my bore political (already introduced to the reader's acquaintance) is a kind of prime minister ; my bore literary, a sort of poet laureate ; my bore fashionable, the master of the ceremonies ; my bore epistolary, a description of foreign

envoy ; and my bore facetious, a revival of the good old office of king's jester. Sometimes I compare myself to Mr. O'Connell, and consider my bores in the light of an enormous tail ; sometimes I liken myself to St. Anthony in the Dutch pictures, on his knees in his oratory, surrounded upon all sides with imps and demons, and all manner of grotesque and horrid shapes, mocking, grinning, pinching, pulling, and in all imaginable ways teasing and harassing the holy father ; sometimes I fancy myself a bull at a ring, or

“A chained bear whom cruel dogs do bait.”

A thousand guineas to the kind enchanter that would metamorphose me but for one brief minute into either of these ferocious animals !—I would—but let me, like Neptune, leave my vengeance to your imagination and proceed to delineate a few of my persecutors whose portraits were not in the last exhibition.

This gentleman is my bore inquisitive !—would he but take to some branch of science or philosophy—to botany, anatomy, mineralogy, or mathematics, he would certainly change the whole face of human knowledge ; he would not leave a secret of nature uninvestigated, or the most private drawer of any of her cabinets unexplored. Unfortunately, however, for the advancement of learning, insignificant affairs are the sole objects of his researches ; he is content with *myseruatoire*. His motto is “*aliena negotia curo*,” and I dare say I might add “*excusus proprius*,” for it is not possible he can be cumbered with any business of his own, or he could not find leisure to make himself so completely master of mine. He is in perfect possession of every action of my life. In his hands—and I am never out of them—I am like a criminal in one of the prisons of Philadelphia,

which are so constructed that the gaoler can observe every motion and catch every whisper of the captives in his charge. Nothing can elude the varlet's scrutiny; he rummages my writing-desk—he reads my letters—were you to see him in my study tumbling my manuscripts, prying into all my accounts, receipts, and memorandums, now with his nose in my dressing-box examining my tooth-brushes, now with his eye in my portfolio composed by studying my most private papers, you would swear that we were upon the terms of Pylades and Orestes; it would never once occur to you that instead of regarding him as an "*alter ego*," I do not entertain a more decided aversion for Machiavelli's namesake, the horned devil! I hate him, in fact, as strenuously, as with my unhappy exuberance of the benevolent organ, and still more deplorable depression of the combative, I can hate any thing. And can you blame me? Why, sir, the miscreant "puts me to the question"—you know the import of the phrase—every day of my life; he actually racks me to get at the knowledge of circumstances which it annoys me excessively to communicate, while they are not, and cannot be, of the slightest importance for him, or anybody breathing but myself, to be acquainted with. Where have you been? where are you going? these are always the first interrogatories; and then, stroke after stroke is the wedge driven into the boot—you recollect the sufferings of Macbriar—until I almost expire under the torture. I am no frequenter of hells—no haunter of taverns—my tailor does not inhabit St. John's-lane—I have no dealings at the sign of the three golden balls—neither kinsfolk have I, or acquaintance in Crampton-court, or in Mary's-abbey, or on the margin of the Poddle—I have no resort to the office of Paddy Kelly's Budget—in short, no man alive has less reason to be ashamed of his "whereabouts:" yet, d—n it!—one does not like—it is any thing but agreeable—nothing can be more vexatious to a man of any spirit than to be forced in this abominable way to render "a full, true, and particular account" of all his movements, visits, calls—in a word, of every action of his life—ay, and his very intentions into the

bargain to a fellow towards whom he has no other feeling but one which would lead him—were it not for an unlucky craniological mal-formation—to kick him round Stephen's-green, and regret that the city afforded no larger gymnasium for that most delightful of all the callisthenic exercises—the castigation of a bore!

You would leap with Curtius into the chasm, with Empedocles into the crater, or with Sappho into the sea, to shun the next upon my list. I place him next, because he is an exact antithesis of his predecessor: he holds the office of bore communicative in my household. An execrable peculiarity of this gentleman is, that he is gifted with ubiquity. I believe I mentioned this in a former chapter as a trait of the bore species in general: you cannot escape them by any rapidity of locomotion: though you were to migrate like a woodcock—though you were to accompany the wandering Jew in all his roamings—you cannot leave them behind you—they are utterly unavoidable—they resemble Lord Peterborough, of whom it was said by Swift that he

"Shone in all regions like a star;"

they can no more be outstripped than the wind; or shaken off than one's shadow, one's conscience, or one's wife! That this faculty of omnipresence is *universally* an attribute of bores, I do not take it upon me to say; but this I have no hesitation in saying—it is an attribute of the specimen now on the carpet. I can establish it to a demonstration. He is *never* out of Dublin; yet if I leave town for but three days on an excursion of pleasure, or upon professional business, whether I travel northward, or southward, or eastward, or westward, the *very first* object I recognise—perhaps in the first inn on the road—is the familiar but detestable physiognomy of this caittiff. Infinitely rather, sir, would I see the face of Medusa, or the most horrible countenance that ever grinned out of the tapestry in one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. He knows I "take an interest in everything that concerns him." The deuce I do! he knows more than I ever knew myself. Far as I am apt to carry the "*humani nihil alienum*" principle—and I carry it often too far

a vast deal—you will credit me when I say, that I do not extend it to such a length as to “meddle in buck-washing,” like Master Ford, or concern myself, like the retired citizen in Miss Ferrier’s inimitable novel “Destiny,” with the culinary arrangements of persons with whom I have no connexion or sympathy whatever, except as far as all men are descended from a common ancestor, and made of the same clay. There is quite vexation enough, and littleness enough, and nastiness enough, in the daily details of one’s own “domestic doings,” without being made the depository and confidante of all the petty, frivolous, nonsensical, or shabby proceedings of one’s neighbours. Why should any man make me his waste-book, or use me as a kind of record-office for chronicling the price of his boots, the day of his nativity, the misbehaviour of his servants, the failure of his gooseberries, the eccentricities of his wife’s grandmother, the robbery of his hen-roost, his negotiations with glaziers, or the benefit he has derived from wearing flannel waistcoats? These are a few specimens of the kind of entries my Bore Communicative daily makes in my unhappily too retentive memory. But yesterday he entertained me an hour, while I was upon urgent business, with the pranks of one of his nephews, who smoked seventy-six cigars in one day, and laid out fifty pounds upon a summer stock of duck trowsers. When he had done with his nephew, (who, by the way, is not *half* so great a scoundrel as his uncle,) he told me how many jars of preserved peaches his aunt Tabitha—the second wife of his uncle Peter, and one of the Singletons, of Singleton, in the county Cavan—made last year out of her own garden: from this momentous piece of intelligence he proceeded to inform me how backward his little Tommy is in his Latin grammar. Tommy—you see how well informed I am in the minutest particulars—is ten years of age, and not yet in “Magister docet!” After this disclosure, he gave me a kind of panoramic view of the seven last years of his life—would he had spent them in New South Wales!—his life! what have I to do with his dirty life? a life that has been dedicated, with a perseverance which in any honest calling would have made him as rich as

Rothschild, to the sole object of worrying and tormenting his fellow-creatures. The vital principle seems to have been planted in him for no other purpose: he appears to have been made, like a nettle or a mosquito, only to sting. Nothing, however, exasperates me so much as the sentimental cant with which he always prefaces his communications. He has picked up out of the Annuals all the boarding-school-girl gibberish about “the luxury of sympathy,” and “the intercourse of hearts,” and “the converse of kindred souls,” and “the bliss of *unbosoming* one’s self to a friend,” and all the twaddle that fills the correspondence of a grocer’s daughter in Dublin with a linendraper’s wife in Carrickfergus. “*Unbosoming*”—that is his favourite phrase: it is everlastingly on his lips; and it is the sure harbinger of some of those interesting pieces of information of which I have just given a sample. I cannot tell you how many odious images this word conjures up to my mind whenever I hear it. Were I to write a dictionary, I should define it—“to impart something disgusting; to communicate some offensive information; a word never used except to give pain, and only by arrant coxcombs, persons of a malicious disposition, or block-heads who, as Dogberry says, ‘if they were twice as tedious, could find it in their hearts to *bestow* it *all* upon their acquaintances.’” This is precisely the liberality of the miscreant in question: he “bestows it all!”—and all *upon me*!

Your professed story-teller is a bore; but your story-teller who never finishes a story is a bore ten times over. Tom Endless never opens his lips but to tell you some anecdote or other, *apropos* of something, or of nothing. You cannot name a person, or allude to an event, or mention a place, but he collects some curious incident, or interesting particular, which you have just brought to his mind, and which, “while it is fresh in his memory,” he really must relate. Tom, however, never related a *whole* anecdote in his life: he resembles the late Marquis of Londonderry, of whose parliamentary speaking it has been said that he never concluded a sentence. Tom starts fair; but he seems to lose the scent immediately; or, other game coming in view, he cannot resist the temptation

of following it, always letting the last object divert his attention from the former, until in the course of a day's hunting he has chased perhaps twenty different foxes without taking a single brush.

"Mr. Endless, you carry a snuff-box, I believe?"

I could not have asked a more unlucky question. Never did I pay so dear for a pinch of snuff in my life. You shall hear.

"That snuff-box, sir, was my grandfather's: he got it in a very odd way: I'll tell you the story. He had a favourite greyhound, which had been given to him by his friend Lord Broadlands—by the by, poor Lord Broadlands met a melancholy end: he was travelling in Italy for the health of his daughter—a celebrated beauty in her day: she was married afterwards to a Colonel Linstock, of the 15th Light Dragoons. A very curious circumstance occurred at the wedding. I have heard my father tell it a hundred times. Just as the clergyman came to the words "honour and obey," a Miss Clapperston—I think her name was Clapperston—observed something stirring under the communion-table, which she took for a mouse: some ladies, you know, cannot endure mice. My own mother met a serious accident once in consequence of a fright which she got from a rat: rats, to be sure, are odious creatures; but their cunning is wonderful. Did I never tell you what the rats did on board the *Tremendous*, when my uncle had the command of her? Well, I'll tell it you now: it will make you laugh. You remember my uncle?—as gallant an officer as ever stepped upon quarter-deck. He got his estate in Suffolk in a very singular way—you have heard me tell it? One day, as he was walking in Piccadilly, an old gentleman, with a gold-headed cane in one hand, and a brown gingham umbrella in the other: you may guess he was an oddity; but old fellows are apt to be oddities—there was my grandfather himself!"

Now, sir, seize your opportunity, and bring him back to the snuff-box!

"Ay, ay; the snuff-box: I am going to tell you how my grandfather got it. Did you observe the miniature inside of the lid? It is the likeness of a Spanish lady who met with one of the strangest

adventures you ever heard of. A relation of my own met with an extraordinary adventure in Spain: I had better tell it to you while it is on my memory. The person I allude to was remarkably short of hearing: it is a great disadvantage to be short of hearing!"

Disadvantage! I know no blessing this world can afford comparable to it! If it was only to escape Mr. Tom Endless, I heartily wish I was as "deaf as a post." If the "*fâcheux*" spare me another month, and I can find six-pence to buy pen, ink, and paper, I shall write you "the pleasures of a deaf man," with an invective on aurists.

Enter a third member of the fraternity! In Dublin my acquaintance with this gentleman never went beyond the merest nod. There was *that* about him which indicated so clearly the race he belonged to, that I always took care, in recognising him, to move my head through the smallest angle possible: in fact, one second less would have been a cut and not a salutation. It was the more necessary to be nice in the measurement, inasmuch as upon his part there was as manifest a disposition to approximate as upon mine there was a desire to recede. I saw that he was determined, if practicable, to cross the line of mere acquaintanceship; and, having no wish to increase my Bore establishment, I took every precaution to counteract his designs. The trouble this gave me was annoying enough: I was obliged to be constantly on the *qui vive*, lest, in a heedless moment, I should leave any of the passes undefended, and let in the enemy. I felt like one who is conscious that he is watched by a tiger, and does not know the moment when the animal may make the fatal spring. Things remained in this state for about a year, when some professional business brought me to London.

The fellow followed me!!—He had business there, you will say, as well as myself. Business!—what business? He had none whatever, I am ready to make oath, except to plague me, if you call *that* business.

"But surely, sir, it is just as easy to keep an impertinent fellow at a distance in England as in Ireland?"

One would have thought so ; but it is no such thing. The encounter took place in Regent-street, and the moment our eyes met, which was at a distance of some ten yards, I saw that all was over. I tried, as Malvolio says, "to quench his familiar looks with an austere regard of control," but London was not Dublin, and the plan that succeeded on one side of the channel was of no use whatever upon the other. He advanced at a charging pace, with an expression of countenance which an intimacy of *three centuries* would not have justified ; he seized me by the hand, and adroitly availing himself of the only relationship beyond that of mere humanity, which existed between us, he challenged me for *his countryman* !

How intensely at that moment did I hate Ireland ! To hear the miscreant talk of the ties of country, and the land of the stranger, you would have supposed that we had both come from the Antipodes.

"My dear fellow,"—dear fellow !—was there ever such audacity ?—"I am overjoyed to meet you—your's is the first Irish face I have seen since I arrived in London ; it is really quite delightful to meet a countryman abroad, we shall be so intimate—all Irishmen are intimate in London—(a startling proposition !)—we shall be together, I hope, as much as possible :"—(Heaven forfend, I prayed mentally)—"sons of Erin, you know, both of us :—two Irishmen against the world !—we shall breakfast and dine together every day :"—(daggers and stiletos !)—"our motto shall be, '*Quis separabit*'—(ten thousand devils !)—let me have your address, my dear fellow."

My address !—this was driving the nail home and clinching it. "No. 36, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square," fell from my tongue, just as if it had been wrenched out of me with a thumb-screw. He repeated it slowly after me, deploring his bad memory for names and numbers. Here was a chance in my favour ! I besought Heaven to souse him over head and ears in Lethe ! Alas ! I grasped at a straw. His memory may have been naturally a bad one ; but the rascal had spared no pains to improve it ; he showed himself perfect master of all the methods that have ever been recommended for that

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purpose from the days of John Locke to those of Von Feinagle.

"No. 36, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square—36, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, No. 36—No. 36—No. 36—my own number is 29—just seven more—the number of days in the week—a little *Memoria Technica* I have of my own"—(the scoundrel !)—"you cannot conceive how useful I find it—only for it I should to a certainty forget your number before I reach the corner of the street."

This was too much for flesh and blood ! Here was a knave who did his business scientifically, "*selon les regles*," as Molière's doctors kill their patients. I flung myself from him with a convulsive effort—whither I went I neither knew nor cared ; even when I had turned my back upon him I distinctly heard him repeating—"No. 36, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square—No. 36, Charlotte-street—Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, 36."

Another specimen !—the varieties of the species are infinite—

"De quelque part qu'on tourne on ne voit que des fous."

Citely never opens his lips but to let out a quotation. He dines me with morsels of French ; deluges me with "odds and ends" of Shakspeare, Byron, Cowper, and Wordsworth. Every thing you say, every thing that happens, suggests a phrase or a rhyme which he has hoarded up in his memory, for the torment of his friends and acquaintances. His mind is a sort of scrap-book ; or it may still better be compared to a tailor's hell, a repository of shreds and patches of all colours and no use. He disdains to express the commonest idea, or reply to the plainest question in the ordinary household language of society. He couches every thing he says in a bit of an epic, a verse of a song, or a sentence from a French vocabulary. "As Virgil says," "to use the language of Milton," "in the words of Pope," "to borrow the expression of Moore,"—these and the like phrases are the regular commencements or conclusions of all his observations ; and what makes this absurd habit still more offensive, the blockhead never quotes a line that is not as familiar and hackneyed as one of Joe Miller's jests, as trite as the compli-

ments of the drawing-room. The truth is, he draws his whole artillery from such books as *Elegant Extracts*, and Alfred Howard's "Beauties;" and even from these stores he never produces a passage that the ear is not as intimate with as with the cry of "Dublin Bay herrings." A doctor's carriage runs over a child in Grafton-street:—*you* would call it a shocking accident—Citely invokes Shakspeare, and exclaims, "horrible, horrible, most horrible!" There is a bad house at the theatre: *you* would remark that the dress circle was thin—not so Citely; he treats me to the stale newspaper witticism:

"A beggarly account of empty boxes."

Is there a wordy war between two fish-wives in Ormond Market, I reckon upon "Tantæne animis celestibus iræ," as confidently as upon the delivery of my tailor's bill. Does he invite me to dinner, he disdains to say, "you will meet agreeable people," or "you will have some pleasant conversation." Oh, no! "he borrows the words of the poet," and promises me "the feast of reason and flow of soul," a quotation which ought to subject the person perpetrating it to transportation for fourteen years, if, indeed, it ought not to be made a capital felony. My visits to this gentleman are always, (as *he* describes them, would the description were just!) like those of angels, "few and far between." The post-office clock never strikes twelve at night, but Citely repeats—

"The iron tongue of midnight has told twelve."

A chimney-sweeper passes by—"Hic niger est." A cock crows; "the cock's shrill clarion," you are well if you do not get the whole of the elegy. He meets the Lord Mayor: I am ready to stake all I have in the world to the very coat upon my back, that Citely never met the Lord Mayor in his life, but he inflicted, "man, vain man, &c. &c. &c." upon whatsoever wretched being happened at the moment to be in his company. Now, tell me, sir, is not this a nuisance, a very nuisance? I am afraid to call my best friend an honest man for fear of "the noblest work of God," with which this dunce would infallibly wind up the compliment. I shudder at the appearance

of a butterfly, for I know that the horrid lines in the *Giaour*—this fellow has made them horrid—*must* follow; I hate flowers for the same reason, particularly the daisy and the rose, which have unfortunately been the chief favourites of the poets; and the horror I feel at the very thought of a nightingale is too much for words to give you any idea of; in short, Citely has, in a great measure, destroyed all my enjoyment of poetry and the works of nature, and to get rid of him is out of the question, for were I to stab him he would cry, "*Et tu Brute!*" Were I to kick him down stairs, he would burst forth with "What is friendship but a name?" Were I ever so civilly to assure him that it was absolutely indispensable for both my bodily health and my mental peace, that there should be a treaty of separation between us, the remorseless villain would ejaculate—

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well;"

and as this last is a passage with which I have been assaulted at the least ten thousand times, (for he never took leave of any one without hurling it at him,) it is my firm conviction that one more attack of it would be the death of me.

Publicola is a bore of another kind, not so malignant as the last specimen; yet one who contributes his mite to make my life intolerable. I call him Publicola, because he considers himself a sort of public character, and seems to be of opinion, that no public establishment or public institution can possibly prosper without his active interference, or at least his countenance. He is a great man at the Mendicity Association, and his influence at the Zoological Gardens is such, that the very monkeys pay him a marked attention whenever he approaches their settlement. He is a formidable rival to the Surgeon-General. He differs essentially from my bore political, who never deigns to meddle with anything less than a treaty of peace, or a grand constitutional question. Publicola's sphere is a local and domestic one; his field of activity is not the country but the capital; not Ireland but Dublin. You never open a newspaper but you see a letter subscribed Vindex, Scrutator, or

a Constant Reader, calling the attention of "the proper authorities" to the state of the pavement in Parliament-street, the activity of the pick-pockets on Carlisle-bridge, or the negligence of some oblivious lamp-lighter, who has left one side of Mountjoy-square in total darkness. Nineteen-twentieths of this class of letters are from Publicola's pen. He is the self-constituted comptroller-general of the Paving-board the Pipe-water office, and the Police-department; he exercises a sort of episcopal jurisdiction over all watchmen, scavengers, and turn-cocks; he it is who in the columns of *Saunders* inveighs against obstructive apple-women and insolent horse-boys; he it is who in the *Register* asserts the public cause against dirty footways and furious driving; he it is who in the *Freeman* calls in a voice of thunder for the watering of the Rock road, and demands the instant demolition of whole lanes and alleys in the Liberties. Publicola is the grand conservator of the lives and limbs of "his Majesty's subjects," the name by which he always designates the good people of Dublin. It is *not* his fault if you return home with your eyes filled with dust, or the track of a coach wheel in a deep groove across your ribs. He exercises, through the medium of the press, particularly the morning journals, a power, which, as he "has no other object in view but to benefit the public," (a declaration with which he prefaces all his letters,) I might call almost tribunitial. To do the blockhead justice, there is a little benevolence in combination with his vanity; he is a compound of busy-body and philanthropist, the former element preponderating greatly over the latter. I really should not have put him down amongst the bores of my acquaintance at all, if it was not that he forces me to read, and not only to read, but actually to *buy* every newspaper in which

he figures as a correspondent! I have got a file of papers three feet thick, in every one of which there is a letter, either to the Commissioners of Wide-streets, or the Board of Trinity College, upon the opening of Nassau-street, a subject upon which he is particularly copious, and the importance of which, he declares, "cannot be too highly rated!" At present he is at the Kingstown Railway Company: he makes every day some new suggestion, or discovers something wrong in the management, so that I am in a pretty dilemma. If the company does not act upon his hints, he will go on hinting, until the expense of newspapers becomes quite overwhelming: if they comply in but a single particular with his advice, or make any alteration he proposes, it will stimulate him to renewed efforts; he will persevere in letter-writing; he will address all the societies, boards, and companies, literary, civil, military, ecclesiastical, and commercial, in the metropolis, not omitting the very infant schools and cow-pock institutions; in either case, therefore, I must suffer. Upon one horn or other of this terrible dilemma I must be tossed, and I should very nearly as soon be gored by a wild bull. *Nearly!* why did I say *nearly*? just as soon, every whit, so expunge the *nearly*. There ranges the woods no animal half so formidable to man as the bore of the British islands. It is a pun, I know, but I am capable of any atrocity, madened as I am by my wrongs and miseries. I am tempted almost to invoke Meleager to my aid, he who slew the great boar of Calydon,* and laid the head of the monster at the feet of Atalanta. Oh! for such an offering to lay at the feet of a modern mistress! Could not a price be set upon bores' heads? This was the way in which our good old kings extirpated the wolves.

* We trust that our unfortunate and persecuted friend (with whose distresses we sincerely sympathise) means no uncomplimentary allusion to a nobleman who takes his title from a town whose name is almost identical with that of the Grecian village from which the great boar of antiquity derived his. His lordship has certainly been boring a committee of the House of Commons with some extraordinary evidence on the subject of the Orangemen of the county Tyrone.

LETTER FROM AN OLD ORANGEMAN.

IN giving insertion to the following letter, we think it right to preface it with a few observations. Upon a very recent occasion we stated fully and unreservedly our own opinions upon the subject of the Orange Institution, and endeavoured to place before the public such information, as to its origin and character, as might vindicate its members from the gross and utterly unfounded calumnies which have been so industriously circulated against them. We had intended to return to the subject, but our correspondent has, for the present, taken it out of our hands. Our readers will, perhaps, perceive, that much of his letter is a repetition of the statements which we put forward in our former article; but we have lived long enough to learn that the constant repetition of falsehood can only be met by the equally industrious exhibition of truth, and it is well that the facts which we urged should be kept constantly before the public eye. There are many opinions incidentally expressed by our correspondent for which we do not wish to be held responsible. But concurring in general with his views, and convinced that anything that keeps up inquiry upon the subject of Orangeism, must be productive of good—we have determined upon publishing his letter. We beg the particular attention of our readers to the extract from the memorial of Wolfe Tone to the French Directory, so completely corroborating our former statement with regard to the early and extensive organization of defenderism—and so directly contradicting Mr. O'Connell's sworn testimony before the Lords' Committee in 1825—when the honorable and learned gentleman stated that the origin of defenderism was subsequent to the establishment of the first Orange Lodge. (See *University Magazine* for April, 1835. Vol. V. note to page 478.)

We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity, to return our best thanks to Dr. Stuart, the editor of the *Belfast Guardian*, for much valuable information which he supplied to us relative to the early origin of the Institution, and of which, in our former article, we largely availed ourselves. We are also indebted to him for the correction of an unimportant error into which we had fallen. We had used the expression, the village of the Diamond. Our readers will, perhaps, excuse us if we extract the following from the *Guardian* of April, 21st:

"Now, with much respect for the talents, research, and information evinced by our excellent contemporary, the Editor of the *University Magazine*, we beg leave to inform him and the public that, in common with the historians, Musgrave and Hardy, he is in error when he asserts that the first Orange Lodge was formed in the village of the Diamond, on the 21st of September, 1795. We, by no means, blame him for his mistake, since even Mr. Verner for a considerable time laboured under the same misapprehension. We now take the liberty of stating that no village existed at the DIAMOND in the year 1795; and even at the present moment, the few houses which are to be found there, scarcely merit the name of a hamlet.

"Secondly, The Orange Lodge, No. I, was the first established in the beautiful village called the DIAN, situated in Lord Caledon's estate, county of Tyrone. It was held in the house of a man named St. John Duff, where its members have their periodical meetings at the present time, but we believe that the name of the now owner of the place is Hooey. The causes which induced the formation of this and other Lodges were as follow:—Previous to the great fight which took place at the Diamond, an immense number of Roman Catholics (probably from 8 to 10,000) had assembled from various quarters—some from Pomeroy, some from Ballygawley, some from the mountainous parts of the county Armagh, and some, as has been alleged, we know not how truly, even from Connaught. It was generally believed that the object which these men had in view was to destroy the houses of the Protestant inhabitants of Loughgall and Kilmore, and their vicinities. Under this impression, a number of Protestants assembled, some of whom (probably about thirty-six in number) had been volunteers, and were well disciplined; the remainder, amounting to 6 or 700, were armed with guns, pistols, and other such weapons of offence and defence as they were able to procure. The dreadful conflict betwixt the two opposing parties

took place at the Diamond, which position the Protestants defended against the tumultuous host of their assailants with perseverance and vigour. At last, after a protracted combat, the Roman Catholic party were finally discomfited, and fled in utter confusion, leaving a number of their men dead on the field. In the course of the harvest, several others, who had been slain on that memorable day, (21st September, 1795,) were found, as we have been informed, amongst the corn, then in progress of being reaped. A considerable portion of the routed Romanists made their escape into the county of Tyrone, and alarmed the inhabitants of the Dian and other districts in that neighbourhood. In consequence of these events, Mr. Thomas Wilson (as we have reason to believe) assembled a number of his own friends, who met at the house of Mr. James Sloane, of Loughgall, and held a consultation as to the formation of societies, who were to assemble periodically, abide by certain rules and regulations, and act together for mutual protection. Twelve or more lodges were then planned and constituted, and the matter was so arranged, (we believe by lot,) that No. I. was established in the Dian, in the county of Tyrone. The original form for this number, signed by James Sloane, is, we believe, still in existence."

We trust that it is unnecessary for us to reiterate our solemn declaration, that in identifying ourselves with the cause of the Orange Institution, we have done so only because we believe it to be an association based upon the purest principles of Christian charity, an association of which toleration is the charter, and the only object to maintain the integrity of our constitution and the principles of civil and religious liberty. Let it be proved to us that we are deceived in this belief, and we will join in the cry for its suppression. Once more we reprint the fundamental rule of the Institution.

"This is exclusively a PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION—yet detesting an intolerant spirit, it admits no one into its brotherhood who is not well known to be incapable of persecuting, injuring, or upbraiding any one on account of his religious opinions. Its principle is to aid and assist loyal subjects of every persuasion by protecting them from violence and oppression."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—I am now in my eighty-seventh year, and it is not a little matter that could induce me to take up my pen for the purpose of claiming a place in your pages. But these are times when both old and young are called upon to exert themselves for the public good; and if the latter may be best employed in those active labours by which a proper spirit may be excited amongst the people, and measures taken for arresting the career of the demagogue and the incendiary, in their pernicious work of disorganization, I know not how the former may be more usefully or honourably occupied, than in giving the latter, from time to time, the benefit of their observation and experience.

My present remarks shall be confined to the Orange Institution, which is now, I perceive, upon its trial before a Committee of the House of Commons. I am acquainted with that institution since its formation. I was well aware of the necessity out of which it arose. I knew its founders, most of whom were my personal friends; and I have watched its workings; and never, I will

venture to say, was an institution so providentially calculated for the preservation of peace and order, or for furnishing an anti-septic to the contagion of those revolutionary principles which were, at the time of its origin, agitating England, convulsing Ireland, and disorganizing Europe. Judge, then, of my surprise and indignation at hearing it denounced in the House of Commons as the "fons and origo" of all our evils. These denunciations proceeded, indeed, from a party, to whose designs it has always been adverse, and who could not, therefore, be expected to give it a good word. But verily, I was almost amused by their audacity. It was something like hearing Abel accused of the murder of Cain!

I well remember the state of feeling in this country in 1795. We are told by the poet, that,

"When Hecla thunders, Chimborazo raves,"

as if there was a kind of subterranean communication between the volcanic mountains, by which they were enabled to sympathise with

each other in their eruptions. Politically the same effect was produced in this country by the French Revolution. The smouldering fires of discontent were fanned into a flame, and the convulsion in France seemed but the precursor of similar convulsions in Ireland. The combustible materials had been provided in abundance, and the French revolution seemed well calculated to supply the spark that alone seemed necessary to set them in a flame.

It is not to be denied that Protestants were the first movers of those seditious practices, by which this country was at that time disturbed. A great party had been created by the celebrated Mr. Grattan, which pursued peculiarly Irish objects, in a spirit which could not be so fondly cherished without generating anti-Anglican predilections. In the great political conflict which terminated in the establishment of free trade, views were disclosed, and principles were laid down, which could not be consistently pursued or acted upon without bringing the Irish into frequent collisions with the British Parliament; and, the entire independence of the former having been established by the repeal of Poyning's law, the heady and intemperate spirits by whom it was guided seemed prepared to run a career of violence, which must, if uncontrolled, have ended in the separation of the countries, possibly in the subjugation of the empire.

I am now free to confess, that I was, at that time, one of those who ardently pursued those phantom delusions which possessed the power of drawing from the straight path of political wisdom so much of the worth and the intellect of Ireland. Grattan was the very Prospero of faction. His eloquence possessed a magical charm which must have been felt in order to be understood. He was, in temperament, a Greek, and in bone and muscle a Roman; and if his "winged words" lacked any thing of the fiery rapidity of the orators of the one school, it was only because they were laden with the solid thought of the orators of the other. Compared, in the different qualities which constitute a great speaker, with several of the eminent men of his day, *he must be allowed to have been their inferior.* In depth and reach of phi-

losophic thought, he was far, indeed, inferior to Burke; Flood excelled him in classical taste, and Curran was vastly his superior in fancy and in pathos. But no one of his great contemporaries were able to bring so many powers to bear with such intense and unremitting energy upon those public objects which he had resolved to accomplish. He was the most brilliant and indefatigable leader of an opposition which the Irish House of Commons had ever seen, and was able, at any moment, to play an electrical battery of withering sarcasm and fiery logic upon his opponents, by the splendour of which his friends were delighted and cheered, and by the keenness and the vehemence of which his enemies were abashed and confounded. I well remember the feeling with which I rejoiced at that time to enroll myself under his banners; as I was, certainly, most sincerely persuaded, that in aiding him to the utmost of my power in the accomplishment of his great designs, I was doing that which was most directly conducive to the well-being and the prosperity of Ireland.

Protestantism has ever been favourable to freedom. In the north of Ireland, where Presbyterianism prevailed, the people were excited, to the utmost, by the events which were taking place upon the Continent, and to a manifestation of violence similar to that which had overthrown the government of France, nothing seemed wanting but an occasion and leaders. The parliamentary demagogues, whose violence in the House of Commons had so powerfully served to excite a revolutionary spirit in the country, most ostentatiously identified themselves with the ardent spirits out of doors, who had been stimulated by them to the very verge of treason. I do not, myself, believe, that they contemplated, in the first instance, the extremes to which matters were likely to go, when they championed the national cause against the government of the country. But, in all revolutionary movements you cannot agree to go a certain length without being *compelled* to go further. The seditious spirit which they had excited now began to exercise a mastery over themselves; and while they were unprepared to submit to the requisitions of the more daring revolutionists, they

were altogether unable to impose any effectual restraint upon them.

Grattan now but rarely appeared in public. His sympathies would have led him to side with the anarchists, but his prudence kept him aloof from them; and he was only to be seen, occasionally, like Ossian's heroes in the mists of Morven, the apparition of his former self, leaning, as it were, upon the cloud of his fame, and prepared either to drop unnoticed from public life, or to manifest himself in more than his accustomed energy and power, according as the projects of the revolutionists declined or prospered. He was now an historic character, and naturally disdained companionship with the meaner minds which had been quickened, by the ardent spirit of the times, into an ephemeral existence. But his efforts to become altogether disassociated from them were unavailing. They resembled the efforts of a comet to become separated from its tail; and the very utmost which Grattan could accomplish was, to avoid the responsibility of their acts, for no disavowal of their designs could altogether exonerate him from the suspicion of approving of their principles. His position was one of no small difficulty, and he therein displayed quite as much of prudence as of patriotism. Had rebellion been triumphant, he had done nothing which should have provoked the anger of the republican leaders, or forfeited his claim to such honors and distinctions as they could bestow; had it been put down, there was no overt act of his which could have drawn upon him any indignant animadversion from the government of the country.

When Grattan commenced his advocacy of the Roman Catholic claims, there was every thing to excite the sympathy of generous and imaginative minds. The Romish party had been completely humbled by the penal laws, and exhibited a character of such a tranquil and uncomplaining endurance, that these laws, which were sufficiently harsh and severe in themselves, seemed doubly so when contrasted with the quiet and inoffensive demeanour of those against whom they were enacted. Popery was only known in this country as an idle and inoffensive superstition, and its priesthood as a race of harmless, unobtrusive

ecclesiastics; many of them men of piety, and some of them possessing no mean share of such learning as was then to be obtained in the continental universities. There was about them a certain character of gentility, partly proceeding from birth, partly from breeding, which was very well calculated to procure for them respect and esteem, not alone amongst their own flocks, but even from their Protestant neighbours; and their apparent total estrangement from active politics, or any ostensible interference in public affairs, except for the purpose of tranquillizing any disorderly spirit by which the suspicion of the government of the country might be excited, served to mark them as a race rather to be encouraged than coerced, and by whose friendly and judicious exercise of the influence which they possessed, much might be done for the tranquillity and the prosperity of Ireland.

The power of oppression in generous minds always begets a disposition to redress. While it may be felt that it is good to have a giant's strength, it is also felt that it would be merciless to use it like a giant. The political crimes of the Roman Catholics were matter of history; their humiliating condition was matter of observation, and as

*Sægnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;*

so present prostration and present suffering, when exhibited in conjunction with a quiet and uncomplaining demeanour, excited deeper compassion, than traditionary atrocities and treachery provoked resentment; and it is by no means surprising that the ardent and enthusiastic began to espouse a cause, which, to their lively imaginations and susceptible hearts, must have appeared to be the cause of justice and humanity.

I must also bear my impartial testimony to the fact, that the Protestant clergy were not then what they are now. A respectable and respected race, no doubt, they were, but more as gentlemen than as ecclesiastics. The spirit of their high calling was not sufficiently observable, either in their demeanour or their conduct, and nothing seemed farther from their thoughts than that missionary devotedness by which a large and an increasing number of the present clergy are

so honourably distinguished. In the pulpits you seldom heard any thing better than a good moral discourse, which might be pronounced in any assembly of respectable heathens, without exciting any suspicion of strange doctrine, as it was confined entirely to the enforcement of the cardinal virtues, from motives which put out of sight, if they did not altogether supersede, all the distinguishing peculiarities of the gospel. Of them, indeed, it might be said, by any one whose soul was athirst for the glad tidings which they came rather to cushion than to proclaim—"they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

And here I need not travel very far out of my way to make an observation upon one of the characteristic differences between true and false religion. In times of comparative moral darkness, such as those of my early life, the deformities of Popery were not particularly visible; neither were men capable of appreciating, as they deserve to be appreciated, the beauties and the excellencies of the Established Church. But, in proportion as knowledge has increased, and men have become cultivated, the former has sunk and the latter has risen in public esteem; and while no plausibility can justify the absurdities of the one, even in the eyes of many of its own votaries, no misrepresentation or disparagement can blind even candid adversaries to the reasonableness and the spirituality of the other. The most enlightened professors of popery now-a-days endeavour to justify their adherence to it by representing it as almost identical both in doctrine and in discipline with the Church of England.* Thus the very same light which has rendered the one attractive, has rendered the other repulsive. While the latter has been losing its hold upon the regards of its members, and becoming year after year less and less calculated to command either reverence or respect, the former has been multiplying its claims to admiration and gratitude, and exhibiting itself as, indeed, like "the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

If we are told of the men of distinguished abilities who profess the popish

religion, I can only say, look to the lives and the conversation of those men, and before any boast is made that they are Roman Catholics, let us be sure that they are Christians. I would also respectfully refer my readers to the powerful temporal motives which must operate in determining the choice of many a latitudinarian in religion, who may be desirous of a seat in the imperial parliament. Suppose Mr. O'Connell or Mr. Sheil declared their conversion to the Established Church, would not such an event instantaneously annihilate their political influence, if it did not, indeed, destroy their political existence. Most undoubtedly the one would no longer rejoice as the representative of Tipperary, nor would the other exult in the Catholic rent; so that, to embrace an evangelical mode of faith would imply, on their parts, an entire renunciation of private interest and political ambition; sacrifices which could alone be expected from the most unfeigned religious sincerity.

Far am I from denying, or even doubting, that many enlightened individuals even still exist, who have reconciled themselves to a belief in the doctrines of the church of Rome; but I am well satisfied that the great majority of those who profess an attachment to them, consist of men who have never taken the trouble to think very seriously upon the subject, and who use religion merely as a cloak for the more effectual attainment of worldly objects.

Let any one enter the hall of our courts of Law, and find, if he can, amongst the Roman Catholic advocates, who are both numerous and able, any class corresponding to the evangelical members of the Protestant bar. I mean, by the latter, the class that may be represented by the Pennefathers, the Jacksons, the Scotts, the Littons, the Brookes, and others. Let him find any professors of popery so steadfast in their belief, and so strict in their lives, and so observant of the usages of their religion, as these excellent men are in all that is essential to that system to which they have given an enlightened preference, and which their conduct proves that they have embraced with their whole heart.

* See Croly's Pamphlet.

Why is this? *It is not because Roman Catholics are irreligious, but because popery is uncongenial to enlightened intellect*; while it is only to the truly cultivated mind that Protestantism can reveal the brightest of its attractions. The confessional is no substitute for throwing open the heart to God, nor can priestly absolution ever produce the answer of a "good conscience." What I now say, I beg to be understood as said in condemnation of popery, not of papists. While the former is so obnoxious to the reproach of being utterly unable to satisfy the demands of advanced human nature, the latter cannot be expected to be very good Christians; and it is greatly to be deplored that so many inducements of a temporal character should now conspire to keep, in the thralldom of a degrading superstition, numbers who would otherwise be well qualified for experiencing and enjoying the delights and the privilege of that "liberty wherewith Christ would make them free." As far as such as these are concerned, the worst effect of popery is, that, without engaging, it preoccupies their minds, and affords them but little opportunity of forming a candid judgment respecting the reasonableness or the spirituality of that "more excellent way" which we maintain to be most in conformity with the Gospel. They are thus mentally detached from one system, without being spiritually attracted towards the other; and between both, often drop into a state of semi-unbelief, in which, if popery have departed from them, it is only that they might be entered, and taken possession of by seven other spirits worse than her, so that their last end may be worse than their first. This is the very class of persons from amongst whom we might expect to find patrons of violence, sedition, disorder, mischief; the apologists of perjury, and the panegyrists of murder. And if we are, fortunately, as yet free from any manifestation which should lead us to believe that distinguished Roman Catholics could be induced thus to act or to think, that exemption only proves that men may sometimes be not only better than their creed, but superior to the corrupting influences by which they are surrounded.

In a system where the higher classes were thus left without any suitable moral provision, we may be sure that the lower classes must have been neglected. Popery differs from all other sects in this important particular, that its liturgy is in an unknown tongue. This one peculiarity must be almost totally obstructive of the influences of the Gospel. In all other systems, no matter how erroneous, the scriptures are read, and prayers in conformity with them are recited. But, in the church of Rome, the unlettered portion of the congregation are almost, if not altogether, dependent upon the pantomime that is exhibited before them, for any serious religious impressions; and what is called divine service amongst them is resorted to much more as a tax upon their time, a kind of tribute which they are obliged to pay to the Supreme Being, "*their duty*," as they call it, than as a wholesome spiritual exercise, in which the blessed truths of Christianity may be applied experimentally for the purification of their moral nature. The priest to them is all in all. Whatever of spiritual light descends upon them comes only as reflected from him; and he is but rarely instructed in that blessed volume which could alone make him "wise unto salvation."

Many of the forms and ceremonies in the church of Rome were, no doubt, originally well intended. They were adopted in accommodation to the low state, in intellect and morals, of the semi-barbarous tribes, for whom religion must have been palpably materialized, before it could be comprehended. And something, no doubt, was gained for Christianity, by thus permitting it to enter, in any shape or upon any terms, into the ritual of those who had been the worshippers of strange Gods; although the leaven that was hid in three measures of meal was not more completely concealed, than were its truth and its spirit obstructed and impaired under the multiplied observances by which it was encumbered.

At the reformation, the spirit of religion burst, as it were, the ceremonies in which it had lain buried, and appeared in that exalted character in which it was recognized as, indeed, the best gift of God to man. Its efficacy was soon manifested in a

rejection of that "will worship" which had, before, supplied its place, and in turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. Forms and ceremonies were no longer regarded as substitutes for true religion. Protestants were taught, that, whilst they might be useful as aids, they were dangerous as hinderances; and that those who now worshipped God, should worship him "in spirit and in truth." But Roman Catholics still remained spell bound under the fascinations of the church of Rome. Her commands were observed as law, and her authority superseded the Gospel. As the church of Rome had become not merely a religious but a political system, to which "the faithful" were bound to pay implicit deference, so the hostility to which it was exposed on the part of more orthodox believers, served to excite a kind of chivalrous devotion amongst its partizans; and as the crusaders fondly believed that they were purchasing heaven by their deeds of violence and blood, so Roman Catholics were taught to think that the persecution of heretics, and the extermination of heresy would be attended by a no less glorious reward; and many of them believed that their "good works" in this respect would atone for their flagitious disregard of the plainest precepts of the Gospel. "To root out and to destroy" the professors of a pestilent creed, by whom the authority of the Pope was denied, was regarded by many of them, as, in a most peculiar manner, one of those works of charity which must cover a multitude of sins.

It is thus alone that we can account for that peculiar rancour with which the minds of the lower classes of Roman Catholics in Ireland were animated against their Protestant fellow subjects, when any circumstances enabled them to wreak upon them a deadly vengeance. Their natures were *unchristened*, as it were, by their addiction to a soul-deadening superstition; and the new commandment, "to love one another," had been superseded by that dictum of the vatican, which taught them, that the most acceptable service which they could perform to God, consisted in persecuting Protestants even to extermination. *Christianity is essentially a religion of*

love; popery is essentially a religion of hate. The sincere professor of the one finds it difficult "to think any evil" of those who differ from him. The sincere professor of the other finds it difficult to think any good of the maintainers of an opposite belief. He is under the conviction that they are wilfully estranged from the only acceptable mode of serving God, and that their perseverance in this deadly error deservedly incurs damnation. His hand is, therefore, ever ready to be lifted up against them, as the enemies of all righteousness. In him, while under this diabolical influence, humanity has no place. Even the dearest ties of kindred are insufficient to appease or to mitigate that insatiable hatred of heretics which he mistakenly cherishes as the love of God. His very piety and benevolence become the fuel of his unholy zeal; until, to use the eloquent language of Curran, "the human heart is charred in the flame of its own vile and paltry passions; black and bloodless; capable only of catching and communicating that destructive fire by which it consumes, and is itself consumed."

Now, it was to guard against the frequent atrocities to which isolated and defenceless Protestants were exposed, that the Orange system was called into existence. It arose entirely out of the necessities of their condition, and was intended solely as a protection against the combined though desultory system of outrage to which they must have otherwise fallen unpitied victims. When alone on the road side, or when unsupported at fairs or markets, they were often overpowered by numbers, who, no matter how they might be divided in other respects, were *united* against Protestants, and rejoiced together in the shedding of their blood. It was some time before Protestants could believe this. It was too abhorrent to all their notions to be easily credited. But when repeated experience convinced them that there was arrayed against their lives a combination of bigotry and hatred that would never rest while one of them remained, they saw the necessity of associating for self-defence, and concerting the best means of averting or withstanding the coming dangers.

It is not necessary to inform your readers, that from an early period of the last century, Ireland was disturbed by various illegal combinations, which appeared, at different times, under various denominations, as peep-of-day boys, defenders, white-boys, &c. &c. whose conflicts certainly partook of a sectarian character; and what would otherwise have been mere party feuds were deepened and embittered by rancorous religious and political differences. The Roman Catholics regarded the Protestants as an accursed race, obnoxious as heretics, to temporal punishment in this world, and to eternal punishment in the world to come. The Protestants regarded them as the professors of a persecuting creed, one of whose tenets enjoined perfidy as a duty, when it might serve the interests of their church, while another proclaimed the uncharitable dogma, that for heretics there was no salvation. It is not, therefore, surprising, that those ordinary wounds and bruises, which, in a more natural state of things, the "*vis medicatrix*" of the political system would have so speedily cicatrized, should have been *gangrened* into corroding ulcers, which, even if they had not been aggravated by the empiricism of the quack, would have almost defied the utmost skill of the physician.

One thing is certain. The combinations on the part of the Protestants were strictly defensive; they were, also, desultory and local, while those of their adversaries were extensive and organized. Another thing is equally certain, namely, that while the clergy of the former were totally unconnected with their proceedings, and openly condemned them, as far as they were contrary to law, or marked by any spirit of uncharitableness, the clergy of the latter were in many instances the secret fomenters of the strife; and in some instances so manifestly the accomplices of the disturbers as to render themselves obnoxious to the penalties of the law.

Of the spirit which then animated the Roman Catholic peasantry some idea may be formed from the following extract, for the clear understanding of which it is necessary to premise a few words. In the year 1737, Richard Jackson, Esq. of Forkhill, died, having

demised his estate for charitable purposes; and having directed that his demesne should be colonized by Protestants, and that four schoolmasters should be employed *for the purpose of teaching indiscriminately children of every religious persuasion.*" In 1789, the trustees obtained from the Irish Parliament an act of incorporation, and proceeded to act according to the terms of the will; but they immediately experienced the utmost opposition. The Roman Catholics openly declared, that they would not suffer the establishment of Protestants to take place, and made repeated attempts upon the life of the rector of Forkhill, the Rev. Edward Hudson. Not to detain the reader by detailing the various modes of annoyance that were resorted to, and by which the efforts of the trustees were impeded, I shall confine myself to the single statement which is given below, which is taken from a report made by the trustees to the Bishop of Down, and which bears date February, 1791. A more harrowing recital never was made, and the facts have never been disputed. Not even the bloodiest scenes in revolutionary France can rival it in ruthless and deliberate atrocity:—

"On Friday evening, at seven o'clock, a number of villains assembled at the house of Alexander Barclay, one of the schoolmasters of the parish of Forkhill, near Dundalk, appointed by the trustees of the late Richard Jackson's charities, to instruct, indiscriminately, the children of the poor of the said parish. They appeared at the door; he inquired who they were, and one man of the name of Terence Byrne, his neighbour, whose voice he well knew, and had before, at different times, admitted on knowing his voice, told him it was he there; he opened the door, and a number of men rushed in, threw him on his face, and three of them stood on him, and stabbed him repeatedly. They then put a cord about his neck, which they tightened so as to force out his tongue, part of which, as far as they could reach, they cut off.— They then cut off the four fingers and thumb of his right hand, and left him on the floor, and proceeded to use his wife in the same manner. To add to their barbarity they cut out her tongue, and cut off her four fingers and thumb with a blunt weapon, which operation took them

about ten minutes, one or two of them holding up her arms while they committed this inhuman action. They then battered and beat her in a dreadful manner. Her brother, a boy about thirteen years of age, had come from Armagh that morning to see her. They cut out his tongue, and cut off the calf of his leg, and left them all three in that situation.

"No reason can be assigned for this most inhuman transaction. The man was a Protestant, a peaceable and decent man; he taught above thirty of their children GRATIS, being allowed a salary by the trustees for forty more. HE ASKED THEM WHETHER HE HAD EVER OFFENDED THEM? THEY SAID NOT; BUT THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF WHAT HE AND THOSE LIKE HIM SHOULD SUFFER.

"Shocking as this account is to human nature, it is publicly exulted at in the parish; and no person seems to think that any punishment will follow the commission of this most atrocious wickedness. So far were they from wishing to conceal it, that they proceeded on the road with torches, publicly, and in defiance of every body. There is every reason so dread the most alarming consequences from the effects of this transaction. The Protestants are everywhere in the greatest terror, and, unless government affords them assistance must leave the country; as this recent instance of inhumanity, and the threatenings thrown out against them, leave no doubt upon their minds what the intentions must be against them. The man and the boy can speak a little; the woman cannot; fortunately they are all likely to die, as, if they live, they are incapable of earning their subsistence. Terence Byrne has fled."

Such was the spirit by which, in that part of the country, the Roman Catholic peasantry were at that time animated. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at, that the Protestants combined for self-defence? Their adversaries had at this time become extensively organized. They had invented a system of signs and pass-words by which they might become known to each other; a fact which, if it arose out of necessity, in itself establishes the extent of the organization; for it could only have been necessary when the confederates became so widely spread, that the ordinary means of knowledge, by personal intercourse, must be, to a considerable degree, precluded. They were also under the obligation of an oath,

which bound them to an unrelenting hatred of heretics, and to an unceasing endeavour for their extirpation, and for the reestablishment of the Roman Catholic religion.

As yet, the combination on the part of the Protestants was altogether without any organization. It was extremely confined in its extent, and directed solely against the aggressions to which they were exposed; and by which, if not resisted with an energy somewhat more prompt than could be expected from the ordinary operation of the law, they must have been rooted out of the land. But it was soon found that the secret meetings, the signs and the pass-words of their enemies gave them a great advantage; and that, unless they adopted a similar mode of being united to, and of knowing each other, they could not maintain their ground.

I well remember the frightful state of things that now prevailed in Ulster. On the one hand, there was a dense mass of organized Roman Catholics, who already felt their strength, and who were united both by the prejudices of a sect, and the principles of a party, into a confederacy, having for its object the extirpation of heresy, and the liberation of Ireland. On the other hand, there were the Protestant peasants and farmers, not bound together in any system of association—unsupported, if not discountenanced by their own gentry, amongst whom revolutionary principles very extensively prevailed, and exposed, both by night and day, to outrages against which the laws of the land afforded but a weak protection. I cannot look back upon what I then witnessed without emotions which I shall not attempt to describe. Verily, the days of the devoted Protestants seemed to be numbered. They could not rise up, or they could not lie down; they could not walk out, or they could not sit at the fire-side, without being haunted by apprehensions of the same spirit of merciless outrage to which the poor family at Fork Hill had fallen victims. Their doors and windows were barricaded during the night, as though they were momentarily in expectation of assault; and they deemed themselves fortunate if they rose from their beds without suffering injury in life or limb, from the shots which were frequently fired through any unguarded

aperture, and which were often attended with the most afflicting consequences.

In the open field they might have been a match for their ferocious assailants; and, when waylaid and overpowered by numbers, they often reproached them with their dastardly conduct, and called upon them, if indeed they were men and not assassins, to decide their differences in fair and manly conflict. For this the Protestants would have been both prepared and thankful. But their habits had altogether unfitted them for the cowardly, skulking, murderous, savage, mode of warfare, which their adversaries loved to practise, and to which they had become so habituated, that any other would then have seemed contrary to their nature.

Nor was it long before the Protestants had the opportunity which they longed for. About six miles from the town of Armagh, is situated the townland of the Diamond. This was now destined to be the scene of a conflict which is still remembered by the Protestants with pride, and by their adversaries with terror and resentment. The harassing annoyance to which they had been exposed had kept the Protestants of the neighbourhood in an unusual state of activity and excitement, and this necessitated the assembling, in larger masses, of the Roman Catholics, whose organization gave them a facility of accumulating their forces in a manner by which they imagined their disorganized antagonists must be speedily overpowered. I cannot now venture to give any exact account of the numbers assembled on both sides, but I am within limits when I say that they amounted to several thousands. It is strange that matters should have been suffered to proceed to such a formidable height, when the differences could now only be adjusted by a large effusion of human blood; but I believe the magistrates and the ruling powers were themselves wearied by the perpetual bickerings that were every day occurring, and judged it not inexpedient to suffer the whole of the differences between the hostile parties to be brought at once to a conclusion in a decisive conflict. Whatever the cause was, they interfered not to interpose any obstacles to the battle that

was now about to be fought. When the best men on both sides grappled in the deadly strife, and dire was the rage, and dauntless the determination, with which the murderous volleys were interchanged, until the unflinching Protestants had the satisfaction of seeing their enemies fly before them, and yield them no inglorious victory.

The Roman Catholics fought well. It was not without much reason that they relied on their numbers, and their combinations, and also on the vast resources which the extensive spread of defenderism had placed at their disposal; and this very confidence may have contributed to their overthrow. The Protestants clearly saw that if now defeated they were altogether undone; and the exertions which they made were worthy of men whose all was at stake, and in whose resolution and constancy was placed their only chance of safety. At one period of the engagement they were pressed very sore, and there seemed but little hope that the scales of victory would incline in their favour. Their ammunition was almost exhausted, while the Roman Catholics were still abundantly supplied. In this strait, two men rode rapidly into the town of Moy, and were approaching the house of a Roman Catholic who sold gunpowder. Seeing them approach, and guessing their object, he hastily closed his door in their faces. But they were not to be disappointed. Necessity, they thought, had no law, and they immediately seized a smith's sledge, and lost not a moment in breaking in the door. This done, the gunpowder was easily provided, but the Protestants left not the shop without leaving the price of it upon the counter. They returned rejoicing to their companions in the field, who were re-inspired by this seasonable supply, and enabled by it to resume the attack with so much spirit and vigour that their opponents were soon seen to fly in all directions.

A truce was now established, by the mediation of the Roman Catholic priest, on the one side, and on the other by Mr. Joseph Atkinson, who is still alive to tell the story. All that the victorious party stipulated for was, that they should, for the future, be unmolested; that there should be a complete discontinuance of the system of un-

manly and treacherous hostility by which they had suffered so much; they on their parts engaging, that, provided this agreement was cordially entered into and faithfully performed, they would, as far as in them lay, live peaceably with all men.

Thus, there was at length afforded some reasonable prospect that internal peace would soon be restored to distracted Ireland. It was, however, but of short continuance. Atkinson could not altogether forego some misgivings respecting the good faith with which the conditions agreed on would be observed by the Roman Catholics, and he warned a few of his followers (to the number, I believe, of twelve or fifteen,) not immediately to return to their homes, but to remain with him for the purpose of seeing that all was as it should be, and to be ready, if occasion required, to rally their friends and renew the combat. It was not long before his precautions were fully justified by the event. The now scattered and confiding Protestants were suddenly attacked by above seven hundred men, who came from the direction of Keady, a distance of about eighteen miles, and commenced their horrid work of devastation with the eager and delighted alacrity with which North American savages carry fire and the sword amongst their sleeping victims. But, although taken by surprise, the Protestants were not disheartened. At the summons of their indefatigable leader they again came in great numbers into the field. The combat was renewed. On the one side was the fury of fresh and vigorous assailants, who enjoyed all the advantages of taking their adversaries unawares, and who hoped, by one decisive overthrow, to extinguish them for ever. On the other there was the indignant ardour of men who felt that they had been most treacherously dealt with—that their generous clemency had been most foully abused—and that, if now overcome, they could entertain no hope of mercy. They, therefore, put forth all their energies and were again victorious. They had the satisfaction of seeing their enemies a second time routed, and flying from the field. And the day on which *this memorable event took place, has obtained in the north of Ireland,*

the significant appellation of “running Monday.”

No truce was now made. The Protestants felt that they had an enemy to deal with who was not to be trusted, and they had no idea of risking a second time, by hollow negotiation, the loss of the advantages which they had gained in the field. But their first thoughts were not of vengeance. *On that important day the Orange Institution was founded.* The first lodge was formed on the field of battle, as the commencement of an association which was intended to be strictly defensive. They saw the advantage possessed by their enemies, by means of the union and the organization that prevailed amongst them, and they determined to be no longer wanting to themselves. A system of signs and pass-words was resolved upon, that those who were now knit together, by the endearing bond of brotherhood, and who were determined to stand or fall together, might know each other, when occasion required. A solemn act of thanksgiving to Almighty God was offered up for their recent deliverance, and it was resolved that every meeting of the association should commence and conclude with prayer. It would be well if it could be added that no acts of retaliatory outrage followed the defeat of their perfidious enemies. But, that unlettered peasants should be altogether oblivious of the broken faith of Roman Catholics, in seeking to surprise them when they were unprepared; that they should entertain no resentment for the treachery by which their generous confidence had been requited, and which was so near terminating in their extermination, that they should have no fears of living in the neighbourhood of those who so clearly demonstrated that they could not be trusted, were too much to expect from human nature. I do not justify what followed; but, in the circumstances in which the Protestants were placed, it was but too natural. Several Roman Catholic families were compelled to remove from their habitations and to seek a settlement elsewhere.

Then it was that some of the more violent, provoked by treachery, and flushed by conquest, raised the cry of “to hell, or to Connaught.” I do not believe it was directed against Roman

Catholics generally, but against those whose conduct on the late occasion proved them capable of anything, and who were believed by the Protestants to have been sworn "to wade knee deep in Protestant blood."

Such was the origin of the Orange Institution; it arose from the pressure of strong necessity. The evil which threatened the Protestants, and which never before was so imminent, could have been averted by no public combination. It required a concentration of energy and power somewhat similar to that by which they were assailed, to enable them to make any effectual resistance; and it was to attain that they associated under circumstances so calculated to inspire them with a sense of their peril, and to make them feel that, while in *disconnection* they were exposed and weak, in union and combination they were irresistible. Nor is it a little remarkable that the name of our great deliverer, William the Third, was that which they chose as their rallying word and their signal. They did not adopt the name of the field whereon the recent battle was fought and won, and call their body the *Diamond Association*, although such an appellation would be by no means inappropriate, and would seem to have been sufficiently inviting; but it would have *localized* what they intended to be *general*; and it would have seemed to refer to a private feud, which concerned only themselves, rather than to that hatred of their name and race which equally contemplated the destruction of the Protestants of Ireland. Therefore it was that they called their body the loyal *Orange Association*; and it was because subsequent events too surely justified their suspicions, and served to arouse the jealousy of even the most unsuspecting of their brethren, that their institution rapidly took root, and spread itself through the length and the breadth of the land.

It is but right to mention, in justice to the Orangemen, that most of the individuals, who were driven out of their habitations, were persons some of whom were under ejection according to a regular process of law; over others of whom heavy prosecutions impended, which would, in all probability, have terminated in the forfeiture of their lives; and others of whom are known to

have withdrawn from the country, in the hope of being able to procure more desirable settlements elsewhere. If these three classes were subtracted from the number of those who were then visited for their treachery with this summary infliction, the amount of injury which then could be fairly complained of, would be found to be by no means so considerable as was represented; and it should be held in mind that, although frequently challenged to produce the name of a *single family* which could be said to have been unjustly dispossessed, the Roman Catholics never have attempted to substantiate, in any one instance, the charge of cruelty or outrage—a fact which can only be accounted for by the extreme difficulty of finding a single case in which, upon inquiry, it would not be found that the provocations and the offences of the individuals afforded some justification at least for the retaliatory severity with which they were treated.

Many of these families settled in Connaught, where, for some time, they conducted themselves very well. But the old adage, "the wild duck to the bog again," was in their instance strikingly verified; for when the French landed in this country, they, to a man, joined the invaders.

This was, probably, the most critical period of the history of Ireland. The United Irishmen were now completely organized, and waited but the first opportunity to throw off the English yoke, and proclaim the country an independent republic. Their leaders were men of great ability, and with all the zeal and all the courage which their cause demanded. They had become inspired by a passionate persuasion that the liberty and the happiness of their native land were inseparably bound up with their project of dismemberment; and, notwithstanding the disastrous consequences of French fraternization to those unhappy countries which had solicited its embraces, and found oppression where they expected redress, the Irish patriots hesitated not to invite the co-operation of France, for the purpose of enabling them to accomplish the overthrow of British rule, and in the hope that when that was accomplished they would be enabled, of themselves, to maintain their independence—a vain and visionary expectation, which only

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proves the strong anti-Anglican feeling by which these men were animated, and that, when the passions of a party are once powerfully engaged, the most obvious suggestions of reason and expediency will be disregarded.

Wolfe Tone was a man of spirit and humanity. He possessed the enthusiasm of a poet, and the enterprise and the valour of a soldier. In conversation, there were few men who so gained upon his hearers, by the point and vivacity of his remarks, and the unaffected earnestness and sincerity of his whole demeanor. But in public debate he was by no means equal to many who were far his inferiors in moral and intellectual qualifications. There hung about him a bashfulness which he could not shake off, and which gave him somewhat the appearance of a woman in male attire, making an awkward effort to perform some feat of strength or of activity. Still, his indomitable energy and perseverance gave him a kind of forty-horse power amongst the Irish revolutionists; and he might be truly described as the great political steam-engine, without the aid of which nothing important was to be effected.

France was, at this time, in all the horrors of civil war; and yet it was to France, to blood-stained and revolutionary France, this amiable and gifted man looked for what he called the regeneration of Ireland! Never did I see a greater instance of the baneful effects of infidelity. Wolfe Tone was altogether without any other than what was called natural religion, which bears much the same relation to Christianity that moonlight in a sylvan grotto does to the meridian sun. It was altogether incapable of presenting, to a mind like his, objects by which such a mind might be permanently attracted or profitably occupied; and both his intellect and his affections were far too ardent and too active to remain altogether disengaged. When we do not habitually dwell upon those things by the contemplation of which we may be exalted and purified, the chances are many that we *will* dwell on those things by which very different results may be produced. And so it was with Wolfe Tone. Politics became his religion; the works of *Thomas Payne* his Bible; Ireland re-generated into pure republicanism, the

object of his heart's idolatry; and almost every measure was sanctified in his eyes as it appeared to him to conduce to this end. Let others blame the criminal and the traitor; I cannot contemplate the untimely fate of this ill-starred man without feelings in which compassion predominates. But alas! "When the light that is in us is darkness, how great is that darkness!"

Having been permitted, by the generosity of the government, to depart out of the kingdom, under circumstances of suspicious connexion with convicted traitors, for which his life must have paid the forfeit, Wolfe Tone embarked for America, from whence he proceeded to France, in order to lay before the French government a memorial, setting forth the then state of Ireland, with a view to the obtaining of the aid necessary to carry into effect his revolutionary designs. The issue of his disastrous expedition is well known; and I shall only here add respecting it, that never did the hand of God more clearly appear than in that state of the elements which prevented the landing of the French troops, at a time when their arrival in force, and under such a leader as Hoche, might have been so fatal. But I must avail myself of the memorial of Wolfe Tone, addressed to the government of France, in order to show, from the most unexceptionable authority, the state of parties which at that time existed, and the utter and monstrous falsehood of the charges which have been made against the Orangemen of Ireland. The reader will perceive that this was written nearly twelve months after the formation of the first Orange lodge, and that the body was so utterly unknown, as not to be noticed even once in the memorial.

"In the year 1791, the dissenters of Belfast, which is the principal city in Ulster, and, as it were, the metropolis of that great party, formed the first club of united Irishmen; so called because in that club, for the first time in Ireland, dissenters and Catholics were seen together in harmony and union. A similar club was immediately formed in Dublin, which became speedily famous for its publications, and the sufferings of its members, many of whom were thrown into prison by the government, whose terror at this rising spirit of union amongst the

people may be estimated from the severity with which they persecuted those who were most active in promoting it. This persecution, however, far from quelling the spirit, only served to make the people more cautious and guarded in their measures. Means have been adopted to spread similar clubs throughout Ulster, the seat of the dissenting power, the object of which is to subvert the tyranny of England, to establish the independence of Ireland, and to frame a free republic on the broad basis of liberty and equality. These clubs were rapidly filled, and extended in June last over above two-thirds of that province. I am satisfied that by this time they embrace the whole of it, and comprise the activity and energy of the dissenters of Ireland, including also numbers of the most spirited and intelligent of the Catholic body. *The members are all bound by an oath of secrecy, and could, on a proper occasion, I have not the smallest doubt, raise the entire force of the province of Ulster, the most populous, the most warlike, and the most informed quarter of the nation.*

"For the Catholics, from what has been said of their situation, it will appear that little previous arrangement would be necessary to insure their unanimous support of any measure which held out to them a chance of bettering their condition; yet they also have an organization, commencing about the same time with the clubs last mentioned, but comprising Catholics only. Until within these few months, this organization baffled the most active vigilance of the Irish government, unsuccessfully employed to discover its principles, and to this hour they are, I believe, unapprised of its extent. *The fact is, that in June last it embraced the whole peasantry of the provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Connaught—three-fourths of the nation; and I have little doubt but it has since extended into Munster, the remaining province. These men, who are called Defenders, are completely organized on a military plan, divided according to their respective districts, and officered by men chosen by themselves. The principle of their union is implicit obedience to the orders of those whom they have elected for their generals, and whose object is the emancipation of their country, the subversion of English usurpation, and the bettering the condition of the wretched peasantry of Ireland. The eyes of the whole body, which may be said, almost without a figure, to be the people of Ireland, are turned with the most anxious*

expectation to France for assistance and support. The oath of their union recites, 'that they will be faithful to the united nations of France and Ireland;' and several of them have already sealed it with their blood. I suppose there is no instance of a conspiracy—if a whole people can be said to conspire—which has continued for so many years as this has done, where the secret has been so religiously kept, and where, in so vast a number, so few traitors have been found.

"The organization of defenders embraces the whole peasantry of Ireland, being Catholics. There is also a further organization of the Catholics, which is called the General Committee, and to which I have already alluded. This was a representative body, chosen by the Catholics at large, and consisting of the principal merchants and traders, the members of professions, and a few of the remaining Catholic gentry of Ireland. This body, which has met repeatedly in the capital, at the same time with the parliament, and has twice within four years sent ambassadors to the King of England, possesses a very great influence on the minds of the Catholics throughout the nation, and especially decides the movements of the city of Dublin; a circumstance whose importance, when well directed, it is unnecessary to suggest to men so enlightened as those who compose the government of France. It is true that, by a late act of the Irish legislature, this body is prevented from meeting in a representative capacity; but the individuals who compose it still exist, and this act, without diminishing their power or influence, has still more alienated their minds from the British government in Ireland, against which they were already sufficiently, and with great reason, exasperated. It is but justice to the General Committee, in whose service I had the honour to be during the whole of their activity, and whose confidence I had the good fortune to acquire and retain, to say, that there is no where to be found men of purer patriotism, more sincerely attached to the principles of liberty, or who would be more likely, in an arduous crisis, to conduct themselves with ability and firmness. I can add, from my personal knowledge, that a great majority of those able and honest men who compose it are sincere republicans, warmly attached to the cause of France, and, as Irishmen and as Catholics, doubly bound to detest the tyranny and the domination of England, which has so often deluged their country with their best blood."

Such is the statement of Wolfe Tone, of which your readers will, I am persuaded, excuse the insertion, as it is important to have such a witness to such facts as he relates; because, had they rested upon my own unsupported allegations, I might be justly suspected of having coloured them for the purpose of giving plausibility to my own peculiar views. But Wolfe Tone periled his life and fortune upon the truth of the representations set forth in his memorial; and if the Orange institution had not been established, and if it had not acted as the *queen bee* of sound religious and political principles, associating all classes and descriptions of loyal men for the maintenance of social order, I cannot entertain the slightest doubt that the views of the sagacious enthusiast would have been realized, and Ireland would have been severed from the British empire.

I shall reserve, sir, for another opportunity my vindication of the Orange institution from the calumnies by which it has been assailed, and my reasons for believing that its preservation and its extension are as necessary at present as they were at any former time. I shall also, I think, be able to justify the grounds upon which it is, as far as Roman Catholics are concerned, an exclusive association. Meanwhile, I cannot conclude without noticing the instruction which may be derived from the Memoirs of Wolfe Tone. We there have the history of the origin of the late rebellion in Ireland, in a form so authentic, as to silence every doubt, and in a style so lively and graphical, as to engage and interest almost every reader. This able man exhibits treason in all its varieties and degrees, from the first faint conception, until it opened into overt acts, and as it was modified by the dispositions and characters of those to whom it was communicated or by whom it was concocted. The reader may there see the plausible representa-

tions by which it was masked, as long as concealment was expedient, and the ferocious energy with which it was manifested when the time had come for throwing off disguise. He may see the process by which the people were stirred up, and the arts by which the government were deluded. The characters, too, who figured at that momentous period are sketched, by one who knew them well, with great spirit and fidelity. The cautious daring of Grattan, the more reckless intrepidity of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the determined republican energy and the turbulent vanity of James Napper Tandy, the eloquence, the plausibility, and the egotism of John Keough, are all drawn to the life, and illustrated by various citations from their speeches, their writings, and their conduct. The self-renouncing enthusiasm of Emmett is also well described, and contrasts finely with the wily dexterity which marked the conduct of the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland. In short, I cannot but regard these volumes as a kind of glass bee-hive of sedition, in which men are able to see all the processes by which the industrious insects contained within it are severally elaborating their appointed work, until a political poison was produced by which the life of the monarchy was endangered.

I shall now, sir, for the present, conclude, hoping at an early opportunity to be able to dispose of the remaining topics, the discussion of which may enable us to form a correct judgment of the utility and importance of the Orange institution, as it now exists, and which, I maintain, presents the only effectual antiseptic to the contagion of those pestilent principles, which were never more rife than they are at this moment, and which, if suffered to prevail, must lead to the destruction of the empire.

I remain, Sir, your faithful and obliged

MONTANUS, Co. Down.

HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

"By my hand, Turlogh," said Henry O'Neill, as the captives drew their seats round the fire for the eighth time, to listen to their nightly entertainer. "By my hand, Turlogh, you have taken my advice to some purpose, in not running Silken Thomas to a

conclusion so hastily as you did the Captive of Killeslin."

"Keep a good heart, my prince," replied the bard; "I will make an end of him, God willing, before morning," and so saying, he proceeded.

THE REBELLION OF SILKEN THOMAS—CONCLUSION.

When Talbot found himself once more a free man, his first impulse, after pouring forth the most fervent thanks he could express to the good Archbishop, was to bear Ellen away from the gaze of the crowd, and with her indulge in mutual gratulation. But the Archbishop, where he stood talking with Sir William Skeffington aside, motioned to him to remain. Talbot could see the looks of the Primate and Deputy occasionally directed towards him as they spoke, and was soon confirmed in his belief that he had been the subject of their conversation, by the Archbishop desiring his attendance in the great hall of the keep. The knight glanced at his companion: he could not leave her, weak and agitated as she was, alone among an assemblage of rude soldiery; and he hesitated to bring her with him to a conference which might involve affairs of state: the good prelate saw his difficulty and relieved him. "We would speak with you alone, Sir John," he said; "but fear not for your lady; she shall have all due care and attention. Ho, Ambrose," he continued, calling to one of his people, "search us out among the women of the garrison some careful and honest female to attend on my Lady Talbot, till such time as we can arrange for her journeying on to my sister's of Saint Mary's of the Green, where, if it please you, Sir John, we purpose that she should remain until you shall have determined on what final course you will pursue. The Abbess is my own kinswoman, a tender-hearted and devout lady as any in Christendom; and you, my daughter, shall not lack effectual commendations to her kindest offices."

Poor Ellen could scarce yet trust to

such a wondrous change in her fortunes: she could not yet altogether free herself from the dread that she was only dreaming, so that her thanks were broken and vague; but when she found herself once more attended by the kindly Norah, for Art's wife was unanimously elected to the grateful office, and had leisure in retirement to consider how complete and timely was the favor shown to her by Providence, she began to feel in all its force the delightful assurance of her good fortune, and wept and blessed God by turns in the fulness of her gratitude and happiness.

Meanwhile the Archbishop and Knight stood in the recess of a window in the great hall: "And now, Sir John," said Cromer, "that the king's bounty has made a 'free man of you once more, what are you willing to do to show your sense of his highness's loving kindness towards you?"

"Whatever a man may with honor, my lord."

"God forbid that I should ask you to undertake aught else;" replied the Archbishop; "and I did but set the extent of your obligation before you, that I might not seem to ask an unreasonable thing, when I crave your services, as I would now do, in this unhappy quarrel, on the part of such a benefactor."

"I trust in the saints," cried Talbot, colouring suddenly, "your lordship does not desire that I should bear arms against *Tomás-an-teeda*!"

"Trust me, Sir John, I could ill bring myself to seek such a service as that at your hands. It is a work of peace and charity that I would have you do; God knows we have had enough of arms on both sides; enough

of bloodshed and disaster. I am the chancellor here, Sir John, and my duty to my royal master seconds my own sense of what is just in sanctioning the vigorous vindication of his rights; but I love the land, Sir John, and I love the people; and it is breaking me down worse than age or sickness to see this fair country defaced, and this brave nation set at strife and driven into outlawry and barbarity, as we have been now this year back, for the sake of these petty grudges and caprices that weigh more with the prime movers of the war than the happiness or misery of thousands. For what was it but a splenetic rash jealousy that first spirited on my erring brother of Dublin, to practise against Kildare? A proud young lord, belike, will not be twitted by a greybeard without a malapert reply; and for this, which were scarce sufficient cause of quarrel between two boys at play, we have the Christian bishop trapping the king's first servant into rebellion, and the viceroy of our faith's defender implicated in the murder of his own metropolitan: and now, when the war is half exhausted by its own violence, and peace is already almost within our grasp, what but the pride of the unhappy young lord himself, and the selfish rivalry of the envoy who had last to deal with him, has hindered us of the happy issue that night and day I have prayed for ever since this miserable broil began? Sir John; here in Ireland it is every man for his own peculiar; but for the commonweal of the nation no man, unless it be one who is too old to care for private gains, or too obscure to be drawn into public rivalry. For military service, for crafty negotiation, for violence and circumvention we have hands enough, but a man well affected to the king, and yet honestly disposed towards this rebellious family, we have not hitherto been able to find, and without such a man, I fear me there is little prospect of a termination to the war. Now, Sir John, you stand dearly bound to the old earl: you were as I hear in some sort his adopted son, and you took arms against the king, for love of your benefactor, when Alan first spread that false rumour of his murder: with Lord Thomas you have now no quarrel, since the stain ~~of~~ unhappy bishop's blood is clean

washed away from your name for ever, and, methinks, from what I have heard of his disposition and demeanour, you cannot but cherish such a good will towards him as might be reasonably claimed from you by his father's son. This then is what I have long desired, to find a man sincerely willing to serve all concerned; such a man, Sir John, I take you to be, for I am bold to say that his highness's clemency towards you this day will weigh no less on an honorable mind than your former benefits at the hands of the old Earl. I have, therefore, arranged with my Lord Deputy to entrust you, if you be willing to accept it, with a proposal of terms to this misguided young nobleman, whom we long to see restored to his allegiance and his natural friends. The terms are strict, but he must suffer the penalty of his violence and folly; and we trust to you to recommend them to his consideration by whatever means of persuasion you can urge: alas, you will have no lack of argument riding from Maynooth!—Ill-starr'd young gentleman, you little dream who stands this morning beside your council table, you little think whose standard is flying from your father's flagstaff! But, Sir John, you will have worse news to tell Lord Thomas than that Maynooth is taken, news that will go farther to bend his haughty spirit than the loss of ten castles—he has broken his father's heart: the Earl is dead, dead for grief on account of his child's sin and folly! Ah, what a lesson to us all, to think that but for the vain pride of one headstrong and brainsick youth, Gerald Fitzgerald might this day be sitting in his own hall, at the head of the prime nobility of his nation, instead of lying at the public charge, as he does, in a dishonored and untimely grave among strangers! Sir John, I conjure you, if you undertake this mission, as you loved him who is gone, neglect no means, forget no argument to win this unfortunate nobleman to reason: his father's bones can never rest in the grave till we restore the country that he loved to peace—peace—ah! could I but see that blessing again extended to us I care not how soon my own bones lie at rest!”

“My lord,” said Talbot, “I thank God for having put it into your heart to

choose me on this service; for I have a strong assurance that I will not be altogether unsuccessful with Lord Thomas. But your lordship has told me what it wrings my heart to hear. I have had sorrows of my own, my lord, for this year back, that have made me familiar with grief; but my heart were callous indeed if it were not touched by the miserable end that you tell me my benefactor has come to. Pardon this emotion, my lord, it will be shortly gone; but I cannot just now control it. I may say I had no other father: a kinder father I could not have had. From my sixth year his house was my home; his countenance was my only patrimony. Yes, my lord; doubt me not, I will strive to repay him: but alas that I can never do as his bounty towards me would deserve! My lord, it was no wonder I forgot my allegiance, when I thought that such a man had met with foul play: but, as I took up the sword last June for his sake, I now take up this message of peace with a right willing heart, and only pray God to grant me success proportioned to my zeal in the undertaking."

"That would bring all things to a happy issue, I doubt not," replied Cromer; "and now, if you will come to me and Sir William Skeffington in half-an-hour, your instructions will be ready. But before you go, Sir John, lest it should seem strange that I have talked so earnestly with you in this matter, it behoves me to explain still farther. The Lord Deputy is surrounded by adventurers, needy, grasping, and unscrupulous. These are, one and all, desirous of prosecuting the war while an acre of the rebel's estates remains to be confiscated. This has been the secret of so many failures in negotiation, and this influence will operate even now in rendering the terms which you will have to propose less acceptable than they would be if left to the unbiased arrangement of the Lord Deputy himself. I have therefore sought, so far as I have been able, to urge you to such perseverance and exertion as will be needed before this proud lord can be brought to stomach our conditions; and I again beseech you to remember how many thousands of your countrymen depend

for life and happiness upon the result of your endeavours."

"May God judge me, as I do my best for all parties!" said Talbot. "And now, my lord, as I start in so short a time, I would, if it please you, spend a part of it with one who is very dear to me: it is long, my lord, since we have had a happy half-hour to ourselves before today."

"Go to her, my son," said Cromer: "go to her, and assure her of every kind office that tenderness can bestow upon her till you return. It is hard to separate you now; but there is no other man can do the work, and it must not be delayed."

In half-an-hour after, Ellen descended to the courtyard, leaning on the arm of her husband. The Archbishop's attendants had a horse litter prepared for her journey to the abbey: it was the same, although more carefully spread and curtained, that had borne her to Maynooth. "Ah, Ellen," said Talbot, as he placed her with her attendant in the rude vehicle, "we had a different prospect before us the night we last drew these curtains round us in Barnsbeg!"

"May the Queen of Heaven keep us from ever spending such a night again!" she replied; "but, thank God, all were well now if you could but succeed in this blessed errand. Dear John, spare no intreaty, use every argument. Oh, if you but restore us to peace, we will have purchased such a blessing cheaply by all we have endured."

"I shall do my best, love," he replied. "And now, till I return, be careful of yourself. Norah, I expect to see Art with my Lord Thomas: who knows but I may bring him back a free man before the week is over? Now, then, farewell. I shall seek you at Saint Mary's on my return; and may Heaven bless you, and all good angels watch over you till then!"

The litter, with its attending cortege, moved on, and Talbot returned to the courtyard, to receive his instructions. The sight which met his eyes as he issued out from under the low archway was such as to dispel the joy that had expanded his heart the moment before. Six of the rebel prisoners hung writhing from as many temporary gallowses in the agony of death: the others stood or knelt around, awaiting their fate, as two

confessors prepared them successively for execution. "Oh, God," exclaimed the knight, raising his eyes in silent prayer, "grant that I may be the instrument of putting an end to these horrors!" and with a confirmed determination to use every means of accomplishing his purpose, he proceeded to the keep, averting his eyes from the shocking spectacle as he passed; and, shuddering to hear the murmured prayers of those who were next to undergo the dreadful sentence. The Archbishop received him with a look of melancholy intelligence, and, handing him a packet, said, "These, Sir John, are your instructions, which you may peruse by the road. I trust in God they may afford a remedy for all such scenes as you have just passed through; but, should they fail, I doubt not you will be able to console yourself by the reflection that it will not be for lack of any exertion on your part. Now mount, Sir John, and ride day and night till you do your errand."

"My lord," replied the Knight, "I will need a sufficient escort as well as guides."

"Your escort is prepared," replied the Archbishop; "but I doubt me if they know the country sufficiently for rapid travelling. Where lies the rebel now, my Lord Deputy?"

"My last intelligence left him near the Slieve Bloom mountains," replied Skeffington; "but, if the Knight pleases, he can have one of these unfortunate kerns of the garrison, whose life I will forgive on condition of his guiding the party. Is there any of the Irish whom you would choose for such a service, Sir John?"

"My lord," replied Talbot, "the two men who know the country beyond the pale better than any others in Leinster are O'Madden and Sheridan, who would, either or both, gratefully purchase their pardons by such a service: they are without in the courtyard."

"Take them," said Skeffington; "but see that you bring them back in safe custody. We will draft them into the King's new levies. Salisbury, tell the Provost-marshal to give the poor rascals up. A little clemency, my Lord Chief Justice, may, after all, be useful in reconciling the people to our authority."

"Yes, my lord," replied the Chief

Justice, "when it does not prejudice the vindication of the King's authority." But Talbot waited to hear no farther discussion: he returned to the courtyard, where he found the liberated galloglass already forced on horseback, but blessing God for their escape. They would have thrown themselves on their knees when they saw their deliverer; but Talbot sprang on Glundhu, (for his charger had been brought to Maynooth at the same time with himself,) and, clapping spurs to his sides, dashed out of the gateway, glad to leave such a scene of blood and torture behind him. O'Madden and Sheridan now pricked forward to the head of the party, to point out their route, and Talbot received their thanks as they rode beside him.

"Indeed, Master O'Madden," said the Knight, in reply to the fervent acknowledgments of the captain of the platform, "I have received a greater service at your hands than you at mine. But for your timely account of Wafer's death, the Archbishop would never have thought of examining my enemy, and I might have lain under the blame of Archbishop Alan's murder to this hour."

"Look yonder, your nobleness," said Sheridan, turning round at that moment and pointing to the barbican, while a grim smile spread itself over his harsh features. As he spoke, a pike was raised above the parapet, having a human head stuck on the point.

"A fit end for him!" said O'Madden. "The executioner might well say, 'here is the head of a traitor,' when he held up that of Christopher Perez."

"May God forgive him," said Talbot: "he was my bitter and unprovoked enemy."

"A bitter enemy, indeed," replied O'Madden; "to sacrifice hundreds of friends that never injured him to his ill will against you alone. It must have been something stronger than mere malice that could have made him so wanton a traitor."

"He has paid the penalty of his treason now," said Talbot, "and let that be enough for the present: mean time, Master O'Madden, which of these roads shall we take?" O'Madden, thus rebuked, confined himself to his duties as guide, and did not again mention

the name of Parez during their journey. They took a south-westerly course through Kildare, towards the confines of Ofaly, where they learned, by the report of the country on the borders of the pale, that Lord Thomas's army was likely to be found, as he had within the last two days effected a junction with O'Connor, and was only awaiting the arrival of O'Neil from the north to march in full force upon Dublin. Talbot heard this intelligence with great regret: he had hoped to find Lord Thomas alone in the command of his own troops, and he knew how difficult it would be to urge ungrateful conditions on a man already possessed of powerful resources, and daily expecting a further accession to his strength; bound also by engagements to others, and perhaps not altogether independent of their direction in the disposal of even his own forces. Still he had a great sustaining confidence in the goodness of his cause, and became but the more zealously disposed as he saw his chances of success growing more uncertain. About sunset next evening the peaceful cavalcade drew near the rebel camp. Lord Thomas's army was posted in and about a castle occupying a little plain, surrounded on three sides by bog and thicket, and defended on the fourth by a trench, staked and palisaded, with strong gateways in the centre. A prey of upwards of a thousand head of cattle, which had been driven out of Butler's country across the whole breadth of Ofaly, afforded the messengers of peace a guide for the last ten miles of their road; and had it not been for their timely aid, it might have proved impossible, with all their guides' knowledge of the country, to have reached their destination that night, so intricate and rugged were the paths that traversed the seemingly interminable forest surrounding it. At length, however, they drew up at the entrance to the post described above; but Talbot was surprised to observe that the huts and tents composing the camp before him, instead of being pitched over the whole space of open ground, which was not by any means too extensive for their exclusive occupation, were crowded closely together in one corner, while the rest of the plain appeared to have been recently occupied by similar

dwellings equally straitened, for the ground was trampled bare, and ploughed with waggon wheels, while the rude framework of many deserted huts stood here and there among scattered piles of provender, and the useless lumber of temporary cattle-sheds and stables. Two great flag-staffs rose from different quarters of the unoccupied ground, neither of them bearing any standard; but the Geraldine banner waved from a third of similar proportions, over the remaining division. Talbot was afraid to trust himself with any too favourable conjecture, so, without waiting to speculate on such a strange appearance, he demanded instant admission to the camp. The gates were readily thrown open to his party, and they advanced, with their flag of truce displayed, to the tower in the centre of the little eminence where the insurgent leaders were assembled. Talbot was at once ushered into the chief apartment, a stone vaulted room, furnished with no other windows than a few narrow loop-holes, but made cheerful by a blazing hearth, and partially hung with a temporary tapestry of banners and tent canvassing. A long table bore the remains of a banquet, and round the upper end of this sat the heads of the enterprise. Lord Thomas rose, as did the rest of the party, when Talbot appeared at the door; but the rebel lord made no advance to meet him. "I come, my lord and gentlemen," said the Knight, somewhat piqued at so cold a reception, "upon a mission from men who would willingly be your friends if you will permit them. May I crave to know when your lordship will be at leisure to hear my errand?"

"Those who would have our friendship," replied Lord Thomas, "might show, methinks, somewhat more respect to our honour, than to require that we should treat with a man in your condition, Sir John Talbot."

"My lord," replied the Knight, "I have to blame myself in not first delivering this paper, which will explain to you how my embassy cannot be counted as any disparagement to your lordship's power or quality." So saying, he took forth an open letter, which he sent forward to the head of the table by an attendant.

Lord Thomas coloured deeply as he read the paper, and, ere he had quite

finished its perusal, threw it on the table, and advanced with frank good will to meet and welcome his old companion. "By my honour, Sir John," he said, grasping his hand, "I am rejoiced at this; and right glad I am to be able to bid you welcome to my quarters as I could wish by an old friend, and, I will say, a true and worthy one, till my own miserable error, which I heartily pray you to forgive, drove you from the service in just and reasonable indignation. Uncles and gentlemen, I pray you, forgive me for not first telling you that this charge against Sir John Talbot has been altogether set aside, that he is quite innocent of Alan's blood, and that the church's bann against him has been peremptorily remitted. Read the paper, Sir Oliver; it is under the hand and seal of the Primate: read it aloud, that we may all hear it."

"Before God, Sir John," cried the old Knight, cordially shaking Talbot by the hand, ere he had yet looked at the Primate's letter, "I am better pleased to hear this than if you had brought us the Gunner's head for your credentials! But surely you have not taken service with the churls? though, by my honour, if you did, it would be little wonder, after the wrong you have suffered at our hands."

"No, Sir Oliver," said Talbot, "I shall never bear arms against your brother's banner; but I would fain be of service as a peaceful negotiator, if my Lord Thomas will but listen to such terms as I can propose."

The young lord bit his lip. "I will not pretend to conceal from you," he said, turning to Talbot, "what you must learn before you leave us, if you have not guessed as much from the appearance of our camp already. We are in no condition to reject a reasonable proposal. We have lost two powerful auxiliaries; O'Connor and O'Neill have left us to fight our battle single-handed; but it is not the first time I have trusted to my own house to shelter me from a worse storm than I think will blow from England for a year to come. Let them go; we are two thousand of my own name and kindred, and as many more of allies less ambitious for themselves and more likely to be serviceable to their captain than

these proud barbarians, that are neither fit to command nor willing to obey."

"We are well rid of them," cried one of the Fitzgeralds, more excited by wine than the others; "a crew of prick-eared wood-kernes! They would have their bonaghts and their black mail out of Desmond! they would let us hold by coyne and living without the pale! A pity that their brehons are not sitting in Mary's Abbey portioning out Kildare among their gilly red-shanks! Let the bare-legged savage go back to Dungannon, say I; we have fought our own battle before now, and can again!"

"Can and will, Maurice," said Sir Oliver. "So, let us forget that dissension and its ill issue; for we are here bound to do justice to this injured gentleman, by attending to his proposals in the first place; not, however, till I read this paper, as my nephew desires, that you may all know ye sit in honourable company." He then, with a loud voice, read the Archbishop's letter:—

"To all whom it may concern: know that we, Richard Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, having diligently inquired into the truth of certain charges, whereby Sir John Talbot, Knight, stood accused of being a partaker in the foul and sacrilegious murder of our brother of Dublin, at Artane, in July last past, do find that the said Sir John Talbot, Knight, is clearly innocent of all participation in that horrid cruelty. Wherefore, we have remitted and abolished the unjust sentence erewhile pronounced against him for that supposed crime, by certain well-disposed but misjudging servants of the church; and we hereby command all churchmen of our primacy to admit the said Sir John Talbot, Knight, to the enjoyment of all such comfortable rites and consolations as the church extends to other members of her holy communion. —Richard Armagh.—Given at— How, in the devil's name, is this?" exclaimed Sir Oliver, stopping short when he came to the dating of the document. "Given at his Majesty's castle of Maynooth, this eight-and-twentieth of March!"—fore God, this looks as if the Gunner had been too many for us!"

They all turned their eyes upon Talbot for a reply, and many brave

men changed colour as they awaited the information he would give. Lord Thomas poured out a goblet of wine, and drank it off at a draught. "Speak out," he said, returning the cup, with a violent motion of his hand, to the table, "speak out, Sir John, are we late to raise the siege?"

"Maynooth is taken," replied Talbot: "the English stormed the place a little before sunrise yesterday."

There was a minute's dead silence; at length Lord Thomas took his hand from his brow, to which he had unconsciously been pressing it. "It is ill news, kinsman," he said; "but it is not the first mishap we have had to get the better of; and since Maynooth is fallen, we can but drink a cup of wine to the corner-stone of Rathangan; and yet there were many brave fellows in Maynooth; some that were both near and dear to me: but I doubt not they played their part as well as they might. But now, Sir John, I suppose the survivors of my people have been all executed?" He spoke with forced calmness, but it was evident the news had crushed him sorely.

"Not all, my lord," replied the Knight. "The lieutenant of the barbican and his company made their escape."

"I little thought to hear that the son of Connogher had turned his back upon his friends, and they in that pinch," exclaimed Lord Thomas.

"My lord, he did not fly till the place was lost past all hope of recovery; and when he did make good his retreat, it was through the ranks of the enemy, in as soldierly a sally as I ever saw given from castle gates."

"Well, be it so; but I will venture to say my warden did not leave his post while a man of his company stood by him."

"My lord," said Talbot, "I have some further news, which, if it be your pleasure, I would rather communicate in private, as well as the proposals which I have been directed to submit to your own judgment."

"If anything that you have to say affects yourself, Sir John," replied Fitzgerald, "I will willingly attend you in my own apartment; but if your news in any way touches our enterprise, I pray you to tell it openly in presence of these noble gentlemen,

who are all equally concerned with myself in whatever has to do with our common cause."

"My lord, I will have to tell you that which you would rather hear alone."

"Tell it here, in God's name, Sir John: if it do make a woman of me, I am not ashamed to show my kinsmen and friends that I can be sad at our misfortunes."

"Then, my lord, I must tell you that you have been much deceived in your warden."

"What, did Kit not play his part like a man?"

"He played his part like a traitor, my lord, as he ever was. He sold the castle."

"Now, by the King of the Elements, Sir John," exclaimed Lord Thomas, starting to his feet, "if you have said this of my foster-brother without such proof as shall satisfy this honourable company"—But Sir Oliver, interposing, cut short the incompleated threat:—

"Nephew, sit down; remember you are at your own board: if Sir John Talbot has made this charge out of mere malice—for I know that he and Parez have long been bitter enemies—there is no man here will more readily resent the injury done your kinsman; but hear him out, for, by my father's bones, I should little wonder if Parez had proved all he says, after the hateful villainy that, but for me, he would have practised on the citizens' children that day in Preston's Inns.

"What villainy?" cried Lord Thomas, "I never heard of any villainy that he had attempted on the citizens' children."

"Then, on my word, I have been much to blame in not telling you of it ere now, my lord," replied Sir Oliver; "he would have set the innocent infants on his breastwork to deter the gunners on the castle wall from firing into his battery, had I not, by God's good providence, come up at the minute and rescued them from certain destruction."

"I never heard of this before," said Lord Thomas, colouring, partly with indignation at the base design, and partly with vexation at the prospect of more displeasing intelligence.

Talbot took advantage of the pause that followed to proceed: "On my

honor, my lord, it grieves me to be the messenger of such ungrateful news; but, of Parez's guilt, there can be neither doubt nor question: my lord, you are familiar with his handwriting; here are the letters addressed by him to the English captain commanding the besiegers' trenches." So saying, he took forth the letters which Sir William Brereton had read before the Deputy, and handed them to the unhappy nobleman.

Lord Thomas tore them open, and his eye seemed to devour their contents; but he did not read more than a line or two till he saw that he had been betrayed: then his rage burst out in fierce exclamations—"By the heaven above me, it is too true; we are sold by the accursed villain!—a thousand pounds in hand:—base traitor, was it for but a thousand pounds you did it, after the tens of thousands that I and my father lavished on you? Villain! deliberate villain!" he cried, grinding his teeth with rage when he came to the second letter; "you will show a light when they may scale the wall; you have drugged a cask of wine that the revels of the garrison may be carried to a fortunate issue!—Oh fool, fool that I was to trust him!—Read that, Sir Oliver; read it aloud that we may all know how we have been betrayed; and do you, Sir John, I beseech you, pardon my incredulity, for, before heaven, I thought till now that a truer and more loyal servant than Christopher Parez, never did good service by a master!"

"From the first day I knew him, my lord," replied Talbot, "I have found him to be a malignant, envious man, and my own implacable enemy: my lord, so well as I can judge, the thousand pounds was not so much his object in betraying Maynooth, as the gratification of revenge and other worse passions which had been thwarted by the protection afforded to me and my lady by his lieutenant of the barbican; but as this concerns me privately, I shall take another opportunity of explaining it to your lordship."

Sir Oliver now proceeded to read the traitor's letters, and at every pause the room rung with execrations: "*Before God*," cried the old knight, *when he had finished*, "I don't think I ever heard of so desperate a villain

before, except, indeed, that churl who sold the Saviour: with such a conscience as he must have, I wish him joy of his thousand pounds!"

"If the church teach us aright," said Talbot, "he would now be glad to give it all for one drop of water: treachery for treachery, was his advice at the first outbreak of the war, and as he counselled so he has been dealt with."

"What, has the Gunner broken faith with him?" exclaimed several voices.

"I left his head on a spike above the gates, when I rode from Maynooth, yesterday morning," replied Talbot; and then went on to detail the unexpected events that had succeeded the storming of the castle.

"By my honor," said Lord Thomas, when he had concluded, "I hold myself Skeffington's debtor; though I would rather let him reconcile such a violation of his understood agreement with his conscience, than be the man to do so myself. But come, Sir John, Maynooth is lost, and the traitor who sold it is punished; there is no use in further complaint or reprobation; let us now hear what terms you bring us from the conquerors."

"My lord," said Talbot, rising, conscious of the importance of his task, and addressing Lord Thomas with an earnestness of manner that at once fixed the attention of all present, "when this mission was offered to be entrusted to me, I would willingly have left it to older and wiser men, whose known sagacity might have recommended their proposals to a more careful consideration than I can well hope for, inexperienced as I am in the management of such grave and momentous affairs; but, my lord, when it was represented to me that there was no man in the English camp capable of undertaking it, who was not likewise infected with the common longing for confiscations which brings hither so many rapacious adventurers desirous of protracting the war while any prospect of plunder remains, I thought it better to make the attempt with such poor talents as I possessed; conscious that no wish to rise on the ruins of your father's house could impede the efforts of my honest zeal for peace. The fortune of the war, my lord, has gone against you from the first. Not to dwell on an ungrateful topic by

enumerating former disasters, the present week has seen you deprived of your two most powerful auxiliaries in the interior, and stripped of the very keystone of your strength within the pale. Pardon me, my lord, that I lay these calamitous events thus plainly before you ; it is far from my purpose, and still farther from my wish, to irritate you by dwelling on misfortunes that have been caused by the pride or treachery of others, and for which you, my lord, may be counted in all respects blameless ; but it is my duty to show you, to the extent of my poor ability, the hopeless state to which this enterprize has been reduced by the will of Providence, before I urge you to make those sacrifices of pride and lingering ambition that must yet be submitted to before our unhappy country can be restored to the peace that, in a moment of delusion, we deprived her of. The secession of O'Connor and O'Neill has left you in undisciplined numbers scarce equal to the trained and veteran army which Skeffington leads against you ; the fall of Maynooth has placed the key of all Kildare in the hands of your enemy, and Rathangan is but two days' march from the scene of his triumph——"

"Your terms, your terms, Sir John !" exclaimed Lord Thomas, unable longer to control his impatience of this mortifying detail ; "it is true, we have not been successful ; had we been so, we would not have taxed your endurance with this parade of your misfortunes, but have told you in a word what we required you to do, and what we were willing to do ourselves."

"Alas ! my lord," cried Talbot, "were you in my place, I know not how otherwise you could preface the conditions which I am about to lay before you. I would to God they were more favourable ; but, trust me, if I had had a hand in drawing them up, there should be little difficulty in agreeing to them."

"Let us hear them, Sir John, in God's name," said Sir Oliver. "It were useless for us to deny that we are willing to listen to reason."

"The first item," said Talbot, taking forth his instructions, "is, that you shall disband your troops, and dismiss each man to his home, on taking an

oath never to bear arms again against his Majesty."

"A very fair condition," said Sir Oliver.

"Ay, and when we have parted with our strength, what then ?" enquired Lord Thomas.

"That all your military accoutrements, artillery, munition and stores be given up to the Lord Deputy, or such other persons as he may appoint to receive them."

"Good : what next ?"

"That you, my lord, with your uncles, Sir Oliver and Sir John Fitzgerald, do publicly, at a place to be appointed by the Lord Deputy, make your submissions, and render up to the royal commissioners all your estates of whatever kind, to be disposed of at the king's pleasure ; being guaranteed, out of the royal exchequer, to yourself, my lord, a yearly pension of one thousand marks ; and to the rest, by the year, one hundred marks respectively ; also that you render up Sir James Delahyde and Master Burnel, unconditionally."

"And, in return ?"

"Life and liberty, my lord."

"And are these the terms to which you would have my father's son subscribe ?" exclaimed Lord Thomas ; starting up in uncontrolled indignation, "sooner may this hand be chopped off by the axe of the hangman, than set sign or seal to such a prodigy of malignant and rapacious insolence ! What ! disband my troops to return to homes already portioned out to Cheshire or Kentish clowns ! give up the arms by which they must win themselves a portion from the natives of the interior, or defend the portion that good-will may assign them there, when driven out of their old holdings on our forfeited estates ! come in, most like, with halters round our necks, and lay our swords at the feet of a base churl, the proxy of a false and lascivious tyrant, sprung from the tail of a baggage-wagon, as this William the Gunner is creditably reported to be ! Give up the broad plains of Kildare, that our noble ancestors won with their good swords from kings and royal princes, to be plotted out to fat undertakers and beggarly adventurers at so much the rood, and a clause that no natives be

permitted on the land! What! see my noble kinsmen reduced to be pensioners on Henry Tudor's bounty! give up my honorable and faithful friends, who have stood by me with loyal constancy through the worst of times, to be dealt with as felons by a corrupt Chief Justice! sheath my sword while this cruel tyrant holds my father in captivity, and denies a free and honorable pardon for our taking up arms under the delusion of his death, spread as it was by his own minions?—Never!" He sat down amid loud plaudits from his kinsmen and associates.

Talbot again rose. "Good, my lord," he said: "remember that I only urge these conditions as the envoy of their framers, not as being in any way the adviser or suggester of any of them. And severe although they be, my lord, they are by no means so unjust as your indignation has led you at first sight to consider them. If your disbanded soldiery want homes on their return, which in the present unsettled state of the country is far from probable—for what English settler would venture on the Geraldine lands in times like these?—But, should your troops have neither home nor employment, there are the king's levies into which they may, every man, be drafted within a month. Submission is a galling word to a proud spirit; but, my lord, the prime nobility and the kings themselves of the land, have often submitted themselves to the King's Deputy; and, so that he be the representative of royalty, who matters what may be his name or lineage? My lord, Roderick O'Connor was not ashamed to bend his knee to your great ancestor, and he was king of all Ireland. To be pensioners on the royal bounty is what many of the chief nobility of England openly desire; yet far be it from me to recommend dependence on such a stipend, because it is scarce counted dishonorable among strangers; it is by setting its decent provision in comparison with the precarious estate of outlawry, that I would seek to reconcile you to some farther consideration of this proposal. But, my lord, I have hitherto spoken of your honor and interest; it behoves me now to tell you of higher reasons why you should not reject such chances of reconciliation with the state as the

decrees of Providence have left you. My lord, I will speak freely, for I feel honestly concerned for all parties: it is your duty, my lord, as a knight and a Christian, since you have kindled strife and contention among your fellow-countrymen for the sake of avenging a wrong that was never done you, it is your bounden duty, I say, now that you have been undeceived, to make amends to the outraged peace of your country, even though in doing so you should have to sacrifice both fortune and liberty. You bared the sword, my lord, to take vengeance for your noble father's supposed murder. Alas! your obstinacy in refusing to sheath it when that error was discovered, has wrought a worse calamity than the evil which you drew it to avenge.—"

"Ha, Sir John, what has happened to my father?"

"My lord, he was in some measure my own father; I can remember no other parent. It is bitter news to tell, Lord Thomas; but for all our sakes it must be told—he is dead, my lord; his heart was broken by your persevering in this aimless and hopeless war." Lord Thomas sat for a minute struggling to keep down his emotion, but it was more than he could contend against. He rose abruptly and in silence; but those who marked his face might see that he was bursting into tears as he left the apartment. A general outbreak of lamentation followed, and Talbot sat down overcome with the effect of his own announcement, and half-reproaching himself that he had not made it more delicately. Lord Thomas returned in a few minutes, and advanced to the head of the table. His manner was calm and sad, but the first word announced that his determination was taken. "Sir John Talbot, kinsmen, and gentlemen," he began, "it were idle in me to pretend that I could hear of a parent's death without such emotion as must for a time interrupt any deliberation on other affairs; yet, ere I retire, I would apprise you that, in the matter before us, there will be no need to resume the arguments on either side. Bear back my defiance to the framer of these insolent demands," he said, turning to Talbot, "and tell Sir William Skeffington, that when I make my

submission to him, there will be no need of stipulating for my people's pardon, since I mistake them much if any of them will stand in need of favor at his hands when that day comes. And, as for the representations of duty which you have made to me; believe me, so far as they proceed from yourself, I thank you heartily; but, with regard to those who sent you, tell them that my duty makes me consider them as much the murderers of my father, now that they have done him to death by their cruel injustice towards me, as I did on that day when Alan first spread the rumour of his having fallen beneath the axe of their executioner. I have done with the subject of your mission, Sir John; and I would not have it renewed. If I have given you offence in aught that I have said, forgive me; for this has been a trying evening with us. You will sup with my kinsmen, Sir John—it will be but a melancholy meal; yet, such as it is, I give thanks to God that I have it by the bounty of neither king nor viceroy. Sir John, farewell till the morning; and if you like your fare, remember that while there are streams in Desmond and woods upon Slieve Logher, I shall never want a board as independently supplied, and at which you will always be welcome, for the sake of him that is gone." He wrung Talbot's hand and withdrew. His uncles accompanied him, and left the knight, but not without the expression of much regret, to meditate over his disappointments till their promised return at supper. Talbot would have gone, but that he still hoped, when the first ebullition of grief was past, to have another opportunity of conversing with Lord Thomas on the engrossing subject of his thoughts and wishes. But the greater number of gentlemen among whom he had been left were Fitzgeralds; and although their gloomy prospects, combined with this melancholy intelligence of the decease of the great head of their house, rendered their conversation, during the absence of the elder knights, somewhat sad; yet as Talbot had been known to many of them before quitting the service of Kildare, they gave him opportunity enough to forget his anxiety in relating their several adventures and changes

of fortune since they had last met. At length Sir Oliver returned. "I crave your pardon, fair Sirs," he said; "but my nephew has been so much moved by this news, that 'tis only now I have thought it right to leave him. God rest poor Gerald's soul! he was a good man and a brave man; and a better brother, I am bold to say, never broke bread among his kindred. But we must all die; and although I would rather than a year and a day added to my own time that Gerald had died in harness, instead of these churl's bolts and fetters, yet, since it has been God's will so to take him, let us not repine.—So ho, ye knaves, spread the board for supper, and tell Neal Roe that I will need him here with the harp. Come, Sir John, drink a cup of wine with me for the sake of the days when I used to nurse you on my knee under the old beech tree in Maynooth gardens."

"God be with the time!" cried Talbot, pledging the worthy knight in a full goblet. "But ah! Sir Oliver, there is no seat under the old beech now; the English cut it down to make room for their breaching battery."

"Well, let it go," replied Sir Oliver; "it will not burn a whit the less merrily for the taint of the churl's hatchet, and some good fellow's hearth may yet be all the brighter by its fall. But, fore God, now that I think of it, I do remember my father used to say there was something that touched the fate of our house in that beech's cutting down; but if we were to heed all the idle omens and blind prophesies about the downfall of the Geraldine for these ten years past, we would spend but an uneasy time. Blessed be God, it has not come to housing in the cow's belly with us yet!"

"In the cow's belly, Sir Oliver? What mean you by that?"

"How, Sir John, heard you never the old rhyme,

'When five brothers go
I' the belly of the cow,
Clan Gerald's day of doom
Is come?'

"Not I, by my faith," said Talbot; "but she will be a lusty heifer that fulfils your fate, if it is to happen in your generation, Sir Oliver."

"Fore God, I think she would soon be fain to drop her calves," replied the old knight. "John, James, Rickard, Walter, and myself, have an old custom of making free elbow-room, go where we will. But Heaven knows—I cannot tell what to think of these things falling out as they often do. We are just five brothers, now that Gerald (God rest his soul,) is gone." He paused for a moment, and proceeded: "But come, Sir John, and kinsmen, you see the best we can place before you; fall to with the best appetite you can; for, come what may, a man made never the worse fight, either against grief or handy blows for having his stomach well lined with good munition of venison and Spanish wine." But, notwithstanding his recommendation, poor Sir Oliver scarce touched the good cheer set before him: his heart was full; and though he neglected no observance of the rights of hospitality, the tear was in his eye throughout. At length when the sorrowful repast was over, he poured out a goblet of wine and gave it to an attendant to bear to Neale Roe, the bard, who sat at the farther end of the table, next the lowest of the gentlemen of the Geraldine name.

"The harp is silent on the hearth, son of Kennedy," said he, in Irish, "and our hearts are low in our breasts. Drink a strong draught to the memory of Gerald that will never listen to the voice of strings again; then let your fingers go forth on the wire, swiftly,

sweetly, clearly-ringing, till either the smiles come back to our countenances, or the tears that oppress our hearts flow upward with their weight of sorrow, and pour it from our eyes upon the ground."

The bard took the goblet, and, rising, stood beside his harp. The flickering brands at his feet threw his tall figure and wild costume into strong relief as he stood beneath the brace of the black-browed, overarching chimney. He looked round, and, raising the cup, drained it in silence and at a single draught. A few drops fell from the reversed goblet as his arm sank slowly again to his side, while he leaned abstractedly over his instrument, as if gathering his fancies for the coming lamentation: but suddenly raising his head, and shaking back the long red bands of his glibb, that had partially fallen over his brow, he extended the cup again, and exclaimed, "I drank to Gerald of the open hand, and the wine has not melted my soul to lamentation. My heart, among the strong-wine, still burns like the hot iron when the son of the hammer has plunged it in a too shallow stream. Fill the cup again! for I will now drink a health; and that neither in silence nor in sorrow, but freely, loudly, and joyfully!" The cup was speedily replenished; and Neale Roe, seizing his harp, without prelude or preface, burst forth with this strain in Irish:—

"Health to the wolf of the red forest of Bawn Regan!

Hither, wild dog of the woods, and do his errand who drinks to you in Spanish wine.

Eastward through the plain of Liffey a day's journey, and the smell of carrion will guide you to Maynooth:

There's a dead man in the castle ditch; there is no head upon his shoulders:

Drag him out upon the bank, and tear him in four quarters!

Give his limbs to your cubs to carry to the four forests of Ireland;

But hide his heart in a hole; taste it not, for it is full of poison;

It would poison the wolf in his famine; it is the heart of him who betrayed his foster-brother!

"Health to the crow of the red shambles of Moyslaght!

Hither, black gorgon of flesh, and do his errand who drinks to you in Spanish wine.

Eastward over the plain of Liffey a three-hours' flight, and the smell of carrion will guide you to Maynooth.

There's a head on a spike over the castle gate: there is no back-bone under it:

Pluck off the hair of the head, and scatter it to the four winds of heaven !
 Pluck out the two eyes of the head, and give them to the callow brood of the
 two shambles of Ireland ;
 But hide his tongue in a hole ; taste it not, for it is full of lies ;
 It would deceive the crow before rain ; it is the tongue of him who betrayed
 his foster-brother !

“ Health to the wolves and carrion crows of Ireland !
 Come at the cry of *Croom aboo!* and do his errand who drinks to you in
 Spanish wine.
 There will be trunks of traitors and heads of the false churls of London
 Lying thick upon the ground under the sharp strokes of victorious Clan
 Gerald ;
 Pluck forth the heart of the traitor ; may it be a sweet morsel in the jaws of
 the wolf of Bawn Regan !
 Pluck forth the tongue of the false Englishman ; in such be the beak of the
 crow of Moyslaght bathed abundantly !
 Partake, without fear of poison or deceit, of each portion of the banquet that
 we will spread before you,
 For there never lived in the world but one man that betrayed his foster-
 brother !”

Fierce and vehement was the ap-
 plause that burst forth on all sides as
 Neal Roe concluded : but the bard
 sunk his head upon his breast, and
 seemed too much absorbed in thought
 to notice the effect of his performance.
 He remained for a few minutes motion-
 less and silent ; then, taking his harp
 again, without raising his head, he
 touched the strings in a low, mournful
 strain that at once hushed the assem-
 bly. The music grew clearer and
 sweeter as it proceeded, till, catching
 the recurrence of the measure where
 the air was most plaintively tender,
 Red Kennedy lifted up his voice and
 countenance together, and sung again,
 in Irish—

“ Health to the fair dove of the green waving groves of Moyliffey !
 Hither, clear shooting star of the woods, and do his errand who pledges you
 in bitter tears ;
 Eastward with the course of the ships ; and the ringing of hammers will
 guide you
 To where the churls are forging chains for your people in the black Massey
 More of London.
 There is a corpse there before the chapel altar : his mouth is sealed with the
 oil of peace,
 And his hands clasped over the cross of his salvation.
 Alight at his bier head, fair voyager of the dews of morning,
 And whisper the message of my heart in the ear of the mighty Gerald.

“ Son of Garret More, I weep not that death has unlocked your prison ;
 For better all the clay of the earth upon your breast, than one closed door
 between your warm heart and the friends you loved.
 I weep not that my nation have been left without their head of protection ;
 For, proudly where the old tree stood the young branch of nobleness still
 spreads his shelter over the people.
 I weep not that the fire is quenched on the broad hearthstone of your father's
 dwelling ;
 For the deeds of a traitor move not the tears of indignant men :
 But I weep, and my tears fall faster and hotter,
 When I think that Gerald of the open hand was left to die alone in a land of
 strangers !

"Oh, had I been with you! these hands should have attended you;
This voice should have soothed you with the songs you used to ask for by night!

But your attendant was the rude son of the fetterlock;
The hands of the rough jailer wiped the cold moisture from your brow;
No kindly nurse to hold the cup of refreshment to your lips,
Nor word of comfort till the good priest bade you prepare for the road to heaven—

Oh, my sweet master, that I had been with you!
Your eyes should never have been closed by the hands of a stranger!

"My tears are dried up: there are martial trumpets sounding
In the midst of the camp of the silken-vested son of Gerald;
There are iron breastplates flashing in the light of a hundred watch fires,
And the eager neighing of war horses in a thousand stalls:
There are strong kerns without, with battle-axes, broad-bladed and blue-shining:
There are noble gentlemen within, with heads of wise counsel and undaunted hearts of valour—
Son of Garret More, I will not weep; there will soon be tears enough of Saxon widows
Bewailing the day that saw you left to die alone in a land of strangers!

The music had grown louder and more rapid in the last stanza; and although, in the preceding parts of the lay, there were few there who had not been in tears, the approbation, at its conclusion, was as fiercely vehement as before. "Let my cousin Thomas but give me fifty men," cried one of the Fitzgeralds, starting to his feet, "and I will make a dash into the pale to-night! There's a garrison of churls in Tristledermot, and I'll lay my gold chain to a kern's belt, that I bring in a score of their heads before this time tomorrow!"

"Get to your bed, Maurice," said Sir Oliver; "the wine and grief are turning your brain. 'Fore God, I think we had all better get to bed," he continued, rising, and brushing a tear from his eyes; "we have a hard day's riding before us tomorrow, and I am myself ill able to keep up a revel after what has happened this evening." On this they broke up, and Talbot retired to his quarters for the night.

Next morning, he could not but reproach himself for the ill success of his mission. Many arguments now suggested themselves that he had not urged before; many oversights also, and faults of judgment, as it seemed to him, in the manner of his putting those *he had already used*. He therefore *besought* a second interview with Lord Thomas: but, so far as the prospect of

accommodation was concerned, with the same ill success as before. "Well, my lord," he said, when he had exhausted every argument, "I can but thank you for your courtesy in listening to me so long, and relieve you of the subject, which I well believe is a disagreeable one to you."

"It is a distressing one, Sir John," replied Fitzgerald, "firmly believing as I do that my father has been made away with by foul means, to enable these rapacious enemies of my house to confiscate the whole Geraldine possessions. But enough of this. You said, Sir John, you could explain some private reasons that induced you to think this ingrate did not betray me so much for the sake of money as for other causes."

"My lord, you are aware we both sought the same lady's hand in marriage."

"And, gracious God! could mere jealousy have urged him to an act so desperate?"

"It urged him, my lord, to the commission of a much more heinous sin."

"How can that be, Sir John? I know no greater sin than ingratitude like his."

"In a word, my lord, the same enmity that drove him to betray your castle, for the purpose of banding me over to the civil power as one of Alan's murderers, had already insti-

gated him to fix the imputation of that crime on me by a still more desperate act of villainy.—It was he himself who was the third murderer; he confessed it, my lord: he said he could not bear to see me united to the woman who had scorned him; and to be revenged, he stole my sword and dagger that night as they were taking the Archbishop away, and, entering in the dark with Teling and Wafer, left the one weapon in the prelate's body and threw the other under or behind my bed as he escaped; so that till God's fit time I lay under a seemingly manifest conviction of the act."

"I have been greatly deceived—grossly practised on indeed!" exclaimed Lord Thomas; "human nature is a worse thing than I ever thought it to be before. But, now that he has gone to his account, Sir John, I pray God to forgive him, and to grant you long life and peace for the enjoyment of your recovered reputation; for I must bid you farewell, as I have to ride this morning on urgent affairs towards Mac Coghlan's country. Remember what I told you last night; and if ever you grow weary of their cabals and knaveries within the pale, count on a sure welcome with me and my merry men wherever we may be."

"Farewell, my lord; may God grant us all a happy issue out of this wild enterprize!" cried Talbot, wringing his hand, and in a few minutes after, each was riding at the head of his respective party in opposite directions through the forest.

Talbot had scarce journeyed ten miles from the camp, when his little troop was thrown into some confusion by the approach of a considerable body of footmen, who, in their turn, startled at the sight of English cavalry, halted, and threw themselves into close order right across the road, which wound through steep banks on either side, forming a pass of considerable strength. "They are the advanced guard of the Lord Deputy's army," said one; "he always puts his kern to that service."

"In my mind, they are Mac Coghlan's men," replied another.

"More likely the Mac Gillpatricks out of Ossory," said a third; "for I heard that the Lord Butler, whom they serve, was expected in the borders of Kildare this week."

"Push on," cried Talbot; "neither

Fitzpatrick nor Mac Coghlan ever had such a battle of galloglass as that under his banner! I would know the march of my own old troop as far as I could distinguish footman from cavalry. So ho, Art," he cried, riding up, "you are making a full leisurely retreat."

"*Chorp an Chriost*, Sir John," exclaimed the son of Connogher; "how came your nobleness here? I never thought to see you a living man again!"

"You will hear the whole story from Neale Roe when you reach the camp," replied the knight; "I doubt not but he will have my adventure set in choice verse by the time you arrive. Meanwhile, Art, I must push on, for I bear urgent news for the Lord Deputy. I must, besides, arrange to have our friend Norah sent in safety to your quarters."

Art smiled, and pointed to a horse litter, which Talbot had not before observed in the rere. "Norah's term of service was up, Sir John," said he, "when she left the bantierna safe at Saint Mary's. We had fled in that direction to deceive the churls, and fell in with them just as they reached the abbey gates; so I thought it better to make sure and bring her on with me. She is yonder with little Feargus, safe and sound, in the old litter. By the hand of my body, it has been the useful vehicle!"

Talbot rode up, and having learned that Ellen was put safely into the hands of the abbess, presented little Feargus with his dagger, and with a general *banaght leat*, and a parting assurance to Barry Oge that he had not taken service with the churls, left his old comrades to pursue their way to the rebel camp, and pushed on with his own company as fast as the rugged nature of the roads would permit. But when he arrived at Maynooth, the Lord Deputy was gone with a body of cavalry to Tristledermot. Hither he followed him; but he was again late; Skeffington had started for Dublin the evening before. To Dublin, then, the knight bent his course; and on the seventh day from the date of his commission, laid the result of it before the Deputy and council. This duty performed, Sir John's next anxiety was for some means of supporting the rank which

he and his wife must now assume among their equals. In the friendship of Cromer he had every trust, and he knew that, for the present, they could experience no difficulty; but when he began to reflect on the necessity of providing for the future, he was obliged to confess to himself that the prospect was dark enough to justify even more melancholy forebodings than he felt disposed to indulge in. Pondering these sad thoughts, he rode slowly from the castle towards Christ's church for the road to Hoggin Green was blocked up by some workmen repairing the Dame's gate, and he had to go round by Francis-st. to make his way thither. When he came to Skinner's Row, he could not resist the desire of taking a passing look at the house of his friend the ruined merchant, for whose liberation he had been laying many plans during the last two days; but he was struck with great astonishment to see the front of Master Harvey's warehouse exhibit precisely the same appearance it had presented when he saw that worthy trader last. There were the identical bales and boxes, the cases of cutlery and piles of rich armour—all as if the last year had passed in the space of a single day. A porter, as was usual at the hour, was sprinkling the dusty footpath from a jar of water. He started back with a look of joyful recognition when he saw the knight, and ran into the warehouse exclaiming—"By the devil, Master Harvey, here is Master O'Regan—I beg his nobleness's pardon—Sir John Talbot himself at the door!" Next moment Talbot's hand was in the grasp of the good merchant.

"Why, Master Harvey," he exclaimed, "in God's name, how is this? I thought you were a ruined man!"

"Come in, come in, Sir John, and I will tell you all," cried Harvey, his countenance bright with extreme good humour. "Marry, there are some here that you will be glad to see. But, Sir John, as I am a true man, I have been searching for you throughout Ireland for the last three months, but all in vain: Drogheda, Armagh, Kells—not a town in Oriel or Meath that I have not ransacked in search of you."

"I can answer for that," said Peter; "*it was between Kells and Raheen I lost your honor's track last; and if*

you but knew the handling I met with on the road—But no matter; I may sing with the rogue—they called him Sheridan—that travelled the last stage with me—

"I through Ireland twice have walked,
Once besides through Mostogrenge."

"Hold, your peace, sirrah," said the merchant, "and lead round his nobleness's horse."

"But, Master Harvey, I have not yet seen my wife, who lies at the abbey."

"Why, to tell you the truth, Sir John, when Mrs. Harvey heard that she was there, she would not rest till the good lady abbess consented to let her come to us for a season; and there was, too, as I believe, some report of fever going among the sisters; so that, in fact, my Lady Talbot is up stairs."

"Fever! she is well, I trust?"

"As well, Sir John, as heart could wish; but before you go to her I must tell you, that all is well here too;" and he pointed to the cabinet in which he had deposited the jewels. "So wronged a man you never heard of as I have been, Sir John; but thanks be to God, I am out of their clutches now, and God bless the good Archbishop of Armagh, say I; if it had not been for him, I would have been a beggared man this day. But I will tell you all about the charges they brought against me, and how I cleared myself before the whole council, when we have time to sit down by and by; for I see a friend of yours coming here that must speak with you first."

It was Dame Keating. "Kinsman, can you forgive me?" she said, coming forward with her brother from the inner apartment.

Talbot extended a hand to each with frank good will. "Forgive you, Dame Margaret?" he said; "I must be at war with all the world if I resent what you once thought of me; and, Father Thomas, it would take good cause to make me quarrel with you after the good service you did me that day in Saint Patrick's!" Here Dame Harvey came forth smiling, and with an air of considerable importance. "Ah, dame," cried the knight, taking the hand she held out, and cordially saluting her, "it was not thus we parted that day I left you sprinkling little

Jeniko with the sprig of rosemary! Ha! Jeniko, my little friend, where is he?"

"Jeniko is gone out to play," said Mistress Harvey; "but here is another little friend you never saw before"—she uncovered the face of a baby in her arms as she spoke.—"and yet I'll be bound," she continued, while her eyes glistened with maternally pleasure, "you would rather have his little finger than Jeniko's whole body."

"He is a boy, then," said Talbot, speaking low, and bending to kiss his son, while a tide of emotions that he had never felt before, flowed in upon his heart.

"A brave boy, may God bless him!" exclaimed Dame Keating; "and may God forgive me the rash word I spoke to his and to his mother's prejudice!"

"I remember that word well, Dame Margaret," said Talbot, "and I will forgive it to you on one condition."

"What is that, kinsman? and it will go hard with me but I will fulfil it."

"If I can get a priest to christen my boy, Dame Margaret, you must stand his godmother."

"Proud and happy I will be to do that, Sir John!" exclaimed the good woman, much gratified; "and if I stand godmother for the dear infant, who will be my gossip?"

"Choose him, dame," cried Talbot; "I lay it on you as a double expiation."

"Then a better sponsor to answer for the child's being made what an honest man should be, I could not choose," said Dame Keating, holding out her hand to Master Harvey.

The merchant coloured and hesitated, as this was an honor for which he was unprepared; but Talbot seconded his gossip's election so cordially that he at length consented. "But," said he, with a conscious glance at Mistress Harvey, "methinks, Sir John, my Lady Talbot ought to be consulted."

"I will answer for her," said the knight; "but if she should object to anything, you know, Master Harvey, who will have to yield. But it is now my turn to fulfil my part of the contract. Father Thomas, you will not fail me in this time of need?"

"God forbid, my son," said Keating; "and when shall we have the christening?"

"The sooner the better, by all means," said Talbot; "and if Mistress Harvey will but help me to find his mother, I will bring you the time and the name without delay."

The knight returned soon after, and announced that all would be ready for the ceremony in an hour; "and since we are all loyal subjects now, Master Harvey," he said, "we think there can be no harm in calling the boy after a noble gentleman, who I wish was out of his troubles as happily as we are. We will call him, if it please you, Thomas Gerald."

* * * *

Somewhat better than a year after these events, a crowd had collected to witness the sailing of a vessel from Dudley's wharf. The ship was now some distance from land, when a cavalier rode down from the Dame's gate and cordially accosted a citizen who was returning from the river side. "Good morrow, Master Harvey, and is my fair gossip well?"

"Well, Sir John—quite well: and how is my godson, and my Lady Talbot, and the little girl?"

"All as happy as the day is long; and *Tomás Oge* grown a stirring blade, I promise you. But what is this bustle at the wharf, Master Harvey?"

"Ah, Sir John, this comes of burying yourself in the woods: have you not heard the news of the peace at Disert yet?"

"Not I, by my faith; but it is pleasant news to hear at any time. What terms has Lord Thomas obtained?"

"A pardon, Sir John—a free pardon and promise of advancement: my Lord Grey, our new Deputy, and he took the sacrament to it in open camp."

"By my honor I am rejoiced to hear it! And does Lord Thomas go to England?"

"He is gone already, Sir John, and his uncles are following him to-day."

"What! was it their embarkation you were witnessing?"

"It was, Sir John; and though they have such security as I tell you, they seemed right loth to go: by the mass, they are five tall gentlemen."

"What! the whole five?"

"One and all, Sir John; Sir Oliver shook hands with me as he was going on board."

"Master Harvey, do you know the name of that vessel?"

"Marry, Sir John, the Cow. She had good need to steer clear of the Bull," said Harvey, laughing at his own jest upon the name of the great sandbank where Alan's barque had been wrecked: but Talbot sighed deeply; for he remembered what Sir Oliver Fitzgerald had told him that night in Lord Thomas's camp.

"So, then," said Turlogh, "I think I have redeemed my promise, though I have not yet shown you Lord Thomas's head upon London Bridge."

"And he was beheaded after all?" said Art.

"Hanged and quartered at Tyburn, with his five uncles, and their heads set upon six spikes, as I tell you," replied the bard.

"And did not Lord Grey choak upon the sacramental bread?" asked Henry.

"He was beheaded himself the next year" replied Turlogh.

"A fit end for the traitor!" exclaimed Art; "he was almost as bad as Parez."

"I wish we had Neale Roe here, to sing his obsequies," said Henry.

"Alas!" he said, as he turned his horse's head towards home, "I fear these gallant gentlemen are doomed to the block! Such has been the end of our Irish Rebellions from the first; and such now, if tyranny and treachery remain as close friends as they have been of late, will be the end of the Rebellion of Silken Thomas."

"I wish I had all of their kidney in Ireland, for one half hour in Baronsmore!" said Red Hugh.

"But what became of Burnel?" asked Henry.

"He was hanged at Tyburn," said Turlogh.

"And Father Trevors?"

"Hanged at Tyburn, too."

"And De la Hyde and Power?"

"Fled into Scotland and Portugal, and there died."

"And what was the name of Lady Talbot's daughter, Turlogh?"

"On that point, my prince, history is silent," said the bard; "but I think they could not have done better than call her after her mother."

SONNET ON SHELLEY.

If the invisible powers of earth and air
Ere met together in one human form,
And breathed upon the soul enshrined there
The spirit of the lightning and the storm,
Shelley! 'twas thine—yet thou on earth didst live
A shadow scarce with earth identified;
Restless as Ocean's ever-changing tide,
But loving, gentle, and contemplative:
Learned in books, without the pedant's pride,
Receiving thence far less than thou didst give—
Ah, noble spirit! gently would I chide
Thy faithlessness, and fondly would believe,
That from thee oft unbidden thoughts would start,
Pleading for faith, which thou didst banish from thy
heart.

B. B. F.

SYLVÆ.—NO. II.

I.—TO LUCY CONVALESCENT: AN INVITATION TO THE WOODS.

Come, Lucy, let us share the joy
 Dear Nature to her children gives ;
 Come, the lone Spirit let us seek
 That hushed in depth of forests lives.
 'Tis long since thou hast peep'd abroad,
 For Sickness pale had touched thee, dearest,
 And those that loved thee feared far worse
 Than thou, meek Trustee, ever fearest !

Ah, Lucy, think of those dull days,
 Those long, long days, my drooping Dove,
 When, pillow'd on a weary couch,
 All feelings dead but pain and love,
 Thy accents failed, and looks alone
 Sweet thanks exprest, and hope divine,
 Thanks ! as if all our pangs were not
 So fruitlessly to witness thine !

I know not ought I love thee most
 When sick or well, in grief or mirth ;
 For *sick* thou seemest nearer heaven,
 And *well*, thy bright looks brighten earth.
 Nor, feebly sunk in that sad chair,
 Methinks less lovely didst thou seem
 Than when thou rovest woodpaths wild,
 And mov'st, the Lady of a Dream !

Unworldly girl ! such days as these
 Shine from the skies to image thee,
 They breathe the same soft influence,
 And thou and they are harmony.
 Thus Nature, Lucy, but *translates*
 Thee to a language she hath made,
 Thy gladness to her noonday smile,
 Thy sorrow to her twilight shade.

Come to the woodlands, Lucy dear,
 I know thou lov'st the dark green woods,
 The winds that murmur like the waves,
 The twisted boughs, the solitudes :
 The gleams of sky between the leaves,
 The lone retreats for thoughtful hours,
 The deep grass sparkling and starbright
 With *constellations* of sweet flowers !

A dome of mingling sun and shade
 Shall weave rich tracery o'er thine head,
 The blue-bell (*sylvan hyacinth* !) creep
 Around thy feet and kiss thy tread.
 Gentler than garish noon shall fall
 The twilight of that woodland dim,
 While through the Forest-Minster sigh
 The *choir of winds* their ancient hymn.

Nay—dost thou tremble at the winds
 That play among the pleasant trees?
 Fear'st thou thy dear cheek's new-born rose
 May blanch before the ruder breeze?
 None breathe but those whose dying strains
 A music that thou lov'st may wake,
 For May hath charm'd his winds to sleep,
 He lulls them for my Lucy's sake!

Come, then; but first let tenderest hands
 The mantle clasp and fold the shawl,
 Whate'er the prudence of fond fear
 Bids Love protect his Loved withal.
 Thou com'st! I read that silent smile,
 Thou com'st to consecrate the shade,
 A music for the voiceless wild,
 A sunlight for the sunless glade!

II.—A SONNET TO THE STARS.

"The morning stars sang together."—*Jos xxxviii. 7.*

Brighteners of space, enthroned in burning cars,
 Peopling with Life the skyey solitude,
 Ye win my rapt soul to a kindred mood
 Of light and loftiness! Eternal Stars,
 I hear your mystic voices as I lie
 Veiled in a gorgeous ecstasy,—I hear
 Bursts of high melody, remote yet clear,
 Float through the clouds, and thrill the ample sky.

Bright harmony of power, whose swelling strains
 Fall deaden'd upon Earth! And, wherefore, Earth,
 Hast *tho* no voice to swell the choral mirth
 Of this loud anthem to the One who reigns
 O'er Thee and them? Fallen Orb! the pure are given
 To praise the Purest. Sin would still the choir of heaven!

III.—THE RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD ARE FELT WITH A PAINFUL PLEASURE.

TWO SONNETS.

1.

Pardon my lingering soul! It travels back
 To seek the vanished Eden of its youth;
 Once more to group those scattered flowers, to track
 The streams that led *from* Happiness to Truth,
 To the dull daily task of sin and strife,
 And cleft the golden mist that circled my young life!
 —Oh! softly steals upon my soul, subdued
 With a most pleasing grief, some gentle thought,—
 When, wandering where the world can less intrude,
 Fancies are visiting the mind unsought,
 And like a drifting summer barque 'tis wooed
 By every breeze, joy-born or sorrow-fraught,—
 Some thought that Memory tints with hues of rose,
 That gives me bliss, yet gives me not repose.

2.

Groves of my childhood ! sunny fields that gleam
 With pensive lustre round me even now !
 Rivers ! whose unforgotten waters stream
 Bright, pure as ever from the rifted brow
 Of hills, whose fadeless beauty, like a dream,
 Bursts back upon my weeping memory,—how
 Hath time increased your loveliness, and given
 To Earth and Earth's a radiance caught from heaven !
 My soul is glad in floating up the tide
 Of years, in counting o'er the withered leaves
 That Time hath strewn upon the path of Pride :
 Yes, glad—most glad ! and yet the feeling grieves
 With Peace and Pain mysteriously allied,
 That *sway* and swell my breast, like Ocean's stilly heaves.

IV.—A NIGHT SONNET.

" Mox ubi fugerunt elusam gaudia mentem
 Veraque forma redit, animus quod perdidit optat,
 Atque in præteritâ se totus imagine versat."

Petronius.

Lo ! in the stillness of deep night I wake
 And memory turns, too faithful ! turns to thee ;
 My dream hath vanish'd, yet will not forsake
 The sweet dominion of its witchery.
 Mine is the slumber of the waking soul,
 The Shadow that unreal, still lives on,
 Even when the fleeting hour of its control
 Should wane to viewless ether and be gone.
 Again I sink upon the dreamer's pillow,
 And like soft music comes thy form again ;
 Such music as the sob of summer billow
 Dying in drowsy murmurs on the main,
 That low, pathetic dirge of the lone deep,—
 And such thou com'st. Ah, do I wake or sleep ?

W. A. B.

THE BETRAYED ONE.

When the sweet flower of beauty, full blown,
 Hath been sapped by the breath of deceit ;
 When the charms of virtue have flown,
 And treachery's triumph's complete ;
 When the poor, lorn victim of guile,
 To sorrow, to anguish a prey,
 All cheerless, forgets how to smile,
 Or chase the lone moments away ;

When the youth who thy fondness betrayed,
 He whose blandishments hushed every fear,
 Regardless now hears thee upbraid,
 And unmoved views the fast-falling tear ;
 Oh, destinies shorten thy span ;
 Oh, solace of death, intervene ;
 For enough of the world, and of man,
 And of love unpropitious, thou'st seen,

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.—NO. VI.

THE SECOND MEETING AT EXETER HALL—THE ELECTION SERMON IN CARLOW—THE FLYING SHIP—THE QUARTER'S REVENUE—A FACT AND A RUMOUR.

THE SECOND MEETING AT EXETER HALL. I NEVER witnessed any thing more calculated, in my opinion, to make a deep and solemn impression upon a mind capable of receiving such impressions than was this meeting at Exeter Hall. It was peculiar in its kind, too ; it was a chapter full of vivid solemnities, in the midst of the busy and bustling work of London life. The metropolis, its business, and its pleasures, were before your eyes ; you turned over a leaf, and found your soul absorbed in solemn contemplation, or borne away into the loftiest flights of thought by the magical power of earnestness and eloquence. We have all heard of the striking effect of great assemblies in the open air ; perhaps in some remote place where the people have gathered together for worship, or for the solemnization of some religious rite. We can without difficulty conceive the sentiment of awe which may be inspired by the sight of a vast multitude assembled for so grave a purpose, with nothing but the bare heavens above their heads, and with the everlasting hills for their silent witnesses. But here, the awfulness, though to my apprehension scarcely less striking, was wholly wanting in that deep sublimity of quiet which subdues, while it expands the soul, and gradually brings the mind into harmony with that which it contemplates. In lieu of this there was the suddenness of transition, and the force of contrast. I left the crowded noisy thoroughfares of the Strand, with its incessant current of busy life ; the continual rush to and fro of persons intent on the world's business or its pleasures ; I left the clatter of footsteps and the rattle of wheels ; the gaudy shops, the hurrying messengers, and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the week-day world in London, and in one minute I beheld a vast assembly of from three to four thousand people, before whom stood a man speaking as one rapt and inspired by the deep interest of the theme on which *he discussed*. This was the Rev. Mr.

M'Ghee, whose enthusiasm appeared to kindle all who heard him into bursts of applauding sympathy, or of fierce and irrepressible hostility. One might perceive the spirit of the multitude heaving like the moved waters before they break into waves : it was obvious that all were filled with deep emotion, and that near as they were to the hurrying crowd of one of London's busiest scenes, their hearts and minds were for the time uplifted from all these things, and intent upon the considerations which the orator brought before them.

I had never heard Mr. M'Ghee before, and undoubtedly the impression he made upon me as an earnest and most effective speaker, was very great. His use of the quotation from St. Paul, in the beginning, was particularly fine and striking in its manner. We have, he said, been called by our accusers " Fanatics," but we trust to show you this day, that " we are not mad, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." And again, after tracing the Roman Catholic tenets, disavowed by Doctor Murray, through councils, canons, bulls, and so forth, he came at last to the oath which the Most Rev. Doctor refers to ; nothing could be more effective than the pause of the orator at that point. We have traced these doctrines, said he, " through bulls, councils, evidences, facts, testimonies, and from all these he escapes to that last tremendous refuge, the oath which he has taken, and shall we pursue him there ? No ; *there* we shall leave him to the mercy of his God !"

Mr. M'Ghee spoke as one borne, swept along by his subject. Mr. Mortimer O'Sullivan, who succeeded him, exhibited more of the grace, the self-commanding deliberateness, and the skilful reasoning of one who held his own mind in calm command of his subject. Mr. M'Ghee's speech was excellent ; Mr. O'Sullivan's admirable. In the early part of it, when establishing by argument as ingenious as it was conclusive, that the proposition of a regular series of questions for confe-

sence from the book of *Dens*, included necessarily an adoption of the answers which intervened between these questions, and led from one to the other, I heard some persons, with an exceedingly *Maynoothian* cast of countenance, exclaim, "Oh! this is too logical: much too logical;" and yet this gentleman, who is subjected to the *videlicet* objection of being "much too logical," is the very same who is assailed in print as a "frothy declaimer," a "spouter of bombast!" The critics of Mr. O'Sullivan seem determined, that if their objections do not stick, it shall not be for want of trying a sufficient variety.

Having to go elsewhere before the meeting concluded, I unfortunately did not hear Mr. Daly; and as my present object is not criticism, but description, I must leave to abler hands the notice of his published speech.

As to the interruptions which the speakers received, they were of the most fierce, obstinate, and outrageous description, and sometimes all but terrific in their aspect. The commotion, the stormy disturbance and strife of tongues, in so great an assemblage, while excitement renders them wholly ungovernable, are startling while they last. In one or two instances nothing but main force would compel the retirement of intruders, who must have known that they violated the conditions upon which they had obtained admissions. But this is the ordinary discretion which accompanies the zeal of the partizans of Irish priests.

THE ELECTION SERMON IN CARLOW.

The Rev. Father Walsh's hortatory address from the altar during the Carlow election, which the London papers have ventured to call "atrocious," is, I find, the subject of much applause among my neighbours in the *penetralia* of St. Giles's. When taken with a due accompaniment of gin, it is surprising what an effect it has upon them. Their constitutional liveliness is increased to such a degree, that broken heads and charges at the "station house," (watch-houses are now obsolete,) increase ten per cent. per noctem. Father Walsh, they maintain, is "the broth of a boy," and I think I could venture to promise him, upon the strength of his popularity in these parts, gin and potatoes, *gratis*, for a month. He should take his chance,

however, of a broken head, as that is part of the regular amusement, like cards at Crockford's, and far more lively to such as like the sport. As the Rev. Gentleman appears to have a taste for blood, I have no doubt that this diversion of my neighbours would not be very uncongenial to his taste. There are many sober English, however, who have read this speech in the newspapers, and who are so squeamish as to be absolutely horrified, that a man calling himself a clergyman, should utter such abominable things from the place where he ought to preach peace; my *compatriots* in St. Giles's laugh at this. They chuckle over this mild priest's statement to his "good people," that the Orange Conservative landlords are "most anxious to wallow up to their necks in human blood"—in the blood of the congregation he addressed—to bring back the rebellion of 1798, and to bring the daughters of the people to prostitution, and their sons to beggary. "He must be a powerful priest entirely," they say, "that is able to spake that way," and so the calculating English think too; but they happen to have no particular fancy for entrusting themselves, or their money, where such an orator as this is *powerful*, and Ireland has no chance of benefitting by English capital and English habits of business, while the Father Walshes are permitted to go on in this fashion. But Irish patriotism is apt to be above attending to such matter-of-fact consequences as the frightening away of English capital and industry.

THE FLYING SHIP.

Here are we in this era of the march of intellect, and the flight of enterprise, busying ourselves with a no less wonderful project than that of flying through the air from one capital of Europe to another. The plan, it must be confessed, or rather the principal idea of travelling, "like a bird," as Sir Boyle Roach said, is not absolutely new. In those authentic histories, which are admitted to present as interesting records of human *invention* as any extant, I mean the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, and Don Quixotte, we have accounts of ærostatic experiments of a most pleasing description, and though in the latter work the events stated, are rather as it were the account of a dream, than of an actual

and bodily progress toward the stars, yet the particulars which are set forth with so much ability, display a learned spirit of *flightiness* which cannot but be of use to modern experimentalists. It is to be remarked that none but people of soaring ideas undertake such projects as these, and the present one, wherewith the Londoners are now concerned, is under the guardianship of the Count Lennox; it is under his guidance also, while it remains upon the ground, and his Majesty's lieges are permitted to form their judgment upon it by actual inspection, if they choose to pay for the same. The thing is a huge cylinder, made of airtight cotton cloth, 160 feet long, and 60 feet in diameter. It is brought to a point at either end, and if an Irishman can suppose one of his own round towers, considerably exaggerated, (an easy thing to an Irishman,) with a point supplied at the base like that at the top, and lying along the ground instead of standing virtually upon it, he will have a notion of the shape of this huge flying ship. It is provided with a net-work under its belly, in which the crew, passengers, and luggage, are to be stowed away, while it pursues its voyage, point foremost, through the air. The philosophy of the inventor, in which he shows his enlightened sympathy with "the spirit of the age," lies in this, that he promises himself success by *yielding to circumstances* as they occur. After he mounts into the air, the wind may become contrary; will he then "tack" or "lie to?" No; he will not practise such evasion, or repose in such obstinacy. He is a polite gentleman, and will hold a parley with the winds; ærial though he be, he has no notion of carrying things by storm. He is *fortis in re, suavis in modo*. If, says he, the current of air we find ourselves in prove unaccommodating, we shall try another. We shall not find them all equally inimical to our interesting undertaking. We have machinery by which we can elevate our ship or depress it, and if some lines of space take airs upon themselves which are unpleasant, we shall resort to others! The thought is a good one, and one sees at a glance how prudently the inventor has taken advantage of political analogies. The Whig cabinet, for instance, is just such a flying

ship as that of Count Lennox. It adapts itself to circumstances. If in the upper or aristocratic region of political society, it cannot get on, it descends to the middle classes; if they become obstinate, down they go to the level of the mob, and if the mob becomes sulky, and will not drive it along, up it flies again, even above the region of aristocratic influence, and trusts to the atmosphere of infallibilities created by popes and councils. It throws its old pilots overboard, and calls in the assistance of such navigators as Peter Dens and Daniel O'Connell. Thus it is, that like the ærial ship, the cabinet gets on, having no predetermined way of its own, but willing to sink or rise to any current that will carry it by quarter-day, to the place where government salaries are paid.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.

The transition is natural from quarter-day to some mention of the revenue accounts which were published a few days ago. The receipt for the *quarter* from the 5th of April to the 5th of July, was 10,441,028l., which is 654,906l. less than was gathered into his Majesty's coffers during the same period of last year. The receipt for the *year* ending 5th July, appears to have been 41,435,887l., which is 1,813,607l. less than was received in the year ending the 5th of July, 1834. Oh, what a falling off is there, my countrymen! Nevertheless, the receipt has been less in former years. In the time of the Virgin Queen, and Patroness, by anticipation, of the *Dublin University Magazine*, the revenue was half a million. In the time of the great and good King William, who saved us (*then*) from popery, slavery, brass money and wooden shoes, it was 3,895,225l. During the Georges it went up from 6,762,000l. in the beginning of the reign of the first to 71,000,000l. towards the end of the third. It was upwards of 50,000,000l. when George the Fourth died, and now, so thrifty have we become, that we can make shift with less than forty-two millions per annum. I don't like this *scrimping*. I am Irish, and though hating all that is called "liberal" in politics, I profess myself an advocate of liberal expenditure. But Mr. Hume and his sort say, "I wish you may get it," and point to the revenue re-

turn I have just quoted. I care not a pinch of sauff for Mr. Hume, when I am Chancellor of the Exchequer, I shall undertake to raise the money. By the way, it is a very curious novelty to see, as we do at present, an Irishman in the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is very rarely that our genius leads us to that goal. Whatever may be our national reputation for skill in the art of spending money, the capacity for keeping a correct account of incomes and outgoings, has not been attributed to us, either by those who laud, or those who libel us. I suspect that the science of arithmetic is not favoured by the Hibernian climate. Mathematics flourish in Munster, but there is something grand in these abstract quantities. Figures bearing a direct relation to pounds, shillings, and pence, are mnemonical characters, which we Irish look upon with distaste. In the general administration of affairs we have a reasonable share,* particularly if a little talk be necessary, but I own that I cannot recollect an instance before Spring Rice, of a Chancellorship of the Exchequer falling to the lot of an Irishman. Poor Canning can hardly be

said to be another instance, for his share of Irishry (save in feeling) was but small, and his exchequer career was a very short, and in every way a melancholy one. I do not know how Mr. Rice fell upon the office, except it be that old Cambridge habits clung to him. They say he is an adroit person, and I believe it; but why does he not bring forward his budget? Has he been all this time preparing a speech sufficiently great to surpass his illustrious predecessor, the brilliant Lord Althorp? Is Rice afraid of following in the hoof-prints of that ox? It is to be hoped not; but if he do not bestir himself with his budget, he will bring the unwonted reproach of sluggishness upon his father's son. He should look to himself and to his country.

— A FACT AND A RUMOR. —

There is beautiful weather, and every one says, the poor O'Connell-bestridden Whigs are all at sixes and sevens, and must be turned adrift, or turn themselves adrift in two or three weeks. Hurrah! God save the King!

St. Giles, London, July 16.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS EVIDENCES.*

If the truth of any system may be fairly inferred from the abortive efforts of its opponents, and the promptitude with which, on every occasion, their attacks have been silenced, the religion we profess has little cause for apprehension. The struggle has been long protracted; but it is now no longer a struggle. And how deeply interesting has that contest been—how interesting still, even in its expiring efforts! We have seen, for the last two centuries, in that magnificent intellectual tourney, the whole force of the human mind concentrated in rival prowess, upon the tremendous question of its highest interests; we have seen the whole strength of genius exerted, not as once

upon the trifling disquisitions of a minute and technical philosophy, but upon a solid and mighty argument, upon a discussion before which the boasted achievements of human science vanish like a dream of the morning, and compared to which the fortunes of empires are but the news of a day. For our part, we have looked with spell-bound attention upon that momentous conflict. And from the midst of our politics and our poetry, our reasonings and our romancings, we are free to confess that we feel it a noble and a happy duty, to turn occasionally to the great subject beside which the most felicitous efforts of human intellect are trifles, and we can

* Deism compared with Christianity, in an Epistolary Correspondence between a Deist and a Christian. By Edward Chichester, M. A. Rector of Kilmore, in the diocese of Armagh. In 3 volumes, London, Rivingtons.

say with as unaffected a fervour as the poet himself who uttered the exclamation—

—“ God forefend that on the lightest strain
My fancy ever moulded, I should shame
To stamp the signet of the Cross.”

But, we repeat, it is not fair to call this question any longer a controversy. Unbelievers themselves must allow that they have not achieved the victory, however loth to confess that they have suffered defeat. We cannot remember one argument which has not been answered, one sophism which has not been detected, one mis-statement which has not been rectified, one disingenuity which has not been exposed. In the face of the whole civilized world, on the arena of impartial reason, with the weapons of unassisted argument, the battle has been fought and decided. Everything has been proved which required proof, everything has been explained but that which to human nature must for ever remain inexplicable. And of the man who at this time of day persists in infidelity, we can only say that he labours under a delusion similar to that which he falsely ascribes to the Christian; he must depend for his conviction on some *internal illumination*, for assuredly he can display no evidence cognizable by any mind but his own, in support of the miserable faith that is in him.

This is a proud triumph for our religion. There was a time when the knowledge of speculative theology was the exclusive possession of the sacerdotal order; and it was the worst age Christianity ever knew. If, at such a time, from among the mass of the people, a mind of superior powers arose, and, prompted by a just curiosity, demanded to examine the foundations of the public belief, we know how the rational request was met with jealousy and suspicion; and how the energies of the inquiring spirit were crushed and paralyzed under the terrors of temporal and eternal punishment. The monstrous dogma was propounded that Doubt was itself sin; and all reasoning was, of course, prohibited, when the uncertainty which reasoning presupposed was stigmatized as a crime against the unquestioned majesty of the faith. If there was little *infidelity*, a blind superstition perverted the truth almost as effectively; and

that Christianity which to be adopted needs but to be fairly known, and which demands to be adopted on no other ground, was condemned to skulk in the darkness of a Buddhist or Brahmin imposture, and to debase its proud claims by resting on the ignorance or apathy of its votaries. A sight at which angels might weep—a sight at which men should do more than weep! Ill and fruitlessly have we read the past, if we have not known that in it we behold the mirror of the future. Vainly have we cherished a just resentment against the atrocities of an Innocent or a Gregory, if we fail to perceive that every engine which they wielded, is at this day to be found, neither loosened in its fastenings, nor lax in its springs, in the spiritual armoury of that church which still masters the secrets of one world in her Confessional, and still hurls the thunders of the other from her Altar. “ But we have no fear of these things,” cry those consistent reasoners who deem it *liberality* to uphold the cause of a creed whose essential dogma is intolerance,—“ Romanism is no longer *Popery*, the *bulls* of the Vatican (for they love a joke) are as harmless and as laughable as those of Ireland; that giant frame (for they love a daring figure) whose agitations once upheaved the whole fiery mass of turbulent and disorganized Europe from its base, now sleeps for ever beneath its extinct volcano. In short, the knowledge of our times is too universal in its diffusion, and too philosophical in its character, ever to admit of this lamentable blindness.” What knowledge, and how diffused? We know, it is true, more than we did of mathematics and natural philosophy; we are better chemists and better navigators; our houses are better built, and our fields are better cultivated. We have learned not to waste our faculties in profitless researches, and the nature and powers of the mind are better estimated than in the days of old. But did we know all this trebly repeated, and were that knowledge really the heritage of every grade of society, instead of being, as it is, the exclusive property of a very small minority, still would it be true as ever, that there is, in the illusions of superstitious religion, a power to vanquish all the oppositions

of science, and by acting upon the deepest emotions of the heart, to overwhelm the pride of knowledge, and subject every principle to its appalling sway. Our knowledge has taught us much, but it has not taught the mass of men to resist the ghostly tyranny of the priest. This, like many others, is a noble principle exaggerated and perverted. The same indelible character which makes man essentially a religious animal, unhappily makes him also liable to be a superstitious one. And still less is the power of reason likely to be the successful antagonist of this fawning, artful, and treacherous domination, when by an unnatural coalition, the spirit of democracy enlists itself as a sworn ally and conspirator, side by side with the slavish spirit of a dark and intolerant devotion. Alas, how innumerable are the diversities of error and of vice! Not fifty years ago we saw French republicanism in its assault upon all religion, wreaking its drunken vengeance upon the clergy of France, and Romanism bearing the honours of persecution in the sacred cause; another phase now appears, and we behold Ecclesiastical Despotism and Political Liberalism enfolded in monstrous embrace, and the sleek upholder of the inquisition sharing counsels with the enthusiast of anarchy, whose pious loyalty echoes across the channel the wish that the last priest may be the executioner of the last king. But enough of this. These are times in which every warning is the prophecy of a Cassandra. It is vain to hold out a beacon, which, to those who can see, is unnecessary, to those who are wilfully blind, is useless.

We were deploring the period when the policy of priestly ambition concealed the evidences of our faith in the cautious obscurity due only to error and imposture. We were about to observe that, as this influence passed away, and the faculties of thought

were left free to others besides the rulers of the church and manufacturers of infallible doctrine, Infidelity, encouraged to the contest by her adversaries, at last came forth and assumed the habiliments of fight. England, France, and Germany, have successively formed the theatres of the war. The energies of the greatest minds in these countries, at their highest period of intellectual eminence, have been directed to the subject; and Christianity, in addition to its indirect influences over mental improvement, has thus been the immediate cause of the production of some of the noblest monuments of the dignity and capacities of the human mind. And now what has been the result of the contest? It may be inferred from the indisputable fact, that *to the chief works in behalf of the Christian cause no direct answer, capable of outliving the season of its appearance, has ever been offered; and that, in most cases, none of any description has been attempted.* So hopeless, from the outset, have been the fortunes of scepticism in fair encounter, that the tactics of the infidel leaders have ever been to deprive the case of the character of a *discussion*, sometimes by eluding the questions of their antagonists, and conveniently forgetting their answers; sometimes by throwing out stray objections, and not pausing for any reply; sometimes by presenting difficulties which they must know to arise, not from the nature of the religion, but from that of the mind of man. It is thus, and thus alone, that they have contrived to prolong that Parthian species of runaway attack, which unites all the feebleness and cowardice of a flight with all the malignity of a direct assault. For the most part they resign, with a most comfortable disdain, every pretension to supporting the labour of argument. Hume* records his determination to refuse reply to all assailants, with a self-approbation,

* See *My Own Life*, by D. Hume. It is, however, but fair to remark in his favour, that, amply refuted as he has been, this writer is unquestionably the ablest arguer of the party; nor can the depth and ingenuity of his sophistry be more completely evinced than by the wide and fruitful field of speculation, in which the task of examining his merits has led his philosophical opponents. The nature and first principles of belief, and more especially the philosophy of the evidence of attestation, have received their chief illustration as connected with the Christian argument, and Mr. Hume's objections to its validity.

certainly more worthy of the indolent trader in paradox, than of the professed searcher for truth.

On the other hand, to many of the adversaries of Christianity no direct reply can, from the character of their writings, be attempted. Ridicule and ratiocination are heterogeneous quantities, and cannot be compared on any principles of logical proportion; a sneer is not to be confuted by a syllogism; and where falsehood is not stated but intimated, it slips from the critic's hold, and eludes the grasp of detection. Yet, that no modification of attack might want its appropriate refutation, even on *this* ground the enemies of revelation have very little reason to exult. After effectively clearing the field of all antagonists who were disposed to try the weightier weapons of serious argument, the champions of the Christian faith have, in many brilliant instances, shown themselves not unwilling to challenge a superiority in the lighter contests of wit and humour; and we may affirm with perfect truth, that any advantage gained over them, in this sort of encounter, has been wholly ascribable to that wider license of witty allusion which a fearless disregard of the control of morals and decency must ever confer on its unblushing possessor. The fact is indeed unquestionable, that in natural powers of mind, the advocates of the gospel have, on the whole, far surpassed their opponents; and this truth, which by some has been adduced as a saving explanation of the undeniable discomfiture of infidelity, seems to us to be its most manifest disgrace. For if it be urged that sagacity and learning have sided with Christianity, to overwhelm dulness and incompetence, what is this but to admit that the verdict of the wise and the erudite has been in its favour? It is true that superior powers secured the victory, but what must be the claims of the cause which induced the possessors of such powers, unpaid and unforced, to become its devoted upholders?

In the present aspect of the thinking world, Romanism is, *in the mere conduct of its argument*,—not to speak of its practical influences,—the great supporter of the more direct charge which infidelity makes on truth. To

a speculative observer it is truly interesting to find, among the many self-contradictory perversions of error, the great asserter of authority against proof, the despotic tyrant of minds, becoming the indirect, but not therefore the less efficient auxiliary of that scepticism which spurns all authority, and demands for human reason a sovereignty not made for man. But it is perfectly true. The Romanist is obliged by the logical necessity inherent in his presumptive argument for papal and conciliar supremacy, to depreciate those evidences which are collected by reason for the authenticity, the original genuineness, and the subsequent conservation of the sacred records, in order to establish the necessity of that visible source of authority which he affirms to be resident in his degraded church. It is like some terrible judgment of Providence, that she whose presumption dared to claim the attributes of omniscience, should thus be condemned to aid the efforts of her bitterest enemies, in attempting to support her claim. Or perhaps it is still more like one of the shrewd devices of that spirit of evil (whose motto we may suppose to be, in his characteristic indifference as to means—"What care I, so that Christ be *not* preached?") thus to arrange his two parties, so that, whichever gained the victory, unbelief should be advanced, and that superstition, in the very act of conquering infidelity, should yet secure it a partial triumph. And, though we had long been aware that this was the inevitable road through which the Romish argument had to pass in the journey to its fatal conclusion, we were seldom more completely startled with mingled feelings of horror and disgust, than in reading (it is but one instance out of many) the latter pages of the work in which the first lyrist of our day has, not long since, transferred his talents for fiction into the regions of religious controversy, and taught us to decorate the barrenness of a dry theology with the graces of poetical invention. We ask Mr. Moore where he found the arguments on which he bases his proof of the necessity of a living authority, and which he endeavours—for as the advocate of Romanism he is obliged to do so—to strengthen by

every device of rhetoric and reasoning? Was it not in the guide-books of infidelity, or at least of Socinianism? And is not the latter portion of his book, if we abstract his own inference, at this moment a laboured synopsis of Deism? But we excuse Mr. Moore's argumentation, and we will charitably hope a sincerity, which his earnest exaggeration of scriptural difficulties would lead many an uncandid reader to question. We excuse his process of argument, because he is only acting in the spirit of the whole mass of Romish theology; because all alike reiterate the fatal maxim so unhappily authorised by the glorious but the erring Fenelon—*either Catholic or Deist*; because all alike are necessitated so to write that the reader who will not receive their conclusion is at least abundantly tempted with the whole resources of infidelity in order to understand their premises.

But Christianity will triumph over all—over her disguised and indirect enemies, as she has already triumphed over her professed and open ones. It is not the first time that she has escaped unhurt from collision, neither is it the first time that she has risen pure out of corruption. Early Christianity cast aside, after a weary struggle, the fine fetters of the Neo-platonist, and steered with good success through a thousand rival heresies: a later period found her overlaid with cumbrous observances; and a later period still saw Religion prostrate in the deep degradation of an almost omnipotent earthly supremacy. Yet from this, the sternest of all her trials, she soared, like her Founder, *made perfect through suffering*, because that Founder was still her invisible protector: from this she rose, like the glorified frame from the decay and pollution of the grave, and as if the church, "which is *his* body," like the natural body, "should not be quickened except it die," "should be sown in corruption," to be "raised in incorruption."

And through her whole more modern history, when assisting and assisted by the newly discovered powers of science and philosophy, when placed in the centre of an illumination which the elder world never knew, and exposed to the full blaze of a light which searches every crevice of every system

—how spotless has Christianity been found; how inquiry has warmed to admiration, and admiration to worship! How erect, and dignified, and unaltered has been the mild majesty of her march, while contending philosophies have crumbled around her feet! It is a noble thing to reflect that while such numbers have in their moral reasonings been guided for centuries back by Christianity, there has not yet been a real flaw discoverable in the philosophy of that system; and that the profoundest inquirers have acknowledged their obligations to its lights in the conduct of their investigations of speculative ethical science. Of what other system could it be said that its authority was no yoke? that it was perpetually an instructor and never a tyrant of the reason? that it was evermore before the spirit of every age? that philosophy only evolved new perfections in its doctrine, and was never wrong but when it forgot its principles. Imagine such an eulogy applied to any one system of *human* wisdom that has ever arrested the world. *Every system has its follies but the peasant's of Bethlehem.*

Let us state one instance of this rectifying influence of Christianity on the speculative schemes of uninspired philosophy. It is a very remarkable fact, that in the systems of antiquity very little superiority was assigned to the supreme virtue of *benevolence*, or—to adopt the Christian phraseology—of universal charity. Even as a matter of theory, its real preeminence was never perceived until after the religion of the gospel had enlightened and purified its disciples. Here, then, is the Jewish peasant correcting the philosophy of the world. Soon after the spread of his doctrine, we detect the Platonic school assuming it as their principle, and endeavouring to establish it as a point of union with the Christianity which they desired to assimilate to their own chaos of opinions, and too often succeeded in infecting. In an age long posterior, after partially colouring all the theological ethics of the schools, it was erected into the *sole* principle of virtue by Dr. Hutcheson. But he "who knew what was in man" had acted a wiser part and taught a truer lesson. The loftiest of virtues, though not the only one, he made it the characteristic badge of

his religion, the golden chain that bound us alike to God and to man; but he knew that our complex humanity has its reflective duties too, and he discouraged no advances from sense to faith, from whatever motive they might originate, and destined as they all are to be gradually purified, by the agency of his Spirit, to perfection. That is—he intimated the very views of the rule of virtue which, systematized and classified, are admitted at this day, after a varied and protracted controversy, to be the truest exposition of the moral requisitions of human nature.

But we cannot prolong considerations which would grow upon us faster than we could express them. We shall no longer detain our readers from the volumes which have occasioned these desultory reflections—volumes which, without the affectation of extraordinary novelty or eloquence, are eminently useful, and well calculated to fill a void long experienced in the controversial *supellectilia* of our theological libraries.

Mr. Chichester's book has appeared fittingly at the precise crisis in which the question is now situated. The pleadings on both sides have been heard, the petulance of one party and the patience of the other have alike been abundantly displayed, the artifices of attack and defence are well nigh exhausted, and it is time for the judicial summary which should close the whole by an impartial statement of the contending claims. In such a work the praise of originality is not sought, and would be misapplied: but the reader has a right to expect that the task should be performed with candour, moderation, and diligence; and in this expectation he will not be disappointed.

Intending his volumes as a book of reference, the author has arranged his index so that to each objection the answer shall be at once attainable. We shall submit a few specimens—our limits allow them to be but few—of the manner in which this is executed; at the same time observing that the perfect uniformity of the work renders selection very difficult.

In stating the arguments for the existence and attributes of the Deity, which are premised by the Deistical advocate to the special subject of the correspondence—something in the same manner as Dr. Milner, the shrewd defender of Romanism, if we err not, assigns the province of establishing the common doctrines of natural theology to his Protestant opponents in the (*lucus a non lucendo*) "*End of Religious controversy*"—Mr. Chichester proceeds thus:—

"If I were asked where does the mighty Being dwell who directs all these astonishing things? I should say, that he occupies infinite space, that he is in the suns and the worlds which perform their wonderful revolutions in obedience to his will, and that he is also in a drop of water.

"There exists besides in elementary substances a general adaptation of the powers of nature to their various purposes. Had matter been without cohesion, it would have been useless. Had it been without the attraction of gravitation, nothing could remain in its place. Had light not been reflexible and refrangible, nothing could have been visible in shade. Had the earth been as great as some of the larger planets, gravitation would have impeded animal activity, as it is always proportioned to the quantity of matter.* In that case, man could not walk, the horse could not run, the antelope could not bound, and the eagle could not soar.

"The eternity of God is an attribute on which atheists place great reliance, because it is inconceivable; and yet it is equally incomprehensible to me that God should ever have had a beginning. It is, however, evident that this great Being must have existed previously to the world, and if that point be established, it is impossible to determine the period when he did not exist. His commencement is therefore as inconceivable as his eternal preexistence. Duration is eternal; space is infinite; both are incomprehensible; yet both exist. Why then should the alleged eternity of God be deemed an argument in favour of atheism?

"The benevolence of God is apparent in every part of animated nature. So many contrivances exist for the comfort and pleasure of his creatures; so many

* Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology, by the Rev. W. W. Whewell, p. 49. 8vo. London, 1833.

sources for the sustenance, the benefit, and the amusement of every animal, that a benignant design is visible in all departments of the creation.* It is true that some mishaps occur; that there is want, disease, grief, and pain. But this constitution of things is evidently not the elementary principle of God's government. Misfortunes are only the anomalies of nature, and are like the exceptions to general rules; and notwithstanding what may be said of the sufferings of individuals on particular occasions, the general preponderance is plainly on the side of happiness, not only in the human, but in the brute species. In our estimate of human misery, it is however fair to deduct from it so much as is caused by our own fault and imprudence, and also such evils as produce ultimate good, and these will leave a very small remainder attributable to other causes.

"Even *esse* ought to be reckoned positive happiness, if we recollect what a number of favourable circumstances are necessary to conspire together for its accomplishment. The great attention excited by misfortune is a proof of the justice of this assertion, for the bounties of God are so extensive and so constant, that we do not prize them as extraordinary, though the occasional cessation of them calls forth our attention. Had God been a malevolent being, he would have formed our senses to be sources of constant pain, and might have contrived that every event and contingency should be a cause of grief or disappointment. If, therefore, our time is generally occupied with *esse*, often with happiness, and only *sometimes* with pain, it is impossible to hesitate in drawing a conclusion that the design of God is benevolent; especially if we remark that pleasure is established in many cases where it seems unnecessary, and is granted by the Deity for the sole purpose of conferring benefit."

The following passage may afford one instance out of many to evince that the impartiality professed in this work is not merely nominal, but that the views of the infidel are stated with quite as much candour as those of the Christian reasoner:—

"As some enthusiastic people in most countries are ready, like the primitive Christians, to suffer martyrdom in sup-

port of the most idle follies and extravagancies, the obstinacy with which some persons in the early times of Christianity maintained the truth of the miracles of that day, is, to my mind, no proof in their favour; for even at this moment there are many fanatics to be found, who would suffer martyrdom to prove their belief in the most visionary and untenable propositions, not excepting those which are absolutely contrary to their reason.

"From time immemorial there have been accounts of miraculous visions which nobody can believe to be true. There are few who have not heard of such impressions having been made on individuals whose passions were heated, or whose nerves were weak; and the power of fancy is so strong in them, that they would persist to the last extremity in affirming the reality of such visions. If, then, the narratives and actions of the early Christians cannot be accounted for on the principle of fraud, they may be explained by enthusiasm, which derives from false sensations the effects of truth, and which sometimes produces the most extraordinary opinions, and the most energetic actions in conformity with those opinions.

"It is admitted, by all who understand human nature, that when men have been carried to a certain pitch of enthusiasm, they become persuaded that they have actually wrought miracles; and, in relating them, they not only tell what they believe to be true, but like the preceding, express astonishment at all those who disbelieve them. We ought to view as narratives of this kind the miracles recorded by the Apostles, who may have been convinced, not only individually but collectively, that they wrought wonders which existed only in their imaginations."

We will present the answer to these objections as a fair specimen of the unaffected yet energetic style of the whole:—

"Your comparison between the zeal of enthusiasts and that of the Christian martyrs is inadmissible, because martyrdom, in support of opinions, is far removed from that which attests plain facts. I readily admit that it is no certain proof of the truth of opinions, but it certainly is a powerful evidence for the

* Natural Theology, p. 490.

simple facts that had fallen under the observation and experience of the first witnesses. I also deem the sufferings of Christians, in the succeeding age, weighty proofs of the truth of their religion, though they were not eye-witnesses, for they had ample means of convincing themselves, by intercourse with those who saw and heard the miracles which they attested.

"That there have been individuals who, without good grounds, believed themselves inspired and endowed with miraculous powers, I do not pretend to doubt; but however convinced such persons may have been of their own powers, it is impossible that they could have persuaded others to agree with them, as failure must have exposed them to the derision of the multitude. But in the case of the Apostles, the reality of the miracles can be ascertained by their effects; for those writings which you suppose to have sprung from enthusiasm, mention the circumstances in such a manner as to preclude the suspicion of that state of mind having influenced either their own conduct or that of their converts.

"Peter spoke plainly to the people who witnessed the miracle performed by himself and John in restoring to activity the lame man who lay asking alms at the gate of the Temple; appealing to their senses to vouch for the miracle thus performed on him whom they had been accustomed to see every day at the same place, and who had been lame 'from his mother's womb.'"

"Enthusiasm did not enable Peter to convince the spectators at Lydda that Eneas had been debilitated by palsy during eight years, and that he sprung up to health, vigour, and agility at his word.† They had known the patient before as well as after the miracle, and therefore their immediate conversion could not have arisen from enthusiasm.

"Enthusiasm could not have made him perform, or the spectators believe, the miracle which raised the deceased Tabitha to life.‡ All the inhabitants of Lydda and Joppa must have been enthusiasts if such a solution should be adopted, and not one individual could have been possessed of sufficient sanity to argue with the mad citizens of those towns.

"If Paul, when in company with Barnabas, at Lystra, healed a man who had been "a cripple from his mother's womb,"§ there must have been some reality in the miracle, otherwise the inhabitants, who were idolaters, and, of course, hostile to Christianity, would not have said, "the Gods are come down to us in the likeness of men;" nor would the priest of Jupiter have brought oxen and garlands to the gates; nor would he have been disposed to sacrifice with the people, in honour of those Apostles, had the miracle been unreal.||

"But I should exceed the epistolary limits did I recount to you all the apostolical miracles which are exempt from the charge of enthusiasm. Of course, I will not dwell on the general conversion of the citizens, effected by the miracles of Philip at Samaria,¶ nor on the great effect produced by the supernatural deeds of Paul at Ephesus,** at Corinth,†† and at Thessalonica.‡‡ In all these cases conversion was effected by miracles alone."

We are inclined, however, to think that the most useful portion of this work, because the portion which reduces to a compact and systematic form what can with most difficulty be collected from the large masses of learned disquisition which originally contain them, is the part which discusses *seriatim* the particular objections to the authenticity of the Old and New Testaments. To extract or to investigate our author's reasonings on these subjects should be done with more detail than we can afford, or not at all. To be just, therefore, to his merits, we prefer to conclude with general recommendations of his labours.

To some of our readers it will, we doubt not, be an additional recommendation that this work has proceeded from the Irish branch of the united church. While suffering under the heavy stroke of a persecution scarcely discountenanced by the legislature, and of confiscations directly authorized by its edicts, it is indeed wonderful that its energies are not wholly paralyzed, and that its men of thought can, with something of the spirit of the great mathematician of old, continue their

* Acts, iii. 16. † Ibid. ix. 34. ‡ Ibid. ix. 40. § Ibid. xiv. 10. || Ibid. xiv. 13.

¶ Ibid. viii. 5, 6. See also Graves on the Character of the Apostles, p. 46.

** Acts, ix. 10, 11.

†† 1 Cor. ii. 1, 4.

‡‡ 2 Thess. i. 4.

processes of investigation and inference, while the enemy are scaling the gates, and the walls of the city are shaking around them. It is no common support that maintains their calmness, and strengthens their meek and passive fortitude. If the hour of trial has come, we are proud to say that it has not found our spiritual watchmen unprepared. Whatever be the destined doom of Irish Protestantism, it must of course be for the best, since it will be of God; and whenever comes that doom, we know and believe that the wreck of the visible and external church will be found to leave the invisible one pure and perfect as ever;

and that though, in the inscrutable counsels of God working by the malice of men, the outward frame be consigned to mouldering, and decay, and dissolution, the internal Spirit which vivified that frame will still survive essentially indestructible, and brightening in the midst of the ruin that surrounds it. The church, smitten and insulted, may say to her oppressors, like the philosopher of old, "*Wound the body of Anaxarchus, thou canst not wound his soul.*" This is now almost our only consolation; and we thank our God that in leaving us this, his mercy has left us the highest of all!

THE LATE BISHOP OF FERNS.

It is with feelings of deep and sincere regret, mingled with no inconsiderable embarrassment, that we take up our pen to discharge a sad, and yet a sacred duty, by recording in our pages the death of the late excellent Bishop of Ferns. To write the epitaph of a great and a good man is an undertaking, perhaps, more difficult than to write his biography. To give adequate expression to the public sorrow that follows departed worth to the grave, and briefly to record, in a few sentences, those qualities of mind and heart which, during the course of a long life, had gained for the possessor universal esteem and affection, is a task no less difficult than it is melancholy. We may, perhaps, be excused, if, while, the merits of this excellent prelate are still fresh in the recollection of the public, we can do little more than simply say, that it has pleased that Providence whose ways are inscrutable, to remove him from amongst us at the very moment when the presence of such men seems most needed. Indeed, we may safely say, that he died a martyr to the cause of that church to which the energies of his life had been devoted. Our readers are probably aware that the departed Bishop was on his way to a meeting of the Irish Prelates, on the subject of the Church, when the hand of death arrested him on his journey, and removed him to that world where even the anxieties of a Christian prelate shall never more disturb him. It is not, perhaps, so generally known, that when urged to undertake a journey which seemed too wearisome for the increasing infirmities of old age, he replied, that it was his duty, and if he were to die upon the road, he yet ought to go. His words were, alas! too prophetic. He expired at Liverpool, after a few hours' illness.

We cannot attempt to trace his distinguished progress from an humble origin to the exalted station which he filled at the period of his decease. In the year 1781, he was elected a fellow of the Dublin University, of which he became Provost in 1811. After having presided over the University for nine years, he was raised to the episcopal bench in the year 1820. As Provost he governed the University with prudence and firmness, and in the higher, but scarcely less important office of Bishop, he distributed his patronage with an honourable impartiality, length of services forming with him the best claim to promotion; while, among the poor of all persuasions, his charities were distributed with a bountiful and unsparing hand.

His Lordship's works were many, and varied in their character. His edition of Euclid, perhaps more than any modern work, is distinguished for the simplicity and elegance of its demonstrations. He has left, also, an edition of Juvenal, at once concise and judicious: and several discourses and essays on theological subjects, remarkable for profound thought and accurate investigation.

His Lordship's remains are deposited in the cemetery belonging to the University, upon which his character confers so much honour. They were consigned to their

last home with all the solemnities of an academic funeral. In compliance with the ancient custom upon these melancholy occasions, a Latin oration, distinguished alike by elegance of classical taste and the beauty of its sentiments, was pronounced over the body by the Rev. Dr. Macdonnell, the Professor of Oratory.

THE LATE MR. MEADE, F.T.C.D.

It is also our painful duty to record the death of Mr. Meade, Junior Fellow of the University. Such a task would, in any case, be a melancholy one; to those who were personally acquainted with the subject of it, it becomes doubly so. At an age when the majority of candidates for eminence in the learned professions have only begun to attempt distinction, Mr. Meade had attained the highest; and it is mournful to add that his career was completed almost as soon as commenced. With powers of intellect seldom possessed, he distanced, during his whole academical life, every competitor; and both in the brilliant contest which closed his undergraduate course, and in the still more arduous trial which terminated in connecting him permanently with the University, he obtained palms from rivals with whom even to have contended would have been distinction. In those less important accomplishments which confer grace on the intellectual character, this gifted person was more than commonly versed; and those who knew him intimately can best attest with what modesty attainments so varied and so unusual were borne. It is, indeed, the extreme retiredness of his character which alone could render it necessary for us to have spoken thus much; had the opinion which his friends entertained of his abilities and acquirements been his own, he would have created that more diffused reputation which so many have obtained with half his powers, and the circle of his admirers would probably not have been limited by the shores of his native land. There can, we believe, be little doubt that an excessive devotion to study proved, at least in part, the eventual cause of that weakness of health which has ended thus fatally; and that in more than one sad instance,

Science' self destroy'd her favourite son;
 Yes, she too much indulg'd his fond pursuit,
 She sow'd the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit!

Mr. Meade died at Aberystwith, on Monday, June 29, aged 29 years.

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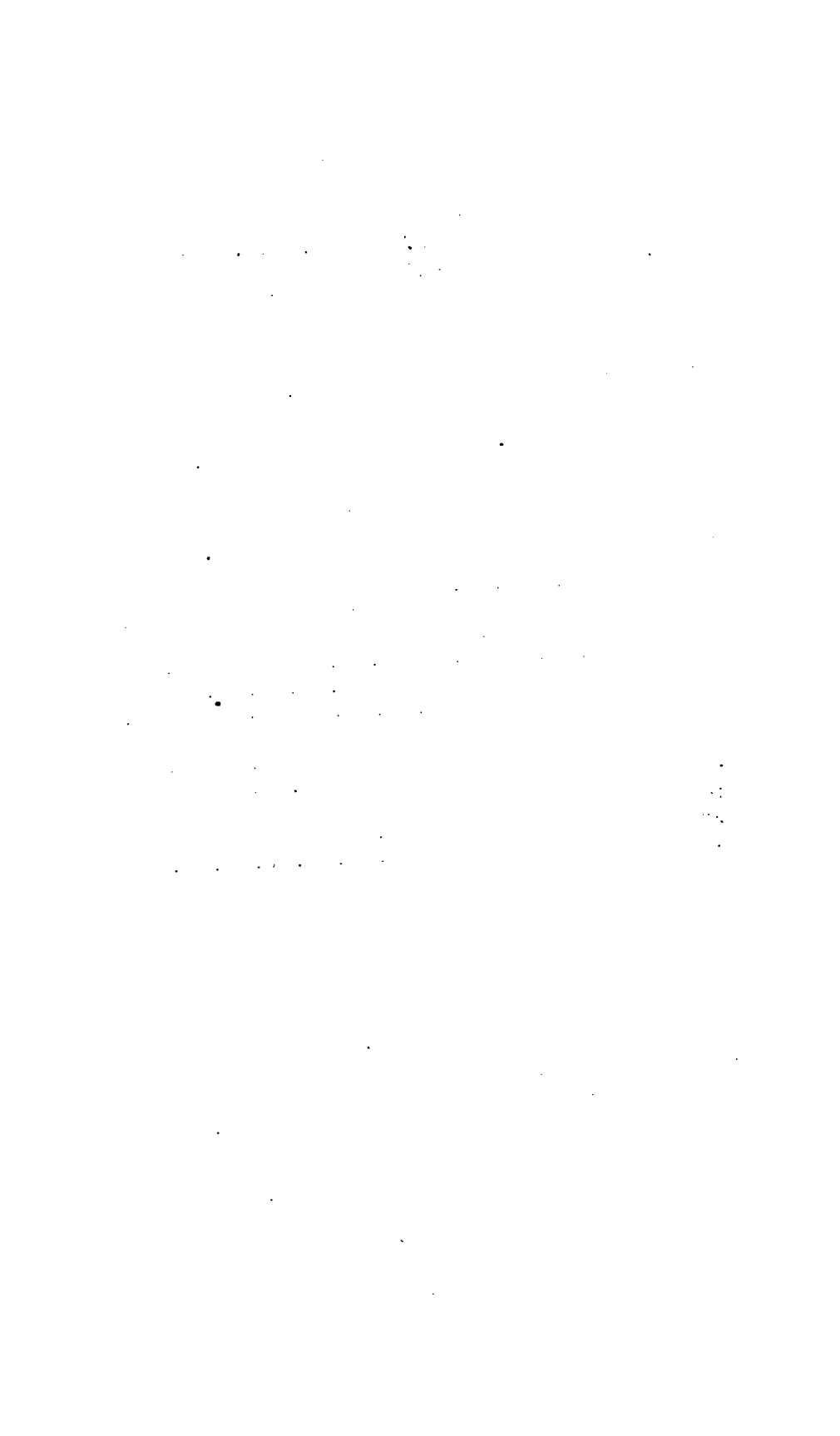
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SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAP. XVII.

HOMeward BOUND.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?”—*Scott.*

It has been sagely remarked by the ingenious Asmodeus, that in the moral as well as in the physical world all things proceed in a never-ceasing ever-recurring circle; and hence it is that in the affairs of men there is nothing either permanent or new. The fantastic day-dreams of human power and human greatness flit in illusive procession before us, and vanish ere they can be well secured. It is Adrian, renown, regret, and then another Adrian: it is Napoleon, conquest, unbounded power, and then a narrow prison.

For myself, I found that I was not destined to form any exception to the general doom of humanity. Like Sancho Panza’s, my island-governorship, “though brilliant, was brief,” and scarcely had I enjoyed it for six weeks, when I was summoned to rejoin the ship. I accordingly abdicated my vice-regal state with becoming submission; and, strange though it may appear, it was not only without regret, but with unmingled satisfaction, that I renounced the splendours of my “palace,” and re-

sumed once more my humble berth on board the *Hesperus*.

Our repairs, which had been for some time in progress, were just completed, when the ——— frigate arrived to relieve us from our present station, and we received orders to proceed to England for the purpose of being paid off. Those who have not experienced it can scarcely appreciate the pleasure which the receipt of homeward-bound orders diffuses on board a ship that has been out on a long station in foreign seas. To us youngsters, especially, who were now about to return from our first cruise, the anticipation of home was truly delightful. No sooner were the welcome tidings announced, than imagination was active in picturing all the pleasures that awaited us on our arrival. Already in anticipation we entered the house where we first saw the light, and visited all the loved haunts of our childhood. Parents, friends, relations, playmates—with, perhaps, some “fair-haired child,” who was associated, we

could not well tell why, in all our reminiscences—busy fancy gathered together into one smiling group—all met to receive and to welcome us. We pictured to ourselves the pride that would beam in the countenance of the mother when he whom she sent away a romping schoolboy should return to her arms a travelled man—one who had encountered dangers, and visited foreign climes, and listened to foreign tongues. And then the rapture with which the smiling circle gathered round the evening fire would listen to all the wondrous tales we had to tell; the sister's timid and shrinking looks when we painted the manners of the barbarous nations we had seen—the brother's glance of pride when we spoke of tempest and of battle—and the approving smile of the father when he listened to some tale of duty done. With these and similar day-dreams we shortened the hours of many a middle watch; overleaping, on the light wings of fancy, the broad ocean that still separated us from beloved England.

A week sufficed to gather in the parties that had been stationed at the various signal-posts, and we got under weigh from the Bell-buoy, amid the regrets and good wishes of all our friends, and the ill-suppressed delight of such of our plantation acquaintances as had felt the presence of the *Hesperus* to be a check upon their illicit slave-trade. Three weeks more brought us to our old quarters in Simon's Bay, though not before we had received a parting salute from the Cape L'Aguilhas in the shape of a heavy northwester, so severe that it was for some time doubtful whether the *Hesperus* would be able to weather it. Skilful management, however, and a good sea-boat, carried us through; though our foremast and bowsprit were both so badly sprung in the gale, that it was found necessary to replace them before proceeding on our voyage.

The delay occasioned by this accident was no slight cause of grumbling to us youngsters, whose thoughts and desires were for the present centered on home. Captain Morley in the meantime took advantage of the opportunity to go over to Cape Town on a visit to the Governor, and was kind enough to permit me to accompany him. *How truly has the poet said of*

man that he is "to one thing constant never!" In the society of my Cape Town acquaintances I almost forgot my anxiety for home. A few pic-nic parties in the neighbouring country, a dinner at Constantia, and a day at Zwart Clip, put me in such perfect good-humour with my present situation, that it was even with something like regret that I at last received intelligence of the *Hesperus* being again ready to proceed on her voyage.

Ten days more, and St. Helena hove in sight. But where were now the numerous well-appointed men-of-war that on our former visit cruised round its rocky coast, the cannon that bristled its batteries, the signal-posts that surmounted its rugged promontories, and gave intelligence of all that passed within and without. The great Napoleon was no more, and with him had vanished all "the pomp and circumstance of war." Instead of the gay troops that formerly crowded the streets of the town, and the mounted picquets that traversed the country, nothing was now to be seen but a few lazy yam-stocks lounging about the dismantled batteries, awaiting the uncertain arrival of such Indianmen as either profit or pleasure might induce to visit their now deserted island. Like Ferrara, St. Helena derived its temporary fame from being a great man's prison, and it was now only remembered as being a great man's grave. A gallop to the tomb of Napoleon, a saunter through Plantation Gardens, a visit to the arbour which I had once considered as the bower of love, a sigh for Sophia, and adieu to "St. Helena's rock-bound shore."

Prosperous winds and bright anticipations accompanied us during the rest of our voyage, which at length rapidly approached its termination. One night I chanced to have the middle watch, and Strangway was the officer in charge of the deck. I was pacing about in silence, thinking, as usual, of friends and home, when I was startled by the voice of the look-out at the mast-head.

"On the deck there."

"Hilloa!"

"A light two points on the lee-bow."

"Two points on the lee-bow," cried Strangway. "Then, it must be the Lizard!—and the Lizard, accordingly it proved to be.

Who can describe the mingled emotions of delight and hope and impatience which the first announcement of this far-famed beacon produced. Fain would I have mounted the rigging to get a peep at it; but duty confined me to my station, and I was obliged to wait with patience until it should become visible from the deck.

Captain Morley had been for some time retired to his cabin, and Strangway went below to communicate to him the tidings. The night was dark, the sky obscured by dense clouds, and not a star was visible in the firmament. I kept my eye firmly fixed in the direction of the land; and as we were going through the water at a rapid rate, it was not long till I discovered in the extreme distance something that resembled a solitary planet.

"Can yonder tiny spark be the Lizard, sir," I said to Strangway, who at the moment returned from below.

"Hurrah!" cried the jolly lieutenant, tossing his cap in the air, and grasping me cordially by the hand. "I give you joy! The old Lizard it is, and no other. Come, my boy! everything is as it should be; our reckoning correct to a mile, and a fine rattling nine-knot breeze from the south-west carrying us up channel. The captain, God bless him, is snug in his cot, and I don't think he is likely to rouse out to greet his old acquaintance. So, jump down to my cabin, will you, and fetch up a bottle of champagne, which you will find in the locker. We must drink 'Success to Old England.' Quick! in case the captain *should* come."

Having received the bearing and distance of the said bottle, I dived below, and presently returned bearing it triumphantly in one hand, while some cold junk and biscuit loaded the other.

"Should the captain chance to come upon us," I said, as I placed the catables on the deck, "what will he say to our boozing champagne upon watch. You know how strict a disciplinarian he is."

"I don't care," cried the lieutenant, "though the whole Board, with the First Lord at their head, should come upon us. I am determined to drink my toast. I have stored up the bottle full six months on purpose. Quick, my boy! out with the cork, and no more about it."

I accordingly untwisted the wire after the most approved method, and was just proceeding to cut the string, when I descried a hat not easily mistaken emerging from the after ladder.

"The captain, sir!" I whispered to my companion, as, smuggling the bottle under my jacket, I was about to bolt round the main-mast from the gangway to my proper station on the lee-side.

"Keep all fast youngster," cried the jolly lieutenant, nothing daunted;—"what the d—l are you frightened for! out with the cork, I say—quick!"

In an instant my knife had done its office; the string was severed, and away flew the cork into the waist with a loud exhilarating pop.

"Hilloa!" cried the captain, who at this moment stepped up to us—"What's all this, gentlemen?"

"Champagne, sir!" replied Strangway, advancing towards him with the bottle in one hand and a glass in the other; "and I trust you will be inclined to overlook the breach of discipline when you consider the occasion. The Lizard is beaming right ahead, and we were about to drink 'SUCCESS TO OLD ENGLAND.'"

"That is a toast which I shall never refuse to pledge," replied Morley, taking the creaming glass which the lieutenant proffered in his hand, and draining it to the bottom as he spoke. "But recollect, gentlemen, I do not permit my officers to pass their time during watch in drinking champagne: so, the sooner you finish the bottle and attend to your duty the better."

When daylight appeared—for leaving the deck at the expiration of the watch was impossible—our eyes were greeted by the glad sight of the cliffs of dear England. Our impatience to be on shore was now redoubled; and though we were running up channel at a good rate, before a fine fresh breeze, the Hesperus seemed to linger among the waters. In the course of the morning we were hailed by a pilot-boat, and hove to for the purpose of gathering news. A little puny insignificant craft she was; but we saw her with feelings which under other circumstances the best appointed man-of-war would have failed to produce. To us there was an indescribable sort of fascination in the idea that a few hours before this little boat had actually left an English port,

that her crew had actually trodden upon English soil, and spoken to English people in the English tongue; and much did we envy the captain when the pilot was brought on board and sent down to *the* cabin.*

I was leaning over the gangway; the boat, with her crew, were lying alongside immediately beneath me. Anxious to ascertain what news there was, and what of good or evil had happened in England during the long four years of my absence, I ventured to hail a fine weather-beaten old fellow, who was very quietly chewing his quid in the stern-sheets.

"Any news?" I inquired, in an under tone, of voice, almost dreading his reply, lest the tidings should be of evil import.

"Why, no, sir," replied the man, with one hand shoving his little tarpaulin hat from his brows, and hitching

up his trowsers with the other; "nothing very particular, sir: only pilchard fishing's uncommon slack—very!"

"Interesting!" thought I, as I turned away, determined not to risk any farther interrogatories.

We carried our favourable breeze to Spithead, and saluted the Admiral with seventeen guns. Next day we proceeded into the harbour, and in a fortnight more were paid off, when we prepared to depart, each for his respective home. The total dispersion of a crew that for four years had lived so harmoniously together, considerably damped the joyful feelings that would otherwise have been paramount on this occasion; and notwithstanding my anxiety to rejoin my friends, it was with a heavy heart that I took leave of my comrades, and having shaken hands with the benevolent Morley, turned my back forever on the HAPPY HESPERUS.

CHAP. XVIII.

AN AFFAIR OF THE HEART.

"Oh, 'tis sweet to think that where'er we rove
We're sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when we're far from the lips we love
We've but to make love to the lips we're near."—*Moore*.

"Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime
Il faut aimer ce qu'on a."

As the route of Strangway, Neville, and myself, lay in the same direction as far as London, we determined to proceed thither in company, and for this purpose secured our places in one of the "Portsmouth stages."

It was a fine bright and bracing October morning when we started on our journey, "rolling along the turnpike" on the top of The Regulator with all the speed at which a team of four fine bays could carry us. There were at the time of which I speak, as there are still, numerous coaches belonging to rival proprietors, plying on the road between Portsmouth and London, each of which was urged on the attention of the public by the usual expedients. In the advertisement which proclaimed the many advantages that attended travelling by the Regulator, there was placed

in the strong relief of a separate line and large letters, the announcement—"One driver through." How far this proved to be really an advantage the reader will presently have an opportunity of judging.

Our Jehu, who was known on the road by the familiar appellation of Bill, was a middle-aged man, of a stout corpulent figure, and a complexion of which the weather-born bronze gradually deepening into a dark purple round the region of the nose betokened a close familiarity with gin and ale. He wore a smart bottle-green jockey-coat, with large mother-of-pearl buttons; a pair of mahogany-topped boots and shining white cord breeches adorned his nether man, and a huge broad-brimmed white hat surmounted his head. His button-hole was ornamented by the

* The captain's cabin—so called *par excellence*.

English coachman's greatest pride—a full-blown cabbage rose and a goodly sprig of southern-wood. In driving, he prided himself on being an adept. He squared his elbows and handled his reins with an air of one who knows his business, making his long four-in-hand whip crack round the ears of his leaders with the greatest possible adroitness. As long as our route lay within the town, it required all his vigilance to steer his way through the crowded thoroughfares, and it was in vain that we attempted to draw him into conversation; but no sooner were we clear of the streets, than he showed that taciturnity was by no means his foible.

"There's a team for you, gentlemen," he said, eyeing his horses, as they pranced along in gallant style, with infinite complacency. "That off-wheel horse has won two plates in his day, and taken Heaven knows how many brushes—isn't he a rare un to trot? sixteen miles an hour's clean nothing to him. Look you, now—they give me forty minutes to go this stage: see if I don't do it in the half-hour, and bring in my tits as fresh as daisies, without a turned hair. You were observing that you're just come from sea, gentlemen—arrived, no doubt, with one of them ships as was paid off the other day?—ay, that's your sort; a light heart, a full purse, and a bright eye for a petticoat. Well, blow me, if you sha'n't see as pretty a bar-maid at the next stage as ever handled a porter pot; and one that's up to a bit of a lark, too, I'll warrant her."

As he intimated, little more than half an hour was requisite to bring us to the stage in question, and Bill having directed the hostler not to be in a hurry with the horses as he was "summit within time," invited us to follow him into the private parlour of the little inn. Here a supply of liquor was speedily produced and as speedily consumed—by far the greater proportion finding its way down the capacious throat of our worthy driver, who kept up a sort of flying flirtation with the pretty bar-maid, winking and nodding to us from time to time in order that his wit and pleasantry might not pass unobserved. At every stage on the road, and at every pot-house between stages where a glass of liquor could be procured, the same scene was

enacted, of course at our expense, and such were Bill's herculean potatory powers that the quantity of liquor which he imbibed seemed to produce no other effect on him than that of deepening the purple and brightening the carbuncles that garnished his physiognomy. Bacchus, however, is not a god to be trifled with. By degrees it became evident that the liquor he had taken was doing its work; his tongue moved more and more sluggishly, and the lies he told became more and more exaggerated and fearless. On every opportunity that offered he took care to afford us some proof of his expertness in driving, now making the wheels run close on the edge of some steep bank or ditch, now cutting in between carriages where the space seemed quite insufficient for the purpose of passing, and now wheeling round the corners and windings of the road with a sharpness and rapidity which in no small degree jeopardized the necks of his passengers. Still, as if by a sort of habitual instinctiveness, he continued to hold the reins firmly, and to keep his team tolerably well together; turning round to us after the performance of each new feat with a peculiar leer on his face which seemed to say, "What do you think of that?"

As we approached the suburbs of London, and the thoroughfares became more crowded, the opportunities of showing his dexterity increased. Coaches, carts, and carriages were successively passed with hair-breadth proximity, and what seemed to me almost miraculous without accident.

"You're a good hand at a shave, Bill," I observed to him after he had just cleared a huge wagon, by running the coach close past it without the slightest collision.

"In course," replied Bill, "and why not! Ay, ay, its easy enough to drive along a road with a couple of yards open space on each side; but show me the man that can carry his coach safe through and not a quarter of an inch to spare. Look ye now; you see that 'ere carriage with the couple of bays trundling along before us, I warrant you that fat liveried lout on the box knows no more of his business than if he were the driver of a common dray

cart. See what a range the fellow takes when he passes a wagon; and now you may be sworn he hears me coming up behind him with my spankers, and 'he's pulling off the road to give me room to pass. Room to pass the nigger! he may give it if he like; but I be d—d if I take it. No, no! that's not my way; I'll let you see me shave him as clean as your own beard of a Sunday morning. C'up, my beauties, c'up."

The driver of the carriage in question, hearing the stage-coach coming rapidly up behind, had drawn off the road to allow it room to pass, but Bill being in no humour to take advantage of the space thus afforded him, determined to show how near he could go without touching. Whether it was, however, that he had miscalculated his distance, or that his hand was not so steady as usual I cannot determine, but no sooner did he come up with the carriage than the wheels came in violent collision, and both vehicles were upset in different directions. Fortunately for myself I was thrown from the box into a neighbouring hedge, and having received no farther injury than a few slight scratches I hastened to render what assistance I could to my companions.

I was proceeding to lift up poor Bill, who was lying in the middle of the road, evidently very much hurt, when my attention was attracted towards the carriage which had been the innocent cause of our misfortune, by observing a white scarf or veil of which I caught a glimpse through the broken glass of the window. The hope of being useful to a female in such an emergency induced me to abandon Bill to the tender mercies of the bystanders and hasten to the prostrate carriage. Having in vain endeavoured to open the door, of which the lock had been twisted in the upset, I succeeded with some difficulty in extricating the object of my solicitude through the window; and lifting her in my arms placed her gently on the ground.

"Are you hurt, madam?" was my first eager inquiry.

"No, sir, she replied, "I am not hurt—but my father—O! my father!"

She said this in a tone of voice so extremely weak that I thought it indi-

cated a degree of faintness. The thick white veil which she wore completely shaded her face, and with the intention of affording her a freer circulation of air, I imprudently laid my hand upon the fringe to lift it up. She started as if I had been about to commit a sacrilege, and gently motioning my hand away, urged me not to think of her, but to render what assistance I could to her father.

Her voice, though faint from weakness and agitation, was so exquisitely modulated that it fell upon my ear like the sweetest music, and as I took a hasty glance at her figure I thought I had never seen anything more perfectly graceful.

Some of the bystanders were now engaged in extricating the gentleman from the overturned carriage, and I hastened to assist them. The task, however, was more difficult than I anticipated. In the first shock of the collision he had imprudently thrust his head from the window, and had received a violent concussion in the fall. He now lay stunned and motionless; and it was only after we had forced the door from its hinges that we succeeded in lifting him out in a state of total insensibility, the blood streaming from a wound in his head.

By this time the crowd, attracted by the accident, had considerably increased, and among the rest there was a surgeon, who, chancing to pass at the moment, had humanely stopped to see if he could render any assistance. It was impossible for any arrival to be more opportune. He directed the unfortunate gentleman to be conveyed into a neighbouring house, and having carefully examined his bruises declared there was no cause for serious alarm, as the blow on his head was not dangerous and had merely stunned him. In this he proved to be correct; for after a small quantity of blood had been taken from his arm, the gentleman began to revive and recover his recollection. His first inquiry was after his daughter, who, during the whole time, had watched over him with the most tender assiduousness. But it was in vain that I attempted to catch a glimpse of her face. The veil which I had so imprudently attempted to lift still screened it from my view; and although this was from time to

time withdrawn, whilst she performed the different offices of attention to her father, it was carefully replaced whenever she stood in such a position as brought her within range of my eye.

At length the surgeon declared that the patient was sufficiently recovered to be removed home, and politely offered the use of his own carriage for this purpose. I was sadly disappointed at this arrangement, for I had resolved to offer myself as an escort, being impressed with an irresistible desire to prosecute my acquaintance with the fair unknown. As, however, the surgeon himself was to accompany them, any offer of my services would have seemed obtrusive, and nothing therefore was left to me but to assist in handing them into the carriage. I had closed the door, and was just about to ask permission to pay my respects at the house next day. I felt, however, unaccountably embarrassed on the occasion, and before I could frame my wish in suitable words, the lady interrupted me by requesting that I would add to the favours already conferred by inquiring after the fate of their coachman, to whom, in the bustle of the moment, they had not had time to attend. I bowed my acquiescence; but before I could utter a word the carriage drove off and left me.

"Such a figure! such a voice!" I said to myself as I hurried away to look after my companions, and ascertain what had become of the gentleman's coachman—"had I only seen her face!—but I *shall* call to-morrow!"

Strangway and Neville I found had escaped with a few inconsiderable bruises, and were now both busily engaged ministering to the wants of poor Bill, who had been removed into a neighbouring change-house very severely hurt. Thither the unfortunate coachman of whom I was in search had also been conveyed with his leg badly fractured. The poor fellow was in great pain, nor could I get him to speak a single word coherently until I had procured the attendance of a surgeon, who set the broken bones and let him blood. He then fell into a profound sleep, and awaking after a couple of hours more collected, I ascertained the name and residence of his master, to whom I determined to pay my respects on the following morning.

The coach was by this time restored to her wheels, and a driver having been provided to carry us forward, my companions and myself—having left a little money at the inn with strict injunctions that the patients should be properly attended to—proceeded on our journey. After a short drive we reached the city, and took up our quarters at the Tavistock.

In talking over the events of the day, Strangway and Neville took occasion to rally me a good deal on the rapturous manner in which I spoke of my veiled beauty. Indeed I could not help wondering at my own susceptibility in being so much smitten by a person whose face I had never seen. It was in vain that I endeavoured to excuse myself in my own eyes by attributing the interest I felt not to the lady herself but her unfortunate father; the musical tones of her voice still rung in my ear, and her graceful figure flitted in imagination before me.

"You had better not prosecute this adventure any farther," said Strangway; "ten to one the lady is old and ugly, and her father nothing more than a retired soap-boiler. At all events, should she chance to be handsome, depend upon it she is likely to turn up her nose, be it never so straight, at a poor middy who carries his whole fortune in his pocket. Come, come, Ned, help yourself to a glass of wine and think no more about it; and next time you fall in love make it a point to get a previous glimpse at the lady's physiognomy. What would you say now to her being some half-cast beauty with a face as tawny as a copper stew pan?"

I was not, however, to be laughed out of my adventure, and though I said nothing of my purpose, determined to wait upon the lady next morning to inquire after her father's health. I accordingly dressed myself to as much advantage as my somewhat scanty wardrobe would admit, and stealing out of the hotel without saying a word to my companions, threw myself into a hackney coach and drove off direct for — Square.

"Master is rather easier this morning," said a smart-looking livery servant in reply to my inquiries.

"Is your mistress within at present?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "please step this way, sir."

My heart beat quick as I ascended the staircase, and was ushered into a handsome ante-room, the servant assuring me that he would presently announce my name to his mistress. Every thing in the apartment gave evidence of taste and refinement. In one corner stood a frame for embroidery work, in another a harp, and open, on a small rosewood work-table, lay a beautifully illustrated copy of Tasso's *Aminta*. The walls were hung round with exquisite engravings from some of the most famous pictures of the Roman school, and several landscapes beautifully executed in water colours, and marked with the initials C. M., drawn in a small Italian character, I was inclined to attribute to the hand of my fair unseen.

"At all events," I thought to myself, "she must be accomplished. These drawings are charmingly executed, and as an accompaniment to the harp, that voice! I trust in heaven she is handsome."

Scarcely had I concluded this sagacious reflection, when the door opened, and the object of my curiosity entered. If I was before struck with the elegance of her figure, what was the effect produced by the contemplation of her face. I thought it was the most perfect countenance I had ever beheld. The thick clusters of her raven-black hair were braided over a high, intellectual forehead of almost dazzling whiteness: her eye was dark and sparkling, its fire in some degree tempered by the shadow of her long, silken eyelashes, and the moulding of the lower features of her face were of such extreme elegance and delicacy as to remind me of those chosen by Canova as the model for his Niobe. The expression of the whole was such as to convey the idea of superior intellectual power; and there was a gentle, unobtrusive smile playing round the corners of the lips that indicated a modesty and benevolence truly feminine.

"You are very kind, Mr. Lascelles," she said, as she recognized my presence by a graceful inclination of the head, "to take the trouble of coming to inquire after my father's health. He is *this morning* much improved, and de-

sired me to express his thanks to you for your attentions yesterday."

I know not whence it is, but I have sometimes met with women with whom I felt at first sight as if I had been an old acquaintance. Of these, the lady before me was one. There was an affability and kindness in her manner that thawed at once the frost of ceremony, and she knew how to conduct conversation on indifferent topics, without the slightest appearance of reserve or stiffness. Such were her intelligence and the extent of her information, that the whole field of polite learning seemed patent to her. On the subject of the fine arts in particular, she displayed a degree of taste and discrimination seldom to be met with in a mere amateur; and when I requested her to favour me with a specimen of her performance on the harp, she complied at once, without the slightest coyness or affectation. In music, at least, her practical skill seemed equal to her theoretic knowledge; the tones she drew from the instrument were truly enchanting; and when she sung, her rich, full voice harmonized most delightfully with the vibrations of the silver strings.

"You seem fond of music, Mr. Lascelles," she said, when she had finished her song; "indeed that is one of the privileges of your name. Pray, may I ask if you are related to the Lascelles of —shire?"

"I am the son of the Mr. Lascelles to whom you allude, madam," I replied.

"I thought so," she continued; "indeed I may almost say I knew so before I asked the question; and more, your name must be Edward. Nay, do not look so astonished at my prophetic powers; the truth is, your sister was a schoolfellow of mine, and she possessed a miniature likeness of her sailor brother, so admirably executed that I should have known you to be the original at first sight."

At this moment a servant entered and spoke something to her aside.

"I must bid you adieu for the present," she said, rising up, "as my father is in need of my attendance; but I trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again before you leave town;" and making a graceful curtsy, she glided from the room.

I returned to my hotel in raptures.

Of all the women I had ever seen, none, I thought, had half such powers of enchantment; nor was it, perhaps, one of the smallest proofs of my being deeply smitten, that I said not a word of my morning's visit to Strangway or Neville. When they inquired where I had been, I told them of the various relations on whom I found it necessary to wait, and so the affair passed off. Next morning, however, as early as propriety would permit, I again presented myself at — Square, and again found Catherine—for that, I ascertained, was her name—alone. Another hour spent in her delightful society only tended to rivet me more firmly as her devoted admirer. The intelligence of her conversation, the variety of her accomplishments, and the amiability of her disposition, not to mention the unparalleled beauty of her countenance and the elegance of her person, all combined to confirm me in the opinion that she had not her equal in the world, and to render it more and more impossible for me to withdraw myself from the fascinations of her society. Day after day found me in her company, and day after day I became still more devotedly her slave.

It is true, that I sometimes ventured to inquire of myself to what all this ardour of attachment on my part could ultimately tend. She had never, by word or action, shown the slightest partiality for me, and seemed, more than any thing else, to suffer my visits for the sake of my sister and the services I had rendered her father; and, even supposing that she might, perhaps, entertain sentiments which time might ripen into something like attachment, how was it possible for a poor, penniless midshipman to make proposals to one who had evidently been brought up in all the elegancies and luxuries of life? This was a humiliating consideration; yet I tried to dispose of it by reflecting, that I had interest sufficient to raise me in the service, and if I could approach her in time, as a commander, perhaps she might be inclined to look upon my suit with favourable eyes. A commander! But when would that consummation arrive? and was it possible to suppose that one so lovely would be allowed to await so uncertain an event? I glanced my eye in the

mirror as I made this reflection, and was silly enough to fancy she might: she certainly did not dislike my society, and who could tell what time might effect?

During the fortnight I spent in London, I was a daily visitor at — Square; and as the old gentleman had, in the interval, a good deal recovered, he had been invariably present at my latter visits. He was a fine, frank, gentlemanlike man; and being acquainted with my father, and apparently pleased with myself, he invariably received me with the utmost kindness, and pressed me to come and see him as often as I could. The reader may suppose how eagerly I accepted this invitation; every evening found me in the society of Catherine, more charmed, more enchanted than ever.

At length the letters which I received from my father, became so pressing for my immediate return home, that I found I could no longer, in duty, neglect them. Accordingly, I with some regret fixed the day of my departure, and during the interval which I had still to spend in town, I determined to come to some understanding with Catherine. This, however, was a determination more easily made than executed. Although I was at all times treated by the object of my affections with the utmost frankness and cordiality, there was never any thing in her demeanour approaching to tenderness, and I felt at a loss how to introduce a topic which seemed so unlikely to meet with a favourable reception. Night after night passed away, and still, so far from any declaration on my part, I felt at each interview more and more at a loss how to act.

But time pressed: only one day now intervened before that fixed for my departure, and I resolved to come at last to some explanation decisive of my fate. I had promised to spend an hour at — Square in the evening, and I presented myself at the appointed time, fully prepared to press an éclaircissement with my adored. The weather had for some days been cold and rainy, and when I entered the house, the servant informed me that his master felt rather indisposed and did not intend to leave his apartment. This, I thought, was so far favourable to my purposes, and I bounded up stairs to the room

where we commonly met, with more agility than usual. There was no one there; but an argand lamp burning on the table, and a couple of wax-lights on the piano, on which a music-book lay open, indicated that the room had been recently occupied. I concluded that Catherine would be with her father, and anticipating her immediate return, I sat down to the instrument to practice over one of the songs we had been in the habit of singing together.

I had not been long thus employed when Catherine entered, not alone, as I had expected, but leaning on the arm of a young man of remarkably handsome countenance and graceful exterior. He was dressed in a military uniform, which shewed off his fine person to great advantage; and the tender glances with which he regarded his lovely companion, went like daggers to my heart.

"Allow me, Mr. Lascelles," said the lady, advancing towards me with her usual blandness of manner, "to present to you my husband, who is just arrived for a few days on leave of absence from his regiment. He is an acquaintance of your father and your uncle, and I am sure you will like each other."

The young officer advanced and shook me cordially by the hand, saying that a recommendation from his wife was at all times the best introduction to him, and that he hoped to have an opportunity of improving our acquaintance. CATHERINE'S HUSBAND! it was impossible, and yet the living man stood before me and smiled on me as blandly as Catherine herself. I did not know what to say, or how to look, I was so much taken at unawares, and it was no small relief to me when the young

officer threw the conversation into another channel, and asked me if I had seen my uncle recently.

"No, sir," I replied, "not since I was with him at St. Helena three years ago."

"Ah! at St. Helena!" said the officer smiling; "I have heard of your visit there, and of your gallops on old Nestor, and your visits to Plantation House, and—but I had perhaps as well not go on with my list. You have not of course seen your old acquaintance Sophia — since your arrival; I spent some days lately in her company at her uncle's in Somersetshire, and she still speaks of her stay at St. Helena with pleasure."

Sophia! what recollections did that name recall and at what a time! Never in my life was I more thoroughly embarrassed; I knew not what to say, and stammered out some question at random about when the officer had seen my uncle.

"He is commander of the regiment," he replied, "in which I have the honour to serve, and I parted from him only a couple of days since. But I see you are looking at the piano, Mr. Lascelles—come, Catherine, pray favour us with that beautiful Indian air I used to admire so much."

Catherine seated herself at the instrument, and having performed the song in her usual masterly manner, requested me to join her in one we had been in the habit of singing together. For this, however, I was totally unfit, and having pleaded the early hour in the morning at which I was to proceed on my journey, took my leave and departed.

COLERIDGE.—NO. II.

In our July number we undertook to give an account of the volumes published under the name of Coleridge's Table-Talk. The arrangements of our publication rendered it impossible to give such full extracts as we could have wished from this book—*which, we think, must be regarded as a genuine part of his works, and in all fairness considered as a record*

of about the same value as any other volumes of his prose. His opinions, as expressed in it, are for the greater part on subjects which through his whole life he had been examining. In some cases we differ from him altogether: in some cases we think it not impossible that he would himself have qualified or explained into something with which we could have en-

tirely agreed a few things, which, as stated here, are difficult of digestion. Now and then it is manifest that some chasm, occasioned by the necessity of suppression, or by the dialogue being imperfectly remembered by the relative who records the conversations, has given to the speaker an air of dogmatism, which was, of all things, most foreign to Coleridge's nature : strong language is sometimes applied to public men, which must, as in all such cases fair interpretation would require, be referred to the principles which they are regarded as impersonating : but, on the whole, making such allowances as the nature of the work demands—thinking it also not impossible that some passages are allowed to remain imperfect, because the public cannot always be permitted to hear more than fragments of conversations—we think that we are giving the highest praise to this book which it is possible a work of the kind can receive, when we class it, as an authority on the subject of Coleridge's opinions on literature and politics, with his published works.

The conversation of Coleridge has been often described ; and, from every account of it which we have heard, those who have only seen him after broken health had made him retire from London life to reside almost entirely in the country, had no opportunity of estimating the play of his mind in his days of joyous health and the full manhood of his powers, before premature old age and frequent sickness had bowed down his strength. We do not know where to look for an account of his eloquence in this early and brilliant period. Our wish would be, if possible, to find some adequate record of his powers in the pulpit in the feverish time in which, without, we believe, anything which by any sect is regarded as regular ordination, this lay missionary was engaged in his task of preaching what in his poems he has called

"Faith and Freedom, and the Truth in Christ."

Of the doctrines which he preached we have no distinct record. He was sent forth on his mission by some dissenting body or other, with whom he soon found himself altogether at variance. We have an indistinct recollection of having read some descrip-

tion of his eloquence at this period by Hazlitt; but such of Hazlitt's works as we have the opportunity of consulting do not contain the essay. Of his powers in conversation the best accounts are those given by the Opium-Eater and by the editor of the *Table-Talk*. The Opium-Eater's admiration of Coleridge's genius is such, that, should he happen to see our last paper, we expect not alone his entire forgiveness, but his full sympathy with us in our effort to vindicate Coleridge from the charges contained in one of his articles. In fact, the charges, were they even just, are such as should not weigh a single feather with any fair mind, and the Opium-Eater says as much. In sober truth, we rather fear that we were misled by him into the discussion of a matter of no great public interest in that question of Pythagoras's beans ; the opinion that sensible people ought not to vote at elections, or that the ballot is a bad thing—which Coleridge is said to have taken from some long-tailed German or other, is as old as Plutarch and Aristotle. We ourselves think Cicero's account of the matter is not to be sneezed at. After translating a sentence from a passage of Plato, in which Socrates is made to say that the dreams of the temperate are prophetic, the Tusculan reviewer adds his own opinion, that the injunction of Pythagoras to abstain from beans was, because, being flatulent and unwholesome, they disturbed the tranquillity of the mind; that our dreams were no longer serene and untroubled—in short, that they have some of the bad effects of opium on all but professed opium-eaters. Our own theory on the subject, which we should not be surprised to find anticipated by Jamblicus, or Porphyrius, or Schelling, or O'Brien of the Round Towers, is this, that Pythagoras, whose wisdom was learned in the East—nay, who was educated by Ezekiel—if Mazarius or Nazarius be, as some sober persons think probable, the way of spelling Ezekiel—meant in this mysterious injunction to recommend abstinence from bacon, which, without beans, is a dish we by no means relish. Well, then, having thus sought to make our peace with our witness, we give an extract from his account of his first interview with Coleridge.

"I had received directions for finding out the house where Coleridge was visiting; and, in riding down a main street of Bridgewater, I noticed a gateway corresponding to the description given me. Under this was standing, and gazing about him a man whom I shall describe. In height he might seem to be about five feet eight; (he was, in reality, about an inch and a half taller, but his figure was of an order which drowned the height;) his person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically style fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess, which mixed with their light, that I recognised my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more; and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any other object in the street. He was in a deep reverie; for I had dismounted, and made two or three trifling arrangements at an inn-door, and advanced close to him, before he had apparently become conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice, announcing my own name, first awoke him: he started, and, for a moment, seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation; for he repeated rapidly a number of words which had no relation to either of us. There was no *mauvaise honte* in his manner, but simple perplexity, and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position amongst day-light realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked that it might be called gracious. The hospitable family, with whom he was domesticated, were distinguished for their amiable manners and enlightened understandings: they were descendants from Chubb, the philosophic writer, and bore the same name. For Coleridge they all testified deep affection and esteem—sentiments in which the whole town of Bridgewater seemed to share; for in the evening, when the heat of the day had declined, I walked out with him; and rarely, perhaps never, have I seen a person so much interrupted, in one hour's space, as Coleridge, on this occasion, by the courteous attention of young and old. All the people of station and weight in the

place, and apparently all the ladies, were abroad to enjoy the lovely summer evening, and not a party passed without some mark of smiling recognition; and the majority stopping to make personal inquiries about his health, and to express their anxiety that he should make a lengthened stay amongst them.

"Coleridge led me to the drawing-room, rang the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. He told me that there would be a very large dinner party on that day, which, perhaps might be disagreeable to a perfect stranger, but if not, he could assure me of a most hospitable welcome from the family. I was too anxious to see him under all aspects, to think of declining this invitation. And these little points of business being settled, Coleridge, like some great river, the Orellana, or the St. Lawrence, that had been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, and suddenly recovers its volume of waters and its mighty music, swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel, the most finely illustrated, and traversing the most spacious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical, that it was possible to conceive. What I mean by saying that his transitions were "just," is by way of contradiction to that mode of conversation which courts variety by means of *verbal* connexions. Coleridge, to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most when in fact his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest—viz. when the compass, and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. Had the conversation been thrown upon paper, it might have been easy to trace the continuity of the links; just as in Bishop Berkeley's *Siris*,* from a pedestal so low and abject, so culinary, as Tar Water, the method of preparing it, and its medicinal effects, the

* *Seiris* ought to have been the title, *i. e.* *Zeus* a chain; from this defect in the orthography, I did not in my boyish days perceive, nor could obtain any light upon its meaning.

dissertation ascends, like Jacob's ladder, by just gradations, into the Heaven of Heavens, and the thrones of the Trinity. But Heaven is there connected with earth by the Homeric chain of gold, and being subject to steady examination, it is easy to trace the links. Whereas, in conversation, the loss of a single word may cause the whole cohesion to disappear from view. However, I can assert upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic, the most severe, was as inalienable from his modes of thinking, as grammar from his language."—*English Opium Eater in Tail's Magazine, September, 1834.*

The editor of the Table-Talk thus describes the conversation of his illustrious relative :—

"A cursory inspection will show that these volumes lay no claim to be ranked with Boswell's in point of dramatic interest. Coleridge differed not more from Johnson in every characteristic of intellect, than in the habits and circumstances of his life, during the greatest part of the time in which I was intimately conversant with him. He was naturally very fond of society, and continued to be so to the last; but the almost unceasing ill health with which he was afflicted, after fifty, confined him for many months in every year to his own room, and, most commonly, to his bed. He was then rarely seen, except by single visitors; and few of them would feel any disposition upon such occasions to interrupt him, whatever might have been the length or mood of his discourse. And indeed, although I have been present in mixed company, where Mr. Coleridge has been questioned and opposed, and the scene has been amusing for the moment—I own that it was always much more delightful to me to let the river wander at its own sweet will, unruffled by aught but a certain breeze of emotion which the stream itself produced. If the course it took was not the shortest, it was generally the most beautiful; and what you say by the way was as worthy of note as the ultimate object to which you were journeying. It is impossible, indeed, that Coleridge did not, in fact, possess the precise gladiatorial power of Johnson: yet he understood a sword play of his own; and I have, upon several occasions, seen him exhibit brilliant proofs of its effectiveness upon disputants of considerable pretensions in their particular lines. But he had a genuine dislike of the practice in

himself or others, and no slight provocation could move him to any such exertion. He was, indeed, to my observation, more distinguished from other great men of letters by his moral thirst after the Truth—the ideal Truth—in his own mind, than by his merely intellectual qualifications. To leave the every-day circle of society in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality; where anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and over-ruling principles, is as unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more; to leave this species of converse—if converse it deserves to be called—and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries, and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and many of its vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse, without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position; gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the party-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow student and the companion of your way, so

playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye !

" There were, indeed, some whom Coleridge tired, and some whom he sent asleep. It would occasionally so happen, when the abstruser mood was strong upon him, and the visitor was narrow and ungenial. I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts, and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe, but which seemed proper to him, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand, as a man understands a newspaper ; but upon such a listener there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy ; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation ;—

And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he'd dream of better worlds,
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,
That sangst like an angel in the clouds !

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the general character of Mr. Coleridge's conversation was abstruse or rhapsodical. The contents of the following pages may, I think, be taken as pretty strong presumptive evidence that his ordinary manner was plain and direct enough ; and even when, as sometimes happened, he seemed to ramble from the road, and to lose himself in a wilderness of digressions, the truth was, that at that very time he was working out his fore-known conclusion through an almost miraculous logic, the difficulty of which consisted precisely in the very fact of its minuteness and universality. He took so large a scope, that, if he was interrupted before he got to the end, he appeared to have been talking without an object ; although, perhaps, a few steps more would have brought you to a point, a retrospect from which would show you the pertinence of all he had been saying. I have heard persons complain that they could get no answer to a question from Coleridge. The truth is, he answered, or meant to answer, so fully that the querist should have no second question to ask. In nine cases out of ten he saw the question was short or misdirected ; and

knew that a mere *yes* or *no* answer could not embrace the truth—that is, the whole truth—and might, very probably, by implication, convey error. Hence that exhaustive, cyclical mode of discoursing in which he frequently indulged ; unfit, indeed, for a dinner-table, and too long-breathed for the patience of a chance visitor, but which, to those who knew for what they came, was the object of their profoundest admiration, as it was the source of their most valuable instruction. Mr. Coleridge's affectionate disciples learned their lessons of philosophy and criticism from his own mouth. He was to them as an old master of the Academy or Lyceum. The more time he took, the better pleased were such visitors, for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically on my soul, when chanted forth by him ! Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-smitten lyre !

" Mr. Coleridge's conversation at all times required attention, because what he said was so individual and unexpected. But when he was dealing deeply with a question, the demand upon the intellect of the hearer was very great ; not so much for any hardness of language, for his diction was always simple and easy ; nor for the abstruseness of the thoughts, for they generally explained, or appeared to explain, themselves ; but pre-eminently on account of the seeming remoteness of his associations, and the exceeding subtlety of his transitional links. It happened to him as to Pindar, who in modern days has been called a rambling rhapsodist, because the connections of his parts, though never arbitrary, are so fine that the vulgar reader sees them not at all. But they are there, nevertheless, and may all be so distinctly shown, that no one can doubt their existence ; and a little study will also prove that the points of contact are those which the true genius of lyric verse naturally evolved, and that the entire Pindaric ode, instead of being the loose and lawless outburst which so many have fancied, is, without any exception, the most artifi-

cial and highly-wrought composition which Time has spared to us from the Greek Muse. So I can well remember occasions in which, after listening to Mr. Coleridge for several delightful hours, I have gone away with divers splendid masses of reasoning in my head, the separate beauty and coherency of which I deeply felt, but how they had produced, or how they bore upon each other, I could not then perceive. In such cases I have mused sometimes even for days afterwards upon the words, till at length, spontaneously as it seemed, "the fire would kindle," and the association, which had escaped my utmost efforts of comprehension before, flash itself all at once upon my mind with the clearness of noonday light."—*Table Talk, Vol. I.—Preface.*

While we are glad that these conversations are preserved, and while we altogether agree with Mr. Coleridge's editor that Coleridge did "the day's work of a giant," we still feel that his poetry is his true claim to that immortality in our language which may be safely predicted. In our last paper we were provoked into some discussion on the subject of his originality, and endeavoured to show that it cannot be denied, except on principles which would deny originality to Shakespeare and to Milton. A few translations and imitations of German poems, which are in everybody's hands, are printed among the "SIBYLLINE LEAVES." These, of course, ought to be specified, and we may as well at once mention them. The "LINES TO A CATARACT" are an imitation from Stolberg, and the original ought to be printed in the same page with the English as a curious proof of Coleridge's wonderful skill in versification. The resemblance to the original is preserved even in the succession of the same vowel sounds, and in a species of delicate alliteration, which, among our later English poets, Coleridge alone has sought. The "UNFERRISHING YOUTH" of the English poet gives back to the ear the very sounds as well as the meaning of Stolberg's *Unsterbliche Jüngling*. In the verses, "Hear, my beloved, an old Milesian story," every syllable is an accurate repetition and echo of Matthison, and

the English poet loses half his fame by not having the German verses which he translates printed with his. The poem,

"If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,"

is in the same way a German ballad,* translated for the purpose of trying the effect of an unusual measure. The poems in question are, in the English writer, mere exercises of versification, an art which more than any other requires frequent and repeated application. If they be considered as translations, it is really curious to observe how perfect the transmutation is, and how superior in all these instances the English poem is. The branch thrown into some stream, whose sands are gold, a piece of dead wood, and taken up with all its leaves and blossoms and each minutest fibre preserved in form, but converted into the purest gold, expresses but inadequately the change of substance and of nature which these trifles receive in such translations as Coleridge's, and that in cataloguing and indexing them—a task which was probably neglected altogether by the poet himself, and performed by publishers more or less competent or careless—they should have been called rather by the name of him to whom they owe their existence in our poetry—or, indeed, in poetry at all, for the German originals are dull enough—was, after all, the most natural thing in the world. Which of us ever asks the name of the poet who wrote

"Uprose the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning gulph he rode
That leads to Hela's black abode"?

The poem—as far as it is a poem—is Gray's; and from whom Bartholinus, or whoever else gives us the bad Latin from which Gray translates, may have copied it, is one of those questions about which we have lived to this hour in acquiescing ignorance.

The power exhibited in these trifles, and in the glorious work of Wallenstein, is such, that we regret he was not more often occupied in poetical translation. However, the tasks which

* The original is printed in the notes to ANSTER'S FAUST, page 444.

a man's own spirit shapes for itself are, if they can be carried into execution, the best; and when we express such a wish, we perhaps ought to remember that the time which a literary man passes in preparatory studies is passed in more happy occupation than any exercise of his talents in his communications with the public can be; that, after all, translation, when truly successful, requires powers which seek for themselves worthier employment. Wallenstein was not successful on its first appearance. In one of the papers of *THE FRIEND*, (edition of 1818,) Mr. Coleridge having occasion to quote a passage from it on the subject of divination, thus speaks of what book-sellers would call its failure:—

“I am tempted to quote a passage from my own translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, the more so that the work has been long ago used up as “*winding sheets for pilchards*,” or extant only by (as I would fain flatter myself) the kind partiality of the trunk-makers: though with the exception of works for which public admiration supersedes or includes individual commendations, I scarce remember a book that has been more honored by the express attestations in favour of eminent, and even of popular literati, among whom I take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments to the author of *Waverley*, Guy Mannering, &c. How (asked Ulysses, addressing his guardian goddess) shall I be able to recognise Proteus, in the swallow that skims round our houses whom I have been accustomed to behold as a swan of Phœbus, measuring his movements to a celestial music? In both alike, she replied, thou canst recognize the god.

“So supported, I dare avow I have thought my translation worthy of a more favourable reception from the public and their literary guides and purveyors. But when I recollect that a much better and very far more valuable work, the Rev. Mr. Carey's incomparable translation of Dante, had very nearly met with the same fate, I lose all right, and, I trust, all inclination to complain: an inclination which the mere sense of its folly and uselessness will not always suffice to preclude.

COURTESY.

What? dost thou not believe, that oft in dreams

▲ *voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?*

WALLENSTEIN.

I will not doubt that there have been such voices;

Yet I would not call them

Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere: so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events
And in to-day already *cralks* to-morrow.
That which we read of the Fourth Henry's
death,

Did ever vex and haunt me, like a tale,
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife,
Long ere Ravillac arm'd himself therewith,
His quiet mind forsook him: the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air. Like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet, that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

WALLENSTEIN, part II. act v. scene 1.

It has been often mentioned as a subject of regret that Coleridge did not translate *FAUST*. We learn from the *Table-Talk* that he read it with some such purpose; nay, that the story of *Faust* had seized on his imagination to such an extent, that it became blended with an early conception of his own, in which he wished to embody, in the story of Michael Scott, his notions of the use which he thought ought to be made of the legend. His purposed story remained through his life among his many unaccomplished purposes; and we cannot but think that when he expressed in conversation a preference for Schiller above Goethe, that his judgment (if the conversation is to be regarded as expressing anything of permanent feeling, and is not to be considered with reference to some accidental turn of the dialogue) was in this particular case affected by his recollections of Schiller connecting him with accomplished purposes—perhaps, too, with a happy time of life and hope; and while he thought of Schiller in the affectionate feeling of discipleship, which his relation to him as translator in some degree involved, that with respect to Goethe the very opposite feeling was one which the nature of his proposed task must have suggested. *Faust* must have been read by him with reference to his own projected improvements—each scene rendered meaningless, or deprived of its true meaning by being

considered in reference to a plot—not Goethe's—and which must have been connected in thought with that despondency in which, through his writings, he so often speaks of plans unfinished—nay, never commenced—or in any way existing except in his recollections of the morning dreams of his earlier poetical life. Coleridge speaks of Faust as often vulgar, and, with amusing inconsistency, the coarsest scenes in the drama are those which he perversely prefers. To us the cause of all this is at once intelligible. There is no part of what is properly called poetry in the work which a poet such as Coleridge could not have preserved or surpassed. The very scenes which in his proposed drama he probably would altogether have omitted, which would not have fallen in with his plan, are those which—not being led to compare them with anything in the phantom-drama of his dream, and which were certainly less suited to his peculiar powers than the lyrical or tragical parts of the work—he praises with a full perception of their broad farce. These scenes of boisterous mirth we are far from enjoying. Their execution, is, however, beyond all praise. But it was not such scenes as these that made Goethe to Germany more than Wordsworth has been to England. Schiller died young; and what a poet, whose powers of execution at least were in each successive work improving, and who applied himself to the cultivation of his art under the most favourable circumstances might have done, we will not venture to conjecture; but we regard

it as actually impossible that in any one faculty of the poet—except intensity of purpose—Coleridge should have regarded Schiller as at all approaching to Goethe. Between particular works of Schiller's and of Goethe's there may be numberless points of comparison, and causes of just preference, too, of the inferior writer; but in every power of the poet, Schiller was inferior—immeasurably inferior.*

In our July number we incidentally mentioned Coleridge's translation of *Wallenstein*, and expressed our opinion of that wonderful work. We must be allowed to say one word on his own poems. A review of his *Table-Talk*, however, is not the place to discuss the matter as we could wish, even did we feel ourselves equal to the task—but one word will be allowed us.

The first part of the *Romance of Christabel* is probably the poem which more than any other in the language seizes upon the imagination, and this with but little aid from story, and none from sentiment; a few pictures are placed before the eye, and they live before it for ever. Then, the versification—throughout musical, though its measurement beats somewhat too distinctly upon the ear, and forces us as it were to count its cadences; though it wants variety, yet—to use language which we have ourselves elsewhere used—"it acts on the heart and mind almost as a spell." The reader's mind is as powerless and yet as active as in a dream. The images presented to us we seem in some sort to create; and while every word brings

* As some evidence of the way in which Klopstock felt the difference of the claims of Goethe and Schiller, we transcribe from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* a few sentences. It should be remembered that this was in 1798, before either poet had produced his master-works:—

"He spoke favourably of Goethe; but said that his '*Sorrows of Werter*' was his best work, better than any of his dramas: he preferred the first written to the rest of Goethe's dramas. Schiller's '*Robbers*' he found so extravagant, that he could not read it. I spoke of the scene of the setting sun. He did not know it. He said Schiller could not live. He thought *Don Carlos* the best of his dramas; but said that the plot was inextricable. It was evident he knew little of Schiller's works: indeed, he said he could not read them. Burgher, he said, was a true poet, and would live; that Schiller, on the contrary, must soon be forgotten; that he gave himself up to the imitation of Shakspeare, who was often extravagant, but that Schiller was ten thousand times more so."—*B. L. vol. 2, p. 248.*

Schiller has been beyond any other poet fortunate in his translators—M'Kenzie—Coleridge—Monk Lewis—Moir—Lord Francis Egerton—Colonel D'Aguilar.

with it its distinct meaning to the ear, yet there seems to be a strange cypher-language accompanying every sound, as a classical poet might be supposed to fancy that the song of the Naiad was clearly to be distinguished from the flow of the waters from whose murmur it was yet inseparable. If the meaning of the poet be imperfectly apprehended, the difficulty is to be resolved into anything but vagueness. There is one of Coleridge's poems—a song heard by him in sleep, and of which he remembered and has preserved some snatches. We can imagine the poet, when he first awoke into daylight life from such enchanted dreams, dwelling upon the magic sounds, till what was at first unintelligible, began to assume strange meaning,—till the Spirit, that sent the dream, seemed, as the poet's lips measured the sounds again and again, and the mystery, not yet altogether understood, was becoming familiar, to suggest something like an interpretation. Even in such a state as we imagine the poet when in his waking hours first wondering over the phantoms of fading dummer, and fleeting damsel, and of gardens and groves "rising like an exhalation" to the creative music, even so have we ourselves wondered over Christabel. It is Wilson, we believe—we know it is some true poet—who has told us that Christabel is a fragment, even as our dreams are fragments. To have completed it would have destroyed its character. We believe that the poet meant to intimate to us some mysterious connexion between the innocent Christabel's agonies and "the weal of her lover far away," and that in this poem some fancy of his on the subject of vicarious suffering was meant to be embodied—that in this some key will be found to the star-worship of the Lady Geraldine—and to her "permitted" power, and to the anxious interference of Christabel's guardian angel—her mother's spirit. We cannot forbear transcribing a few stanzas, little as it is our habit or wish at any time to give *fragments* of a poem among our extracts. We mark a few lines

and words in italics, not for the purpose of giving them any peculiar emphasis, but to direct attention to the way in which the reader is told of Geraldine's being a sorceress, or, perhaps, an evil spirit—one in some suspicious way affected by the different matters which were, in the days of demonology among the tests by which those linked in unholy alliance with the powers of evil were detected. We print from the last of Mr. Pickering's editions, noticing a few variations from the form in which we remember the poem.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
*The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest *mistletoe*;
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill, the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at
the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?

* In former editions—

"The breezes they were still also."

* There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe
wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair,
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !
(Said Christabel,) and who art thou ?

The Lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet :
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness :
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !

Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she)
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel *stretched forth her hand*
And comforted fair Geraldine :
O well, bright dame ! you may command
The service of Sir Leoline ;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth, and friends withal
To guide and guard thee safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose : and forth with steps they
passed

† That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious *stars* the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell ;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesies,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;

The gate that was ironed within and
without,
Where an army in battle array had march-
ed out.

The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they
were.

And Christabel devoutly cried
To the Lady by her side ;
Praise we the virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court, right glad they were.

Outside her kennel the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make !
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.

They passed the hall that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;
And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline
tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the
wall.

O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the baron's room,

* In former editions—

" There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
Her neck, her arms, her feet were bare,
And the jewels disordered in her hair."

Is not something lost in not preserving the word *disordered* ?

† In former editions—

" With hurrying steps, yet nothing fast."

As still as death with stifled breath !
 And now have reached her chamber door ;
 * And now doth Geraldine press down
 The rushes of the chamber floor.
 The moon shines dim in the open air,
 And not a moonbeam enters here.
 But they without its light can see
 The chamber carved so curiously,
 Carved with figures strange and sweet,
 All made out of the carver's brain,
 For a lady's chamber meet :
 The lamp, with twofold silver chain
 Is fastened to an *angel's* feet.
 The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
 But Christabel the lamp will trim.
 She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
 And left it swinging to and fro,
 While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
 Sank down upon the floor below.

Aldine Edition, Vol. 2, p. 36.

The second part of Christabel is not, we think, quite equal to the first, though it has supplied more passages to the books of extracts. Through both parts there is no pause for a moment in the narrative ; and if we feel less pleasure in the second part, we are inclined to think that the fault is in the introduction of Bard Bracc's vision, throwing us again into the world of dream, from which we were glad to have escaped. The second part was written in 1800, three years after the first.

Among Coleridge's poems, those which allude to himself, and his projects, and their interruptions, are always beautiful.

A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

'Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane !
 (So call him, for so mingling blame with praise,
 And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,
 Masking his birth-name, wont to character
 His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal.)
 'Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths,
 And honouring with religious love the great
 Of elder times, he hated to excess,
 With an unquiet and intolerant scorn,
 The hollow puppets of a hollow age,
 Ever idolatrous, and changing ever
 Its worthless idols ! learning, power, and time,
 (Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war
 Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, 'tis true,
 Whole years of weary days, besieged him close,
 Even to the gates and inlets of his life !
 But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm,
 And with a natural gladness, he maintained
 The citadel unconquered, and in joy
 Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.
 For not a hidden path, that to the shades
 Of the beloved Parnassian forest leads,
 Lurked undiscovered by him ; not a rill
 There issues from the fount of Hippocrene,
 But he had traced it upward to its source,
 Through open glade, dark glen, and secret dell,
 Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and culled
 Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone,
 Piercing the long-neglected holy cave,
 The haunt obscure of old Philosophy,
 He bade with lifted torch its starry walls
 Sparkle, as erst they sparkle to the flame
 Of odorous lamps tended by Saint and Sage.
 O framed for calmer times and nobler hearts !

* In former editions—

" And now with eager feet press down."

O studious Poet, eloquent for truth!
 Philosopher! contemning wealth and death,
 Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love!
 Here, rather than on monumental stone,
 This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes,
 Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

Aldine Edition, Vol. 1, p. 200.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a maying
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful when!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along:—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I liv'd in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
 Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
 I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be, that Thou art gone!
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd:—
 And thou wert aye a masker bold!
 What strange disguise hath now put on,
 To make believe, that Thou art gone?
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size:
 But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
 Life is but thought: so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
 But the tears of mournful eve!
 Where no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,

When we are old:

That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave
 Like some poor nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismiss'd.
 Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
 And tells the jest without the smile.

Aldine Edition, Vol. 2, p. 74.

Of Mr. Coleridge's prose works we prefer the first lay sermon. *The Friend* is unequal. In speaking of it, we think exclusively of the edition in three volumes, never having seen it in its original form; nor are we quite sure, from the descriptions of the original edition of these essays, whether the stamped sheets on which they were printed and circulated through the post-office, contained, together with essays on subjects to which the attention of newspaper readers would have little chance of being awakened, any of the kind of matter which constitutes an ordinary newspaper. If they did not, the attempt to circulate these essays in this fugitive and expensive form, was itself enough to account for the failure of the publication. To Mr. De Quincey we are indebted for an account of this strange speculation. The passage is one which we will take the liberty of extracting from *Tait's Magazine* of October, 1834:—

"*The Friend*, in its original publication, was, as a pecuniary speculation, the least judicious, both in its objects and its means, I have ever known. It was printed at Penrith, a town in Cumberland, on the outer verge of the lake district, and precisely twenty-eight miles removed Coleridge's abode. This distance, enough of itself in all conscience, was at least trebled in effect by the interposition of Kirkstone, a mountain which is scaled by a carriage ascent of three miles long, and so steep in parts, that, without four horses, no solitary traveller can persuade the neighbouring innkeepers to carry him. Another road, by way of Keswick, is subject to its own separate difficulties. And thus in any practical sense, for ease, for certainty, and for despatch, Liverpool, ninety-five miles distant, was virtually nearer. Dublin even, or Cork, was more eligible. Yet, in this town, so situated as I have stated, by way of purchasing such intolerable difficulties at the highest price, Coleridge was advised, and actually persuaded to set up a printer, by buying types, &c.,

instead of resorting to some printer already established in Kendal, a large and opulent town, not more than eighteen miles distant, and connected by a daily post; whereas, between himself and Penrith there was no post at all. Building his mechanical arrangements, upon this utter 'upside-down' inversion of all common sense, it is not surprising (as 'madness ruled the hour') that in all other circumstances of plan or execution, the work moved by principles of downright crazy disregard to all that a judicious counsel would have suggested. The subjects were generally chosen, obstinately in defiance of the popular taste; they were treated in a style which avowed contempt for the popular models; and the plans adopted for obtaining payment were of a nature to ensure a speedy bankruptcy to the concern. Coleridge had a list, nobody could ever say upon whose authority gathered together, of subscribers. He tells us himself that many of these renounced the work from an early period. His subscribers could not remit four or five shillings for as many numbers without putting Coleridge to an expense of treble postage at the least. This he complains of bitterly in his *Biographia Literaria*, forgetting evidently that the evil was due exclusively to his own defective arrangements. People necessarily sent their subscriptions through such channels as were open to them, or such as were pointed out by Coleridge himself. Managed as the reader will collect from these indications, the work was going down hill from the first. It never gained any accessions of new subscribers: from what source, then, was the continual dropping off of names to be supplied? The printer became a bankrupt: Coleridge was as much in arrear with his articles, as with his lectures at the Royal Institution. That he was from the very first; but now he was disgusted and desponding; and with No. 28 the work came to a final stop. Some years after, it was recast, as the phrase was, and republished. But, in fact, this recast was pretty nearly a new work. The sole contributor to the original work had been Wordsworth, who gave a very valuable paper on the principles concerned in the composition of Epitaphs; and Professor Wilson, who, in conjunction with Mr Blair, an early friend, then visiting at his place on Windermere, wrote the letter signed *Mathetes*, the reply to which came from Mr. Wordsworth."

The edition of 1818 contains the

works of very different periods of Coleridge's life: extracts from his first sermons, and political essays, delivered while he was at the age in which other men are still boys, and in which Coleridge's giant mind was yet in its boyhood—essays written after his return from Germany, but before his language was discoloured by the philosophy of their schools—a few stories told in his purest and best style, and which ought to have been by him translated into verse—rabbinical legends, some of which have since been reprinted in Mr. Hurwitz's *Hebrew Tales*—leading articles from newspapers, which were too good for their place:—such was *THE FRIEND*. There are several essays written in a bold and masculine spirit of liberty—the more remarkable, as all men were at the time panic-stricken with the excesses of the French Revolution. We do not know any where a more remarkable paper than the comparison between the æras of the French Revolution and of the Reformation. A biographical sketch of Sir Alexander Ball does honor both to him and to Coleridge. The unsoundness of some of Paley's views is sought to be exposed; but we think that Coleridge's reply has the disadvantage of somewhat overstatting the doctrines he combats. The principle of Paley, which determines the morality of acts by a calculation of consequences, may be false; but assuredly Paley would deny it to be his principle at all, if the consequences supposed to be the subject of the calculation, were those which affected the individual himself exclusively, or only such as terminated with this life. In all Paley's reasoning on the subject, the only consequences which he admits as forming properly a part of the calculation, are the general consequences of every man assuming the right to act in the same way with the inquirer. The benefit to an individual of an act of fraud, for instance, could not ever be one of the class of consequences that, in Paley's view, would enter into the question at all. But with this class of consequences Coleridge's argument would confound those intended by Paley; and the deception which we think involved in Coleridge's reply, is disguised from view by Coleridge's speaking of the

habit of looking to outward consequences at all as one which seems to justify the inquirer in considering the actual consequences of the individual act alone, because he possesses full knowledge that the general consequences which would result from all men claiming the same right as he is exercising, are consequences from which no danger can be apprehended, as he and all men must know these consequences to be imaginary. We are not sure that Paley has placed morality on any thing like true grounds; but whatever may be learned on this subject from other parts of Coleridge's works, we are sure that in the essay of "The Friend," which seeks to disprove Paley's theory, the task proposed to himself by Coleridge is left undone.

The *Essays on the Communication of Truth* are more successful; but throughout "The Friend," especially in the first two volumes, there is too much of what is purely declamatory. We do not mean to say that such declamation is deficient in any one of the powers which, from the pulpit, would produce great effect; but we think that it was unfortunate, when Mr. Coleridge thought of recasting "The Friend," that he did not burn every one of the papers which he before printed, and seek to deal

anew with the subjects themselves. To recast the work must have been almost as troublesome, and was in every way less satisfactory. Let any popular preacher think of bringing together the brilliant passages of some dozen of his most admired sermons, and fancy that such a compilation could ever by possibility form a valuable theological work. Such work must, however much admired single passages may be, prove an utter failure; and we really cannot think that the chances of success in the case of the republication of which we speak, were much better. The best papers of early date republished in this collection, are the *Essays on Government and on Taxation*. These essays are, curiously enough, the growth of Coleridge's mind dealing with a class of subjects to which he was first led by some early plan of forming a settlement with some friends near the Susquehannah. Of that plan—if it was more than a dream—no very intelligible account has been ever given. It is alluded to but once, as we remember, in Coleridge's poetry. In the *Monody* on the death of Chatterton, after some heavy forebodings, the poet recovers into a healthier tone of feeling, and concludes with the following stanza:—

Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall dwell
On joys that were! No more endure to weigh
The shame and anguish of the evil day,
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell
Sublime of Hope I seek the cottage dell
Where Virtue calm with careless step may stray;
And, dancing to the moon-light roundelay,
The wizard passions weave a holy spell!

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive!
Sure thou would'st spread the canvass to the gale,
And love with us the tinkling team to drive
O'er peaceful Freedom's undivided dale;
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,
Would hang, enraptured, on thy stately song,
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy
All deftly masked, as hoar Antiquity.
Alas, vain Phantasies! the fleeting brood
Of Woe self-solaced in her dreamy mood!
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream,
Where Susquehanna pours his untamed stream;
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,

Will raise a solemn Cenotaph to thee,
Sweet Harper of time-shrouded Minstrelsy!
And there, soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind,
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

Aldine Edition, Vol. 1.

The subject of taxation and its effects were discussed by Mr. Coleridge at a later period of life, with the advantages of study and observation, in the second lay sermon. In this, as in all Mr. Coleridge's political writings, the way in which some popular aphorisms are exposed is the chief value. The portion of truth mingling with these deceptive aphorisms, and which is what in reality renders them influential with numbers, is not sufficiently allowed for. The demagogue himself is as much a dupe as the people whom he leads—"The scoundrel in every village who calls himself the public"—these are Mr. Lambert's memorable words—is a believer, surely, in his own representative character. Let him lead or drive, he is for the most part engaged in thinking of any thing but his own concerns. If the patriot be out at elbows, it is because he is in earnest in his unprofitable calling. Give him any thing to do in which his mind can be occupied, and his disease of over-excitement is at an end. Mr. Coleridge regards the political swindler as if he had not been at one time the mere dupe—in the next stage the watchful gambler, and as if he had not in the last worst stage of fully-developed swindler, preserved the same sincere love of his game as had accompanied him in all his past changes. Fraud, mere fraud, is not one of the original elements in the character of the patriot. On the contrary, his honesty and enthusiasm are a part of his original capital in trade, and the consciousness that he had been honest when the world did not give him credit for it, supports him in his resentment against society in all its forms, in which the Radical ends his career. The death-bed faith which, in a story not very well attested though very credible, is ascribed to Cromwell, is his through life—"I cannot be lost, for I had faith." We ourselves are fully convinced that in almost all cases the champion of any cause, whether self-elected to his office, or called upon,

as it were, by the accidents of his position, is a man not worse, if not better, than his neighbours; and that if such natures are turned sour, and rankle, and corrupt into fanatical preachers against existing institutions—little likely as they are to bring any thing of wisdom to correct the evils of which they complain,—yet do they give strong evidence of something wrong in the framework of society.

The third volume of *THE FRIEND*, which contains essays reprinted from the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and the biographical sketch of Sir Alexander Ball is the most valuable part of the work. The extracts from the *Metropolitana* include an account of the progress of the inductive philosophy in England and on the continent, and an essay on Method, the work, which above all others which we know, is of most importance, not alone in directing his studies, but in forming the mind of the student. It is a matter of astonishment, though assuredly of little moment, to what an extent that essay has prophesied, or anticipated, almost in detail, many of the discoveries in physics which have been since made. How far Sir Humphrey Davey and others may have been led into the right path by Coleridge, and ascertained by experiment what he predicted, could not but be—for it would be an understatement of the fact to say, that they but verified happy conjectures—we have no means of determining, nor are we anxious to enquire. If their discoveries were altogether independent of the reasoning by which he was led to anticipate almost the very details, it is but a stronger confirmation of the truth of his philosophy.

Through Coleridge's works, while they exhibit rare selflessness, it is strange that you never forget the man. In the poetry of his youth he describes his imagined poet—

"To the influences
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
Surrounding his whole spirit—so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality

A venerable thing, and so his song
Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature."

And with the total self-oblivion, and with the entire love of Truth and Nature which he describes in the poem from which we quote, did he devote himself to the studies in which his life was engaged,

"And so his fame
Shall share in Nature's immortality
A venerable thing, and so his song
Hath made all Nature lovelier, and itself
Is loved like Nature."

The *Biographia Literaria* is the most entertaining of Coleridge's prose works. The most valuable part of it is the review of *Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads*, in which, while our estimate of Wordsworth is in some respects higher than Mr. Coleridge's, and while we do not in all instances agree in Mr. Coleridge's application of the principles he lays down, it may be safely affirmed that there is more valuable criticism than in all the reviews in the language put together. It seems a strange thing that Mr. Coleridge, whose most powerful writings were all rapidly written, many of his political essays being each day written for the day's paper, did not associate himself with one of the great reviews. Whatever be the permanent value of his works, whatever be the authority of his name,—which, by the way, is in the *Quarterly Review* now and then introduced, so as soon to destroy its effect, as if it were to preclude the examination of any subject on which he ever expressed an opinion—he would have in this way produced an important influence on contemporary literature. In the *Biographia Literaria*, and in these conversations, the plan of a literary journal is mentioned; and Mr. Coleridge was convinced as we are, that with any thing of adequate information on the part of the writers, such a work, stating distinctly the principles on which it was conducted, and in reality conducted on the principles announced, would be at once supported by the public. We are by no means sure that such a plan is not realized by more than one of the existing journals. At all events, there is at present less of the reptile criticism that fawns and stings,—the creeping thing after its kind,—than

there was at the time when Mr. Coleridge proposed such a journal. The *Magazines*—Blackwood's especially—have given the death-blow to the advertising sheets published to guide the circulating libraries in their choice of rubbish. Not only more just criticism is to be found in the *Magazines*, (we now think of the essays, properly anonymous, and of which the style does not at once point out the writer;—those where the writer is as perfectly known as if he had given his name with each article, deserving of all praise as they are, not being at present in our mind,) but the ample and crowded page of the *Magazine* gives such room for extracts, that a writer disposed to deal fairly with a book,—and the tone of criticism is at this moment a generous and kindly one—is enabled to give ample extracts from every work which he notices. We are very little disposed to refer any general improvement in literature to a single mind, it being in reality almost an accident, with whom a change for which the public is prepared, may originate; but if to one man more than another the public are under a deep debt of gratitude, it is certainly to the late Mr. Blackwood. Great good sense, great kindness of nature—shall we allow ourselves to add, exhibiting itself even in his prejudices—marked the man; and though we believe that scarcely a line in the *Magazine* was written by him, yet the characteristics of his own strong, straightforward mind, his abhorrence of all affectation, and a directness of purpose determining to accomplish its objects, and therefore accomplishing them; these were, from first to last, the spirit of the *Magazine*. This may or may not be referred to the influence of particular writers, and, of course, the manifestation of these qualities in particular articles is referable to the authors of the articles; but to have associated and held together for so many years such writers, could not have been done by a man of ordinary powers. It is a curious and fortunate accident that the *Edinburgh Magazine* should bear the name of the man whose genius created it, and which it continued to express and reflect for so many years. The character of Periodical Literature, not alone as it regards the public, but as it regards

the publisher and author, is in every thing changed. Take up, for instance, any one number of any of the magazines. TAIT is lying on our table; look at the contents, original articles by Elliott, by Howitt, by De Quincey; Reviews of Bulwer, of Washington Irving, of Coleridge, of some three or four new German books, with extracts of "ample scope and verge enough."

Why, verily, the Patagonian Magazine is well worth its price; and, anti-Radicals as we are, we have often paid a tax-gatherer with less pleasure than we give the Radical Review his splendid shilling; but had not Blackwood placed the whole system of magazinery on a new footing, the Heathen, let him rage never so furiously, would have been imagining a vain thing if he thought to bring his wares to the market for three successive months. Mr. Coleridge contributed a few papers to *Blackwood*; they ought to be reprinted, and probably will. We believe that these, and a review of "Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade," in the *Edinburgh Review*, were his only contributions, with the exception of *The Friend*, and the essays in the *Courier* and *Morning Post*, which form a distinct class—to Periodical Literature. We believe that Godwin is almost the only other remarkable man connected with literature in our age, who also wholly avoided writing in the Reviews.

Before laying down these volumes of Coleridge and his editor, we must quote a sentence from the preface to the "Table Talk :—"

"A few words may be pertinently employed here in explaining the true bearing of Coleridge's mind on the politics of our modern days. He was neither a Whig, nor a Tory, as those designations are usually understood; well enough knowing that, for the most part, half-truths only are involved in the parliamentary tenets of the one party or the other. In the common struggles of a session, therefore, he took little interest; and as to mere personal sympathies, the friend of Frere and of Poole, the respected guest of Canning and of Lord Lansdowne, could have nothing to choose. But he threw the weight of his opinion—and it was considerable—into the *Tory* or *Conservative* scale, for these two reasons :—First, generally, because

he had a deep conviction that the cause of freedom and of truth is now seriously menaced by a democratical spirit, growing more and more rabid every day, and giving no doubtful promise of the tyranny to come; and secondly, in particular, because the national church was to him the ark of the covenant of his beloved country, and he saw the Whigs about to coalesce with those whose avowed principles lead them to lay the hand of spoliation upon it. Add to these two grounds, some relics of the indignation which the efforts of the Whigs to thwart the generous exertions of England in the great Spanish war had formerly roused within him; and all the constituents of any active feeling in Mr. Coleridge's mind upon matters of state are, I believe, fairly laid before the reader. The reform question in itself gave him little concern, except as he foresaw the present attack on the church to be the immediate consequence of the passing of the bill, 'for let the form of the House of Commons,' said he, 'be what it may, it will be, for better or for worse, pretty much what the country at large is; but once invade that truly national and essentially popular institution, the church, and divert its funds to the relief or aid of individual charity or public taxation—how specious soever that pretext may be—and you will never thereafter recover the lost means of perpetual cultivation. Give back to the church what the nation originally consecrated to its use, and it ought then to be charged with the education of the people; but half of the original revenue has been already taken by force from her, or lost to her through desuetude, legal decision, or public opinion; and are those whose very houses and parks are part and parcel of what the nation designed for the general purposes of the clergy, to be heard, when they argue for making the church support, out of her diminished revenues, institutions, the intended means for maintaining which they themselves hold under the sanction of legal robbery?' Upon this subject, Mr. Coleridge did indeed feel very warmly, and was accustomed to express himself accordingly. It weighed upon his mind night and day, and he spoke upon it with an emotion, which I never saw him betray upon any topic of common politics, however decided his opinion might be. In this, therefore, he was *felix opportunitate mortis*; *non enim vidit*—; and the just and honest of all parties will heartily admit over his grave, that as his principles and opinions were

untainted by any sordid interest, so he maintained them in the purest spirit of a reflective patriotism, without spleen, or bitterness, or breach of social union."

Table Talk—Preface.

We wish that our readers should lay down this article with the music of Coleridge's verse still lingering around them :—

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the Spring,
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's page,
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.
Here twilight is and coolness : here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree.
Drink, Pilgrim, here ; Here rest ! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy Spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees !

SECOND LETTER FROM AN OLD ORANGEMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your promptitude in attending to my last communication entitles you to at least a similar promptitude on my part in following up the subject of it, and communicating, in plain simple language, such further facts and reasons as occur to me justificatory of the Orange Institution. This I shall do without preface or circumlocution ; as I possess neither the time, nor the temper, nor the ability for that amplification and adornment by which the society, of which I would rather be thought the historian than the advocate, may be set off to most advantage ; and even if I did, I might perhaps be of opinion that truths, such as I have to state, can gain but little by adventitious aids, "and are, when unadorned, adorned the most."

In my last I gave, in the words of Theobald Wolfe Tone, an unexaggerated picture of the state of Ireland contemporaneous with the origin of the Orange Institution. Nothing could be more deplorable. The revo-

lutionary leaven was working itself rapidly through the mass of the people, and the anarchists entertained the confident hope, that, in a very short time, Ireland would be regenerated after the French model, and British connection given to the winds. The reader has seen what good grounds there were for these anticipations, which, I fearlessly assert, that nothing but the counter organization, which commenced upon the field of the Diamond fight, prevented from being, in all respects, realized.

Previously to the year 1795, Ulster was the most disturbed part of Ireland. Since 1796 it has been the most tranquil. Surely this simple and indisputable fact ought to make the most determined enemies of the Orange Institution hesitate in ascribing to it the turbulence and the bloodshed which unhappily disgrace other parts of the country. Such an allegation speaks much for the audacity of assertion which distinguishes one party, but in

by no means complimentary to the extent of credulity which is calculated on in the people at large.

I remember that when Mr. O'Connell was under examination before the committee on the state of Ireland in 1825, he was asked how he could reconcile his representations of the conduct of the Orangemen with the peaceable state of that part of the country where they chiefly prevailed. His answer was a denial of the fact. He stated that Ulster was not as peaceful as was represented; and he instanced, in proof of his position, the burning of Wild Goose Lodge, and the rising under Russell at the time of Emmet's insurrection. I believe that no two instances more clearly confirmatory of an opposite hypothesis could be adduced. The affair at Wild Goose Lodge will long be remembered as one of those Romish atrocities which throw all ordinary barbarism into the shade, and vindicate for the professors of the papal creed in this country a preeminence in cold-blooded depravity which puts them immeasurably beyond the most inhuman savages. And the attempt which poor Russell made to excite a disloyal feeling in a county which but a few years before had been reticulated, as it were, by a net-work of treason, only proves how rapidly the loyal principle must have revived, and how completely the people were disabused of the republican prejudices, which, on former occasions, rendered them an easy prey to the enemies of the constitution. Let any unprejudiced reader compare the statement which Wolfe Tone gives of the political condition of the north of Ireland in 1796, with the fact, that, in 1803, a man so popular and so accomplished as his friend Russell was not able to rally round him more than thirteen or fourteen drunken and infatuated followers, and he will see evidence of a moral revolution in men's feelings and principles, as striking as any recorded in history. Then let him inquire the cause of this, and I defy him to trace it to anything but the prevalence of the Orange Institution.

As I have been favoured with a copy of the evidence taken before the *special committee* at present sitting on the *Orange Society*, I shall, in the

course of this letter, largely avail myself of it. The following is the statement of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan:

"I saw that the north of Ireland, in which the Orange societies extensively prevailed, was tranquil, and I saw reason to believe that its tranquillity was owing to the Orange Institution. As to the general fact, that the north of Ireland has been tranquil, that life and property are more secure there than in other parts of the country, and outrages far less frequent and revolting, it need not rest on the testimony of any interested individual. Any honourable member who will do the Irish Protestants the justice to enquire into their case can satisfy himself. He can ascertain what is the amount of military force required in the north, what is the strength of police; he can ascertain the state of the calendar of crime, of coroners' inquests, of judges' charges; and if it be apparent that Ulster is almost wholly free from outrages, and that there has been a species of tacit recognition of the tranquil and peaceable state of that province, in the small military and police force stationed in it; a recognition conceded not only by those governments which might be considered favourable to Protestants, but by Whig governments as well as Tory, the tranquillity of Ulster cannot any longer be disputed. That such testimonies have been offered in its favour, it is in the power of any honourable member to satisfy himself. I not only saw the country tranquil, but had reason to believe that its peacefulness was mainly owing to the conduct and the combination of the Orange societies. I found that, from the year 1760, when, after the landing of Thurat the first disturbances commenced in Ireland, up to the year 1798, Ulster was much disturbed and disaffected. Its character was at that time such as may be known from a passage in one of Wolfe Tone's papers, contained, I think, in a paper found on Jackson, who was appointed as delegate to France. The force necessary may be not more than 20,000, nor less than 10,000 men. Suppose them 10,000, 7000 should land in the west, and having secured and fortified a landing place, should advance into the middle of the country. At the same time 3000 should land immediately at the capital, and seize on all the stores, and such persons as might be troublesome. *In that event, the north would rise to a man!* Such was the character of Ulster in 1794. Towards

the close of the following year the Orange society was formed. The rebellion took place in 1798; and in 1803, when Russell, a man of very popular manners and strong claims on the good will of the people, went down to try whether he could excite insurrection in the north, to second Emmet's attempt in Dublin, his utmost efforts were not able to procure more than fourteen followers. When the Orange Institution became organized, the character of the north altered, and, from that time to the present, 34 years from the date of the Union with England, notwithstanding the various tumults and disturbances which have taken place in Ireland, *there never has been an application of the insurrection act to the north, nor a necessity for it.* I looked, therefore, upon the tranquillity of the north, and the power of the Orange Society as not merely co-existing, but as connected, to a great degree, in the relation of cause and effect; and, having found in the society, after the strictest inquiry, no ground of offence either from the disposition of the members, or the character of the system, I looked upon it that the critical circumstances of the times demanded of me the joining myself with the body."

Such is the statement of the mildest and most gentle-hearted of divines, whose retiring habits, and aversion to the obstreperous din of politics are well known to his personal friends, and whom nothing short of the imperious conviction, that the best interests of religion would be hazarded by his neutrality, could have drawn from the sweet privacy of his pastoral retirement. His evidence is most instructive, and ought to be published, in a cheap and compendious tract, for the information of the public at large. I shall not at present say more of it than that it fully sustains his very high reputation, and must do much to disabuse those who read it of many of their prejudices against the Orange Institution. Were the true state of the country only fully known, the society, which furnishes the only bulwark against popery and radicalism, would not long want for able and intrepid defenders.

It will, I believe, now be admitted, on the part of every candid inquirer, that the Orange Institution was justified in its origin, and served most im-

portant purposes when a rebellious spirit pervaded the land; but, this being granted, it may be assumed, that it was, itself, the cause of many evils, by provoking angry collisions between classes of persons differing in their religious and political views, who might, if it were not for the July processions, have lived together in very tolerable peace and harmony. Now, I am old enough to remember the state of Ulster before the year 1795, and I fearlessly assert that the angry collisions of adverse parties were much more frequent and much more envenomed than they have been since. In fact, before the Orange Institution arose, there were three periods of the year during which the Protestant party used to celebrate remarkable epochs in the life of their great deliverer William the Third; so that the only effect which the Orange system had in that respect was, *to discontinue* two of these political festivals. Instead, therefore, of making that system bear the blame of *increasing*, it is entitled to credit for *diminishing* party violence, which is vastly less now than it was previous to the existence of Orange organization, and which, I may say, were it not for the growing intolerance and the growing insolence of the popish faction, would not, at present, have any existence.

I well remember when Roman Catholics joined in procession round the statue of King William, on the 12th of July, and were as ardent as any Protestants in their demonstration of loyal enthusiasm on those annual celebrations of the triumph of civil and religious liberty. They were, then, unemancipated; and I must say that their demeanour on these occasions was what first impressed me and others with the policy of striking off those restrictions by which they were aggrieved and putting them, in all respects, upon a level with their Protestant fellow subjects. But, strange to say, precisely in proportion as the penal code was mitigated, did they become intolerant of those anniversaries by which the victory of the Boyne was commemorated, until, when every vestige of the disabling statutes was removed, these anniversaries were felt to be altogether intolerable. How is this to be accounted for? How can it

be accounted for by any Protestants, without supposing that popish views and popish prejudices still survive, and that every acquisition of power or of influence which they have made, is only valued by them as it may serve to facilitate the accomplishment of ulterior objects?

That collisions have taken place, and that conflicts have ensued at these processions in latter times, I very well know. But I know, also, that they *always* occurred in consequence of aggressions on the part of Roman Catholics. This has been demonstrated in many instances, in which the parties were brought before courts of justice, where it invariably appeared that had the Protestant party been suffered to proceed in peace with their annual celebration, they would have injured no man. Now, had the Roman Catholics been interrupted in a similar manner, during *their* procession and festivities on the 17th of March, 1, at least, would not offer a single word in excuse for the Protestants by whom they might be thus molested. And how does the case differ when the aggressions proceed from the other side; and how can the Protestants be expected to feel when the aggressors are countenanced by the government, and their illegal proceedings made the ground of an act forbidding processions in which they and their ancestors rejoiced from the period when the victory of the Boyne gave security to the British constitution in Ireland?

This is a case in which I know that wise and good men differ from me. Lord Stanley differs from me. Sir Robert Peel differs from me. But I do think that this is not the only instance in which expediency has been made to stand in the place of principle on the part of both these able men; and I am too old fashioned to understand even the expediency of creating a new crime in order to avoid punishing an old one. Nothing was clearer than that the Protestants, in assembling to commemorate the 12th of July, violated no law. Nothing was clearer than that the Roman Catholics, in violently opposing them on such occasions, violated many laws. And the course pursued by our legislators has *been to make a new law, denouncing processions, in order to avoid carrying*

into effect an *old law*, by which the parties creating a disturbance at such processions might be visited with the punishment which their misconduct would deserve. Surely it is not wonderful that the Protestants should feel themselves aggrieved by a proceeding such as this, and that an unusual stimulus should have been given to the insolence of their opponents. And I fairly confess that when I consider the temper in which that enactment was passed, and the parties against whom it was directed, I see infinitely more cause to admire the degree in which it has been complied with, than to be surprised that there have been a few instances in which its provisions have been disregarded. But as it is now on all hands agreed that processions are to be given up, this is a part of the subject which I will be excused for not pursuing any farther.

It is objected that the Orange is an exclusive association. It is, as far as Roman Catholics are concerned. No papist can be a member of it. One of the objects which it proposes is the preservation of the Protestant religion. And how could the obligation be to assisting in the promotion of such an object, be cordially or sincerely undertaken by members of the church of Rome? It is also to be considered, that it was a Roman Catholic confederacy which gave rise to the Orange Institution; a confederacy having for its object Protestant extirpation; and nothing could have been either more natural or more reasonable than that exceptions should have been taken against the professors of a creed, which seemed, at least, to countenance the most revolting principles, and to give a kind of religious sanction to the most abominable crimes?

It was believed by Protestants that Roman Catholics would not keep faith with heretics. It was believed that the tenets of their church were intolerant and persecuting, and that they only wanted opportunity in order to carry them fully into effect. This persuasion, no doubt, had its influence on those by whom the original regulations of the Orange Institution were drawn up, and, if well founded, entirely justifies their exclusion of a body of men who never could sympathise with the feelings of Orangemen, and who

could only give the evidence of their treachery to one system as a proof of their fidelity to the other.

But, it was not merely upon theological grounds that Roman Catholics were excluded. *Their conduct* served to discriminate them from Protestants in a way that clearly showed there could be, between the two bodies neither unity of sentiment nor cordiality of co-operation. I need not here load your pages by an enumeration of the atrocities which gave a peculiar character to the former, as it is sufficient merely to allude to the dreadful affairs at Fork Hill, the massacre on Wexford bridge, the burnings at Scullabogue, at Wildgoose Lodge, at the house of the Sheas in Tipperary, and in various other places, to show that the Roman Catholics were distinguished from the Protestants not less by feeling than by principle, and that while the former were under the influence of the baleful bigotry by which they were actuated, the latter never could be expected to associate with them for constitutional objects.

It was, in point of fact, the manifestation of this dreadful spirit that led to the separation between Roman Catholics and Protestants, to which, in a great measure the defeat of the rebellion of 1798 is to be attributed. And if those who were united as rebels, in the cause of treason, could not continue combined, because of the antipathies of Roman Catholics to Protestants as heretics, it is not to be wondered at, that loyal men should have been disinclined to admit them into an association which was only rendered necessary by their known antipathy to the established church, and their scarcely suppressed desire to overthrow British authority in Ireland.

And this leads me naturally to the circumstance which first caused the great spread of Orangeism in the north of Ireland.

It was in Wexford that the spirit of popery most decidedly manifested itself, when in 1798 some little success attended the first outbreak of the rebellion in Ireland; cruelties the most inhuman and remorseless, were perpetrated upon such Protestants as fell into their power, insomuch that many, whose political bias was entirely against the government, and who desired a

severance of British connection, felt that they were but blindly instrumental in erecting a spiritual tyranny, to which, sooner or later, they themselves must fall victims. Affidavits verifying the facts of some of these atrocities, were procured by the late Sir Hardinge Giffard, and their extensive circulation through the north of Ireland, where they were eagerly read, caused such a reaction in favour of loyalty, and so lively a horror of popish perfidy and cruelty, that the disaffected were, in that part of the country, speedily shorn of all their power, and a strong hold of sound conservative principles was erected, as it were, upon the ruins of a den of treasons. The natural manner in which this feeling manifested itself, was by a large accession to the Orange Association; men of rank and property encouraged their tenants and retainers to connect themselves with that body, as the most satisfactory mode of manifesting their attachment to church and state, and the most unequivocal demonstration of their antipathy to Irish traitors. And thus it was that that change was produced in Ulster, which converted it from the focus of sedition which Wolf Tone describes it, in his memorial to the French Directory in 1796, into the peaceable and loyal province which his friend Russel found it in 1803, when he made his insane attempt to rouse the people on the occasion of Emmet's insurrection.

There is nothing which provokes the sneers of liberals more than allusions to those persecuting dogmas of the church of Rome which are to be found in the works of her accredited theologians. These dogmas, they maintain, belong rather to the age when they were invented, than to the churches in which they were received; and any notion that they can be practically revived at the present day, is an absurdity that carries with it its own refutation. It was in allusion to such a notion that Lord Plunket made use of the well-known phrase, that those who adopted it, and grounded their adoption of it upon statements and documents to be found in the works of divines, and in the decrees of councils, treated history as if it were nothing better than an old almanack. Now it has always appeared to me, that, in this particular, our would-be philosophers overlook

the mark, and make far too little account of the insensible influence of such a system as popery over the great mass of its votaries. In that system it is perfectly clear, that the dogmas above alluded to, were once received, and it is, I believe, equally clear that they never have been rejected. We know the deep veneration with which Roman Catholics are taught and expected to regard the church; and that their religion chiefly consists in giving an unreasoning and unhesitating obedience to its dictates. They, in fact, only know the gospel through the church; whereas, Protestants only know the church through the gospel; a difference too, which must give rise to a corresponding distinction between the classes thus opposed, and cause the former to regard all who desert from their notion of a living infallible authority upon earth, in precisely the same light as the latter regard those who reject revealed religion. Protestants are, in fact, considered in the light of infidels, who have rejected the true faith, but who cannot, by their rejection of it, divest themselves of their baptismal obligations, but still continue, although rebels against the authority, subject to the dominion of the church of Rome, and at any time liable to be reduced to their allegiance. It may be that many of them have never directly traced the inferences from the principles which they maintained—it may be that in many of them the spirit of the age has so far mitigated their principles that no such inference would appear to be fairly deducible from them, or, if shown to be fairly deduced, the principles would be renounced rather than the inferences adopted. All this may be, and much of this, no doubt, is true. It is in fact, from the latter class that the most enlightened converts from popery have recently been made; and it is by such an exposure of the principles of the church of Rome, as may seem to impress upon the minds of that class the real character of the creed which they have adopted, more from accident than conviction, that we must rest our best hopes of the moral regeneration of Ireland. But, allowing everything which can be claimed for superior enlightenment at the present day, and allowing also that the spirit of the age is *adverse* to the unmitigated intolerance of former times, it will still make a

very great difference to the gross bulk of Irish Romanists, whether the genius of their religion be essentially of a tolerant or a persecuting nature. It may be that, in times of ordinary tranquillity, when no considerable religious excitement prevails, that the worst tenets of popery may be entertained, without any offensive external manifestation; they may, in fact, be rather latent than revealed. Where and when protestantism is latitudinarian and indolent, popery may be sluggish and dormant. But, let different circumstances present themselves, let excitement prevail, let the professors of one creed exhibit an ardour and an interest in the diffusion of what they believe to be the truth, which may provoke a corresponding and antagonist zeal in those to whom they are opposed, and then it will be seen what the principles are by which the latter are in reality actuated; then, it may be, that for the first time, they will become conscious of the influence of these principles themselves.

When I hear Roman Catholics disclaim the persecuting tenets of their church, although I distrust, I do not disbelieve them. On the contrary, I entertain no doubt that they are, at the time, perfectly sincere in their asseverations. When the prophet told the Jewish king that he would, at a future time, commit some great iniquity, the latter indignantly exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But he did it. Did it, although both the letter and the spirit of his religion were against it; did it, although it was prophetically denounced to him, as he could not but be deeply persuaded that he was thus transgressing the commandments of Almighty God? How much more prone would he have been to the perpetration of it, if he could be persuaded that he was thereby doing God a service—if the spirit of his religion discountenanced it not? but, on the contrary, by various decrees, and precepts and examples, (which, as long as he unhesitatingly received his creed, he could not deny to have great weight, if not paramount authority,) encouraged every project for the humbling of heretics and the exaltation of the church, no matter how opposed to justice and humanity? Now, this is precisely the

case of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The late exposure of *Dens's Theology* shows that such are the precepts of their religion; and on every one occasion where their prejudices were inflamed and their passions excited, their conduct has been uniformly conformable thereto. They have shown that neither promises nor oaths could restrain them, when by disregarding promises and oaths the destruction of an heretical church might be accomplished. They have shown that neither gratitude nor honesty could influence them, when by withholding the Protestant pastors' lawful dues, and menacing their lives, a prospect was afforded of their extermination.

I will not stop to instance the crime and the outrages by which this position might be illustrated; suffice it to say, they are most bloody and most atrocious. But, however revolting to humanity, and even contrary to nature, there is not one of them that may not be traced to the dogmas or the influences of the Roman Catholic religion. This may not be seen or felt in times of quiet, when the government is strong, but it will become deplorably manifest whenever the state of the country is such as to encourage turbulence and disorder. There is not an individual engaged in resistance to tithe, who believes that such resistance amounts to robbery, and there is not an assassin whose hands have been embued in the blood of a Protestant clergyman, who can persuade himself that he thus incurs the guilt of murder. Every evil passion of which their nature is susceptible, is marshalled, as it were, under the sanction of religion. In their most diabolical atrocities they feel as if they were engaged in carrying into effect a sentence pronounced by their church against heretical pravity, and that, instead of adding to their other offences, their conduct in that particular will operate like charity, and serve to cover a multitude of crimes. Such is the state of feeling now universally prevailing amongst the lower classes of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. They are not like Protestants, who live in the light of the Holy Scriptures, and who possess this security, at least against errors in practice, that the precepts and the conduct of their

teachers will all be brought to the test of the unerring word of God. No such thing; they only see this word as it pleases its misinterpreters to exhibit it to them; it is converted into a species of lying oracle, only to be consulted when the ends of falsehood are to be attained. The very same kind of jugglery which is practised at Naples upon the blood of St. Januarius, is had recourse to for the purpose of making Holy Scripture bear testimony against itself; texts are parodied and misinterpreted in a manner that makes them give the lie to the context; and even when the truth is exhibited, it falls off upon the eyes of Roman Catholics like light through a discoloured medium, imparting to all surrounding objects the hue of the substance through which it is seen. In short, to them the end of their religion would seem to be the exaltation of their church, while to Protestants the end of the church is the exaltation of religion.

No man can deny the dreadful system of crime at present in operation in this country; no man can deny that both life and property are fearfully insecure. Now, there are very few who have contemplated the characters of our peasantry without perceiving in them much to commend—much to win upon their love and admiration. They are proverbially a kindhearted and affectionate people, with as little of gall or of bitterness in their composition as is to be found in any peasantry upon the face of the earth. How, then, are we to account for the strong contrast to all this which is exhibited in their conduct? how are we to account for the fact, that not only are they given to the perpetration of enormous crime, but that these crimes are perpetrated with a remorseless barbarity by which the North American savages are outdone, and which could only be paralleled by the familiars of the inquisition? Manifestly only by supposing that they are under the influence of a creed by which the natural conscience is seared as with a red-hot iron, and which imposes upon them the persuasion that oaths are perjuries where their observance would be prejudicial to the church, and that humanity is weakness when it would interpose any obstacles to the extirpation of those who are believed to be

the enemies of true religion. This is the only mode of accounting for the present perverted state both of feeling and principle in Ireland. The nature of the people has been changed by their creed; it has been transmuted from good into evil—indeed it might be said of many of them, that “evil has become their good,” as there is scarcely any extreme of wickedness which is not considered allowable against the persons and properties of an heretical clergy.

All this being so, is it surprising that Roman Catholics should be excluded from the Orange Association? Indeed the only thing to be wondered at is, that they should have complained of such exclusion. They might as well complain of being excluded, while they continue Roman Catholics, from the rites and the privileges of the established church. To do them justice, I never heard them complain of such exclusion until Mr. Sheil and others of their body made it a specific ground of objection to the Orange body, in the investigation which has been just concluded by a special committee of the House of Commons.

No; it was quite impossible for two bodies so directly opposed in feeling and principle, to have amalgamated for any good purpose. In the case of the Irish rebellion the Protestants and Roman Catholics found it impossible to continue united even for a bad one. The Orange institution was established as a rallying-post for the loyalty of Ireland, and it was quite impossible for its founders to overlook the notorious disloyalty of a class of men who were under influences that must, as long as they continued, have rendered their allegiance precarious. They were excluded, because their exclusion was the only means of preserving the integrity of a confederation rendered necessary by the threatening attitude which they assumed, and without which British connexion must have been endangered.

But was not this exclusion calculated to give offence? Was it not calculated to provoke an opposite combination? If it did provoke some combination of Roman Catholics, who took some other mode of displaying their loyalty, this, I apprehend, would not be an evil; the two bodies might exist like *rivals of the same mistress*, and each

endeavour to outdo the other in demonstrations of zeal and attachment; and this is the only manner in which the Orange Institution would operate, supposing the Roman Catholic to be as loyal as the Protestant community. Upon the contrary, supposing a different result might take place, and the loyal might, by possibility, give rise to a disloyal confederacy; but in this case it *would only quicken, and bring into premature development, the disloyalty that would otherwise be latent*. In the first case it is almost certain that the two bodies would ultimately coalesce; in the second, the more widely they were discriminated, the better for the peace and the security of the empire.

In point of fact, it was the disloyal that gave rise to the loyal association. Defenderism at first provoked the Orangemen to combine, and Ribbonism now causes them to continue their combination. It is a matter of perfect certainty, confirmed by the evidence of almost every individual who appeared before the Orange committee, either for that body or against them, that an extensive confederacy exists, comprising, probably, three-fourths of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and having for one of its objects the extirpation of the Protestant religion and Protestant name in Ireland. Mr. O’Connell, when questioned respecting this body before the parliamentary committee in 1825, stated his belief that they were a continuation of the old Defender association; and there is much reason to think that he was right. Every thing that even he says, is not to be rejected. They seem identified in spirit and in principle with that body, and do not sink a single point below them in hatred of the established church and antipathy to British connexion. In the year 1796, the reader has seen, from the Memoirs of Wolf Tone, that this body extended over three provinces in Ireland, and was progressing rapidly over the fourth. How far the Ribbon system extends has not yet been clearly ascertained; but it is perfectly certain that it is most powerful, that it has proved in many cases too strong for the laws, and that there is no security for life or property without some such protective confederacy as is afforded in the Orange Institution.

As it is not impossible that the na-

ture of this confederacy may yet attract the notice of parliament, I will not compromise the individuals from whom I have had information respecting it by any untimely disclosures. They are bound together by an oath, pledging them to the most ruthless hatred of Protestants, and binding them to be ready at any time to swear falsely in a court of justice, when by so doing the interests of the party may be served. How far the Roman Catholic clergy are identified with or opposed to this body I know not. It is certain that the Ribbonmen look upon them as their friends, and in most instances regard any admonitory language which may be made use of by them when any great atrocities have been perpetrated as language much more of caution than of reproof, and as not intended seriously to militate against their combination.

It is a common thing for a defenceless Protestant, in those districts where the Orange system is not strong, to be waylaid and seriously injured, and then to be prosecuted in a court of justice, as though he were the person guilty of the assault, and by the force of perjured testimony to be convicted. I am credibly informed that there are individuals this moment suffering the punishment of imprisonment, only because they were so unfortunate as to have been the victims of aggression such as I have described. Now, in this state of things, in which the law, in reality, is powerless, is it possible that the Protestants can exist in security without some combination by which they may be protected? It is, manifestly, impossible. When the power of their enemies is too great for the laws, by the isolated efforts of individuals it never could be resisted, and any measures which would have the effect of severing the bonds of brotherhood by which Orangemen are united to each other for mutual defence and for the preservation of the public peace, would be but the speedy precursors of Protestant extermination.

Does it not seem most extraordinary that the part of Ireland concerning which an inquiry is instituted is that part of the country which alone is tranquil; and that this is done, if not for the purpose, at least with the certainty of directing the attention of the people of England from that part of

the country which alone is disturbed I may not even conjecture what the designs of the Roman Catholic members were in moving for the committee on Orange societies; but they could not have taken a more effectual means of screening the delinquencies of their own partizans, and securing to them a legislative impunity in their transgressions. While murder and rapine and conflagration are proceeding unchecked in one part of the country, the whole attention of government is absorbed in a minute and vindictive criticism of the conduct of men who are, in another part of the country, the strenuous upholders of the law, and the best friends of British connexion. I remember the story of a gentleman who came post haste for a physician to see a man who was represented as being in extreme danger. The physician lost no time in obeying the summons; and, upon reaching the house, was shown into what was called the sick room, but where, to his surprise, he could see no patient. Upon asking his conductor where the sick man lay, "Oh," says he, "you are yourself the sick man! Do you not know that you are very bad? Come, I must prescribe for you!" It is not necessary to proceed with the narrative, or to show how the worthy doctor was ultimately rescued from his insane guide; but, surely, the case of the Orangemen is not very dissimilar, and I only fear that there is too much method in the madness of those by whom *they* are to be destroyed to afford them any similar chance of escaping from their nauseous and injurious prescriptions.

Much has been said of the evils likely to arise from having Orange lodges in the army. It is strange that there was no one to observe that they have existed in the army a long time, and that no evil has arisen from them. The demagogue declaimed, with great vehemence, upon the abstract possibility that they might interfere with discipline. But one well authenticated fact that they had so interfered would have told more against the institution than all their declamation, and that one authenticated fact could not be found. On the contrary, the Orange Institution has always been found aiding discipline; and if the system were to be judged of by its merits, it is im-

possible that it should not be commended. Still, I would say, that as the army is the very place where it is least needed, as exceptions have been taken to marching warrants, no more should be issued, even though the objections against them may proceed from individuals who were members of the assassination committee in 1798, and who would willingly be members of any similar committee at the present day, if it only afforded a reasonable chance of the overthrow of British influence in Ireland.

I may here mention the origin of the Orange system in the army. The taint of Defenderism had infected the troops at the time when the association was first formed, and it was necessary to introduce the antagonist principle in order to its expulsion. It was also suspected that in many instances the officers were not as deeply imbued as they ought to be with constitutional principles, and the men sometimes complained that they could not confide in the fidelity of those who fought at their side, nor rely upon the loyalty of those by whom they were commanded. To remove, therefore, all suspicion, officers and men, in many instances, became Orangemen; and the consequence was, an increased efficiency, of which no one had any reason to complain but their enemies. Treason was defeated, rebellion was put down, and British influence was preserved in Ireland. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at that the Orange Institution should be peculiarly disrelished by the advocates for a repeal of the Union?

It is painful to think that the only individuals, not of their body, who seem to know the value of the Orange Institution, as a means of preserving the integrity of the empire, are their bitterest enemies. O'Connell has painfully felt the counteracting influence which it has exerted against his anti-Anglican designs; and Mr. Sheil well knows that in its organization is to be found an efficiency by which the most desperate projects of the popish party must be defeated. Therefore, they are moving heaven and earth for its destruction. Therefore, no expedient is declined, by those gentlemen and their followers, by which its character may be blackened and its utility disparaged. All this is natural. Those

gentlemen are playing their own game: they act under the full persuasion that, by striking a fatal blow at the existence of the Orange system, almost every obstacle will be removed which could impede them in the attainment of their most daring revolutionary objects. Strange that the friends of our institution cannot or will not take a hint from their enemies! They may depend upon it that the Irish papists know what they are about. They are wise in their generation: but their wisdom would, in this particular, be of little avail, if it were not seconded by our infatuation. The fact I believe to be, that Lord Stanley's prejudices against the Orange system are not to be overcome, and the leaders of the Conservative party seem willing to sacrifice its interests for his cooperation.

The following extract from the examination of the Rev. M. O'Sullivan, before the select committee, is very important:—

“Q.—Now, there being six millions and a half of Roman Catholics in Ireland, thus armed with the powers you have adverted to, although your arguments might have been strong against Roman Catholic emancipation, yet, now that it has been passed, and that its effects have been enhanced by reform, and must be enhanced by ulterior measures of a similar nature, how is it possible to maintain that system of which you conceive the Orange society is the prop?”

“A.—I think the Orange societies may be the human means of preventing the massacre which will otherwise attend the separation of Ireland from England. The question has referred to the great increase of power conferred upon the Roman Catholics; and it is well known that in every instance in which the Roman Catholics have obtained an increase of power it has been followed by the announcement of new demands. It would be absurd to suppose that in the existing state of things, the great mass of the Roman Catholic people in Ireland can contentedly acquiesce in their present condition. The gentry are put into the possession of place and power, and have more than the due proportion of power which property would naturally confer; but the great mass of the Roman Catholic people remain exactly as they were in past years, in circumstances of extreme

distress—perhaps as wretched a peasantry, as far as condition causes wretchedness, as can be found. There is, therefore, in their circumstances, much to keep discontent alive; and discontent, when power is connected with it, will naturally encourage daring projects and expectations. I look upon it, therefore, that the minds of the Roman Catholic people of Ireland will be set upon effecting the objects which they have in view, of reclaiming lands from Protestant possessors; and they will look to effecting a repeal of the Union; and I honestly state my feeling of the importance of the Orange society, that, when matters have come to the last issue, however dreadful the alternative, it is better that there should be a battle than a massacre. The Orange society, if it exist in force, will perhaps moderate the fury of an excited people; they may make a display of strength which will prevent a massacre, or even a battle. If the society be broken up, I can see no sure resource for the Protestants of Ireland. I can affirm, with the most perfect sincerity, that these are the impressions on my mind; and it was under these impressions that I joined the Orange society.

“Q.—Can you conceive that, in the course of time, the Roman Catholic church in Ireland may become as mitigated as in other countries?

“A.—No; because national discontent inflames it. Indeed, looking to the spirit of that church, as set forth in the theology of Deans, and seeing a republication of such a book as his recommended by the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland, and constituting a species of professional library for the priesthood, I should feel a mitigation of their intolerance to be almost hopeless.

“Q.—But you are aware that, theologically, the same doctrine is allowed in the Netherlands, and yet it does not influence the people?

“A.—Not as yet.

“Q.—In case, after the disclosures which have been made of the extensive organization of the Orange body in this committee, this body should be permitted to exist, do you not think it extremely probable that the Roman Catholics will, upon the other hand, enter into an organization, not composed of the mere rabble, which constituted the principal ingredients in the riband association, and societies of a similar character, but composed of the Roman Catholic gentry of the country, men of education and intelligence, and

advancing in intellectual professions, every day acquiring property, and who, you must feel, are already armed with very extensive power, both inside the House of Commons and without?

“A.—Nothing more desirable for the Protestants of Ireland can be imagined than that they should do so, if they introduced such principles as influence the Orangemen into the confederation. The effect would be, to break up that dreadful conspiracy in which the great mass of the Irish Roman Catholics are now leagued together.

“Q.—Do you not conceive that such an organization as has been mentioned, composed exclusively of Roman Catholics, an organization which should make its way into the army, and establish lodges in several regiments of the line, would be a most pernicious institution?

“A.—I would say, in reply, that if there existed in the country a Protestant organization, and that it was hostile to all members of the church of Rome; and that there was supposed to be a bond, of which there could be exhibited such evidence as the Protestants can show of the obligation which exists amongst the members of the riband societies, in Ireland, and the treasonable societies of which they are a continuance, binding the members to contemplate, and, when practicable, attempt, the extirpation of Roman Catholics; and if there could be produced books belonging to the church of England, having the authority of that church, and constituting the instruction of its priesthood, and that from those books it could be ascertained that Protestants were required to acknowledge the maintaining as a principle that it was right to put Roman Catholics to death for their religious opinions; and if they endeavoured to make proselytes to those opinions, and to extend the conspiracy amongst their fellow subjects, both military and civil—so far would I be from discountenancing such associations as those described by the honourable member, that, if the law did not put down, or was not able to put down, the prior confederacy, I would say that Roman Catholics were not only justified but bound to do everything that the law would enable them to do for their mutual protection.”

I do trust that the masterly evidence of this able man will be read with the attention which it deserves. It was my intention to explain fully my views respecting the continuance of the Orange Institution, and the important services

which it is calculated to answer in a crisis like the present. But I feel that I have already encroached unreasonably upon your pages this month, and that the subject may be fittingly resumed when the whole of the evidence

which has been taken respecting it is in the hands of the public. Till then, adieu.

Your obedient servant,

MONTANUS.

County Down.

HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.—NINTH NIGHT.

"I do not think I ever spent so long a day," said Henry O'Neill, next night, the moment they were left alone: "come now, Turlogh, sit down and tell us something else."

"Hush, my prince," said the bard; "the warden's men are not yet out of ear-shot; should we be overheard, there would be an end of our entertainments."

"They are gone now," said Henry, after a pause; "I hear their footsteps on the pavement of the yard. Come then, Turlogh, begin something."

"What would you have, my princes?" asked Turlogh, taking his wonted seat by the fire.

"Let Art choose," said Hugh; "Henry and I have both had our turn."

"Be it so," replied Henry. "Come then, Art, be quick; for I am longing to forget the time."

"But how shall I know what to ask for?" said Art.

"I will tell your nobleness the names

of some of my store," replied the bard; "and you shall choose which you like best among them."

The young man gladly assented, and Turlogh proceeded to enumerate the titles of his tales. "Shall I tell your noblenesses that ancient legend of the walls of Ross, or the story of Dame Kettle, or Coghlan na Cashlean, or Corby Mac Gillmore, —?"

"Tell us Corby Mac Gillmore," cried Art; "for I love to hear every thing about sweet Clanboy. Was it not there, or in Magennis's country, that famous outlaw lived?"

"It was in Clanboy," replied the bard, "among the blue hills of Antrim; that you, my prince, shall see, God willing, before you are a month older."

"Heaven grant it!" replied Art; "and since we cannot have sight of them otherwise than in imagination tonight, let us now fancy Divis and Ben Madigan before us as quickly as we can." Turlogh then drew his seat closer to the hearth, and began

CORBY MAC GILLMORE.

"At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the territory of Northern Dalaradia was, perhaps, the most barbarous spot in all Ireland. The chief cause of this had been the return of the banished clan of Hugh Boy O'Neill from beyond the Bann, on the murder of William de Burgh, about eighty years before. These original possessors of the soil, falling on the British settlers, drove them out of all their acquired territory in Antrim; so that, from the Bann to the Lagan, Carrickfergus was the only spot that remained in the hands of the English. But although the children of Yellow Hugh had thus dispossessed the usurpers, they were still far from having secured the enjoyment of the vacant

lands to themselves; for the English, falling back on Dufferin and the Ards, and there leaguely with the great families of White and Savage, two of the most powerful of the early conquerors, maintained a predatory warfare on the borders of their old possessions with such vigor and perseverance as kept their enemies in a state of continued alarm and insecurity. In addition to this daily source of disasters, three invasions of regular English armies contributed to harass the new inhabitants, and to lay still further waste a country already neglected and running spontaneously to ruin. In less than three generations, therefore, from the commencement of these troubles, it was not to be wondered at that a

district alternately overrun by contending tribes of men, equally ferocious and almost equally uncivilized, whose sole object was to render what neither could enjoy, equally unserviceable to the other, should have fallen into a state of nearly primitive wilderness: and in this condition almost all the south of Antrim was at the period alluded to. The castles of the early conquerors had been razed to the ground or garrisoned by native chieftains; their mills broken down or converted into petty fortalices; their ploughed lands and meadows were overrun with thickets or matted into incipient bogs, while the flocks and herds of their successors, being mainly pastured in the interior, procured such a scanty supply as was needed on their occasional sojourn in the debateable grounds, from a few spots of grazing-land kept clear in almost inaccessible situations among the woods and mountains. Few men who could obtain a subsistence elsewhere, would embrace a life so precarious. Those who permanently dwelt in Northern Dalaradia, were accordingly either the outcasts of the clans of the interior, or such natives as had been forced out of the confines of Dufferin and the Ards, to make way for the influx of dispossessed settlers. Rude as these men originally were, their descendants, after the lapse of three generations spent among such scenes, were vastly worse in all respects, but in none so much so as in point of religious instruction. When there was neither provision nor security for the clergy, it could not be expected that the church would flourish, for no dread of heresy had yet given to ecclesiastics that zeal which might have urged them to forsake their quiet abodes within the pale or in the undisturbed interior, for this desolate arena of strife and bloodshed between. While the face of the country, therefore, ran to waste, the morals of the people underwent a like deterioration; the scanty knowledge of Christianity bequeathed by the grandfather, lapsed into an idle superstition in the son, and half-forgotten tradition with the grand-children. Marriage became a civil contract or a mere concubinage, and christening was abandoned, at first for want of ministers, and then from ignorance of its use. Some had heard of a Creator, but few

of a Redeemer, and none could really be said to have lived in the love or fear of either.

"It was while this state of things was at the worst, that a monk of the order of Friars Minors, mounted on a mule, was making his way from the abbey of Muckamore, then the only religious house frequented on that side of Loch Neagh, across the mountains to his own priory of Carrickfergus. The lonely brother's path lay along the slope of the hill sides, for all the lower ground was covered with thicket and morass, so that none but a footman trained to such a country, could make good his way through their intricate wildernesses. As he gradually rose into a fuller view of the beautiful valley beneath him, the Franciscan could not but stop and gaze with melancholy pleasure on so fair a scene. "Alas!" he said, unconsciously speaking aloud, "see how this lovely land is run to ruin! There, where the clear river lingers among its holmes, once stood the preceptory of the knights of St. John; and there, within view of its windows, our Lady's chapels of Dunedragh and Nalteen; here was Moylusk, and there was Kilbride, and the bells of Connor used to be ringing sweetly from behind yonder blue hills before me. Wo is me! what are they now but green-gabled ruins, with neither bells nor clergy, but dens of wolves, and outlaws worse than wolves, for they have neither the humanity of men nor the sincerity of the brute animals? Ay, well might the holy Bernard call the people of the same diocese this day, as he did three hundred years ago—'*protervos ad mores, ferales ad ritus, cervicosos ad disciplinam, spurcos ad vitam; Christianos nomine, re Paganos. Non decimas, non primitias reddentes*'—God forgive me, I have forgotten the blessed saint's words; but the matter is the same then and now. No; neither title nor first-fruits, neither dues nor oblations to God's servants here; no blessed bands of wedlock, no cleansing waters of baptism, no comfortable aid of the confessional among many a family of the sons of Christians! It is a fearful thing to think of, and I cannot but shudder to remember how near our own doors the blame and the shame may lie, on that day when we are all summoned to give

an account of our ministry. But, God help us! it would be but a venturing into the lion's jaws to approach such men with words of peace or charity. There is the fierce outlaw, the unchristened Corby Mac Gillmore; he regards the house of God no more than the castle or the bawn of a settler. Forty churches he has plundered, forty communities of holy monks and nuns he has dispersed or put to cruel deaths. May God look down with mercy on this wasted land! for if Providence do not shortly stay the progress of its desolation, the blessed Patrick might as well never have set foot upon its shores." With a heavy sigh he turned his face again towards the mountains, but had not proceeded more than a few paces when he was startled to hear a voice at a little distance calling for help. The Franciscan crossed himself and looked around; there was no one in sight; a bare expanse of moorland sloped away towards the wooded vale on one hand; on the other, the ground rose abruptly in green knots, from amongst which a stream issued and crossed the path at his feet. It was up the winding channel of this rivulet that the call for help had sounded. "God knows what scenes of violence are acting behind these peaceful-looking banks," thought the Franciscan; "I am afraid to trust myself off the beaten track; it may be a plan laid to decoy me, or if any other has fallen into ill hands, I may but share his misfortunes." But the cry came to his ears again, more piercing and imploring. The good brother hesitated. If violence were intended him, he was as much exposed where he rode as in the most secluded glen of the mountains; if his aid could be of any avail to a fellow creature in distress, he would be unworthy of his calling to refuse to lend it. "I come, my friend—I come," he cried, turning his mule up the little avenue, with a conscious flutter of self-approbation at his heart, although his hand could not but shake from a much less magnanimous emotion as it drew the reins, for brother Virgil, as Fergall Mac Naughten was called in ecclesiastical parlance, was considered a somewhat timid, although zealously pious and benevolent man. The first turn of the stream brought him in sight of the object of his search. It was a

man, alone, seated on the ground, with his head bent down as if listening to the sound of the mule's hoofs on the turf. The Franciscan, relieved from his apprehensions of foul play, urged his mule up the rough ravine as fast as the broken ground would permit, and in a few minutes was at the stranger's side. He had not risen on the monk's approach, farther than to sit erect on the overhanging bank, while with quick and impatient gestures he signed to him to come on. He was a man of large stature, and singularly wild aspect and costume, evidently a native of the debateable district. To the monk's inquiry, in what respect his services were needed, he made no reply, but grasping the reins of the mule, whose back, as she stood in the hollow channel, was now almost on a level with his knees, he drew a long brazen skene from his girdle, and the terrified monk next instant beheld the weapon flashing in the sun as his treacherous summoner poised it aloft for his destruction; but the mule, startled at the suddenness of the act, swerved aside, and rearing at the same time, drew her detainer from his balance where he sat. The blow fell ineffectual on air, and the baffled assailant, pulled from his seat, tumbled headlong into the dry bed of the little river. The Franciscan's first impulse was to fly; but, ere he turned his mule on the narrow ravine, he cast a terrified glance at his enemy, whom he expected to see arisen and prepared to pursue; but the man lay motionless among the scattered fragments of rock that had received him, and yet the height from which he had fallen was so trifling that he could scarcely be supposed to have been stunned by that mischance. Brother Virgil had now got his mule's head turned, and ventured a second look: his enemy still lay flat where he had fallen. The monk began to recover his courage: "Man of blood," he exclaimed, "what demon hath possessed thee to lay violent hands on one who never harmed thee or thine?"

The prostrate man, raising his head, glanced at him and gnashed his teeth, but made no reply. "Thou art justly punished," continued the Franciscan; "if thou hadst not raised thy hand against a servant of the Most High, thy bones had never been broken, as they seem to be, by such a fall as this. The

hand of Heaven, for certain, is made manifest in thy overthrow! Glory to God, and the blessed Francis, I scarce can credit my own escape! *Jesu Maria*, I thought the dagger would have pierced my heart! I vow nine waxen tapers to the high altar of our chapel, in honor of my miraculous deliverance; I vow a silver cover to the lesser chalice, and a new glory of stained glass round the head of the blessed Virgin in the great window—

"How?" cried his discomfited assailant, raising himself upon his elbow. "Nay, man, you need not fly," he said, as the monk struck his mule with his riding-switch, the moment he saw his enemy sitting erect; "saw you not at first that I was disabled and could not rise? My legs have been broken since before sunrise; you need not fear me: but answer me—whence come you?"

"From my brethren of Muckamore; I am of the minorites of St. Francis of the rock, and thither I am travelling," replied the monk.

"Then, forgive me, for I have done you wrong," cried the stranger, casting away his weapon as he spoke; and, with all his just resentment against the man who had endeavoured the minute before to take his life, brother Virgil could not but feel that there was an anxious sincerity in his tone and manner that bespoke real regret.

"But, in God's name, what could have tempted thee to raise thy hand against a Christian priest under any circumstances?" he demanded.

"I am under pain," said the stranger in a low voice, without noticing the monk's question. "If you aid me, I will reward you; if you leave me, throw me back my weapon, that I may be able to defend myself against the wolves."

"Canst thou not rise, then?" said the Franciscan, somewhat touched by his extreme helplessness.

"Not, though a waterspout were coming down," replied the other; "and it would be better for me to be washed away in a torrent than to die here of hunger. Come near me; I cannot harm you; only lift me to the bank again, and I will freely give you all I have: there is gold enough in my

brooch to buy your saint more tapers than there are hairs on your head: my belt is richly wrought with silver—"

"Nay, man," said the Franciscan, "I care not for thy gold or silver, and it is but my duty to return good for evil; but I fear thee still: I am, in truth, afraid to venture near thee again. Wilt thou swear to me that thou hast no ill design against me?"

"By the sun and wind," exclaimed the prostrate man solemnly, "I swear that I will do you no violence."

"By the sun and wind!" repeated the monk; "these be heathenish oaths wherein I have no faith: swear to me by the cross of our salvation, and perchance I may trust thee."

"I have sworn," was the reply; and helpless though he lay, there was, for the first time, a haughty dignity in the stranger's manner which went farther to allay the Franciscan's apprehensions than any thing that had hitherto occurred.

But still he hesitated. "Hast thou no greater oath whereby to bind thyself?" he said; "swear but by the name of God, and I will believe thee."

"The oaths of your nation are not binding on me," replied the stranger.

"*Jesu Maria!*" exclaimed the monk, "hast thou no God?"

"I have," replied the other; "I am willing to swear to you by his name."

"Swear, then," said the Franciscan.

The stranger looked upward and extended his hand towards the heavens—"Dar Righ na nui!" he said, with increased solemnity.

"By the King of the Elements," said the Franciscan, repeating his words; "and what God is the king of the elements but my God? Is mensus est pugillo suo aquas—is edit nivem sicut lanam; pruinam tanquam cinerem dispergit—Ignis et grando nix et exhalatio ventus turbineus efficiens verbum ejus."

"Call him by what name you will," replied the stranger, "you would worship him better by practising some charity on me, than by claiming a right to the sole knowledge of our common maker. Call him Jehovah, if you will, but respect my oath by his name when I call him King of the Elements."

"I am justly rebuked—very justly rebuked," cried the good brother, dismounting, and approaching the wounded man with a pardonable touch of pride in his somewhat ostentatious confidence. "In his name I put my trust, and for the love of him I will aid thee, though thy hand hath been wantonly raised against my life but now, and I might with little blame leave thee to suffer the just punishment of thine own wickedness." As he spoke he raised the stranger in his arms, and, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in placing him upon the bank. He was dreadfully shattered: one leg was broken below the knee, and the bone of the other seemed dislocated at the hip joint. "Heaven help us!—these are sore bruises," said the Franciscan: "how came you to be so miserably maimed?"

"My horse fell upon me," replied the stranger; he lies a little higher up in the bed of the stream. I was riding into my own country before daybreak, and missed the way, so that I rode right over the bank where it is full two pikes' length in height. Garran Buy will never cross the hills with me again; he was killed stone dead; and for my own part, I never thought to rise neither, for I lay under him, unable to extricate myself, till I heard the wolves coming; then I got strength to drag my broken limbs from under the carcase, and crawled hither. I heard them growling over him all day; but since I began to cry for succour, they have been silent."

"Holy and blessed Francis!" exclaimed the monk, "'tis a perilous wilderness for peaceful men to journey through! And thou hast lain here since sunrise helpless and without food! 'Twas God's great mercy alone that kept the ravening wild dogs from devouring thee!"

"I slew a bitch wolf and her cub with my skene among yonder bushes in the hollow," replied the stranger: "they had pursued me so far, as I dragged my broken limbs towards the path along which you came when you heard my cries; but I was unable to crawl farther than where you found me; the place, besides, was convenient for defence, as there were stones of a good size scattered about, with which I drove away another dog about mid-

day: he did not venture to approach again, but went off with the dead cub, and devoured it on the hill."

"Staff of Patrick! what a day to spend!" exclaimed the monk, with an involuntary shudder. "But tell me, how didst thou know that there was help at hand to cry for?"

"I heard the beat of your mule's footsteps," replied the stranger, "and I knew that the beast was not running without a rider, for the pace was a managed amble."

"But, tell me truly," said the Franciscan, "wherefore didst thou raise thy hand against me?"

The stranger hesitated. "I thought you an enemy," at length he said.

"An enemy!" cried the Franciscan; "how could one in my garb be the enemy of any man?"

"I tell you, I mistook you for another," replied the stranger. "My enemy might have assumed the garb of your people to deceive me."

"Thou art evading me," said the monk: "thou hadst some other reason for assailing me."

"I had," said the stranger; "but I do not think fit to divulge it. You are safe now. Be satisfied of this—that I mistook you. Nay, if you would hear more, know thus far—I meant to have slain him whom I took you for, and to have ridden hence upon the empty saddle."

"And how couldst thou, with thy broken limbs, have gained the back of any beast of burthen?" demanded the Franciscan.

"From where I sat I could have slid into the vacant seat with little difficulty," was the reply; "and my friends here of the woods would soon have removed all trace of the means by which I had prepared it for my reception." As he spoke, he pointed to the high grounds above, up which a lean wolf was slowly retiring from the remains of the fresh carrion in the ravine. The gaunt beast turned twice or thrice, and looked towards them, showing his white fangs, then clapped his tail to his hams, and crossed the ridge of the hill at a sullen trot.

"It was, indeed, a merciful interposing of God's providence that saved me from his jaws!" exclaimed the monk. "But, now that I have trusted

in thee, and found thee trustworthy," he continued, "I would render thee what further aid is in my power to bestow here. Let me place thy limbs in a more easy posture: is thy pain abated now?"

"My best thanks to you, friend," replied the grateful stranger. "I am much relieved."

"Thou hast fasted since before sunrise?" demanded the monk.

"Since before midday yesterday," was the reply.

The Franciscan, without another word, opened his scrip, and spread its contents on the grass. "Ah," he cried, "as he took forth the materials of an abundant meal, "good brother Paul hath surely foreseen some such adventure on the road when he so liberally ransacked his larder. Come, my friend, let us forget our strife, and fall to. A draught from this flask of Muscadel will serve to revive thy spirits, if they be low, as a man's may well be after a four-and-twenty hours' fast. This is the ham of a badger—a dainty, let me tell you, fit for a lord abbot; here we have fine wheaten bread, and a pair of cold mallard: so, *Deo gratias*, eat and be thankful."

The stranger gazed at him with a mingled expression of gratitude and astonishment. "I am better pleased to have missed that blow than though I had the use of these broken bones again!" he exclaimed. "This wine is worth an earl's ransom to me. I was well-nigh spent with pain and hunger;" and he addressed himself to the fare before him with eager appetite.

"Friend," said the monk, "tell me thy name, that I may drink to thy recovery."

"My people call me Hugh More M'Adam," replied the stranger.

"And your people—drinking to your speedy recovery, son of Adam—where dwell they?"

"Claneboy is my country," replied Hugh More, "and sometimes Kilultagh and Kilwarlin."

"Be not offended, son of Adam, if I tell thee that the people of thy country bear no good reputation for Christian worship on either side the pale," said brother Virgil, anxious to learn how far the report of their savage condition was correct.

"The nations of the pale are in marvellous ill report among us for violence and hypocrisy," replied Hugh More.

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"But it is credibly affirmed," persisted brother Virgil, "that many on the borders of Claneboy and Kilultagh use neither the rite of baptism nor the service of the mass. Nay, I have heard it said further that the honourable estate of Christian wedlock hath fallen into general disuse amongst them."

"And if it be," replied Hugh More, "who are to bear the blame? Are they these outlawed kindreds of men whom ye hunt like wolves with slot hounds from your borders, or the recreant priests who have deserted them in their need, that more deserve to be held in ill report?"

"Nay," said the Franciscan, "we could not be so reproached were it not that it is held to be more than a Christian priest's life were worth to venture amongst them."

"And how could it be otherwise?" retorted Mac Adam: "the last of your people that I saw amongst us was the fat abbot of Bangor: he rode in a jock and scull, like any man-at-arms, with the Red Savage of Ards and White from Dufferin. They preyed the country, length and breadth wise, from Bealfersad to Lough Neagh, and they spared none. He used I know not what incantations, to inflame his soldiery; but no day passed that women and children were not hunted down by the brutal churls, for the glory of their God, as they declared. That was the cause of the inroad, and he it was who planned and procured it. There, again, was the last prior of Carrick——"

"Nay, but," interrupted brother Virgil, finding his charges coming too near his own door, "these were not righteous or Christian priests, but violent and proud men, whose ministry is rather a blot and a disgrace to the church. What I allege in our defence is, that the meek and pious servant of Jesus dare not venture amongst you; else this reproach would soon be removed from your land, and the souls of your people would no longer go to perdition as they do."

"If any man," said Hugh More, "be desirous of coming amongst us for the sake of instructing our kindreds in religion and civility, I will be his surety that he comes by no harm

during his sojourn: but he must pledge me, word for word, that he will not discover the secrets of our strengths or passes to the other nation."

The Franciscan paused. Here was a virtual challenge, which he had himself provoked: if he refused it, with what conscience could he next approach the altar of that God whose service he would thus have brought into inevitable contempt?—if he accepted it, to what dangers and hardships might he not be exposed within a few hours? for he was now on the borders of the debateable country, and half-a-dozen miles' riding might bring him among the wildest of its inhabitants. "Son of Adam," at length he said, "if I could think that the other chief men of thy people were equally well-disposed with thyself, I would not shrink from the adventure; but how shall I be assured of protection or forbearance from thy equals or superiors into whose countries I may have need to go. The Tierna More of these nations, I am well assured, would sooner let one affected with the plague among his kindreds than a teacher of these mysteries. Would he who hath plundered forty churches, think you, permit a churchman to harbour among those whom he may lead tomorrow to the plunder of the one-and-fortieth? No: if I could have ample surety of protection from Mac Gillmore himself, I would accept the offer willingly; but, without that, son of Adam, it would be a culpable risk for one whose life is of any value in the church to make so rash a venture."

"And what surety at the hands of the Gillmore would satisfy you?" asked Hugh More.

"I know not of any sacramental tie over the conscience of a pagan," replied brother Virgil. "I would have to rest satisfied with his word."

"You have it," said the stranger, sitting erect, and offering his hand. "I am Mac Gillmore."

"*Jesu Maria!*" exclaimed the astounded Franciscan, recoiling in amazement and consternation, "I am no better than a lost man!"

A slight shade of scorn passed over the large features of the outlaw, when he contemplated the effects of his avowal; but it soon gave place to a sad earnestness, both of look and manner,

as he addressed the agitated ecclesiastic. "Wherefore should you think yourself lost when a maimed man, whom you have aided in his helplessness, speaks to you without deceit? I owe you my life. I owe you more than was ever due to one of your nation by a man of my kindred till now: I owe you my gratitude for kindness, and my respect for acting in accordance with that charity which you preach. I am here unable in any way to control you; you may, if you please, mount your mule, and leave me to await the arrival of those who would bless you for putting their bloodhounds on my track. You might, if you thought fit, avenge the wrongs, as they seem to you, of your nation by a single stroke of my own weapon: it lies beside you, and my breast is bare. But I know that you dare not do either. Think you, if I had seen you to be a man capable of abusing confidence, that I would have reposed it in you? You are terrified at the prospect of having to fulfil a dangerous engagement. I free you from the undertaking: it is in your own hand to come or go as you think fit. I will not conceal my expectation of assistance from you if you did accompany me across those hills to my own dwelling; and you cannot hide from yourself that, in that case, I would be bound to you by every tie that can secure the goodwill of man to man; so that you might preach to my people, if that privilege be indeed of the value that you seem to set on it, with as great security and honourable attention as though you were my own brother. I have done: you are free, without a helpless man's permission, to act as you please; but, take what course you may, I owe you, less or more, such gratitude as no man of your nation could ever claim at my hands till this day?"

"Gillmore," cried the good monk, greatly moved, "would to God thou wert a Christian!"

"If you can make me one, you shall have the opportunity," replied the outlaw.

The Franciscan looked round on every side in piteous irresolution, zeal and benevolence struggling with pardonable timidity, and pride contending against reluctant love of ease. He rose, and paced backward and forward; he

clasped and unclasped his hands over his breast; at length, stopping short, he raised his eyes to heaven, and looked for assistance there. The outlaw contemplated the first workings of the good man's feelings with intense interest; but when he saw him at last sunk on his knees, while the tears began to trickle from his eyes, he turned his head aside, partly from instinctive delicacy, and partly to conceal his own emotion: at length the Franciscan rose, his countenance beaming with pious resolution, "Chieftain," he said, "I am ready to accompany thee in truth and openness of heart. I will not betray the secrets of thy nation; and thou wilt give me license to depart and return when I desire."

"I give you my hand upon it," said Mac Gillmore; and the Franciscan no longer refused the offered pledge: tearing up a part of his cassock, he now bandaged the broken limb with such skill as he was master of, feeling ample reward in the relief which his aid immediately afforded: he then, with a mournful but sedulous care, packed up his little scrip, and strapped it behind his saddle, drew the girths, which he had loosened while his mule was grazing near them, and led her back once more to the side of the outlaw. It was not without great pain and difficulty, even aided as he was, that Mac Gillmore gained the saddle; and when he had mounted to the mule's back, he was obliged to rest his hand upon the monk's shoulder as he walked beside, to prevent himself from falling. Thus, leading and supporting the man who had attempted his life scarce an hour before, brother Virgil went forth, a solitary but honest apostle of the faith which his own practice illustrated. Following the directions of Mac Gillmore, the monk led his mule back to the beaten track, which they pursued until they came to another rivulet. "Ah," said the outlaw, "it was here I should have taken to the hill; but the water was so low, that I passed it unawares; yet I have seen this brook when a man might not easily cross its channel without knowing where he trod." He then directed the Franciscan to turn to the right by a narrow track along the borders of the stream. Up this they held their course, until they came to a low growth of stunted oak, that filled a hollow of the

mountain before them with apparently impassable underwood. "Whither now, son of Adam?" said the Franciscan, stopping short, as the path all at once became lost in front of this low rampart of leaves and branches.

"Push boldly through where you see the rowan berries hanging over the flat stone," replied Mac Gillmore; and the monk, leading his mule over a broad rock, which rose level with the turf before them, pushed aside the branches of oak and mountain-ash that half-concealed its surface, and found himself in a continuation of the path within the wood. "The scent does not lie on stone, and it shows no foot-mark," observed the outlaw; "but this is little to the precautions which you will find as our path approaches the main passes to my country." Accordingly, as they advanced into the bosom of the hills, their track became more intricate and difficult, now leading them up the channel of a stream, now carrying them on to the edge of an impassable quagmire, along the rocky verge of which they would have to toil knee-deep in water for an arrow flight before they could reach the true ford above or below: sometimes it was lost on the trackless common, and again borne through the heart of the black bogs, when a sudden turn would leave one unacquainted with the stratagem either founded in the deep morass ahead, or satisfied that he had taken a false road. At length, about the middle of the afternoon, they rose into sight of the country beyond. "We are now upon Ben Madigan," said Mac Gillmore: but it must not be supposed that he spoke without the frequent interruptions and exclamations of pain which would naturally occur in the conversation of a man suffering under such severe bruises, although these accompaniments of all he said shall be here omitted—"We are now upon Ben Madigan: that hill which we have left behind is Collony Ward; beneath us, to the northward, you can see the Massey More of your own town: by the hand that was never christened, it is a strong and fair castle."

"Yonder, too," exclaimed the monk, "I see the white walls of my own priory. But, blessed Virgin! if my eyes do not deceive me, they are roofless! and, oh, holy and blessed Francis,

what is this? There is a thin cloud of smoke hanging in the air above them, as though they had been fired overnight!"

"You have keen eyes if you can distinguish roof from sidewall at this distance," replied MacGillmore, calmly. "My own people sometimes call me the hawk of the hills for my sharp eyesight; yet I can see nothing of bare rafters or broken doors from here. The cloud in the air is the smoke from your town chimneys."

"Blessed be God, now that I look again, I believe, indeed, that's all!" exclaimed brother Virgil, greatly relieved; then, looking abroad over the landscape spread below, "Sweet Queen of heaven! it is surely a lovely sight. Yonder I see the hills of Scotland. Be those the hills of the Scottish mainland or of the out isles?"

"They are the mountains over Glennapp, in Galloway," replied Gillmore; "I was over there when a boy, preying the Scots with O'Neill: we drove a good booty, and had the drowning of many Redshanks in Loch Ryan. By my hand, it is a brave prospect: those hills beyond the loch below us are Savage's country; yonder, on the main land, opposite the island, stands the Abbey of Bangor. If we had ascended a little higher, I would show you White's and Magennis's countries, and the Burgh's old castle of the ford."

"What," said the Franciscan, "shall we cross that high hill whose precipices we see from Carrickfergus, between us and the south?"

"We are on it, even now," replied Mac Gillmore, "and just about to descend among the rocks you speak of." Their path had brought them to a sudden declivity, down which the monk was at first half afraid to venture; but being assured by the outlaw that there was sufficient footing, he descended slowly and carefully leading the mule. Just then a wild-looking man started up from among the rocks, and came running with looks and gestures of excessive joy towards them; but Hugh More made a sign to him, and he stopped short and couched down again before the monk observed him. In the same manner he warned back two others who came forward to welcome him *as he descended*. As for brother Virgil, *he did not raise his eyes from the path*

till he had brought his charge in safety to comparatively level ground; but when, at length, he looked up he was amazed beyond measure to find himself suddenly surrounded by scenery the beauty and grandeur of which surpassed any thing that his happiest effort of imagination could have pictured. From the point where they stood, a colonade of almost perpendicular rocks, rising in height as they retired, till they gained an altitude of many hundred feet, extended unbroken for a distance of a full half mile along the face of the mountain: it looked as if the whole brow of the hill had been hewn off, and scattered in fragments over its base. The ground below, thrown into grotesque undulations by the convulsion which had thus overlaid it with the ruins of the broken mountain, was clad with the tenderest verdure on all its slopes and hollows, where the long influence of the elements had wrapped the chaos underneath in a covering of vegetable mould, till the craggy mounds and riven abysses were smoothed into one continuous surface like the billows of a green sea heaving and subsiding round the base of the overhanging precipice. Below, the sides and foot of the mountain were wooded for miles down to the water's edge; beyond, the tranquil loch lay undisturbed by a single sail from forest to forest. The inverted image of the opposite hills, lighted by the declining sun, was brightly rendered back wherever the waters were themselves in the shadow, but where the level sunshine fell on the blue expanse, they glittered from shore to shore in one dazzling sheet of unmixed splendor. The pleased Franciscan could scarce confine his eyes to the path he was treading; round and above him he gazed in increasing delight, for, as he advanced, the scene grew momentarily fairer and more magnificent; the sultry labour of climbing in the sunshine was past, and they now moved down a grassy pathway in the cool shadow of the rocks; the rocks at every step reared themselves in loftier grandeur above them—the green hollows and fantastic hillocks took more sweeping and picturesque outlines at each new succession of the series, till at last, surmounting a low knoll, they came upon the brim of a verdant, bowl-shaped amphitheatre, in the centre of

which the astonished monk beheld a numerous herd of cattle folded and penned, while men and women appeared running towards them from the doors of green booths on its side, and the ringing of hammers and dusk glow of fire-light from a wide-mouthed cavern in the base of the precipice above, announced that smiths were at work in the neighbouring recesses of the rock. "This is my dwelling," said the outlaw, "I bid you welcome to Corby-land, and make you a free denizen while you please to stay with us; I warned away my out-posts as I came down, for I knew you would enjoy the surprise."

"And, gracious God!" cried the good monk, his heart failing within him at the thought, "can it be that this lovely spot is inhabited by heathens?"

"Not if you can make Christians of them," replied Gillmore, "but your people have kept them in such heathenish training of late that I fear you will find them but ill-prepared to receive your doctrines." By this time they were summoned by the multitude rushing forward in wild delight to welcome their chieftain. They were indeed a savage-looking people, some clad in skins, and some in rusted armour, bare-limbed and bare-headed for the most part, shaggy and weather-beaten. Wildly-attired women, and half-naked children joined the throng as they advanced; but the news that the chief was wounded, kept all at a due distance till he gained the door of his own booth. Here he was lifted from the saddle by two of the better sort of the men, and borne to bed in their arms. In the midst of this concourse and confusion, brother Virgil kept close to his protector; many were the glances of fierce surprise which he saw directed towards him; many and various the surmises which his presence excited among the lookers on. "What brings the churl priest here?" cried one.

"The false shaveling is come to play the spy among us;" exclaimed another.

"He is one of the accursed Minorites too," said a third, "I know him by his broad band and knotted cord; the Tierna has belike captured him upon the hill."

"And do you think Mac Gillmore

would spare one of the Clan-Francisagh after last night's work?" demanded the second speaker incredulously.

"Who knows but the knave has wealthy friends who will give a round ransom?" was the reply.

The Franciscan heard no more, for the door of the booth was closed behind him as he entered, and he found himself in a rude apartment crowded by the heads of the clan, and the chief's own attendants.

"Where is the Bantierna?" demanded Mac Gillmore, as they placed him on a low couch of heather, spread with mantles.

"She went with her maidens to watch for you at the low passes," replied one of the attendants, "and we have sent Donough Ghasta to warn her of your coming;" while he spoke the door opened, and a female of considerable beauty, but pale and greatly agitated, entered the apartment. "Dearest Hugh," she exclaimed, hastening to his bedside, "where are you wounded? let me undo these bandages. Oh! thank God in his mercy that has sent you back to us at last!"

"That was not the exclamation of a heathen!" cried brother Virgil with involuntary enthusiasm, but the words spoken under his breath passed unnoticed by the anxious group around.

"I am hot and thirsty," cried Mac Gillmore, "some of you fetch me drink; the room wants air—leave me, my friends; and tell my people, Owen Mac Rory, to respect the person of the Minorite friar who brought me hither; I owe him my life, Owen Grumach, and have sworn by sun and wind that he shall have no violence. Look to it that my oath is strictly kept; lodge the good Christian in your own booth, and answer for his safety and honourable entertainment. Where has the Bantierna gone? Give me more drink, and put another mantle over me, for I am at once thirsty and shivering!"

The Franciscan saw that fever was approaching, and would have advised the proper course to pursue, but there was no one there to listen to his suggestions; the lady had suddenly retired to an inner apartment, and, before he could make his way to the chief's bedside, Owen Grumach, a grim and shaggy warrior as his name implied, had seized him by the arm and was

leading him off with the other retiring bystanders.

Brother Virgil now found himself, with his new protector, the centre of an eager circle of questioners. How had he saved the Tierna's life? whence was he coming? whither was he going? what surety had he given that he would not betray the secrets of the Muintir-Gillmore? Some granted him credit for the service done their chief; others viewed him with suspicions which they did not care to conceal.

"Did the Tierna himself say that the Gilly-Francisagh had helped him out of peril," said one incredulous old man.

"He told me he had saved his life," replied Owen Grumach; "but how or where he did not say; he was under pain, and used as few words as he might."

"Till I hear it from his own lips, I cannot believe that it is in the nature of the Clanna-chriost to show mercy to one of our kindred after last night," said the same grey savage.

"You have his word for it, and mine," replied Owen, "but let the Christian speak for himself; how could you, Gilly-Francisagh, find in your heart to spare one of the Muintir-Gillmore after the deeds they had done by you?"

The Franciscan's heart sunk, for he remembered the smoke he had seen above his priory walls from the hill above;—"Alas!" he cried, "I have not been with my brethren now for three weeks and more; I know not what may have happened them; I trust in God, my friends, you have done them no hurt."

"Come with me, and I will show you what has happened to them," said Owen Grumach, with a smile of ominous import, and led the trembling ecclesiastic forward to the cave. The flame upon a forge hearth, and the white showers of sparks flying from a bar of hot iron on a smith's anvil in the midst, gave fitful but dazzling glimpses of the whole interior of the cavern. Here lay breastplates and iron helmets—spear heads and hatchets were scattered there—piles of lumber, horse-shoes, old bits and broken sword-blades crowded a third corner; but there was one object which caught and fixed the eye of the Franciscan at the first glance, *it was the metal work of a church window; the stained glass still stuck*

here and there in the leaded intervals between the iron stanchions, and at every heave of the bellows and stroke of the hammer, these fragments shone in the sudden light with a radiance like flashing gems; for it was propped against a bench between the anvil and the mouth of the cave, and shattered though it was, one could still trace some vestiges of the beautiful figures which had once adorned it. The Franciscan when he saw what it was, shook from head to foot with horror and vehement indignation. "Wretches," he exclaimed, regardless of safety in the anguish of his outraged feelings—"you have laid your heathenish hands upon our beautiful stained oriel! you have torn down the sacred image of the blessed Francis! you have broken the bright picture of the virgin mother of God! may your souls be accursed for ever for this spiteful and devilish sacrilege! May hell rise up against you with flames and torments eternal, for this hateful and unutterable villainy! may the hands that did the abominable work rot! may the heart that prompted it be torn out and cast to the dogs! may"—

The outlaws had stood in silent amazement at first, at the energy of the pious brother's indignation, at what seemed to them no greater offence than any other violent destruction of a Christian's goods, but when they heard such horrible curses imprecated on them with all the sincerity of hate and abhorrence, they became enraged in turn, and but for the interference of Owen Grumach, who protected his ungrateful charge with anything but a good grace, for on his head the heaviest storm of the monk's denunciations had descended, brother Virgil might never have lifted up his voice against the world's wickedness again. As it was, his angry protector drew him forcibly away with one hand, while he repelled the most determined of his assailants with his drawn skeine in the other, and so had brought him, not without great difficulty, about half way to his own booth, when a woman of the chief's household came with a message from the Bantierna to conduct the Christian priest to her apartment without delay. Boiling with pious indignation, brother Virgil was now eager to confront the leader of the sa-

crilegious band, to denounce him face to face—to defy him in the name of his outraged God—come what might he was above all consideration of the consequences; he was conscious of a courage he had never known before. Hitherto distinguished among friends for a gentleness of manner, almost amounting to timidity, he now felt himself in the midst of enemies inspired with a sudden and intrepid anger which he doubted not was sent him from some higher source than his own timorous and forgiving heart. He entered the chief's booth with a firm step and severe aspect, determined to vindicate the honor and supremacy of his God against whatever power of violence or infidelity he should encounter. He had been conducted by another door to the Bantierna's own apartments; she came forth from the room in which the chief lay, the moment she heard his foot upon the floor. "Holy man," she exclaimed, approaching him with looks of eager supplication, "if you have any skill in medicine help me to save my husband!"

"Not though he were in the agony! not though a word of my mouth would save him from the pit!" cried the Franciscan.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the lady, "what has he done to offend you? why should you not show him the same charity now, you did an hour since?"

"Knowest thou the deed he did last night, woman?" cried the monk.

"Alas!" she replied, "I thought you had known of that unhappy exploit before."

"Never," he replied, "had I known of that sacrilegious villainy, he should have fattened the wolves of the mountain before I had aided him!"

The lady looked down in deep distress; "God knows," at length she said, "with what pangs it wrings my heart, to see the violent deeds of our people; but Mac Gillmore was first set upon; they had chased us out of Killultagh with blood-hounds and beagles; your own prior was the foremost in the foray; he had all the church vassals of Ards and Claneboy in arms against us. You know Mac Gillmore makes no distinction among enemies; he deals with one as with another, and when he fired your priory in revenge

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of the slaughter of Altmore he looked upon your walls, not as the house of God, but as the fortress of his people's persecutors. But my husband lies on his death-bed if I get him no help! Oh reverend father, forget your wrath against us—you have saved his life thus far—do not abandon him to death now! our last man of knowledge in medicine, was slain four days since by your people; they hewed him in pieces while he was binding the wounds of his own child; but these wounds and bruises are beyond our skill to deal with, and, I see it by the wrapping of the bandages, that your hands are expert in healing; forget your wrath against us and save him—save him, for his soul is dark with unexpiated sins! oh, come with me and help me, and there is no reward too rich, no service too difficult for you to demand from us!"

"Woman," replied the Franciscan, "all the riches of Rome would not tempt me. Let the enemy of God and his saints perish, for me! Shall I restore fleetness to the foot that would soon again be foremost in the race of wickedness, or strength to the hand that only awaits returning power to lay the axe anew to our altars, or to hold another torch to the doors and roofs of God's remaining sanctuaries? No—let him die, for me!"

"Thou a Christian!" exclaimed the lady in passionate accents; "thou art no Christian! thou art no priest of peace, no teacher of charity! Oh remember, remember the lesson you would have others learn!" she continued, changing from invective to appeal; "think if this be not rather the cruelty of anger, than the severity of just resentment! think, I beseech you, of his people left without a head; of me"—and she burst into tears as she spoke—"of me and my little ones left alone among unbridled outlaws, without protection among them, or hope of being received back among my own indignant nation!" She sat down weeping bitterly, and the monk, considerably touched, but struggling to remain inexorable, was well satisfied to hear himself summoned from a scene which was beginning to be too much for his resolution, by the voice of Mac Gillmore himself from the inner apartment;—"Friar," cried the outlaw, "come

hither. I would rather," he said, when brother Virgil had entered, and before the excited ecclesiastic had time to utter any reproach, "that this news had not come to your ears so soon, for I was desirous that you would have stayed with us a little longer. Had you known more of me, you would have been better prepared to do me justice. But since it has happened otherwise, be it so. I owe you my life, so far—and my debt shall be well paid; here, Donogh Ghacta, hand me the priest's drinking cups!"

The attendant took the two richly chased goblets with their salvers from an iron-strapped chest that stood at the bedhead; and brother Virgil could not repress a cry of mingled horror and astonishment, to see that they were the chalices of his own altar. But a more dreadful thought now crossed his mind. "Oh my poor brethren," he cried, bursting into tears, "I can well guess what has been your fate, when I see the spoils of the altar polluted by these pagans' hands—Gillmore," he exclaimed passionately, "if you have shed the blood of one of Christ's servants, never look for mercy here, or hereafter!"

"They did not give me the opportunity," replied the outlaw with a ghastly smile; "they fled to the king's castle; else these goblets might have been sprinkled with other blood than, I am told, you sometimes quaff from them."

"Blasphemer!" cried the Franciscan, "profane not the holiest of our mysteries; if thou wouldst not have the lightning of heaven fall and consume thee, profane not that tremendous sacrifice!"

"Peace, friar," said Mac Gillmore, "I know little of your mysteries, nor is it my design to give you any just cause of offence. These cups which I took from your priory last night, I return to you—and, Donogh, give the good man that golden crucifix also, which I had, last year, from the monks of Kells. Friar, you are now free to depart whence and where you will, you shall have guidance and protection to the borders of my country, on whichever side you please; I shall shift my camp tomorrow before sunrise, so that your knowledge of my retreat will be unavailing, should you think yourself bound to send the friends of

your people against us. Is there aught else," he continued, when he saw the monk delaying, "that you would have and that is in my power to bestow?"

The monk's anger was rapidly abating; he had expected little else than reproach and violence; but to be restored to liberty, and loaded with gifts so highly valued, was a return for his denunciations such as he had not anticipated; he paused, but still unwilling to compromise what had seemed to him a holy indignation, he hesitated to admit how far he was already conciliated. "I know not whether there be among your spoils a shallow oaken box, strapped with brass, and having the figure of a crucifix in silver on the top," he said at length; "if so, I would willingly exchange all that thou hast given me for its precious contents; it holds the relics of the blessed Francis."

"Know ye such a box, Donogh?" asked Mac Gillmore; the attendant brought it from a recess occupied by spoils of a meaner value; "take it," said the outlaw, motioning to the bearer to deliver it to the Franciscan, "take it, and may it be a prosperous possession; I give it freely; I ask nothing in return, but that you will speak justly of me and my people among your nation. If we have not among us these mysteries on which you set such price, it is because these men who profess to teach them have abandoned us; if we be cruel to others, it is because we have been cruelly treated by others; but rude and rough-handed as we are, we still reverence our oaths, and discharge our obligations. You are the first man of your nation whom I have ever had to thank for kindness, or to honor for what my untaught mind tells me is piety; I had wished to see you teach that among my people; but we are none of us complete in our profession: the best armourer will leave a rivet loose, and the surest paced hobby will sometimes make a stumble—farewell; this boy will guide you as you may desire."

"Mac Gillmore," said the Franciscan, laying down the revered plunder, and going over to the wounded man's bed-side, with a sudden impulse which he could not resist, although he had fearful doubts of its origin and instigation, "Swear to me that thou wilt never

again raise thy hand against my holy order, either in their sacred persons, or in their temples of worship—swear that to me, and I will stay with thee, and tend thee with such skill as God hath vouchsafed me, and if I be overcharitable in what I offer, may God forgive me, for I mean the best !”

“Friar,” replied the outlaw, “if a touch of your little finger would make me whole and sound as I was, this time yesterday, I would not buy your application of it, by consenting that any man should be free to injure me unpunished. If a wrong be done me I resent it, be the wrong-doer who he may. I ask not of your nation to exempt any kindred of my people from the chances and usages of war ; and while we are at strife, no man whom I find warring against me shall go free of my resentment if I can reach him. Why should you be free from danger, while others, set on by you, are fighting at the sword’s point ?”

“The ministers of peace should enjoy peace,” replied the Franciscan ; “the teachers of mercy should have mercy shown them !”

“Ye are ministers of neither peace nor mercy !” exclaimed the wounded man, sitting up with sudden energy, “what was the peace that ye proclaimed at the high cross of Carrick, when you offered a hundred crowns for my head, and ten crowns for the head of any man or boy of the Muinter-Gillmore ? What was the mercy you showed in Altmore, when the weapons you had blessed spared neither old nor young, men nor women ?”

“Being rebels to both the church and the king, you are beyond the pale of mercy ;” said brother Virgil ; “had you come in and made satisfaction and submission, you would have had peace granted to you, and mercy shown you from the first.”

“Ye are merciful to your own, and who is not ?” cried Mac Gillmore scornfully ; “but do you not teach from your altars to be merciful to all men ?”

“We are all the children of the Church,” replied the Franciscan ; “this world, is her patrimony, and all therein is her’s ; they are only her rebellious and ungrateful children that she chastiseth ; but her bosom is ever open to receive them back, and her hand is con-

stantly stretched out to snatch them from perdition.”

“And who is the king ?” demanded the outlaw.

“The king,” replied brother Virgil, is the chief servant of the church, whom she hath appointed over you as a dispenser of good government and even justice ?”

“I govern my own people,” said Mac Gillmore, “and while I can prevent it, no other man shall ; and if I be master here, I can see no reason why I should be servant to your prior at the rock, or to your chief priest, whom I have heard of, at Rome.”

“But you ought, you ought,” cried the Franciscan eagerly, “all men having power should be accountable for its use or abuse ; it is thus that kings and chieftains are accountable to the mother church.”

“And the church to whom is she accountable ?” said the outlaw.

“To God,” replied the monk.

“And to God we are all accountable, without the intervention of either king or church,” cried Mac Gillmore with animation.

“Nay then, if thou grant that, I will not leave thee,” cried brother Virgil, glad of any excuse for yielding to his own benevolence ; kneeling down by the outlaw’s side, he betook himself at once to the readiest measure for his relief.

“Why, how now ?” cried Mac Gillmore, “you mean to aid me after all ? By the hand that was never christened this is more than I hoped for ; ho, Mary *store ma chree*, come to me, and help the good Minorite.”

“Now, heaven be praised !” cried the lady, as she entered, and beheld the charitable monk busied about the wounded man.

“The first word I heard you speak, lady,” said brother Virgil, looking up, “I said that it was the voice of one who should have been a Christian.”

The lady sighed deeply, but was silent. “Friar,” said Mac Gillmore, “talk to me of my failings if you will, but do not afflict the Bantierna with idle recollections.”

“Alas,” exclaimed the Franciscan, “and can it be that she has fallen away from the faith of her people, to”—

“Friar,” interrupted the outlaw, “this lady must not hear reproaches ;

if I be not a Christian, it is not for want of her endeavours; if she has been unsuccessful in her endeavours, she has, at least, failed in an undertaking, which no priest of your people till now has had the courage to attempt. For ten years of outlawry and hardship, she has been my stay and comfort in these deserts; striving daily to make me a better man, and failing only because the world would not allow it; ay, long and patiently you strove, Mary, to win me to gentleness and mercy, but it was not in the hearts of our enemies to leave me room for either. Reproach her not, friar, she has been an angel of goodness to me and to my nation, through the worst of troubles; she is a daughter of an honorable house; there is no stain of shame upon her; she is the mother of my children, and no man shall reproach her!"

"But I tell thee, Mac Gillmore," cried the still undaunted monk, "that if she has fled out of the pale of the church to live in concubinage with a heathen."—

"Thou liest, boddagh priest!" cried a boy of about eight years, who had entered while they were speaking, and taken the lady's hand as he stood beside her, gazing with eager eyes upon the stranger: "my mother and the Gillmore were wed by a Lord Abbot—were you not mother?"

"What, Harry a *vic machree*, are you there?" cried the outlaw, smiling through the darkness of his rising anger, come to me and kiss me, *a lanna*; you are the true Gillmore over Ireland. Yes, my child," he continued, fondling the handsome boy, "we were wed by the priest, or she had never come to the woods with me; and you, Harry, shall be wed by the priest too, if you like it, to the best lady of their nation; for when I make you the Tierna-more, my boy, you shall go down at the head of your kindred, and bear off lady and priest to boot, with leave asked of neither father nor bishop; but go and get me a drink now, Harry dhas, for I am hot and thirsty."

"Forgive me, lady;" now said the Franciscan, "had I known this at first I would have been more ready to serve you; but Mac Gillmore is in need of *present aid*, and we have already wasted

too much time in idle and heating discussion." The monk was right; Mac Gillmore's excitement had but hastened the impending disease; and, although they now did every thing for him that care or kindness could suggest, he grew worse and worse, until, at noon next day, he lay in a high fever.

Brother Virgil had done all that his skill extended to, and as nature was now left to take her own course, he was at leisure to go abroad and observe more closely the manners of the strange people among whom it had been his hap thus to be cast. The scene was as charming as ever; turn his eyes which way he would nothing met them but picturesque or magnificent objects. The loch lay glittering before him like a mirror far below. The rocks rose behind him in a wall, like the towers and bastions of a giant's fortress, but, in casting up his eyes to the grey furrowed brow of the precipice immediately over head, he observed that the rude smithy in which he had been the night before was not its only cavern; two others were visible between it and the summit, the third and largest at a height fearful to look up to. Yet inaccessible as at first sight it appeared, the cave was tenanted, for the Franciscan saw a man standing in the wide archway. "It is our treasury," said Owen Gramach, who, much conciliated by his late services to the chief, again attended him; "we keep our stores and spoils there during troublesome times; the better part of your prior's treasure was sent up this morning."

"But how is it possible to get there?" asked the Franciscan; "the rock seems inaccessible as a bare wall."

"Yet there is no man of the Muinter-Gillmore, not bedridden, that could not climb to it blindfolded," replied Owen; "but the steps admit one only at a time, and a single man could keep it against the rising out of Ulster: it is a fast spot either for refuge or imprisonment."

"What, keep ye your captives yonder?" exclaimed the monk.

"When they are worth it, and the kindred is abroad," replied Owen drily; "we could not otherwise make sure of a hostage of price in our sudden marches."

"It is a fearful prison," said the

monk ; "methinks the dungeon itself were preferable. How horrible it must be to sit on that dizzy threshold, with the open world before you, and yet to feel that, one step back to life precipitates you into the abyss of death. If my body were confined, I should not wish my eyes to be at large : I would rather count the stones in my prison wall, than gaze at such a prospect as the captives in that high cyrie have sickened as they looked on many a sweet summer morning."

"Yes," said Owen Grumach, many a long look I have seen Red Savage and his brother give across at their own country yonder, when the sun would be rising over the hills of Ards, and they sitting, as you say, with their legs hanging over the rock here on the brow of Ben Madigan. I was in that cave with them from new moon to half moon in the fourth change after : it was at the time that the kindred were preyed by Ever Magennis and the men of Kilwarlin, when they had to fly into Massarene ; and I and three others were left here to guard the treasure and the hostages."

"If your prisoners had been bold men, they might have thrown you from the doorway unawares, or overpowered you when asleep," said the monk ; "it was a perilous charge to have them loose beside you in such an exposed post as that."

"Had we left them at liberty to do as you say," replied the outlaw ; "it would have been a dangerous service, indeed, with such men as the two sons of the Seneschal ; but look again, and you will see that the cave has two entrances : it is double, and the farther one alone is accessible : we gave them the near end to themselves ; for there is a strong door between. They needed neither fetter nor staple after they were once twisted up : and yet the world, as you say, was before them, and they might walk forth into the midst of it if they had a mind."

"It was a cruel, though surely an illjudged device," said the monk ; "but these captive gentlemen ; were they ransomed at last ?"

"What ! have you not heard of the deeds of the Mac Seneschals ?" cried the outlaw ; "Alan Duff is now the terror of our people. The death of Raymond Roe resounded over all

Ulster, from Loch Cor to Loch Neagh."

"What ! was the son of the Seneschal that chieftain of the Ards, whom I have heard, Mac Gillmore murdered, after taking a thousand marks for his ransom ?"

"Mac Gillmore slew him in fair fight," replied Owen Grumach ; "and although the churls have it that he waylaid him on his return to his people, and set upon him with superior force, I know, for I saw it, that it was not till Red Raymond drew his skene and flung it at his face, that Hugh More would take to his weapon. It was a deadly quarrel this, and since nothing but the death of one or other would end it, why, better that the ransom money should be forfeited than that Mac Gillmore should be slain ; but Alan Duff says he believes the other story, and has sworn to have his blood," pointing to the chief's booth, "meet him where he may : he swore it by sun and wind upon the broad stones of Ballylessan."

"*Jesu Maria*, is the son of the Seneschal's, a pagan too !" exclaimed the Franciscan.

"No, he is of the Kinel-Chriost, like yourself," replied Owen Grumach ; "but 'tis little dread we of the hill would have of any other oath than the one I tell you ; besides, Black Alan could not have sworn by the gods of your nation, for his oath was, that neither cross nor cell, church nor altar, should be sanctuary to Mac Gillmore on the day when he should lay hands on him. He has pursued us bitterly ever since : what with his feud and the forays of your people, we have had neither ease nor rest this three moons back. By the hand that was never christened, I would rather than all the cattle between this and Mourne, that I had pitched him over, that day when he tried to push past me to the ladder head, as I could have done, so sure as there is spoil in Bangor, but for that fool Donogh who held back my arm."

"Thank God rather that sent one to keep thy hand from doing murder," said the monk ; "he would have been dashed into a thousand pieces ere he had reached half-way to the bottom."

"And if I could dash him into twice ten thousand pieces, would it not

be the better service to my nation?" demanded the outlaw.

"It would surely be a great disservice to your own soul;" replied the monk, fondly expecting to make some religious impression on his savage attendant.

"What! could a man be blamed for knocking his prisoner on the head, and he trying to escape?" cried Owen Grumach.

"It becomes not us, who are ourselves prisoners in the bonds of Satan, to be over harsh with those who would escape out of our own chains," replied brother Virgil.

"What do you mean Gilly Francisagh?" asked the outlaw; "are you not free to depart when you will? as for me I am bound to him in gossipred, but not otherwise."

"Thou art ignorant; thou art ignorant," said the disappointed Franciscan; yet, unwilling to abandon his first attempt so soon, he added, "I spoke not of an earthly thralldom; but of a bondage worse than that of caves or dungeons; yet the captives of that prison have been ransomed by the free bounty of a Redeemer, who asks but that they shall believe in him to be restored to liberty and life eternal."

"I'd rather trust to the thousand marks," replied the savage with a grin.

The monk hardly repressing an indignant rebuke, abandoned his attempt for the present with a sigh, and recurring to the subject of the feud with the Mac Sceneschals, asked his rude guide, "was there no other cause of anger, besides the death of his brother, between Black Alan and Mac Gillmore: the oath he swore would, methinks, need some still greater cause of hatred even between savages."

Owen Grumach looked towards the chief's booth, and placed his finger on his lips; "if you would be friends with him," he said, "be satisfied with the cause I have told you:" then, changing the subject with natural readiness, he asked, "Do you know yet why it was that Mac Gillmore drew his skene upon you yesterday in the glen?"

"No," replied the Franciscan; "now that we are friends, I had forgotten to ask; but I suppose it was because he took me for one of the brotherhood in pursuit."

"Just so," replied Owen; "and no

wonder that he looked for little good at your hands, for he had left a bare plot of ground behind him at Saint Francis's of the rock: we pulled the prior's house clean down: it would have made you laugh to have seen the bare legged friars scudding down the high street with their books and strong boxes under their arms. I'll warrant, though, they left their knotted cords in the blaze; there will be no more scourging of backs there for another twelve-month—hand of my body, but we gave them the day's true penance for ever!"

"Thou art a shameless and a blasphemous man," said brother Virgil; "but I forgive thee on the score of thy brutish ignorance. Yet if thou hadst eyes to see or heart to understand, thou mightest profit, even uninstructed as thou art, by the example made of thy sacrilegious master. He laid his violent hands on God's servants and God has cast him down in return; so that it is doubtful whether he shall ever rise again."

"Had he got the fall, first," said Owen, "it would have shown God's regard for Saint Francis a deal better: there was little use in breaking his bones after the mischief was done."

"Gracious Providence!" exclaimed the monk, "must I hear thy ways thus called in question by a savage? It is but wasting the words of instruction to bestow them on him. Grim son of Rory, lead me again to your smithy, for I would preserve as much of the precious adornments of our oriel as your plundering hands have left unbroken."

"If it be the coloured glass you mean," replied the outlaw, "you need not look for it now: it was ground to shivers in tearing the bars asunder for the forge."

"*Jesu Maria*," cried the unhappy monk; "and is that beautiful and costly frame-work, that came across the seas at such a charge, already broken up and torn asunder by your smiths?"

"It is in three score pike heads before now," replied Owen Grumach.

"Holy and blessed Francis, hear me," cried brother Virgil, raising his hands to heaven; "grant that the weapons to which the plunder of thy servants has been converted may yet be turned upon the spoilers of thy

sanctuary! grant that those who robbed thy servants of their shelter may yet be left with as little shelter or protection from their own enemies."

"What," cried Owen, "are you at cursing us again," Gilly Francisagh? Take warning that if the kindred hear you a second time, I may not be able to keep their skenes from your throat."

"May God forgive me if I have indulged in unchristian anger," exclaimed the Franciscan; "but the curse rose

to my lips upon an impulse which I feel to be little less than divine." Just then a messenger came to summon the monk back to the Bantierna's apartment.

"I will tell you the remainder to-morrow night, my princes," said Turlogh, "if I were to begin the lady's story tonight, it would trench on our hours of rest."

SONNETS.

I.—FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMŌENS.

Que me quereis, perpetuas saudades.

O, vain desires! why still this bosom burn?
 Why juggle me with falsehoods o'er and o'er?
 Time wanders by us and returns no more,
 And though he came, yet youth would not return!
 His heavy march has quenched my heart's first fires;
 His gales have wrecked my bark of hopes and fears;
 Then go, deluders! Youth and after-years
 Are no copartners in the same desires.
 Changed is that World of Mind in whose dominions
 I garnered up my bosom's holiest treasures:
 The oracle of Age condemns my pleasures,
 Which hourly flee from me on faithless pinions;
 And nowhere dawns, for me a single joy
 Which fate and whitening hairs unite not to destroy.

II.—FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

(WRITTEN ON GOOD-FRIDAY.)

Padre del ciel! dopo i perduti giorni.

Father of Heaven! after the ruined years,
 Lost days, and nights of dim delirious care,
 Which I have spent in strugglings and in tears
 For her whose beauty is my heart's despair,
 To thee my spirit, fainting and benighted,
 Now turns, and fain would supplicate for strength:
 O! bid my destiny relent at length!
 O! let my Wilderness of Life be lighted!
 The eleventh long year of passion unrequited,
 Of Love, whose tyranny is fiercest over
 The bosom of the unresisting lover,
 Now rolls, and still my fairest hopes lie blighted.
 Then wing my wishes tow'ards a loftier goal,
 Thou who this day wert slain in ransom of my soul!

III.—FROM THE GERMAN OF THE COUNT VON PLATEN.

Venedig liegt nur noch im Land der Träume.

Lost Venice lives in Memory's dreams alone;
 The shadow of her olden glory falls
 On wastes; the lion underneath her walls
 Lies slain; her prisons only breathe, and groan;
 And yon proud steeds on holy heights of stone,

Whose venerable aspect best recalls
 What Venice was ere classed with Europe's thralls,
 The Corsican Usurper's bridle own.
 Where is that king-sprung people, the beholder
 May ask, who reared those palaces and rooms
 Of marble which to-day, forgotten, moulder?
 New generations rise as Time grows older,
 But, Venice! all thy better, all thy bolder
 Are ashes in the mighty Doges' tombs!

IV.—FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DE PORCHERES.

ON THE EYES OF LA BELLE GABRIELLE, FAVORITE OF HENRI IV.

Ce ne sont point des yeux ; ce sont plutôt des dieux ;
 Eyes ? No ! they are not eyes, but gods that exercise
 Dominion over kings, whose light within them lies :
 Gods ? Nay ! but radiant skies, whose beams and azure dyes
 And changeful evolutions dazzle and surprise :
 Skies ? No ! but suns that rise in brilliancy of guise,
 And by their glory blast our feebly-gazing eyes :
 Suns ? Rather lightnings they, with boundless powers of ray,
 Which flame before Love's bolts, bright heralds of his way.
 If gods, would they display such all-destroying sway ?
 If skies, they could not thus eccentrically stray.
Two suns ? It cannot be ; but one in Heaven we see,
 Nor lightnings ; thine remain, and flash more vividly.
 Yet seem they all to me ; then henceforth let them be,
 Suns, gods, skies, eyes and lightnings, each alternately.

(ORIGINAL.)

V.—LIFE.

O, human Destiny ! thou art a mystery,
 Which tasks the o'erwearied intellect in vain ;
 O, World ! thou art a cabalistic history,
 Whose lessons madden and destroy the brain.
 O, Life ! whose page, a necromantic scroll,
 Is charactered with sentences of terror,
 Which, like the shapes on a magician's mirror,
 At once bewilder and appal the soul,
 We blindly roam thy Labyrinth of Error,
 And clasp a phantom when we gain thy goal.
 Yet roll, thou troubled Flood of Time ! Still bear
 Thy base wrecks to the whirlgulf of the Past,
 But Man and Heaven will bless thee if thou hast
 Spared for their final sphere the Noble and the Fair.

VI.—LOVE.

Spirit of wordless Love ! that in the lone
 Bowers of the Poet's museful soul dost weave
 Tissues of thought, hued like the robes of Eve
 Ere the last glories of the sun have shone,
 How soon—almost before our hearts have known
 The change—above the ruins of thy throne,
 Whose trampled beauty we would fain retrieve
 By all Earth's thrones besides, we stand and grieve !
 We weep not, for the world's bleak breath hath bound
 In triple ice the cisterns of our tears,
 But ever-mourning Memory thenceforth rears
 Her altars upon desecrated ground,
 And always, with a low, despairful sound,
 Heavily tolls the bell of all our years.

J. C. M.

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND.*

Mr. MOORE's political *rabies* is incurable. We are obliged to remember Lalla Rookh and the Irish Melodies when we forbear to call it contemptible. Age, which in other writers by diminishing the ambition for display, usually moderates the fervour of partisanship, has had no influence on this pertinacious and consistent champion of Freedom of Inquiry and the Church of the Inquisition; the venerable frivolity of his muse, though somewhat duller than of yore, is meant to be quite as effective in its aim; and our Parnassian Thersites, though he reach the years of Nestor, will still, we fear, be Thersites to the end of the chapter. It is, we must confess, a sight to us at once extremely ludicrous and extremely pitiable, to contemplate this elderly gentleman so sadly regardless of the external decorums of even poetical license of character, as still to be found in clumsy dalliance awkwardly trifling with the toys which became his youth so gracefully; now frolicking in pan, now foaming in politics; half freak, half frenzy; and in the desperate consciousness of declining fame determined to mistake the rotten breath of the filthiest faction that ever befouled the annals of any country for the incense which virtue and feeling gratefully offer to their interpreter and guardian. That his book is, with a casual exception, heavy, we can pardon; perhaps he could write no better; perhaps his patrons could not understand him if he did:—but for its expression of undecayed malevolence, for its new and eager manifestation that the fount of his youthful venom is perennial, we will do him and human nature the justice to say, that we believe but one hypothesis can be advanced. The characteristic passion of age demands to be fed; and when the poet who once could charm us as Moore has done, descends to assume, as his patrons or allies, the parliamentary mob who are commanded by the Great Liar of the Age—to harmonize for the boudoir the politics of St.

Giles's—and to “marry to verse” which we trust for his own reputation will not be “immortal,” the malignant dullness of a party he all but adulates and all but despises—in such circumstances we feel it is but charity to hope that his poverty and not his will consents, and that in the history of the poor productions of his latter years the fury of political fanaticism may give place in the chain of causation to the stern requisitions of Indigence, or perhaps to the artificial and acquired necessities of Avarice. We do not impute to the biographer of the Fudges any formal design of hypocrisy. Frail as is the literary character, this is seldom one of its many weaknesses; and deeply degraded as is the author of Lalla Rookh, we do not yet believe him sunk so utterly. Without employing so compendious a supposition, we can easily imagine how it is that “the poet of all circles” has unconsciously corrupted into the Radical Rhymers, and the high-toned lyrist of love and war suffered his ambition to contract its object into the dirty dignity of being O’Connell’s laureate. By a paradox, but a true one, he has adhered to his party, and yet sunk as it has risen. When that party had to growl its ferocity unregarded, ere yet the emancipation of the Catholics had enslaved the Protestants, their very distress, though a pretext, was yet poetical, and it was only an innocent frolic

To turn our Kates and Ellens frantic,
And make rebellion quite romantic.

At such a time the melodious treason of the little bard was alternately ridiculed and applauded; for while none of us could be deaf to the lulling softness of the numbers, we all laughed heartily at the pompous impotence of the menaces they conveyed. And we laugh at it still; for it was never the drawing-room sedition of the Irish Melodies that wrought the change which has set Mr. Moore’s patrons astride on the ruins of the constitution. Mr. Moore may have strutted with no

* The Fudges in England: being a sequel to the Fudge Family in Paris. By Thomas Brews the Younger. Small 8vo, London, 1835.

small elation as chief-piper at the head of the ragged regiment, but he never was admitted to its council of war, nor had his "sweet pipings" much influence even on the brute courage of the combatants. This, however, is no dispraise, for the better his strain the more unintelligible to his audience. But though the multitude of pikes prevailed in this case over the melody of phrase, the ribaldry of O'Connell over the more refined rebellion of Moore, yet in these days bloomed the true Elysium of the poet, and these formed that "green spot in memory's waste," as he would himself entitle it, which he in vain endeavours to reproduce, but of which the verdure is trodden into mud by the clouted brogues of the very faction whose ruffianism he hymned on its way to triumph. In those days that faction was deprived of the firebrand that sought our property—perhaps the sword that sought our lives—and Moore could call that deprivation oppression; the imprisoned malefactor clanked the chains that bound him from plunder or homicide, and called on the world to view its victim! Where there is weakness human nature grants sympathy on demand, and seldom pauses to ask—is that weakness in the sufferer the weakness of disabled crime—is it the precaution of prudent self-defence in the inflictor? Every fool can lament misery as misery, (and compliment himself too on his tenderness of heart); it is only the wise man who inquires while he compassionates. To relieve disabilities in the abstract would be to make a hell of earth. And if we change a word or two, the exhortations of the "Melodies" are touchingly fitted to become the charter glees of Bridewell, or Botany Bay; and we have no doubt would, under such an application, find many a sympathetic auditor ready to weep in unison to their complaints—always presuming that the heroes of the strain, (the "slaves so lowly, Condemned to chains unholy, &c. &c. &c.") had left him a kerchief to dry his tristful eyes withal. It is thus that the puling pathos which groaned the hard fate of Ireland, was ever sure to find a weep-

ing audience; and the patriotism of the poet grew only the more disinterested, as he found it made his books to sell. He was the chosen bard of Erin and Longman; he rhymed at the oppressors, and bade them relieve his destitute country—at a pound a line. Under a motive so delightfully stimulating, his national fervor grew absolutely unquenchable; and—to innocently parody, for an instant, to our provincial readers, his own favourite style of punning profanity*—he "hung not his harp on the willows by the rivers," for he found his richest notes to issue from the Bank. As to his male readers, *they* discovered in those Bacchanalian pages, the genial imagery of an Atlantis genuinely Hibernian, a sort of Donnybrook Arcadia, where all was fighting, kissing, and drinking. And if—the revered of publishers and papists—among the sterner sex his success was unquestionable, what shall we say of its omnipotence over the fair? Soft, amorous rebel, how *could* he fail? "We carry our swords in myrtles," said the followers of Harmodius, and similarly invested with the festal wreaths of Venus, our poet's weapon of war was unseen and invincible. Love and Liberalism floated into the heart in the same stanza, and the "daughters of Erin," fascinated by the charms of the Anacreon, found the Tyrtæus wholly irresistible. Who would not be a convert to those dulcet politics so sweetly anti-salique, where the dear reward of insurgent daring was—asmile, the punishment of base dastard loyalty, a death-dealing frown; and where the terrific paraphernalia of sedition were so mingled with flowers, that, somehow or other, conspiracy became inextricably associated with kissing, and fighting, the king seemed the natural and necessary prelude to flirting successfully with his loveliest subjects. Erin became, to the universal imagination, a novel modification of the Mohammedan paradise, where the war and the wooing went on together; houriess, in their genuine *green*, beckoned through the dim clouds of every new Vinegar Hill; and the gallows that once terminated each avenue of treason, rose gracefully wreathed with shamrocks, and shaded

* *Fudges in England*, p. 9, pp. 18, 19, &c. will supply instances *ad nauseam*.

into a bower of bliss. Oh! those delectable days, when each morning's register of fresh murders, was glorified by the ardent imagination of Mr. Moore's fair votaries, into "the struggles of expiring freedom;" when (have we not seen it?) dyingly bending over the harp, and gazing on some witching lyric in the last number of "the melodies," the fair rebel of sixteen learned to unite in one deep sigh, her remembrance of Ireland's wrongs, and of her last night's partner; to weave into one bewitching dream, the combined excitements of dancing and democracy; and in one pathetic adjuration, to vow by the pale moon eternal fidelity to her country and her *cavalier*.

But the charms of these days are irrecoverably past. Emancipation has removed its last poor pretext from rebellion; popery has lost its poetry, and midnight massacre (even of a parson) is become sadly unromantic. The theme has lost its spirit and its purgency. The halo of lustre that illumined the memory of those martyred victims of despotism, Emmet and Fitzgerald, becomes wondrously crepuscular—a mere Mac Halian halo, a veritable water-bucket illumination*—when transferred to the living brows of Mr. O'Connell. We have ourselves known "Rhymes on the Rint" miscarry, and even a collective ode to the Tail attract little notice from an unworthy generation. And a bold Pindaric in Anapests addressed to the Liberator himself, and commencing, if we err not—

"Great Father of Freedom and Maurice, all hail!"

is never, we fear, destined to reach the perusal of his grandchildren. In fact, as we intimated above, the poetry and the party have proceeded inversely, and it seems that, unlike his own Minstrel Boy's, Mr. Moore's harp is most especially strung to "sound in slavery." Even rebellion is pitiable in the dust; but rebellion rampant, rebellion merging in substantial despotism, rebellion sitting in the high places of the land, rebellion fittingly building on perjury the power that is employed to crush the ministry of

truth—this, in good sooth, is stuff too stern for poesy, an ascendant faction is too earnest in its work of vulgar violence to notice or value the effusions even of the most servile muse, and the bard who seeks to continue in the hour of prosperous revolution the inspiration that encouraged its adversity, will find—as we know well Mr. Moore finds at this moment—how galling are the bonds that fetter the poet of faction to his party through all its atrocious fortunes, and how, though it might perhaps be reasonable to stimulate by the magic of sound the besieging army to charge the walls of the city, every one will pity or despise the gifted idiot who flourishes his superfluous trumpet in the hour of triumphant plunder, or imagines that *his* strains will heighten to a keener gust of rapine, the wretches who are glutting their fury on temple and citadel, far too busy to listen to aught but their own delicious music, the crash and tumult of the devastation they are spreading around them. Mr. Moore's little volume—we wish it cost less—will doubtless be read. It will "fit audience find," but we have a sad apprehension that that audience will indeed be "few." The reviewers must of course, in the way of their craft, read what the author of Lalla Rookh has written. A few smart radicals who contribute articles to the London Review, and to its more than rival, Mr. Roebuck's Parliamentary Pamphlet, will borrow the book, and pass the not immaculate copy from one to another, in order to be enabled to cite a line or two from "their dear friend Tom Moore's" ryghte wittie and conceited tale; and if the author could sink it into the dignity of being a classic in the lecture-rooms of the London University, there is no doubt but that expedient would extend the sale by a few copies. But beyond this we suspect that the Fudges must content themselves with their Parisian reputation, whatever that may have been. The "idol of his own circle" will find that in coming on *English* ground the idolatry that worshipped him has suffered the fate of all its brethren,—
"the altar and the god sinking together

* The reader is referred to our 12th Number for a slight sketch of the history of Father Mac Hale's claims to these saintly insignia.

in the dust." He will find that having chosen his fate he must consummate it; that he must now lick the earth in the intense humiliation of the slavery he has embraced as freedom; and that in the progress of the faction he must learn to content himself with the honor which we and the sower of Britain have conceded him, that of being the chosen laureate of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, with, in lieu of the pipe of port, an annual cask of genuine Darrynane potteen, in which, we may presume, the bitterness of the beverage to the aristocratic palate of this lover of the people, will be abundantly compensated to his loyal heart—by the illegality of the manufacture!

So much for the fate of the "Fudges in England," the first quit-rent ode in Mr. Moore's laureate labours. And now let us ask—though nothing be proved by his reasonings or his rhapsodies, is there not something proved by his eagerness to establish and circulate them? Does not the publication of the book demonstrate more than the contents of the book can ever neutralize? Yes—such satire, like hypocrisy, is the unwilling tribute which Vice pays to Virtue, Falsehood to Truth; and not when the noblest hearts in England echoed the indignant appeal of the defender of the Church of Ireland, not when the fervour of his auditory outrunning his own, drowned the close of each successive sentence in a flood and storm of acclamation, *not then* was the eminence of that distinguished man one half so unequivocally acknowledged, or so unanswerably established, as it is in the publication of the pages before us. This paltry

pamphlet, worthless for any other purpose, is invaluable for this. Every line of it—whether it bluster in scurrility, wriggle in sophistry, smirk in witticism, or parade before the shuddering deficiencies of mankind its shameless profanity—alike is a tribute to the merits of the objects who have occasioned it. Mr. Moore's is indeed a contradictory fate; his oriental studies seem to have taught him to *write backward*. His praise—witness the biographies of Byron and Sheridan!—is condemnation; his abuse is an apotheosis. And were we to ask of Fortune, cruel as she is to the hopes of Protestant Ireland, one favor more than another, could we select a higher boon than that meetings to the result of which on the members of its sister church the harassed Christianity of our country looked with anxiety and eagerness, should have their deep importance so unambiguously attested, as by thus eliciting the whole efforts of the genius—declining indeed, but still the genius—of the professional scribe of the faction? Is the fortress unimportant upon which this practised literary engineer has combined every artifice of attack? Is it nothing, that in addition to his own outpourings he should have *dived* (we leave the allusion to the fancy) into all the accumulated filth and folly of the revolutionary press of the day, and sought to reproduce its nauseous effusions as fresh aliment for the cheated imaginations of his readers? Is it nothing that in spite of conscious deficiencies, the result, as he himself professes, of unavoidable haste, he should have chosen to brave these consequences of

* Will it be credited that such a writer as Moore was once, has been driven (by the barrenness of his case, or the declension of his intellect, or both together) into reiterating the indescribable stupidity of such stale jokes as, the jingle of *Exeter-hall* and *Exeter-change*, (the standard dulness of the whole radical press for a fortnight after the meetings)—of frying soles and souls, (our readers remember the old epigram on Harvey's sauce)—of a servant *dismissing* his master—and many more of these miserable plagiarisms, most of them heavy enough at first, but wholly insufferable in repetition. V. Fudges, pp. 10, 82, 88, &c. &c. We cannot help adding that most of his points of wit are attained by the poorest of all possible contrivances—that of first inventing or recasting some pun or *double entendre*, and then framing along preliminary processes, often wholly irrelevant to the general subject of the book, in order to introduce it! This cumbrous scaffolding to his pleasantry is only a parallel to a well-known and common resource of many conversational geniuses in their decline; that of preparing jokes at leisure, and afterwards bringing the conversation within range of the artillery of their deliberate sallies—so that wit may seem to be made readily, *which is only ready-made*.

the "rapidity with which he has brought the details before the public" (Preface); that the most laboured writer of our time should have left, according to his own avowal, probable imperfections unsupplied, and probable inaccuracies uncorrected, through the speed with which he has thought it necessary to administer his poetical antidote? Does all this, or does it not, betray a bitter conviction of the profound impression produced on the mind of England by the atrocious revelations of Exeter Hall? This book, then, is an indication cheering to Irish Protestantism. The party forgot their proverbial cunning when they commissioned their scribe to write it.

But we have said more; we have called it a high tribute to the gentleman who has had the enviable fortune of being the chief object of its virulence. Such satire, in such circumstances, is the impudence of weakness; it is conscious defeat ridiculously disguising itself in the robes of triumph. When Philip played the fool at Chæroneæ, the imperial buffoon had at least the excuse of victory; but the modern rival of his venial indecencies is the busy babbler of his own disgrace; it is the writhing and wincing of his torture that he distorts into the piteous semblance of a grin, while he attempts, like "moody madness," to "laugh wild amid severest woe." But as the prophet of old,—malicious critics would compare him to the prophet's companion,—he involuntarily blesses those whom he comes to curse.

We shall see more distinctly how transcendently honourable is this libel to Mr. O'Sullivan, when we remember the boasted ability of the Accuser, compute the amount of the Charges, and reflect on the palpable Motive of them.

First, as to the Satirist. It is no common champion who has been selected for the task; it is the most accomplished lampooner of the day, one whose tendencies to vituperation seem so inexplicably essential to his nature, that by some strange obliquity his very praise resolves itself into a refinement of defamation, till it has been at length universally admitted, that a grave in a cross-road is a monument in Westminster Abbey, compared with the posthumous misfortune of a friendly biography

from Mr. Moore. This Archilochus of encomium, this eulogist whose suicidal praise neutralizes itself, this essential Acid, this living and moving Gall of bitterness which even its own volition cannot sweeten—imagine what *this* instrument of vengeance must be, in premeditated vituperation; and yet, such is the personage whose bad energies have been set to work to construct the rack for Mr. O'Sullivan's fame and feelings. The result is indeed the miserable abortion of a revenge that, scorpion-like, stings itself; but the ill-success of the performance does not lessen the rancour of the plan. Nor does it lessen the proof which the whole affair presents of the lofty estimation in which the faction are forced to hold their illustrious foe, when they matched him with an opponent deemed so skilfully sarcastic. But bitter is their fate—they are compelled, themselves, to respect while they assail him, and they increase the world's respect for him by their abuse.

Again,—what are the charges in this laboured indictment? Here we have *all* which ingenuity quickened by resentment could contrive; if he be innocent of these, he must be immaculate. We open the book; we yawn through some very unmeaning pages which we modestly conjecture are meant to be witty, (from the number of *italicized words*, to assist the reader's conceptions, in each line) but of which the point or purpose is sadly indistinct; until, after cautiously groping for meaning in the starless twilight of three entire "letters," we come upon the first formal annihilation of our poor unresisting friend. As the cause of religion, and of Mr. O'Sullivan, are unfortunately found inseparably associated, it was absolutely necessary to commence this awful process of destruction by some well-directed sarcasm, the object of which is to ridicule a professedly religious journal solely for having expressed "an anxious desire to be found on the side of the Lord." Support us—we expire with laughter! How delightfully ludicrous! There is something so irresistibly funny in that absurd anxiety to do the will of God. Cheered by this innocent pleasantry at the vestibule, we enter the mansion. And how can our poor advocate (for whom even we

begin to tremble as we read) any longer stand erect, when he has been by our un pitying satirist invited to "come o'er," in order to get dinners from "the saints," that being now so clearly the concealed object of his journey of some hundred miles; (the gormandizing knave!) and when the religious *tracts* are invited, by a rather original ascription of musical powers, "to blow trumpets" as "he comes to tell tales of woe." But the worst is to come. He is—oh, horrible!—he is—suicide is his only resource!—he is—we ought perhaps to write he *was*, for after such a visitation he cannot still be breathing—he is actually nick-named *O'Mulligan*! Alas, our heart bleeds as we picture to ourselves the form, once somewhat stalwart, of our sensitive friend, pining in the fatal rapidity of a decline exceeding the whole powers of medicine and Marsh to restrain, as he gazes on the mystic, the indelible syllables. "Had it pleased heaven to try him with affliction; had it rained all kinds of sores and shames on his bare head," he might have borne it, but—*O'Mulligan*! Humanity shudders at

the contemplation of sufferings beside which the dungeons of the inquisition are a paradise.

But, farther still, as if by the similarity of the title to remind him, each domestic hour, of his woes, the wretched victim, already wasted by sorrow, cannot call for hot water or his slippers, but—oh refinement of torture!—he involuntarily addresses his valet by the fearful nomenclature of *O'Branigan*!—Larry *O'Branigan*—one of those blundering Irish servants of whom even the shilling gallery is now well nigh weary, and a fair proportion of whose bulls we venture to guess Mr. Power could have told the public much more amusingly than Mr. Moore has done, long before the arrival of the Fudges on the English coast—Larry, we say, plays an important part in the epistolary drama. We must give a specimen of his *eloquence du billet*, and perhaps the description of his departure from his home, which we meet in turning over the first page of his correspondence, will offer a fair specimen of the exceeding *point* of his style through the whole.

"But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure enough,
As the pig was desaiiced, 'twas high time to be off,
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,
Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

If our readers survive the drollery of this, let them turn over the next leaf. Larry becomes a chairman, at what he cleverly styles "an up-and-down-place they call Bath!" So—

"'pondherin' one morn, on a drame I'd just had
O' yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,
Och, there came o'er my sinuses so plasins' a flutther
That I spilt an ould countess right clane in the gutther,
Muff, feathers, and all! the descint was most awful,
Aud, what was still worse, faith, I knew 'twas unlawful.
For though, with mere *women* no very great evil,
To upset an owld *countess*, in Bath, is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair with herself safe upon it,
(For nothing about her was *kilt* but her bonnet,)
Without even mentionin' 'by your lave, ma'am,'
I tuk to my heels, and here, Judy, I am!"

Is it not killingly pleasant? Really, if Mr. Moore will write so laughably, we must provide ourselves with ribs of

steel, or the Sardonic death will be our fate.

But we are forgetting our more

direct subject, in these pleasing labyrinths of poesie. Let us recover from the convulsions of our laughter, and be serious. We repeat then,—putting aside the obsolete twaddle which Mr. Moore exectorates against the “Saints,” and the “Parsons,” and the “Law Church,” all of which we have been studying in that dignified journal, Paddy Kelly’s Budget, for some months past—we repeat in stern seriousness, what has Mr. Thomas Moore, or Mr. Thomas Brown, or Mr. Thomas Little, *vel quovis alio nomine gaudet*, to allege against the Rev. Mortimer O’Sullivan? Did we not remember how often this multinomial author has writhed beneath the quiet chastisement of the Irish clergyman, the supposition might at first seem preposterous; between such men we might imagine that there could be no common ground, and that Mr. O’Sullivan might better say to his rival than Rousseau did to his, “*Quelle langue commune pouvons nous parler, comment pouvons nous nous entendre, et qu’y a-t-il entre vous et moi?*” However this may be, in vain have we searched for the semblance of a distinct *fact*, from the blasphemy of Miss Biddy’s diary to the blunders of Mr. Larry’s missives; in vain have we sought for double meanings in every line, imagining that an insinuated accusation might lie *perdu* in a pun since none could be detected on the face of the record. As to the general attributions of hypocrisy which befool every page of this whole performance, and degrade its author at least as much as anything else he has ever yet done, Mr. Moore knows right well that any one may attribute disgraceful motives, who is unfair enough to make a foul charge, which, from its nature can never be distinctly and directly tested. We will show him just now that we too can analyse motives, though they shall not be motives of the character which he so unsparingly lavishes on his political and literary chastiser,—for we will not imitate his degradation—but motives which, in truth, are natural enough to every victim of disappointed ambition. What, we ask, is the expressed ground of this writer’s charge against the defender of the Irish

Church? It is this, versified from the scurrilous prose of the radical press, that Mr. O’Sullivan in early youth was a professing member of the Church of Rome, in which communion he had been brought up, and that (Mr. Moore, supplying such motives as we presume he best understands) he left that communion (as many other pure and holy men have done) to embrace the tenets of the Church of Ireland. Mr. O’Sullivan has since, as a matter of course, become eminent in that church, as he would have become eminent in any profession to which he devoted so unremittingly the faculties of so powerful an intellect. But let us descend for a moment to the nasty depths of Mr. Moore’s own argument, and ask, what is the extent, and what the nature, of the eminence? Mr. O’Sullivan is not one of those opulent dignitaries whose revenues our poet’s oriental imagination has so often and so magnificently exaggerated. He is the rector of an Irish parish, and he is contented; but Mr. Moore knows as well, and feels far more bitterly than we do, that his real distinctions are of a kind which would equally have been his, to whatever persuasion or profession he had belonged, the unpurchaseable distinctions of the *intellect*,—while had he belonged to any other, the worldly distinctions of rank and affluence would probably have been his, to a much greater extent. What then becomes of the accusation? Where is the rich bribe which tempted this unpaid apostate? And where, oh where, can the discomfited defamer hide his shame?

But with what unsullied nobility does real dignity of character rise above the insults of this low buffoonery! When we see on the one hand Mr. Moore, exhausting to its last poor effort his already effete imagination; childishly jingling his words into silly pun or sillier rhyme, since he finds it hopeless to marshal them in argument; appealing for his *facts* to his own raving romance, the memoirs of Captain Rock;* for his *jokes* to the language of Holy Writ; and madly quoting examples which the most profligate would at least *wish* to imitate, as the fitting subject for a ridicule

* As in page 95.

whose outworn stupidity is its only antidote :* and when we contemplate on the other, a man whose mind has been devoted to the noblest purposes of man, the chosen advocate of the persecuted against the persecutors, he who truly spoke, as his assailant truly says, of the "martyrdoms" of the Irish church, and spoke of them with a gifted fervour which has placed him second to no orator of his day : we know not where to look for a parallel to illustrate the immeasurable distance between them. Compare *them* ! We might as well compare the glowing splendours of Etna or Cotopaxi with the mud volcanoes of Trinidad—the one flashing the unborrowed ardours of a genuine fire, the others sputtering their filthy deluge over every thing within reach of their defilement !

But Mr. Moore *has* a definite charge to adduce. He is of opinion—such is his solicitous tenderness for the welfare of the Irish church—that Mr. O'Sullivan and his companion should remain in their own parish and oversee their own little flocks, instead of exposing the privacies of popery in the metropolis of Britain.† As if any salutary ecclesiastical discipline would seek to restrain the expansive utility of such men, or as if such men in such times were not intended by nature to be the guides of a country as well as the guides of a parish. But, above all, is it not intolerable—but no, we will gather patience from contempt—is it not passing all gravity to hear the unceasing aspirant after aristocratic distinctions, the pet poet of London *salons*, conveniently loving his dear country *a la distance*, and ready to do every thing for Ireland but live in it—to hear this patrician Paddy enforcing such stout anti-absen-

teism, without fear of awkward suggestions before his eyes, while his own disinclination to dwell in the country offers the simplest of all proofs of the insufferable den of discontent which his faction have made of it.

A word, in the *third* place, as to the obvious *motives* of this publication. We say *obvious*, because they are demonstrable by unanswerable argument. Mr. Moore was not, on this occasion, merely the Scribbling Machine of the Romish party, wound up to go for so many pages ; he had a motive or two beyond the automaton. If the true *principium et fons* of the "Fudges" were not a personal enmity against Mr. O'Sullivan, occasioned, of course, by an uneasy remembrance of reiterated exposures from that powerful pen, how happens it, we beg leave to ask, that the original detector of Dens, the original planner of the Exeter Hall meetings, and the advocate who stated the case formally in each, passes without attack—is so unfortunate as not to be abused—through the volume ? We apprehend this argument most inconveniently conclusive. To whet his ire, we can imagine the agonized satirist as he wrote, hurling a frowning glance occasionally at the "Detection of Rock," and the "Guide to an Irish Gentleman." Bitterly did he feel how each had routed his tawdry forces. The former proved him what we fear the forthcoming volumes of his Irish history will but confirm : as yet, in that work he has only, as Spenser says of himself,

Vouched antiquities which nobody can know.‡

The latter stamped him, in his own prophetic words, a "simpleton sage and a reasoning fool," in meddling with

* In reference to a religious meeting at Powerscourt, we are invited to *laugh* at the following citation from an abstract of the discussions :—"There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New, particularly on the point, whether there was any 'accommodation,' " (a well-known subject of theological inquiry,) "or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old. This gave occasion to some very interesting development of Scripture. The progress of the anti-Christian powers was very fully discussed." When we read Mr. Moore's comments upon such things, and remember his period of life, we can say, unaffectedly, that our reproofs are lost in pity.

† This is intimated somewhere in the book. We are really too disgusted to open it again for more distinct reference.

‡ The worst thing we know as yet against the book is, that the blustering block-head, M^r Hale, has called it *inimitable*.

"points of belief," nor has it any fault, but the beautiful one of being too gentle and generous for ordinary controversy, and too refined for the class of readers who patronize the coarse and vapid volumes which it refuted.

As we have consumed a good deal of paper—much more than we should ever have given to Mr. Moore, if the distinguished object of his virulence had not eminently deserved these notices at the hands of the Magazine of Irish Protestantism—our readers can scarcely expect that we should give them much either of abstract or extract of this puerile pasquinade beyond what they may collect from the paragraphs we have already written. The plan of the thing is really contemptible beyond the heaviest descent of the most ponderous imagination. When a writer composes an avowed fiction, we do not indeed demand the perfect symmetry of truth; but we demand a shadow of *possibility*—we demand that invention shall, at least, preserve an inferior and relative consistency. But will Credulity herself trust us when we apprise that amiable weakness, that in the "Fudges in England," Mr. O'Sullivan, a *married* man, is introduced as heiress-hunting in England; and that the whole point of this inexplicable enigma of stupidity is contained in the *dénouement* of his eventual disappointment in that probable pursuit! The lady to whom this bigamist is wedded at the close, is represented as a sort of antiquated religious idiot, and is, of course, most impartially meant to impersonate female Protestant piety in general. We confess that, to us, Mr. Moore's own career seems not unlike that of Miss Biddy Fudge. The author of Little's Poems, "making his soul" in the "Travels of an Irish Gentleman," would be to us quite as ridiculous as the dress-loving zealot whom he invents as a heroine for his own

tale; were there not, in every thing relative to religion, and more especially in the contemplation of erring, and self-deceiving, and unrepentant Age, an object which excites feelings too solemn for sarcasm, and, did we not force ourselves to it as a duty, too sad for severity. And it is in this spirit we would close our remarks. If we have been stern to Mr. Moore, he will remember how *he* has treated his antagonist. We have imputed no motives—we would be understood as imputing no motives,—directly and intentionally dishonorable, though many, indeed, which from their weakness, vanity, and frivolity lead—it may be unconsciously—to actions which we cannot and will not characterize as other than disgraceful. Mr. Moore has ascribed the grossest intentional hypocrisy, with unsparing reiteration, to the high-minded object of his paltry vengeance. But we leave him to his own reflections. He may suffer these to be temporarily overpowered in the clamours of a despicable applause; but we have a terrible assurance that they will make themselves be heard. It is the fearful doom of malice, that, in attempting to deprive others of character, it deprives itself of peace; and—for, miserably fallen as he is, we cannot even yet regard Thomas Moore without interest—would to heaven that our pages could lead him to remember, ere it be too late, that, severe as may have been our transitory review, there is a severer still—that terrible REVIEW of which the remorse of an awakened conscience is the dread author, and from whose decision there is no appeal but to a Court in which that very Conscience is but warranted and vindicated as the Delegate of supreme justice on earth,—at once Accuser, Judge, and Avenger of self-convicted guilt.

FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. I.

SONETTO DI ANTON MARIA SALVINI.

DIO.

Tu che mai fatto, il tutto sempre fai,
 E ciò che festi già, reggi e governi,
 Tu sotto il di cui piè fermi ed eterni
 Soggiace il tempo il fato il sempre il mai :
 Tu dai l'ombre a la notte, al giorno i rai,
 Tu il mondo attempi, e il paradiso eterni
 Tu nè visto nè seerto e vedi e scerni,
 E non mai mosso movi e moverai :
 Tu tutti i luoghi ingombri, e non hai loco,
 Tu premi i giusti, e tu castighi i rei,
 Tu dai l'algore al gel, l'ardore al foco :
 Tu te stesso in te stesso e vidi e bei ;
 Tu sei ch' io non conosco, e pure invoco,
 Uno sei, trino sei, tu sei che sei

SONETTO DI EUSTACHIO MANFREDI.

A FILLE.

Il primo albor non appariva ancora,
 Ed io stava con Fille a piè d'un orno,
 Or ascoltando i dolci accenti, ed ora
 Chiedendo al ciel per vagheggiarla il giorno,
 Vedrai, mia Fille, io le dicca, l'Aurora
 Come bella a noi fa dal mar ritorno ;
 E come al suo apparir turba e scolora
 Le tante stelle, ond' è Olimpo adorno ;
 E vedrai poscia il sole, intorno a cui
 Spariran da lui vinti e questa e quelle
 (Tanta è la luce de' bei raggi sui !)
 Ma non vedrai quel ch' io vedrò : le belle
 Tue pupille scoprirsi ; e far di lui
 Quel ch' ei fa dell' Aurora e delle stelle.

MADRIGALE DI FRANCESCO DE LEMENE.

LA BELEZZA.

Di se stessa invaghita e del suo bello
 Si specchiava una rosa
 In un limpido ruscello.
 Quando d'ogni sua foglia
 Un aura impetuosa
 La bella rosa spoglia.
 Cascar nel rio le foglie, il rio fuggendo
 Se le porta correndo :
 E così la beltà
 Rapidissimamente, oh, Dio ! sen va.

FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. I.

SONNET BY ANTON MARIA SALVINI.

THE DEITY.

Thou that hast all things made, thyself still uncreate—
 That rul'st and guid'st thy works in earth and skies,
 'Neath whose almighty foot, fixed and eternal lies
 Time, Fate, what always was, what never hath been yet :
 Thou that giv'st night its shades, the day its light,
 Heaven its eternity, and earth her span of years—
 Unseen, unscanned, nought 'scapes thy sleepless sight,
 Unmoved, the moving worlds thy wisdom steers ;
 Place chains thee not, for Thou all space canst fill,
 The bad chastising blessing still the good :
 Thou giv'st the flame its warmth, the ice its chill ;
 Thou thine own contemplation art, thine own beatitude ,
 Thee I can but invoke, thou GREAT UNKNOWN, to me
 Sole, trine, that which Thou art, for none is like to Thee.

SONNET BY EUSTACHIO MANFREDE.

TO PHILLIS.

Morn's first pale light not yet had tinged the skies,
 And still I stood beneath the wild ash tree,
 Listening entranced to the soft melody
 Of Phillis' lips ; then wishing day would rise
 And give me light to look in her fair eyes.
 " Sweet, thou shalt see how beauteous from the sea
 Aurora comes ; how, paling timorously,
 Each little star abashed, her presence flies ;
 And then thou'lt see the sun in brightness beaming,
 When stars and morn shall fade from heaven away,
 Lost in the radiance from his glad face streaming.
 But, sweetest ! thou'lt *not* see what, blest, I may—
 Thy lustrous eyes shine out and quench his gleaming,
 Even as he quenched the stars' and morning's ray."

MADRIGAL, BY FRANCESCO DE LEMENE.

BEAUTY.

O'er a swift, bright streamlet flowing,
 A rose stooped down one day,
 To catch in the limpid waters flowing
 Her blushing image gay ;
 But the breeze of morn came freshly by,
 And brushed the vain rose impetuously,
 Rending each tender leaf away.
 The leaves fell down the waves among,
 And they bore them, rushing for ever along,
 Far, far to the hungry sea.
 Thus rapidly, oh, God ! still flies,
 Adown Time's checkless river,
 The loveliness that most we prize,
 From our foud eyes for ever.

IOTA.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A DECEASED PLURALIST.

It was the last week in April, my leave of absence had expired, and I was hurrying to the village of — to join a detachment of the — Rifles, to which I was then attached. The morning had been sharp and gusty, but as evening came on, the wind dropped, and a small thick rain succeeded. We stopped at — for dinner, and for the first time, insides and outsides, with one exception, united round a well-covered table.

None of my fellow-travellers were in any way remarkable except the individual who declined dinner, and beyond a first look, I scarcely noticed them. To judge from their conversation, some were in trade, and others were cattle-dealers. They ate with the despatch of men accustomed to discuss a travelling meal—comforted themselves with a strong infusion of “*real Roscrea*,” assumed coats and cloaks, and, as the rain now fell heavily, every man protected himself against the inclemency of the weather as he best could.

I have already said that one personage kept aloof from the remainder of the company, and while they were occupied at the dinner-table, he gazed listlessly from the window. I looked at him with attention; he was tall, thin, stricken in years, dressed in shabby mourning, but “every inch” a gentleman. I never witnessed such settled melancholy as his care-worn face presented; while deep and ill-suppressed sighs occasionally escaped from a bosom, too evidently surcharged with sorrow. To look upon that pensive countenance unmoved, was impossible. I felt intensely for his sufferings, although ignorant of the cause from whence they sprang, and, when the guard announced that the coach was ready to proceed, I would have given “a Jew’s eye” to have known the old man’s history.

The rain came down in torrents, the outsides mounted to their places, the object of my curiosity prepared to follow them, when the coachman advanced and touched his hat respectfully.

“You had better get in, sir—there is but one gentleman—I’m sure he won’t object.”

Object! he would be a brute indeed, who would not submit to personal inconvenience to accommodate that meek and heart-broken stranger. The old man hesitated, looked upwards at the thick and murky sky, then at his own threadbare surtout, bowed gratefully when I seconded the driver’s invitation, and placed himself beside me. The door closed, the horn sounded, “all right,” said the guard, “chit-chit,” returned the coachman, on rolled the mail, and the stranger and myself were left together.

Our tête-à-tête was but a short one. Four miles onward the coach pulled up, and my companion announced that his journey had terminated. He bade me a polite good evening; and once more I found myself in lonely occupation of “the leathern convenience.”

I watched my fellow-traveller from the window, and remarked that both the guard and coachman declined the small gratuity he offered them. The old man passed through a ruined gateway, into an avenue overrun with weeds, that led to a dilapidated mansion. Suddenly a turning of the road shut out the stranger from my view; next moment the building disappeared, and I flung myself back in the vehicle, and strove to sleep.

The effort was idle; the old man could not be so readily forgotten; for, short as our interview had been, his conversation and address had fascinated me. He was unquestionably a man of sorrow, but at times he endeavoured to be cheerful, and succeeded. Alas! “the sunshine of the breast” was with him but a transient gleam, sad reality returned, the smile sickened on his furrowed cheek, and deep, heart-sinking despondency overspread a countenance that once had glowed with benevolence and intellectuality.

Three stages more brought me to my destination. My servant was waiting the arrival of the mail, and to him I consigned the charge of my baggage, and entered the parlour of the King’s Arms, which I had selected for head quarters, during my military

occupation of the village where my party were cantoned.

The coach proceeded on its route, my portmanteaus were safely deposited, and Hall, my best man, then delivered me a small book which the driver had found in the carriage, and concluded that it was forgotten by me. One glance told me that it was no property of mine. It was a memorandum-book, written closely in plain and old-fashioned characters. Whose could it be? The old man's certainly. I turned to the fly-leaf, there was a clear and remarkable autograph—the name was “Edmund Harley,” and underneath, “Dunlow Rectory, 1830.”

Was Edmund Harley the melancholy stranger? He was; the landlord confirmed my conjectures, and favoured me with all the particulars of his sufferings, that he knew—

For forty years he had been in possession of two adjacent parishes, and the income they produced was considerable, although, from the studious habits, and easy disposition of the incumbent, scarcely a moiety of what he might have conscientiously demanded, was obtained. He was generally respected, for his blameless life and gentle manners had rendered him deservedly popular. Harley was not the man to amass wealth, and when a lawless combination against the Irish clergy, fostered by the passive endurance of an executive, who should have crushed it in its birth, carried misery and desolation into many a happy home, the aged rector of Dunlow was prominent among the sufferers. He had not saved a guinea; for, confident in the stability of vested rights, he was content with forwarding the professional interests of his son, and securing, by a life-insurance, an adequate maintenance for his wife and daughters, if they survived him. Alas! to a certain extent that precaution was unnecessary. His son died in a foreign land, his favorite daughter survived her brother but a twelvemonth—indigence followed affliction—his income was withheld, and his carriage, plate, and books, all were gradually sacrificed to meet demands every day become more pressing. His wife, a woman of high sensibility, was unable to sustain the loss of her beloved ones, with unexpected and unmerited penury, and in

a few months she, too, was where the weary rest.

The old man bore his trials as the follower of a meek Master should bear them. He was destitute and bereaved—he had outlived those who should have closed his eyes—he had been stricken with poverty, but no complaint escaped him, and in an unfurnished and half-ruined house, once the home of happiness, he was patiently wearing out his appointed days, and waiting for ‘death, the deliverer.’

“And was he abandoned by all? Oh, no! one there was who never left him. Ellen Harley—she, the young, the beautiful, the gifted—she on whom, in the brilliancy of the ball-room, the eye would turn—she tended the sufferer with that love that woman only knows. She shared her parent's indigence without a murmur; and, while a once proud heart was breaking, the sigh was hushed, the tear repressed from starting, lest any indication of the misery she endured, might add to the wretchedness of her father.”

I listened in agony to the landlord's narration. What are fictitious sorrows to the sad realities of life? I never regretted that Fortune had not loaded me with her gifts till now. I unlocked my writing-case; and the few bank-notes it contained were quickly under an envelope, and directed to Harley's address. “Heaven will repay you, sir,” observed mine host. “I will bring the letter to the office, and pay the postage, or the old gentleman would not, most probably be able to release it.” Great God! a scholar and a gentleman so destitute that the possession of a few pence was questionable! It was indeed too true, and the landlord's precaution was not unwise.

Night came on, the torrents fell from the sky, the wind rose, the doors rattled, as every gust, with increasing violence, swept the sleet and rain against the windows. I never felt myself more wretched and depressed; and yet, why should a tale of individual suffering touch me so deeply? Is not misery entailed upon existence? and, sooner or later, every heart must bleed. I snuffed the candles, drew my chair closer to the fire, and opened the old man's diary. But was I authorized to read that record of affliction?

I paused, and laid aside the book. I taxed the motive that influenced my wish to learn more of the old man's history. It was sympathy for his misfortunes, and a determination to relieve them if I had the power. I opened the manuscript again, and read the following extracts :—

1830.—“The fortieth anniversary of my marriage, and Elizabeth and I have gone smoothly hand in hand through life. They told me, when I resigned my fellowship and married my beloved, that I undervalued my talents and had no ambition. They were wrong. I knew I had within my power means to command worldly or collegiate honors : but they were right—I had no ambition beyond competency and a virtuous woman. Was I not wise, and Heaven too bountiful? My attached companion, my brave boy, my innocent and beautiful daughters, the luxury of a quiet life, my books, my happy home : would lawn sleeves, or a provost's chair repay them? No, no, Edmund Harley ; thank the Dispenser of all good for the happy lot assigned thee!”

1831.—“Tithe resistance increases, and money comes in tardily. My wife urges me to lay my carriage down ; but to her declining health gentle exercise is necessary, and I must not deprive her of the means. Surely the government will check these outrages ! If suffered with impunity, it is hard to say where the mischief will end.”

1832.—“Matters grow worse. They have posted threatening notices on my plate. Not a shilling to be had. My life insurance falls due within a month. Where is the money that shall pay the policy to be obtained ? I fear the carriage must go. Poor, dear Elizabeth ! when I hinted at parting with my library, never was distress like her's. She solemnly declared against entering her carriage again, and I know her determination. Well, well, we must wait a week or two before we sell it.”

“My equipage is laid down. Thank God, a provision for my dear wife and daughters is safe for another year.”

1832.—“Alas ! the mischief is but beginning. They have murdered my tithe-proctor to prevent his proving what is due me. He was an honest and inoffensive man—and his only fault, fidelity to his employer. I must provide for his family. Alas ! I can hardly provide a sufficiency for my own.”

1833.—“A letter from Frederick. He has heard of my embarrassments, and what a sacrifice does he contemplate ! To leave the army, quit the profession he glories in, and sit down in degrading inactivity at thirty-seven ! No, Frederick, thy father shall never shorten a career commenced so brilliantly. I have written and implored him to abandon his design. I told him I had a present supply. There is not a shilling in the house ; but surely the falsehood is excusable, for a few days will bring us the amount of the plate I have sent to Dublin to be sold.”

—“I have ended my distressing task, and sent a catalogue of my library to the bookseller. Heigh-ho ! the work, or rather the amusement of fifty years is gone ! I have kept a few duplicates, and I should be thankful that I had the means of averting want for a season. Emily looks ill : I fear my altered circumstances are preying on her in secret.”

—“The last Protestant family has departed. The murder of their neighbours, the Gilmores, has terrified them into a resolution to quit the country altogether, and they set off this morning to embark at Limerick for the States. My congregation is now confined to a few policemen. Ten years since, I have reckoned one hundred in my church ; but terror has gradually driven them from a place where life and property is not worth a pin's fee.”

—“A letter sealed with black, and bearing the Jamaica postmark. My God ! I dare not open it !”

—“He is dead! my brave, my only boy! For the last three days excess of misery has stupified me, and I have only awoke to the full consciousness of my loss. Frederick, Frederick! my son, my son!”

—“Another day has passed, and I am nearly frantic. Now do I feel the bereavement I have undergone. Oh, God, in what have I offended, that the phial of thy wrath should thus be poured on my devoted head? Peace, sinful man; to your closet, and there seek humbleness of spirit to bear thy Maker’s visitation. My brain is burning. Oh, God, preserve my senses, and teach me patience under thy decrees.”

1894.—“I have risen from the bed of sickness—ten weeks of suffering; but the Lord was merciful, and the hand of death was stayed. I am spared, alas! for fresh misery; during the period of my insensibility, the time allowed for claiming relief from the million loan expired, and we are destitute. We must sell the furniture.”

—“Emily’s cough is unabated, and I see a hectic flush occasionally reddened her pale cheeks. Merciful Heaven! spare me, spare me, my darling child!”

—“I dread to ask the fearful question. Dr. Edwards is most kind: he redoubles his attention, and I have nothing but gratitude to offer. May the Lord reward him!”

—“Ellen has procured some money; she showed me bank notes, and with a smile told me she was still wealthy. Where could that supply have been obtained? The produce of my jaunting-car, I know, has been quite exhausted.”

—“The secret is discovered; Ellen has sold her harp. Her harp! the parting present from our lamented Frederick!”

—“Emily is dying. The doctor has told the worst, and hope is extinguished. Merciful God! support her unfortunate mother! Could I but procure the means of removing her to the continent—a milder climate might save

her yet. Will the executive of Ireland suffer the rabble and their leaders to outrage the law of the land openly, and establish a reign of terror? I entreated a trifle, almost as alms, from a man indebted to me some hundreds; and his reply was, that ‘if he paid me a shilling, his house would be burned.’ Is this a Christian land, and what rulers have we? God pardon them the misery they have wrought me and mine!”

—“’Tis over. The grass is withering on the grave of Emily, the beloved and beautiful; and her mother, like Rachel, refuses to be comforted. I cannot weep, although my brain is burning. Oh, my God, keep reason in her seat, and send thy comfort to a mourning mother.”

—“Mr. Jones, the neighbouring curate, murdered in open day for attending a sick call from a dying soldier.”

—“Attempted to bury the pensioner, but was assailed and hustled by the mob, who swore they would throw me into the grave. Obligated to leave the church-yard to save my life. The priest, I am told, performed some ceremonies after I was ejected.”

—“My wife suddenly attacked. It is cholera. Her enfeebled constitution will render her a certain victim.”

—“The struggle is ended. Elizabeth, wife of my love, thou art at rest, and in a better existence, united to your darling ones! Oh, that I were with you! But not my will, Lord, but thine be done!”

—“The monument to my son, erected by his brother officers, has been placed above the altar. It pays a noble tribute to the virtues of my gallant boy. I read the inscription with pride. How dear to a father is a son’s fame!”

I hurried over several pages. The melancholy detail of continued suffering was harrowing. I turned many leaves, and threw my eye over the last entry in the book, which, it would appear from the date, had been made on the preceding day.

—“The only shilling I possess has been sent for a loaf. Ellen confessed our destitution, and for the first time her reliance on Providence seems abated. I will try a friend, one whom I once saved by becoming his security; surely he will relieve me.”

* * *

The last extract ran thus—

“I am refused, and coarsely too. Alas, alas, how shall I tell Ellen that I returned as penniless as when I left home this morning!”

* * *

I was called off suddenly to give evidence before a court-martial, and three weeks elapsed before I rejoined the detachment. Anxious to visit Mr. Harley, I mounted my horse early next morning and at noon reached the public house that is contiguous to the church-yard of Dunlow. A funeral had entered it, and while the service was proceeding I strolled into the church to shelter from a shower. The interior of the building was ruinous, the seats dropping to pieces, the pulpit door fallen from its hinges, while, forming a singular contrast to the desolation around it, a beautiful tablet of white marble had been recently erected beside the communion-table. I looked at the inscription—

“Sacred to the Memory
OF

MAJOR FREDERICK HARLEY.”

A nobler eulogy I never read, and it was a just one; for the deceased had been a gallant soldier, and bled at St. Sebastian, Orthez, and Waterloo. The funeral was over, the rain had ceased, and I left the church to visit the rectory.

I found the white-headed sexton closing the broken gate with stones, and asked him “if Mr. Harley was at home?” He stared, and I repeated the question. The old man burst into tears. “He is dead, sir; we have just buried him.”

“Good God! was his death sudden?”

“No, sir; his heart for years was

breaking. He’s gone—the best of men, the best of masters!”

“And his daughter?”

“A kind lady, and quite a stranger to the family, heard of Mr. Harley’s death, and took Miss Ellen away yesterday.”

“Then,” I said, half aloud, “I need not go farther.”

“No, sir; at the rectory there is nothing but bare walls. The few articles of furniture that remained were removed, under a decree, by a tradesman, before the old gentleman was cold.”

Gracious God! and was this the end of a Protestant dignitary?

It was; but, good my Lord Morpeth, let not this old man’s martyrdom excite your sympathies too powerfully. What boots it, that a community of educated and unoffending gentlemen be sacrificed, who, trusting to the sacredness of their properties, dispensed with a liberal hand the income they received, never dreaming of the destitution that awaited them. Pshaw, my lord, it is their own obstinacy after all. You extended your tender mercies to them, *for a consideration*, and they refused to prostitute their principles for a mass of pottage. Have you not gained your object? and in Whig morality, surely the end justifies the means. Yes, for a few brief months *it is possible* you may hold office. You have propitiated the agitator, obtained the sweet voices of the tail, with the cooperation of some wretched Protestants—men who, if the foul fiend tendered the bribe, would barter their salvation for a borough. With this gang, you have for a time paralyzed the power, and defeated the wealth, and talent, and respectability of Great Britain. Is not this a glorious boast for you and your accomplices of Stroud? Go on; but, as the Scotch say, “bide a wee;” and if the degradation of your slave-directed party be not commensurate with its deserts, then is there, good my Lord Morpeth, on this earth no political retribution.

STATISTICAL SURVEY OF IRELAND.*

It is with the most sincere and cordial satisfaction that we congratulate this country upon the appearance of the first portion of a work, of which it is but little to say, that it marks an era in the nascent literature of Ireland. It is also our profound trust, that it contains the germ of a more sane and enlightened system of domestic policy, and of a juster and more uniform constitution of public opinion and feeling upon many vital questions, which have been so often and so madly debated and so little understood. We much regret that the very brief interval which remains between the sending out of the present impression and the completion of our number renders it utterly impossible for us to enter at large into its important details, or, indeed, to do more than endeavour to impress our readers with some sense of its general nature and real importance. We confine ourselves the more willingly within this limit, from having observed with much regret the very inadequate interest in statistical inquiry which seems to exist among us, while in the sister island and throughout the Continent there prevails the most enlightened sense of its fundamental importance, as the very basis of all just reasoning upon the national interests of mankind.

The impression, of which a copy is before us, has been limited to a few, printed for the express purpose of being submitted to the judgment of the statistical section of the British Association. We cannot in adequate terms express the pleasure we have derived from the strong and decided approbation which it has received from these eminent persons, both individually and collectively; and if it may be permitted to select an instance, we may name one from whose high eminence, both as a practical and theoretic philosopher, our own opinion derives justifiable confidence in praising what he has publicly praised with such eloquent truth. We allude to Mr. Babbage, whose name requires no addition, and whose strong language in

commending this statistic survey is known to hundreds who had the gratification to be his hearers.

A subject of pleasing reflection which must present itself with peculiar satisfaction both to Colonel Colby and the gentlemen who assisted in maturing and so far executing this meritorious undertaking, is the fact, that it has been set on foot at the very time most favourable to its successful completion, and at a period when its uses are most likely to be important. This latter point we reserve for the few observations which we shall presently have to offer on these uses.

As regards our first position, it is to be observed that at any previous period the imperfect state of most of those subsidiary sciences, which have furnished so much of the most practically useful material of its sections, must of necessity have left the plan both imperfect and incorrect to a great extent. Of this, nearly the entire of practical science might be summed, as affording proof: The chemistry of soils—geology in all its branches—botany, with its improved details—all the vast improvements in agriculture—many of the discoveries and institutions in trade and commerce—the vast alterations in machinery, and all the changes consequent upon the varied applications of steam—to which may be added the immense alteration which all the causes of national change have received within this last quarter of a century. Indeed, the almost gigantic labours of previous statisticians, under all sorts of disadvantage, must in many ways serve to guide and warn the more systematic and justly organized efforts of their better instructed successors in the same spacious field. But above all have these been indebted to the general spirit of scientific communion and co-operation which is a leading feature of the times. The scientific at length may be said to constitute a single body—a republic of letters in the literal sense; and, indeed, the illustrious convention of the national intellect which at this moment honours our University

* Ordnance Survey of the County of Londonderry. By Lieutenant Colonel Colby, of the Royal Engineers, F.R.S. L. and E., M.R.I.A., &c. &c. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 21, College-green.

with its presence is but a result of the same spirit to which the compilation of this work is due.

Before we proceed further we must put our readers in possession of the leading heads and general arrangement of this work, and also endeavour to convey in a few words some notion of the instrumentality by which its materials have been collected and arranged.

Fortunately for our narrowed time and space, the table of contents at once supplies us with a full and precise summary, which we shall offer as it is, without wasting a single paragraph in superfluous comment, further than to remind our readers of the circumstance that this present portion of the survey derives much added interest and importance from its including within its limits the city of Londonderry, of which the volume contains a splendid etching, finished in the most consummate style of truth, spirit, and delicacy, by the same hand to which this work is otherwise indebted for so much of its most useful and attractive contents.

SECTION I.—NATURAL STATE.

DIVIDED INTO

NATURAL FEATURES & NATURAL HISTORY.

Hills	Geology
Lakes	Botany
Rivers, &c.	Zoology

SECTION II.—ARTIFICIAL STATE.

DIVIDED INTO

MODERN.

ANCIENT.

Towns	Townland History
Gentlemen's Seats	Pagan
Manufactories	Ecclesiastical
Communications	Military

In this section of the Parish of Templemore the important City of Londonderry is included, and its description divided into—Name, Locality, History, State as to Buildings, and State as to People; the classification observed in the latter being—Municipality, Education, Benevolence, Justice, Commerce, and a Summary of the Population.

SECTION III.—GENERAL STATE.

DIVIDED INTO

SOCIAL ECONOMY. PRODUCTIVE ECONOMY.

Of which the matter is embodied in the corresponding heads of the city.

Rural
Manufacturing, and
Fisheries

WITH A SERIES OF
Townland Tables.

It is impossible for any thinking person to cast his eye over this table of heads without perceiving all the research it implies, and reflecting that it contains a summary of all that is important to the existence of the social state. Most important as it regards science, it constitutes the essential first principles of legislation; of commerce; agriculture; affords the most authentic materials for history; and directly or indirectly combines itself with every momentous question that affects the civilization and internal prosperity, as well as national existence of the empire.

The Ordnance Survey of Ireland is the nucleus, around whose extensive and important operations, the whole of these laborious researches have been combined into a system. While it has directly supplied one leading division, it has directed and facilitated the rest. It has either supplied from its own body, persons competent to execute the several portions of an undertaking too various and extensive for any single mind or class of minds; or with a truly philosophic liberality it has employed and made one with itself persons of known ability, to prosecute the inquiries and draw up the reports for which they were severally competent. Thus laudably securing the very first abilities in each department. An admirable arrangement, to which is mainly attributable the superiority of this over all statistical works hitherto known.

It is well known, that from the year 1825, there has been in progress an extensive trigonometrical survey of Ireland, the execution of which was committed to the officers of the ordnance; a trust warranted by the experience of the English survey, as also by the scientific attainments of that body, whose military organization more peculiarly qualify them for an undertaking to which the most extensive cooperation and unity of conduct is essential. Of this body the central control has been committed to Lieutenant Colonel Colby, under whose superintendence it became a school not merely of scientific topography, but of all the subsidiary researches which could become available for the more extensive investigations of this work.

A few words will convey the extent and precise character of their immediate labours; and suggest a correct idea of the manner in which these must

have facilitated every other class of local inquiry. The trigonometrical survey of Ireland begun from a base, between seven and eight miles in length, measured on the shore of Lough Foyle, in the county of Londonderry; this base is liable to a peculiar confirmation, as it is the verification base of the Scottish survey. The greater triangles into which the country is divided, are connected with those of Great Britain by triangles, the angles of which, are Benlomond, Sca Fell, Snowdon and Precelly top on the English and Scottish side: on the Irish, Knocklaid in Antrim, Sleeve Donard in Down, Kippure near Dublin, and Forth near Wexford. The detail survey followed in 1826—and met with some delays, both from the necessity of completing the system and of making some alteration in the scale of proceeding—as that first ordered by parliament was not sufficiently minute for the purpose of valuation. We forbear to enter more minutely into this interesting topic, as its details are too familiar to the scientific and too little understood by others, to be capable of much general interest in a cursory notice such as this.

Of this plan, the conduct of the extensive details was entrusted to such individuals as were known by the official authorities to be most competent, by their attainment, talents, and tried experience. While the general supervision and unremitting attention of Lieutenant Larcom, preserved that unbroken communication, which secured to each person or class the corrective experience of the whole. Upon the excellence of this judicious arrangement, the compilation now before us will amply testify. And we are enabled, upon the most satisfactory authority, to assure the public, that in every department of inquiry, the utmost reason shall be found to applaud the sagacious discrimination of Colonel Colby, for the selection of his agents and the enlightened system of arrangement and superintendence, which facilitated and matured their investigations. By these individuals, the several reports were drawn up from their own materials, or from those which were provided for them by the joint labour of other members of the survey. It is also much to the credit

of both Colonel Colby and his able assistant in collecting and marshalling his statistic corps, that no sentiment of professional jealousy, so often the means of defeating the exertion of public bodies, prevented them from discovering and securing in every instance the persons most qualified by their knowledge, powers of investigation, or even of literary composition. Nothing less, indeed, than this comprehensive arrangement, which at the same time united military system, and the combined operation of an organized scientific department with all that could be added of individual talent and efficiency, could have been equal to an undertaking equally extensive and minute in detail—requiring in the highest degree division of labour and unity of purpose—and presenting at every step the most enormous difficulties: the numberless and minute objects—the far extended field, ignorance, and prejudice, vagueness, and contradiction. Neither could a happier means be devised, for securing credit, to a great work designed to stand as a fundamental authority in questions of the last social importance, than the fact that it comes before the public accredited by the known respectability of the conductors of a survey, which has attracted the attention of Europe—both for its superior accuracy and the valuable improvements it has conferred on this branch of practical science. We have now said enough to convey that general notion here required, of the means employed in accumulating and reducing to order the valuable materials which compose this admirable compilation.

Of the full importance of such an undertaking, it would be difficult to convey a distinct notion. Nor could we by any means contrive to do justice to its merits either by extracts or by summary abstract. The extent of its details, and the summary character of a work in which nothing important to the social community is left out, forbids such an attempt.

Our present purpose is earnestly to recommend this work, to the diligent study of all who entertain any hope to be useful in their generation, or fulfil a respectable part as members of society. Upon its value to science we will not say much, for where such a consideration can have weight, its

value is known. One remark may dismiss this head. If any one will cast his eye over the enumeration of topics, and reflect upon the fact, that the minutest information, on the best authority, is conveyed on every subject connected with soil, climate, produce, position, extent—external and internal structure—in a word, all attainable facts, relative to one small portion of a country. He must, assuredly, feel that such a work is a portion of the most perfect system of natural history and geography that ever entered into the mind of philosophy to conceive. And that if the same labours could be imagined to extend over the inhabitable globe—science should have little more to do—and the history of both man and the world he lives on would be complete.

But we should but ill and ineffectively discharge our duty, if we were for a moment to lead any one into the mistake of supposing that even this praise can do justice to a work whose merit is not its connection with general science; but its vital necessity to the welfare of the community. To this we must entreat the attention of our reader, as the ground upon which we claim his interest. Hasty as our perusal of the work has been, and still more hurried as our notice is compelled to be—we feel that it would be useless if we may not convey some impression of its important pretensions to those who only neglect statistical information because they are not aware of its objects.

And first, let us invite the attention of our reader to the fact, that this is the *sole* foundation of well-ordered government and enlightened legislation. The universal application of the inductive principle, is now understood by every one. It is a part of the humblest education to learn, that all those results of reasoning which have any real authority, either in science or the practical knowledge of the world, derive that value from experience—obtained by such means as are applicable to each peculiar department of knowledge. The astronomer observes and compares observations, the physical inquirer makes experiments—the medical professor registers cases. In the same manner should the economist and the legislator be possessed of *his peculiar data* obtained by their ap-

propriate methods of enquiry. He cannot, like the astronomer, make observations his ground of inference, because he has to deal with contingent states and transitory positions of feeling, interest, and event. Neither with the natural philosopher should he make experiments, because the health of nations and the welfare of mankind are dependent on the result. Yet, like the physician, he must possess himself with a register of cases, symptoms, and remedial effects. He must be aware of general and local causes of sane or diseased action. He must study the nature and operation of counterbalanced humours, actions, or tendencies of the state. A knowledge which theory can no more supply, than it could have composed the “*mechanique celeste*,” or invented the facts of geology. Patient and minutely registered observation of climate, soil, population, trade, state of knowledge and opinion, history, and local interests chiefly arising out of these, must furnish the data of all sound inference or theory which can have any practical application. It cannot be reasonably lost sight of by the economist—that the adjustment of conflicting interests requires the most precise understanding of those interests; so also the equipoise of rights, and jurisdictions,—motive impulses and powers,—of collisions and oppositions, which are capable of being ruled for good or evil, by skill to be derived from the deepest knowledge alone. Can it be, for a moment, believed, by any one whose brain is clear from the prejudices of faction, that legislation is so much more easy than *any other science*, that it can be safely meddled with by ignorance, or the random knowledge of a coffee-house, or guided by the conflicting statements of a political debate. Unhappy, indeed, must be the result, if the ordering of great changes is to be at the mercy of a rash spirit of experiment and presumptuous theory which has been discharged from every other department of human reason. To this disregard and ignorance of statistic facts, it is due, that among all the varied applications of industry and talent, the statesman alone destitute of the first elements of his science is seen to grope along a doubtful path of rash conjectures and perilous trials which precipitate him from error to error

down the steep of the revolution. To this it is to be attributed if cabinet policy and popular opposition are but a game of deception and chance ; and if the country, deeply as its interests are at issue, looks on with careless or blindfold interest, and take the worsen part.

On so extensive a foundation of facts must all just policy be laid ; on so large a basis of facts, of which none is unimportant ; that it is only by the fullest and most minute register of all circumstances that can in any way affect a country through its whole extent, that the acts of the legislature can be impartial, permanent, or extensively beneficial. A very simple illustration of this position may be found in the very occasion of the survey, which had its origin in financial expediency. The impossibility of justly distributing the burthens of local taxation, was long felt by the legislature, and the continued subject of petition and popular complaint. For not only were the local assessments unequal, being made upon the fallacious principle of the equal value of equal areas : but it was even impossible to remedy this evil, so as not to leave abundant cause for complaint until a precise valuation founded on all the varied and numerous considerations which constitute the local value of land could be attained. Now it requires little knowledge to perceive what numerous particulars should be taken into account in order to obtain such an estimate ; the nature of the soil, the quantity of fuel and water, the vicinity and demand of markets, the population, the direction and value of human labor, all these and such considerations, with their remote and proximate causes, and grounds of permanency or change, must enter to the utmost attainable extent into the computation. Every one is aware of the extreme instance ; that the value of an acre of ground can vary from twenty pounds in the agricultural outlet of a metropolis, to one in some remote sheepwalk at the distance of a hundred miles ; and it may be felt in how many degrees, and from how many added causes the same extent of surface might rise or fall between these limits.

With the same principle, few questions of internal polity are unaffected :

the effect of the varied combination of a few chief elements is not only productive of great variety of partial results, but the general political condition of the country is no more than the cumulative effect of the same first causes, combined with the influence of these local results. This is universally true ; the whole is in all cases determined by the active causes which affect its parts. With this principle, therefore, no great question of national economy is unaffected. And sound legislative wisdom is the combining such principles into a comprehensive view of the interest of the nation. Thus alone can it be justly said to be provident or impartial, or effectively maintaining the just rights of every place, class, and interest.

We cannot indeed quit this topic, without observing how nearly connected with the want of useful information upon statistical facts, are the numerous errors and difficulties, in which our legislature has now for so long a period been involved. Those national disorders of which the true causes were not distinctly traceable by rash theory and helpless ignorance, were but too naturally attributed to causes which either had no existence or no connection with their supposed effects. In his ignorant terror, the inexperienced pilot ran his vessel upon the lee shore, and was wrecked upon the crags to which he had recourse for safety. Thus embarrassed, or terrified, by popular commotion, the statesman, ignorant of causes, may take for his guide the clamorous outcries of faction, which it is his safety to disregard ; or seek refuge in the outbreak of popular passions which it is his duty to repress, and thus yield to the pressure of impulsive forces without heeding their direction, till he is hurried with increasing velocity upon the shelves of national wreck. To such an ignorance of political causes are we indebted for that portentous discovery of modern liberalism ; the desperate compendious principle of concession :—a fatality of compliance, by which each meretricious consent is the recognized reason for that which follows, until nothing worth taking shall be left.

To the proprietors of the country, the study of this important compilation is equally to be recommended, whether in relation to their individual welfare

or public duties. For not only have they to discharge the duties of watchful constituents, but a still nearer and more immediately personal interest is to be consulted in acquiring a full, perfect and minute knowledge of such causes as can even remotely affect, or be brought to bear upon the value of property. By means of this extensive compilation, a *relative* knowledge of such causes is to be acquired. The country proprietor can be provided with a full view of whatever agricultural skill, legislative provision, or manorial arrangement may have effected in other districts. He may adjust speculation by the growing wants of remote places, or by the reflected light, which analogous facts cast upon the sphere of his own observation. He may learn wisdom from the experience of the whole country; and by an extensive conversation with mankind, learn to secure advantages or avoid evils. He is, by a work like this, supplied with the ground-work of an economy as extensive as he has enterprise or talent to avail himself of.

Whatever may be the general importance of these considerations, it is much augmented, when referred to the peculiar state of this country, where so much in every way remains to be done, both as regards commerce and the rural economy of the country. The introduction of the extensive improvements, required to bring into full operation its productive powers and great commercial advantages, must require the nicest application of principles, to the most extensive and accurate knowledge; of this the reports and memorials drawn up by the ablest engineers and surveyors on special questions, relative to the reclaiming of bogs and waste lands, to canals and internal navigation, &c. afford ample proof to those who will take the trouble to peruse them, that a right view of the interests dependent upon such questions, is an indispensable preliminary to the diffusing rational views on national improvement, without which neither the legislator nor his constituents can be competent to rise above the petty cares of faction.

But there is a more extensive secondary effect to be looked for from the publication of this accurate and *well-authenticated* register of local

facts. The popular influence of knowledge has always been looked as comparatively remote. But the channels of social communication have been augmented both in number and power; intelligence has grown in the hotbed of revolution, and they who have employed themselves in deluding the people, have at the same time, sharpened their intelligence and awakened their curiosity. Sound opinions and correct principles, soon form themselves into popular maxims, and find their way downward through many unsuspected ways. The peasant who has obtained a vicious schooling in the rudiments of policy from the sower of sedition, has his mind stirred for better seed; and though in this country at least, the dupes of our political Mokanna have been as it were nourished with infatuation, yet as the mind cannot unlearn, we must chiefly trust to that spreading of sound knowledge, which alone can have any effect in dissipating national illusions, with which no sound government can coexist. This indeed is a truth of so much importance, that we cannot pass it by without a word.

Where all is wrong, right principles can no more apply upon the *ordinary supposition*, than the regimen of health can be applicable to a state of disease. Political disorder must be met by such means as are in the strictest sense remedial, but it is equally true that such remedial means cannot, without absurdity, be ordered upon the assumption that disorder is the permanent state. To manufacture constitutions for a nation convulsed from end to end by faction, and involved in error and intellectual darkness approaching to barbarism, is the analogous mistake of modern liberals; and in the highest degree indicative of their characteristic rashness and want of statesmanlike policy. Instead of recognizing the fact, that the causes to be dealt with lie in the disordered state of the national mind, they have laid their ignorant hands upon the constitution, to seek for and to remedy them.

We must now endeavour to afford some account of the special matter and arrangement of a work to which we attach so much national importance.

We should have much pleasure in presenting our readers with an abstract of the contents of this part—were such

possible—but neither time permits, nor from the character of the work could it easily be done. They who are enabled to take interest in local information will be little contented with such a summary, and to those who cannot, it would appear dry and sterile of consequence. The division of Natural History, and Productive Economy occurs first in order: it has been drawn up by Captain Portlock, from observations made by himself and his assistants in the parish of Templemore. "In that parish," says the introduction, "he derived little assistance from the previous researches of the surveying officers, in consequence of the linear survey having been executed at the commencement of the survey before the officers had acquired experience in the general nature of the work." Captain Portlock's name, familiar to the scientific, is a warrant both for the value and accuracy of his observations, and his section will amply speak for the labour, as well as the curious variety of his researches; we shall select a few extracts, which may give the general reader some leading notions as to the locality and the exceeding minuteness of observation.

"NAME.—The parish of Templemore, sometimes called Temple Derry, (*Teampull Dherry*), and more anciently (*Derry*) Derry, or Derry Columbkille, (*Derry Cholum Cille*), derives its first and most usual name—Templemore—from the Irish *Teampull mhór*, or "great church,—*Teampull* (*templum*) being derived from the Latin, like most other Irish words expressive of Christian edifices, offices, rites and ceremonies. This name was originally applied, in a popular sense, to the cathedral, or *great church*, of Derry, in contradistinction to the smaller churches in its immediate vicinity; and after the cathedral had become the parish church, its popular name of *Templemore* was in a similar manner transferred to the parish. There is every reason, however, to believe that the use of this name is not of very ancient standing; for it appears from the Irish annals, that the cathedral, or Templemore, was not erected until 1164, and it is probable that it was not used as a parish church for some centuries later. Its more ancient appellation of Derry, would, therefore, still be the more correct one, and it is generally so

called in ecclesiastical records down to recent times.

"LOCALITY.—A division only of the parish, considered ecclesiastically, is in this county; the other, which is in that of Donegal, is subdivided into the dependent perpetual curacies of Muff, Burt, and Inch. Of the former division, a portion was included in the very ancient district called Moy-Iha (*Moy Ite*), and the whole of it, subsequently, in the territory, or cantred, of Tir-Enda (*Tir Ennoda*), of which the ancient chiefs were the Mac Duans (*Mac Dubáin*), and O'Lappans (*O'Lapáin*), both of whom were of the Kinel-owen (*Cineál Eogháin*), or descendants of Owen, the son of Niall, monarch of Ireland in the fourth century. This division, to which alone the designation Templemore is here applied, occupies the most westerly part of the county of Londonderry, and includes merely the city of that name, with its N. W. Liberties. It is bounded by the county of Donegal on every side, except the E., where it is washed by the river Foyle, (which separates it from Clondermot,) and for a small extent by Lough Foyle. Its extreme length is nearly 10 miles, and its extreme breadth about 3½. Its content is 12611A. 2R. 21P., including 3A. 3R. 27P. of water. The quantity of ground uncultivated is 2228A. 1R. 32P. It is divided into twenty-five townlands.

"NATURAL FEATURES.

"HILLS.—The surface of this parish is beautifully undulating, and presents a succession of hills, generally cultivated or under pasture. A wide valley, extending from the river Foyle at Pennyburn in a north-westerly direction, separates the hills of the parish into two leading masses or groups. Of these the southern is the more prominent, rising at its western extremity into Holywell Hill, which is the highest land of the parish, being 860 feet above the sea. This group is again intersected by the remarkable valley which, as it were, isolates the Hill of Derry; and its surface is further undulated by ravines, which, like that valley, conform in direction to the valley of the Foyle.

"The northern group, of which the highest point—in *Elaghnore*—is only 354 feet above the sea, is subdivided into low but distinct ridges by valleys parallel to the Foyle. Of these valleys, that of Ballyarnet assumes, in some positions, an importance little inferior to that of the

valley of Pennyburn. A general view of this tract, when seen from the road to Culmore, combines the characters derived from its moderate height and frequent subdivision: it then appears a wide and undulating plain, bounded on the S. by the higher ground of the parish, and on the N.W. by the southern hills of Ennishowen.

"**LAKES.**—The lake of Ballyarnet, the only one in the parish, occupies portions of three townlands—*Ballyarnet*, *Ballynashallog*, and *Ballynagard*. It is small, containing only 3A. 3a. 27p. and fills a shallow basin in the surrounding bog. Its height above the level of the sea is about 100 feet.

"**RIVERS.**—The Foyle is formed by the junction of the Mourne and the Finn at Lifford—the former having also received, in the county of Tyrone, the waters of the Derg from that of Donegal; it also receives the Deel, from Donegal, below Lifford, and empties itself into Lough Foyle at Culmore. The ancient Irish, however, appear to have applied the name *Lough Foyle* to the river, up to Lifford, as well as to the present lough; but, in the accounts of the early settlement by the English, they are distinguished as the 'harbour of Lough Foyle' (the present lough) and the 'river of Lough Foyle,' by which name the river is called in the Down Survey, as well as in some later documents.

"The ancient Irish name of the river and lake thus conjoined was *Loch Feabail* *rihC* *lódán*, or the 'Lake of Feval, the son of Lodan,' and it is always so written in the Annals of the Four Masters and other authorities. The origin of this name is explained in the *Dinnseanchus*—a MS. work anterior to the twelfth century—by a legend of the Tuatha-de-Dananns, who are stated to have been a Greek colony, importing that, at the time when the lake was formed, Feval, the son of Lodan, was drowned, and that its waves cast his body on the shore, and rolled a stone over it, which formed his sepulchral monument. The similarity of this legend to that of Selim in Byron's 'Bride of Abydos' will hardly fail of striking the reader.

"The river flows from S.W. to N.E. in a deep and tranquil bed, within the tideway. Its greatest breadth above Derry is at New Buildings, in Clondermot, where it measures nearly half-a-mile. Below Derry is an expansion of it, called *Rosses' Bay*, which is $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile broad.

At the city itself it is narrowest, being only 1068 feet wide at the bridge. Its depth at high water is 22 feet, opposite Carrigan, where it enters the county of Londonderry: opposite Prehen it is 24, and it gradually increases to about 43, its depth at the bridge of Derry. The point where it enters the county is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles above the city. Its banks in this parish are bold, excepting at Pennyburn, where it is met by a transverse valley, and their beauty is heightened by ornamental woods, which spread in many places to the water's edge.

"Of the rivulets, which are insignificant, the greater number either flow into the river Foyle or Lough Foyle; one, which passes by Coshquin, flows into Lough Swilly, in the county of Donegal.

"The springs are numerous. Within a tract of not more than twenty acres, in *Springhill* and *Creggan*, no fewer than eight occur. These springs, percolating through the *detritus* of rocks, which abound in oxide of iron, become frequently charged with ochreous particles, and are sometimes slightly chalybeate.

"**Bogs.**—The bogs are scattered through the parish in insulated patches.

"**WOODS.**—In *Ballynagallagh* alone there is a small patch of wood, apparently natural. It is possible, however, that some natural wood may have been preserved in the demesnes along the Foyle, which are all rich in ornamental planting.

"**COAST.**—The shore of Lough Foyle, where it borders the parish, is low and flat.

"**CLIMATE.**—In an able essay by Dr. Patterson, the mean temperature of the city is stated to be 49, which is nearly that of the earth, as indicated by the mean of six wells in different parts of the city, the extremes being 17 and 71. The range of the barometer is from 28.6 to 30.6, and on an average of twelve years, the medium number of fair days is 126. The hygrometer of Le Luc varies from $26\frac{1}{2}$ to $52\frac{1}{2}$, and the mean annual depth of rain is 34.2 inches; the latter has, however, been stated by Mr. Sampson at 31. The ratio of winds during nine years was N. 295—S. 398—E. 283—W. 1005—N.W. 737—N.E. 265—S.W. 599—S.E. 454.

"To estimate with certainty the variations, if any, of this climate, long continued and carefully conducted observations would be necessary. In defect of such, it may be mentioned that the farmers believe and assert that a marked amelioration has taken place, the times of seeding

and harvest being both considerably advanced. In support of this opinion may be adduced the extending and successful cultivation of wheat, and the increased number of quails, a bird now comparatively abundant. However, though the circumstance of a recent improvement in this respect may be probable, it would be rash to pronounce it, on the present evidence, permanent.

"In the Annals of Derry, by Mr. Gillespie, two remarkable frosts are recorded. The first was in 1740, when the river was frozen over, and an ox roasted on the ice, opposite to the Ship Quay. The other was in 1814, when the ice on the river was so strong, that carriages were driven over it in several places, and on the 6th of February a part of the bridge was carried away by masses of ice, floated down the river by the ebb tides and a very high wind; and when it is recollected that such unusual and impressive events are more likely to dwell on the memory than the more simple and unobtrusive fact of a peculiarly mild and genial season, it may be reasonably doubted whether the change alluded to is more than a periodical return of warm seasons alternating with those of severe and rigorous cold.

"There are similar instances of hard frost, and other variations of weather, recorded in the earlier annals of the district, which, however, are not so immediately connected with the parish as to claim notice here. The most remarkable circumstance bearing on the subject was a meteoric appearance, which accompanied the death of bishop Murry O' Coffy, in 1173."

This description which is preceded by a well-executed geological map of the parish of Templemore, is followed by as minute and precise a statement of its geological characters; including, of course, the most interesting information as to the structure of the sur-

face of country, the nature and changes of its soil, &c. One further extract we must make for the interesting light it throws upon the subject of the formation of bogs.*

"In all such cases the process may be thus stated:—A shallow pool induced and favoured the vegetation of aquatic plants, which gradually crept in from the borders towards the deeper centre. Mud accumulated round their roots and stalks, and a spongy semi-fluid mass, was thus formed, well fitted for the growth of moss, which now, especially *sphagnum*, began to luxuriate. This, absorbing a large quantity of water, and continuing to shoot out new plants above, while the old were decaying, rotting, and compressing into a solid substance below, gradually replaced the water by a mass of vegetable matter. In this manner the marsh might be filled up, while the central or moister portion continuing to excite a more rapid growth of the moss, it would be gradually raised above the edges, until the whole surface had attained an elevation sufficient to discharge the surface water by existing channels of drainage, and calculated by its slope to facilitate their passage, when a limit would be in some degree set to its further increase. Springs existing under the bog, or in its immediate vicinity, might, indeed, still favour its growth, though in a decreasing ratio; and here—if the water proceeding from them were so obstructed as to accumulate at its base, and to keep it in a rotten fluid state—the surface of the bog might be ultimately so raised, and its continuity below so totally destroyed, as to cause it to flow over the retaining obstacle, and flood the adjacent country.

"In mountain districts the progress of the phenomenon is similar. Pools, indeed, cannot in so many instances be formed, the steep slopes facilitating drainage; but the clouds and mists, resting on the summits and sides of mountains, am-

* The bogs of Ireland have recently attracted the attention of the legislature—and of late years become the object of both wise and beneficent speculation to private gentlemen in different districts; we have ourselves witnessed the young growth of a splendid demesne covering the bogs near Ballinlough; and a respectable population gradually superseding the snipes and grouse over the same extensive district—under the humane as well as enlightened protection of Mr. Wills and Lord Mount Sandford, whose estates run side by side through this moorland wilderness; both under the able management of Mr. Young. Some very important rules for the location of tenantry are strikingly illustrated by the contrast apparent between these and some of the neighbouring tracts.

ply supplying their surface with moisture, which comes, too, in the most favourable form for vegetation, not in a sudden torrent, but unceasingly and gently, drop by drop. The extent of such bogs is also affected by the nature of the rock below them. On quartz they are shallow and small; on any rock, yielding by its decomposition a clayey coating, they are considerable—the thickness of the bog, for example, on Knocklaid, in the county of Antrim, which is 1685 feet high, being near 12 feet. The summit bogs of high mountains are distinguishable from those of lower levels by the total absence of large trees.

“The general phenomena of the growth of bog having been explained, as clearly as the subject at present admits, it is necessary to describe in detail the remarkable fact, that successive layers of trees, (or stumps) in the erect position, and furnished with all their roots, are found at distinctly different levels, and at a small vertical distance from each other—a fact which has been noticed by Mr. Aher, and may be verified in the bogs of Mullennan, Shantallow, and Ballymagrorty. On entering into this inquiry, it is necessary to premise, that the firs found in bogs are Scotch firs, which, from numerous experiments, are now known to grow and flourish when planted in bogs. Walworth Wood, near Ballykelly, is an example—the trees having there grown for many years, and attained a large size under similar circumstances.

“Reverting now to the preceding remarks, it appears that the consolidation of the lower portion of the turf was a necessary preparation for the first growth of timber; and—considering the huge size of the roots thrown out by these trees, and the extent of space over which they spread—the mode is readily perceived by which they obtained a basis of support sufficiently firm and extensive to uphold their rising and increasing stems. The first layer of turf was now matted by the roots, and covered by the trunks of the first growth of timber; but as the bog still continued to vegetate, and to accumulate round the growing stem, a new layer of turf was created, to support a second growth of timber, the roots of which passed over those of the preceding, and so on with a third or more, until at length the singular spectacle was presented of several stages of trees growing at the same time. Such seems a natural way of viewing the sub-

ject; but it is often stated that one stump is found actually on the top of another, which would imply that the lower tree had been destroyed before the turf had ascended to the level of the broken stump. In such an instance, using Mr. Griffith's example of the rate of increase of recent bog, and supposing it compressed by growth into one-fifth of its original bulk, little more than one hundred years would have elapsed between the two periods. However, as but one decided example has come under actual observation in this parish, though many are spoken of by the country people, it is more probable that the evident superposition of roots, and the difference of level, have in many cases led to the idea of one tree being actually over the other—a phenomenon which, even when it does occur, is easily explained by the decay of some of the older trees in the progress of successive growth already explained. This effect is to be naturally expected as the consequence of age, and equally so of the accumulation of turf over the roots and stumps, tending to facilitate the separation of the trunk, by forwarding its decay at the point of junction with the stump. It is, indeed, remarkable that, in the lower and larger stumps, this separation of the trunk appears to have taken place close to the stump, which exhibits a jagged edge around its circumference, whilst in the trees of the higher stratum there is usually a considerable portion of trunk attached to the stump, the tops of the trunks frequently rising above the surface. The example of tree existing above tree, already referred to, is singular, inasmuch, as the lower one is a prostrate stem; but it is necessary to bear in mind, that as the progress of the growth of bog commences at the edges of the pools, or marshes, trees might have there grown, fallen, and sunk, before the internal parts had been filled and consolidated; and, also, that the great weight of some of these trees may have sunk them deeper in the bog than they had stood when first beginning to grow. A very interesting experiment, by Professor Linley, is detailed in the 17th part of the ‘Fossil Flora,’ from which it appears that the *Conifera* are amongst the very few dicotyledonous plants, which, when dead, resist the action of water: the experiment, however, was continued only through two years, and it may be doubted whether, as a rule, it would apply to the living tree.

"Combining all these phenomena together, the mind is irresistibly led to contemplate that ancient condition of the parish, when its hills looked over an extent of marsh and morass, where waved a noble forest of lofty firs, the deep green foliage of which was only here and there broken and enlivened by clustering oaks."

The Botany and Zoology which come next in this section, we are forced to pass—they are equally indicative of patient investigation, and skilful arrangement. We must not omit to mention that any thing capable of such illustration is accompanied here as throughout with plates which do much credit to this work.

From the natural state in the first section we are led to the social or artificial state in the second. This is conveniently divided into its history and actual state, which are further subdivided according to the divisions of these several subjects. The history of Derry is with peculiar felicity of classification divided into that before and after the reign of Elizabeth—a period from which the facts of the history of this country undergo much change as to value if not as to authenticity. This section has been drawn up by Mr. Petrie, whose authority as the historian of Ireland, has been so variously approved, and is so generally known—that it would be a waste of time and words to dwell upon the propriety of of Col. Colby's selection of him to this essential part of his plan.

In the various discussions which we have heard on the subject of a statistical work like this—we have often heard it either questioned or endeavoured to be proved—that the history and antiquities of the country must form an indispensable portion of its matter. We must be allowed to repeat some observations which we have already had occasion to express upon the subject.

If the local history of a country were to have no other connection with statistics in general, but that of being best collected by the same instruments of research—it would be a fully sufficient reason for its being included—upon its importance as a part of knowledge we need not write a word. But it forms in fact one of the most essential elements of all rational statistics. The

present separated from the past can throw no light upon the future; it ceases to be knowledge. The existence of all known things is transitory, and the existence of states and forms of civil existence, is like human life itself, a state of change. The very present can only be rightly seen through the medium of comparison, and is more justly seen as this is more extended. The most important knowledge of the statesman is that by which he is enabled to perceive the progress of human events, as it is by tendency alone that the operations of causes can be justly estimated. The growth of national existence is to be analyzed in tracing the progress of events—the effect of every institution can only be weighed by looking on the page of history previous to its existence, and following downward from its immediate causes and first effects, to its combination with subsequent causes weighed in the same balance.

For this reason the record of such facts cannot be too minute—neither can they be in any case appreciated by their seeming value. We cannot know too much of the social history of man, when it is recollected that the social state is the ultimate object of all well-directed economics.

It is with a feeling of pleasure, which will be more largely participated by the community, that we point out the unquestionable fact, that the history of Ireland, which, till of late, has been a field of grave and dull fiction, and chimerical conjecture, the plaything of the antiquarian, and the mock of history—will find its place here, in the tangible garb of date, name and place, authenticated by rigid local inquiry, and uncorrupted by the preconceptions of any system.

The history of every district, if it shall be drawn up like that of Derry from the most extensive and minute collation of records and authorities, and from the most industrious sifting of all local sources of information, must, it is apparent, gradually become all that is required of the available history of the whole country; and furnish the fullest and most trusty materials for the purpose of the general historian.

It would be a task of exceeding difficulty to make such selections as might present any just notion of that divi-

sion ; the particulars are too numerous and too full of curious matter for such a purpose. "The history of Derry anterior to the close of the reign of Elizabeth, is almost ecclesiastical," observes the writer of this section, "and in relation to its pagan times nothing is recorded with certainty but its name—*Derry*, *Calgach*—and the fact of its being a *pleasant eminence covered with oaks*. The erection of a monastery here, by the celebrated Irish *Thaumaturgus*, and apostle of Scotland, *Columbkille*, is assigned by the best authorities to the year 546," &c. From this the writer proceeds with a chronological abstract of principal events, which are chiefly composed of invasions, burnings, and spoliations, which present a sufficient picture of the time in which they occurred. "It is also evident," observes our historian, "that minted money was as yet unknown as a circulating medium, at least in the north of Ireland ; and that the value of precious metals was estimated only by weight." There also occurs here some interesting remarks and particulars relative to the first foundation of bishopricks in Ireland, from which it seems to be the inference that the commencement of episcopal jurisdiction in this country, is to be found in about the year 1118 ; the writer can, however, form but a conjecture from the specified data, and that probably confined to the locality under his inspection.

We have next a brief but sufficient abstract of the substance of the ancient Irish Annals—valuable for the satisfactory testimony they contain of the thorough barbarism, and insecure political condition of the times they record. The petty tyranny of small independent chiefs—the perpetual bloodshed, naturalized by their incessant dissensions. The constant insecurity from abroad, consequent on the vicinity of a nation comparatively civilized. Such are the characters of an era, to which the Irish people are sometimes impudently told to look back with regret. But assuredly among the many useful lessons contained in the annals of history, there is not one more certain or more important, than the clear and satisfactory confutation which they offer to such insidious asseverations ; as broadly and distinctly as it is possible to evidence by unquestioned statement, showing that all that is respectable in

spirit and principle—trade, letters, laws, a tempered government, and the polity of civilized nations, have been the immediate result of British connexion. That Ireland has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of England ; and if we must admit a disparity in this progress—it is to be traced as distinctly as every effect has been traced from its cause—to the fatal action of *perpetual resistance*. The alternations of rebellion and necessary subjugation, have like the over frequent recurrence of constitutional disease, absorbed too much of the vital strength : and the causes of national growth have been wasted in recoveries which never have been allowed to proceed beyond a little way.

From the ancient annals, the writer proceeds to give brief sketches of the ecclesiastical antiquities of the city ; of these we make a short extract for the curiosity of the general reader.

"CHURCHES, &c.—The Irish annals of Derry, preceding its occupation by the English, terminate here. Meagre, as already acknowledged, these notices are, but they afford striking evidences of the continuation in this part of the island, to so recent a period, of the original institutions of the country, and saddening illustrations of the insecurity of life and property, and the amount of misery and confusion, which were the inevitable results of such a social system. The town, if such it might be called, was entirely ecclesiastical, and consisted, almost exclusively, of churches and the habitations of the clergy and monks. The former were evidently structures of stone, and the latter of wood or mud ; for in those days a stone house was called a castle, and the only structure of that kind recorded to have been erected in Derry was a small square tower, built by O'Dogherty, in the 15th or 16th century, for O'Donnell, on a spot of ground purchased for the purpose from the *erenagh* MacLoughlin. Of this castle some remains are supposed to exist still ; but of all the ancient ecclesiastical buildings not a vestige is to be found. They have shared the fate of that venerable oak grove in the midst of which they were originally erected, and which, as has been shown, had been preserved through so many successive ages with an equally religious veneration.

"SAINT COLUMB'S CHURCH, OR DUVRIGUES.—A passage in the life of St. Columb, written in the 16th century by

O'Donnell, prince of Tirconnell, makes us acquainted with the position and form of the original church of Derry, and shows that the conservation of those trees was considered by the clergy as a sacred duty, imposed upon them by the order of the patron saint himself. He writes thus:—'Many other signs and miracles were wrought by this servant of Christ in the same place, in which he himself dwelt for a long time, and which he loved above every other, and particularly *that beautiful grove* very near the Monastery of Derry, which he wished should be always left standing; and he gave orders that, should any one of its trees be prostrated by a storm, it should not be removed until after the expiration of nine days, after which one-tenth part should be given to the poor, one-third be reserved for the hearth of the guests, and the remainder be distributed among the people. From this veneration for the grove, when the holy man was about erecting the church, commonly known by the name *Duibh Regles*, he had rather that the foundation of the building should be laid in a transverse position, leaving the grove untouched, which by its density and contiguity rendered the place narrow, than that the building should, according to the usual custom, look to the east, the grove being in part destroyed. But, that he might not appear to deviate entirely from the usage of the church, he ordered that the sacred altar, upon which he himself offered sacrifice, should be erected at the eastern side of the building. The ruins of that church, remaining at this day [1520] demonstrate that such was its situation.'—(*Tr. Th. O'Donnell's Life of Columbkille*, book 1st, chapter 57th.)

"**TEMPLEMORE, OR CATHEDRAL AND ROUND TOWER.**—The peculiarity of position alluded to by O'Donnell was, it is probable, the only feature which distinguished the *Duv Regles* from the contemporaneous churches of the country, many of which still remain, and are remarkable for the simplicity of their form and architecture. Not so, however, the Temple More, or Cathedral church, erected in 1164, which was evidently one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical structures built in Ireland previously to the settlement of the Anglo-Normans, and which, as Colgan accurately states, was 80 paces or 240 feet in length.

"These churches, with their accompanying buildings, were situated adjacent to each other outside the present city wall,

on the ground now chiefly occupied by the Roman Catholic chapel and cemeteries; and, with the exception of the round-tower belfry, were totally destroyed by Docwra, in 1600, to use their materials in the new works which he erected. This tower survived till after the siege, being marked on the maps or plans of that time as the 'Long Tower or Temple More,' and its site is still indicated by the name of a lane called the 'Long Tower.' In the charter of Derry it is called 'Columbkille's Tower.' In Raven's plan of the city, in 1621, it is represented as a very high and slender belfry; but it is incorrectly drawn as square, a common error in the plans made by English artists in Ireland in that and earlier times, as appears from many old maps among the MSS. in Trinity College library. In the popular traditions of Derry and its vicinity this tower is to this day spoken of as a lofty round tower, built by St. Columb himself, and many legends are current of its miracle-working *silver bell*. It has been erroneously supposed by Mr. Sampson that the 'the old windmill,' so memorable during the siege, and still existing as a pigeon-house at the Cassino, was the remains of this tower."

We pass over many curious and instructive pages of chronology, to the period after Elizabeth's reign, here the writer professes to give an "abstract of the more important events, which the reader will find fully detailed in the county history." We would advise the general reader to peruse this abstract attentively, as containing, in fact, all the information he is likely to desire. The history of O'Neill's rebellion, as might be anticipated, begins this era, it is given from the contemporaneous accounts of different writers. The history from this becomes well authenticated and momentous, containing the fullest accounts of the charters of Londonderry, with its various infractions and revocations, the history of the governors, bishops, deans, and members of the corporation; followed by a miscellaneous account of such eminent persons as were natives of this city. Among those occurs the name and a brief account of the well-known dramatist, George Farquhar, who died in the year 1707.

The progress of the town of Derry is next traced from the plantation

which immediately followed the sack and burning of the original town by Sir Cahir O'Dogherty in 1608.

"It appears certain," writes the statist," that of Dockwra's town, within the walls, nothing had survived when the present was commenced but the ruins of the church, which originally belonged to a monastery of Augustinians, and was subsequently repaired for the use of the London colony; and without the walls, on one side, a small castle or fortalice which had originally belonged to O'Donnell, and on the other, the ancient round tower belfry of Colomb's Abbey. All these have long since disappeared. In point of extent Dockwra's town was not more than half of that originally laid out by the Londoners, and now comprised within the walls; but it will be seen from the annexed copy of the original plan, drawn by Griffen, and preserved in the MS. chamber of Trinity College library, that it appears to have been his intention to have extended the town towards the south, in a nearly equal portion; and, in a military point of view, this position would undoubtedly have been more judicious than that afterwards adopted, which, by descending to the river, left it exposed to the fire of shipping. These imperfections in the new fortifications did not escape the notice of the commissioners appointed by Charles the First, in 1628, to inquire into and report on the Londoners' plantation in the city and county. 'We have veiwed,' they state, 'all the fortifications in and about the city of Londonderry, and do find a stone wall of 20 feet high well ramped within with earth, and 8 bulwarks; but the city itself is so ill situated that both the walls, houses, and streets, lie open to the command of any shipping that shall come to the harbour, and also to divers hills about the town, and to many other inconveniences, so that in our judgment it is not a place of defence, nor tenable if any foreign enemy were to come before it.'

"Happily, however, the strength of the defensive works of Derry are now of little importance—and (with their useless artillery, wisely preserved as memorials of the deeds they have performed or witnessed) in their present appearance, surrounded by inhabited houses, and assuming the character of beauty and ornament, they exhibit the most grateful picture to the eye of humanity—a state of peace and security in little danger of being ever disturbed.

"The walls of Derry are now its most

ancient remains. By the original compact between the town and the corporation of London in 1609, it was stipulated that they should be finished on the 1st of November, in the year following; but, though commenced, they were not entirely completed for several years after. They were laid out and built under the direction of Thomas Raven, an engineer of London, sent over for the purpose, and the total cost of their erection, 'including ports, or gates, with all materials and workmanship, was £8,357.' The original character of these walls will be seen in the annexed plan, made by Raven in 1621, copied from the original drawing in the MS. chamber, Trinity College, and in the following account as given by Pynnar in 1618-19:—

The history of these vicissitudes, and of the growth and progress of Derry is most strikingly conveyed by the four plates, of which two are described above. Of these, the first represents the original plan of Dockwra's town; the last, the city of Derry as it now stands. We have selected these particulars, not merely as occurring in the order of our hurried perusal, in which we have been compelled to pass so much important matter without notice: but as presenting a peculiarly effective and instructive example of the natural progress of the social state, from that rude and simple state in which civilization may be fairly assumed to begin. To guard against serious error, we must premise, that from a state of total barbarism there can be no progress whatever; human history offers no instances of such, and philosophy has never found tenable reasons to support it. Man, originally civilized, can be traced into the degeneracy of savage life, the hunter of the deserts or the woods; and in this his progress is obvious, and easily either traced or exemplified. But while every known instance of barbarism is also known to be stationary, and in all its tendencies opposed to change; all the known examples of civilization begin from the records of rude and simple, but yet established civilization. The inferences from which would seem undoubtedly to be, that civilization is not the spontaneous growth of nature, but consists in communicated habits, knowledge, &c., and that one of its important properties appears to be an accelerated progress—an important statistic, as

well as philosophic principle, which we shall now proceed to prove.

The proof that progress, *simply considered*, is the result of civilization is obvious. Its first elements are social organization, and the rudiments of scientific reasoning applied to human affairs, the result of which, if we even omit the operation of the primary cause, would be invention and the multiplication of wants to employ it. This combination, in its simplest form, offers a case in which the progress must be infinitely small, and scarce without the limit of those counteracting causes which still enchain in barbarism the most illustrious regions of the east and south. Our concern is here with the next step. We have to assume the existence of commerce, and the continued pressure and stimulus of external causes—nations communicating to each other their arts, letters, wants, and hurrying on the march of events by the intercourse of trade and war. Now, if we begin at such a stage—and with such alone is the historian or statist concerned—a curiously instructive operation of causes offers itself to the reader of an account like that before us; for if knowledge leads to knowledge, and art to art—if increased civilization be essentially connected with increased wants, and these with multiplied inventions, we are possessed of a statistic first principle, of the first importance to the philosophic statist—namely, that this progress must be an *accelerated* progress; for the increase of improvements becomes thus an *increase of operative causes*.

From this important principle may be fully understood why twenty years may in one era do more to advance mankind than two centuries taken at an earlier stage of civilization; and from this must be derived a main element in the calculation of future changes, and in attempting to estimate the progress of the social system. The neglect or ignorance of this principle is the reason why the operation of seemingly minute causes, has been almost universally overlooked by political writers. But we forget that we are not writing an essay on this interesting subject, to which we must find occasion to revert hereafter.

We strongly recommend the perusal of this sketch of the history of Derry,

and the study of the interesting plates which accompany it. The reflections they convey are affecting to humanity, as well as instructive to the historian. From the rude aggregate of detached or loosely joined building—few and primitive—confined within the enclosure of massive fortifications, is conveyed not only the notion of a rude and primitive structure of civil existence, and of a poor and scanty growth of the better class: but, a natural chain of reflection extends this idea over the face of the country, and suggests a lively image of the period; while the progress of time, in extending wealth, in multiplying the upper and better ranks, and increasing the security of both, is to be seen, in the modern city, wide-spread, close, compact, and unarmed; retaining as venerable ornaments the embattled walls which protected its early growth, or the antique arms which ennoble its history, while they point the contrast between its present peaceful prosperity and the days of past trial and threatened calamity.

“After a lapse of more than two centuries the fortifications of Derry retain, nearly unchanged, their original form and character. The external ditch, indeed, no longer appears, and is, for the greater part, occupied by the rears of houses; the gates have been rebuilt on a larger scale and in a more elegant style, and two new ones have been added. The N. W. bastion was demolished in 1824 to make room for the erection of a butter market; and in 1826 the central western bastion was appropriated to the reception of Walker’s testimonial—a just and appropriate ornamental memorial.

“Of the guns which performed such valuable service in by-gone times a few are preserved as memorials in their original localities—the bastions—but the greater number have been converted to the quiet purposes of peace, and serve as posts for fastening cables, protecting the corners of streets, &c. There are six at the south-western bastion, of which, two are inscribed—

VINTNERS, LONDON, 1642.

MERCERS, LONDON, 1642.

A third bears the arms of Elizabeth—a rose surmounted by a crown—with the letters E. R. at each side, and below, the date, 1590. There are four at Walker’s testimonial, of which, two are inscribed—

MERCHANT TAYLORS, LONDON, 1642.
GROCERS, LONDON, 1642.

The account of the municipal institutions which follow, and that of education, present little on which we could briefly comment with advantage. They contain the fullest details upon their respective subjects, and are marked by that general accuracy and fulness which makes this whole work so valuable for authoritative reference.—They also present that historic view of municipal improvement on which we have already reflected. The accuracy of the statist is carried even to the circulation of the periodical works. The question of education is now become so momentous, and is at the same time so mixed with political considerations of the last importance, that we do not wish to offer such brief comments as we must here be confined to upon a subject which we have so frequently to notice separately and at length.

After a minute statement of the charitable and medical institutions, the section upon the administration of justice follows, prefaced by the statement of a general principle, which we extract, both because the principle is curious and the comment instructive—it is, moreover, a subject of much immediate interest in the discussions which on this subject at present occupy the public attention :

“Those who have directed their attention to the philosophy of crime are aware that of late years several ingenious attempts have been made, more especially by continental writers, to reduce the subject to a science. M. Quetelet, of Brussels, and M. Guerry, of Paris, have taken the lead in these investigations, and, by tracing crime through the various motives and circumstances which have led to or accompanied it, have given ground to hope that, when sufficient time and space have been afforded for the extension of such investigations, it may be practicable, by reaching the general causes of crime, to attain the first step towards its diminution and ultimate removal.

“M. Quetelet infers, from the results of his inquiries, the possibility of calculating what number of murders, forgeries, &c. will be committed in any given community, within any given time, with the

same weapons, &c. &c.—and this with the same certainty as we can reckon on the occurrence of the number of marriages, births, deaths, &c.—but adds:—*‘Je suis loin d’en conclure cependant que l’homme ne puisse rien pour son amélioration : je crois, comme je l’ai dit au commencement de ce Mémoire, qu’il possède une force morale capable de modifier les lois qui le concernent ; mais cette force n’agit que de la manière la plus lente, de sorte que les causes qui influent sur le système social ne peuvent subir aucune altération brusque.’*”

“M. Guerry, likewise, has expended a great deal of ingenuity and research on this most interesting subject, and furnished a variety of curious tables, which have been laid before the British public by Mr. H. L. Bulwer, who expresses himself ‘greatly disposed to concur in the majority of M. Guerry’s conclusions’—adding, however—‘This disposition I own is not merely founded upon a faith inspired by the calculations I have submitted to the reader. I do not feel that faith in such calculations which many do. But in this instance the results which M. Guerry has given are those which the ordinary rules of nature and observation would teach me to believe.’” These considerations disarm the subject of its terror, and enable us to enter calmly on the inquiry—how far natural or general causes may be modified by those circumstances which it is in the power of a community to throw around them. Similar causes must, to a great extent, produce similar effects, while the human race continues to exist ; but those cause are of two kinds—one general, or founded in nature, the other particular, or proceeding from the intervention of mankind. Over the first, in the present state of knowledge of the natural history of man, it cannot be expected that any marked control can be exercised, and it is therefore on the second that reliance must be placed for that direction of the mental impulses which shall lead rather to virtuous than to vicious results. It is demonstrated that mere intellectual instruction tends neither to diminish nor augment human depravity. *‘L’instruction,’* says M. Guerry, *‘est un instrument dont on peut faire bon ou mauvais usage. Celle qu’on va puiser dans nos écoles élémentaires, et qui consiste seulement à savoir, d’une manière assez*

* *Recherches sur le Penchant au Crime aux différens Ages.* By A. Quetelet. f *France, Social, Literary, and Political.* 2 vols. By H. L. Bulwer, Esq.

*imparfaite, lire, écrire, et calculer, ne peut suppléer au défaut d'éducation, et ne semble pas devoir exercer une grande influence sur la moralité. Nous pensons qu'elle ne rend ni plus dépravé ni meilleur. Nous aurions peine à comprendre comment il suffirait de former un homme à certaines opérations presque matérielles, pour lui donner aussitôt des mœurs régulières et développer en lui des sentimens d'honneur et de probité.** How, then, can so important a result as the improvement of human character be hoped for from the application of mental training alone, at least when exhibited in the mere rudiments of knowledge? Rather, indeed, might an advancement in the aptitude to crime be expected to attend it; for intellectual knowledge alone is not sufficient to restrain the passions, though it may in some degree influence the mode of their direction. It is, therefore, to the combined influence of religious, moral, and intellectual instruction alone that the amelioration of the human race may be safely committed. Had the researches of M. Quetelet been continued for *forty years* instead of *four*. ('*les QUATRE années qui ont précédé 1830*'), or those of M. Guerry for *sixty years* instead of *six*, ('*les SIX années comprises de 1825 à 1890*'), accompanied by the favourable circumstances here premised as essential to the improvement of mankind, there can be little doubt that the results developed would have been such as the warmest philanthropist could desire. Were such indeed not the case, how gloomy would be the prospect of the future—combining the same tendency to crime with an increase of knowledge to facilitate its perpetration! Happy is it that the favourable is also the reasonable view of the subject, and that the well-wisher of his fellow-creatures can go on labouring for their benefit, under the cheerful conviction that, if well directed, his labors will not be in vain.

"PREVENTIVE JUSTICE.—In reference to this head it has been shown that instruction is at work in the district now under consideration. Among those who form the adult generation many are ignorant of even the elementary knowledge of reading and writing; nor does that ignorance appear to be compensated by the moral instruction they received in youth. With the rising generation, however, both these branches appear to be

better attended to. It has been shown that out of the whole population of 19,860 individuals, there are above 2,000 children receiving instruction; and even the goal itself, the proper theatre of retributive justice, is, in degree, also *preventive* of crime—its discipline being calculated to reform the criminal, and thus diminish the danger of a second incarceration when the period of his imprisonment shall have elapsed. Did he also acquire a handicraft trade within its walls, as is usual in several of the American prisons, there is little doubt that the cells would become, in a great measure, tenantless, while the want of expert artisans, which is generally felt throughout Ireland, would be at Derry considerably obviated.

"The next step in the progress of the present inquiry leads to the establishments which the county supports for the prevention of crime. The benevolent institutions, so liberally patronized by a numerous resident gentry and a respectable mercantile body, and which afford relief to so large a proportion of the community, may be at least supposed to remove many of the *temptations* to crime, and for its *suppression* there are the following courts, in addition to the usual array of a city magistracy and police, aided by those of the county, which shall be more particularly noticed in their proper place:—

"1. The Assizes' Court, held twice a year.

"2. The Sessions' Court, do.

"3. The City Sessions' Court, held four times a year.

"4. The Petty Sessions' Court, held every week, before two or more magistrates.

"5. The Mayors' or Recorder's Court, held every Monday.

"6. The Court of Conscience, held every week."

That crime, like all actions, is to be considered as the effect of motives; may be stated as a truism. And it follows that, if it were possible to obtain a perfect theory of motives, these results could be calculated with scientific precision. It would be easy to prove the impossibility of such a theory, the truth thus announced remains, however, as a very obvious and useful principle of reasoning. For once admitting crime to be the result

* *Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France.* By A. M. Guerry.

of uniform causal principles, the prevalence of any special crime must be inferred to indicate the agency of some prevailing motive; and as the operation of such principles, is in its nature uniform, the ratio of cases, when ascertained by correct computation, must contain, or may be regarded as the statement of a general law, and practically used as such.

This general statement simply assumes the uniformity of nature. Motives are moral causes. The principle is not vitiated in its application, by the fact that its operation may be concealed by the variety of circumstances by which human actions are modified. Accidental causes are to be eliminated by the extensive comparison of similar cases; peculiar (or proper) causes ascertained that of different cases. Much precision cannot be required, and both operations are to be effected by the continued registry of cases in systematic tables. From such it may be easy, by an extensive induction, to estimate with sufficient nicety, for any practical purpose, the causes involved in crime, and thus effect no insufficient scale for preventive or retributive justice. With the writer's commentary upon the insufficiency of knowledge to prevent crime, we most cordially concur.

With such principles, however, the statist is not concerned. It is his important province to supply facts unvitiated by theory, for the purpose of the general reasoner; if he uses generalization, he must never lose sight of the fact, that it is for the purpose of method, without which he could not proceed in the registration of facts. He may, however, distinctly state as facts, the principles which are or have been extensively acted on. Thus viewed, they are themselves facts to be recorded, and necessary for the right understanding of the times, and amongst the leading causes of change. On this subject some useful tables are given, from the registers of courts and prisons, the perusal of these must very much illustrate the remarks we have made. Upon the important subject of commerce, forming as it needs must, so principal a portion of the statistics of a populous and thriving emporium like Derry, there is the most satisfactory completeness of information. All

that relates to the navigation of Lough Foyle, and the possible or projected combination of Lough Swilley, the system of past regulations, together with the particulars of trade-factories, consumption, &c. &c., are fully stated. The difficult question of population is also investigated, with as much precision as is attainable, showing, from various sources, the increase from 1618 to the present.

A highly interesting account of the Pagan antiquities of the parish follows, it may for arrangement, graphic distinctness, as well as for the various learning with which it is replete, be recommended as a model for such compositions.

The tables upon productive economy more directly essential to the statist, follow, they are highly distinguishable, for the application they contain of all the varied principles of rural economy—exhibiting by a most able and comprehensive arrangement all the minutest particulars which can, in any way, be taken into account relative to the soil, surface, productive qualities, or conventional value of every rood within the writers scope of observation. These tables at once exhibit the varied combination of resources which must have been employed in the survey. This section is introduced with the statement of the comprehensive principles, which the writer recommends for the estimation of the powers of productive economy, and adopts in the construction of his tables. We must give it in his own words—

“PRODUCTIVE ECONOMY.

“A consideration of the means by which the productive powers of nature are called into beneficial action, and rendered subservient to the wants of mankind, is not only useful as tending towards the amendment of imperfect systems, but also as leading to such a knowledge of the comparative values of raw and manufactured articles as must materially assist the financier in predicating what effects are likely to follow those imposts which are laid upon production in any of its stages.

“To secure the full advantage of this investigation, it is necessary to keep constantly in view the important principle, that application of external power to production, whether it be exhibited in mere

manual labour, aided by implements of husbandry, or in the more compound state in which it is developed in manufactures, is still a form of the same thing. And further, that the term *manufactory* implies not a work distinct from primary productions, but one either auxiliary or supplemental to it; so that the manufacture of woollen goods is still a part of the agricultural system, being supplementary to the breeding of sheep; the manufacture of linen to the culture of flax; the manufacture of cotton goods to that of cotton, in the same manner as the operations of the corn mill are supplementary to the growth of oats, barley, and wheat—a principle sound in itself, and calculated to remove those obscurities and prejudices which at present perplex the inquirer in his estimate of the relative importance of agriculture and manufactures, which he has been accustomed to consider two distinct things, and not, as they really are, parts of the same.

“The simplicity which results from the application of the principle here laid down does not terminate with manufactures; it may be pursued even into trades, which are thus allocated to their respective heads of productions. The baker follows the miller, as the miller succeeds the farmer; the shoemaker, the tanner; the tanner in like manner the farmer; and if the system be pursued to its full extent, the ordinary shopkeeper becomes auxiliary also to production, and may be classed among some one or other of the trades of distribution. This is the system adopted in the accompanying tables of productive economy. In the first, a condensed view is given of the mode of distribution of the land, its aspects, qualities, and general advantages, as exhibited in each townland; and it may be here added that *the soils*, resulting from the decomposition of one class of rocks only, possess much uniformity both of appearance and quality. In the higher grounds, they contain most silex, and are in a few districts stony, sandy, and meagre; but they generally consist of light, productive clays, or loams, becoming in the very low

grounds stiffer, but never to an injurious degree.”

The earlier surveys of this country are said to have originated in conquest, or in the severe awards of military justice. This has, as we have stated, been the result of a just desire to mitigate, by equalizing the burthens of the nation. A contrast in favour of our present state, is still more apparent in the means pursued in attaining these great objects. The survey of Ireland, viewing it in all its branches, offers to our view the last and most perfect result of the united science of the most enlightened age yet known.

From the just views which dictated this great national work, no less than from the practical ability by which it is so well carrying into effect, we should be happy if we could, with justifiable confidence, augur more prosperous times for Ireland. But, however we may fear for the progress of a state of things which seems to be more the result of infatuation, than of any application of sober reasoning; the cry of complaint without grievance, and the pretence of redress without justice; yet a reflection arises from the very fact that the revolutionary policy of the time has its origin in illusion—to call up a more gratifying and cordial sense of thankfulness when we contemplate the probable future effects of a measure, which has thus, as it were, brought forth the antidote.

In concluding this notice, we must express our regret, that the very brief time between receiving it, and the completion of our arrangements, has essentially interfered with our desire to do it every justice. But we felt the impropriety of withholding from the public for another month such particulars as we could give, of a great work, which does honor to its time and country, and from which we trust to be hereafter enabled to trace the beginning of better days.

THE BLACK MONDAY OF THE GLENS.

THE brightness of a fair Easter Monday was never shed from a clearer heaven than smiled on that vernal festival, five years ago, in the Glens of Antrim. But, alas! it arose on sad hearts and tearful eyes in all the cottages of Glenariff and Glendun; for the swift ship lay off Cushendall that was to bear away three families of much-loved neighbours from their quiet recesses, to seek better fortunes in the western wilds of America. Sorrowfully and slowly that evening the little cavalcade descended from the bosom of the hills, many a tear and sob testifying how dear was each green slope they passed, each bushy bank and hazel-sheltered pool of the clear stream that they were never to revisit; each broom hedge with its yellow blossoms, nay, the very white thorns by the road-side, where, when children, they had pulled the haw, objects simple or common in themselves, but not to be effaced by the novelty or grandeur of all the seas and mountains of the new world.

When they came to the beach there was a pause for the parting words of advice and farewell. Two interesting looking young women stood a little apart; the elder one had, a few weeks previous, become the bride of one of the emigrants; and the poor girl's pale face and reddened eyes bore evidence that, though she was going with her husband, she left many she loved, and much that was still dear to her. Unwilling to part with her sister until the latest moment, she urged her to accompany her on board. "Surely, Letty," said she, "surely it's not here you'll leave me? you'll come on board with me, dear, won't you? I have many things to say to you; and now, mind what I said last, and what I will say last—beware of Phelim! as you value your own peace, as you value here and hereafter, have nothing to do with him! young as he is, he's a deceiving, idle fellow! Mind Kitty Harvey's fate;—but, to be sure, she was bold, and I do not mean to even the like to you: yet, when a man's ill-given and deceitful, *who may trust him?* Phelim may

make you like him; he has gaining ways, and is all the worse for them. You know your brother Charlie well enough to know that he never will, if he can help it, let you marry a *Roman*. But, putting all that aside, what comfort could you have, or look to have, with him till you'd go to mass? nor may be then neither. He never was reared with industry, and has no support but from his smuggling, scheming ways, and never will content himself with quietness. And Letty, now, you should not overlook Sandy the way you do: he's a clean, well-skinned boy as you'd see in a fair, and he loves you, Letty—take my word for it, he loves you in a steadier and a better way than that Phelim Grumagh could find in his heart to love any woman."

"Well, indeed, Mary, but that my heart is heavy parting with you, I could laugh to see the trouble you're in about Phelim Grumagh, as you call him. But you should not abuse him; he does not mind me more than other girls; I don't think he cares for me; and you may call him a scheming smuggler if you like; but many a decent man in this place has followed the same trade, and made well by it. And as for your White Sandy, and his slated house, I like him better for your sake, Mary dear, than for his own; though, indeed, he is a decent boy; and if I wanted a friend, it's Sandy Wilson I'd put my trust in. But it will be time enough for me to marry when I am as old as you, Mary; and you must not forget that there are five good years between us! When Charlie's married he will be glad to get rid of me, and I'm sure will ship me off to you willingly. But, in the mean time, Mary dear, write to me often, and do not be advising me against Phelim; for I'm not thinking of the boy, nor him of me, I'm sure."

"Well, Letty, lay what I'm saying to your heart: try to love Sandy; and if he makes you as good a husband as his brother Jemmy does me, depend upon it you need never rue."

"Well, well," said Letty, "I'll not marry in haste any way; so be easy, dear."

The young man so earnestly recommended by the elder sister, was a rustic beau of a good order, who, although he was Sandy Bawn, which did not seem exactly to suit Letty's taste, was, nevertheless, a good looking, gallant, respectable young farmer, who prided himself on his father's well-managed, well-stocked farm, as much as he did in his own good bay horse, or his bay horse's good-looking, well-dressed master, top boots and all; and matchmaking neighbours, as well as interested friends, seemed to think Letty and him made for each other. She, poor thing, had been left an orphan; the Typhus fever had carried off both father and mother, leaving her with an elder sister, the same from whom she was now parting, and one step-brother by the father's side. A lady, in her benevolence, had taken charge of our infant orphan, and reared her: but she reared her somewhat over the rank which she was destined to fill; for, alas for Letty! her benefactress died, leaving but half her kind intentions fulfilled towards her, and the poor girl, at fifteen or sixteen, became once more a member of her step-brother's, Charles Hamill's, household. She had sufficient education, and such useful knowledge of the refinements of life as rendered her very attractive in the eyes of an aspiring man like Sandy, even though she had not been pretty, and fair, and gentle, as she was.

Near the two sisters stood old Neal Wilson, the father of Sandy, and some of his neighbours, who with kindly zeal were endeavouring to argue him out of his excessive grief at parting with his eldest son, and trying to turn his hopes to the comfort he might still have in his younger one. Amongst them stood old John O'Herlie, the village schoolmaster, lending his aid in the work of consolation.

"Oh, well then, Mr. O'Herlie, sure it's yourself says the truth; for Sandy is a good boy, and you know him well."

"Know him! to be sure I do. Why, wasn't he oftener king than any boy in the school? You see, when they do well I promote them accordingly.

Well, there was Sandy, and that yellow tanner from Cloney, and Nancy Kirkée, as I used to call her when she'd have her lessons well. They were the royal family. Troth it was seldom any one of the three missed a word or wrote a painted or a blotted stroke. Well, according to their deserving I followed this plan; and I had my field-m Marshals, and generals, and colonels, down to the very privates of the corps. Ogh, many a kind friend I've lost since then, and not one among them kinder than Sandy's mother, God rest her; it was mostly with her I took my Sunday dinner! and the hearty, clever woman she was! and the kindly welcome was ever wid her. But Sandy, as I was saying, was a smart boy always."

"Oh, Mr. O'Herlie," said Sandy, who now joined them, "that was seldom the story with you of a Saturday, when you used to say, 'Get up here you three, Nanny Kirkee, an' you, you Yellow Tanner, and you Sandy Bawn: bad luck to yer Protestant snouts—there's more trouble wid yez than wid the whole school! rise an' say yer catechism!'"

"Oh, Sandy, I never said 'bad luck,' it was only *bad look* to yez; and ye confused me wid the little bit of a class of yez, when I could hear the others all at wanst, my own way, ye know."

"Well, Mr. O'Herlie, we had few complaints to make of you any way; but they're getting the boat out; and I must go to Jemmy."

"Troth," said his father, "he's a good boy that, God be praised; and Jemmy is as good a boy as needs to be; but he has got travelling notions since he was in the waterguards, and he thinks the farm at Tubber-Greena isn't big enough for us all, and that he may do better in a strange country. God send they may! Sorry would I be to put between them and their good luck. It's a sore grief to part them; yet Sandy will do what he can for me, and an industrious, brave boy he is, to be sure! and it's himself has the taste for decency. Will you believe me, neighbours, it's truth I'm tellin' ye, myself never had a smoothin' iron in the house, (troth we just made the beetle do for us,) till Sandy behaved to get one for his shirts of

sixteen hundred linen? Ay, an' he has a cupboard full of every identical thing a gentleman would want to put on his table. Troth it's myself does not know the use of the half of them; but I've no objection in life to see him have a better taste than his poor ould father."

There was now a movement among the crowd, and mournfully enough they took their way to the beach, where the emigrants and their nearer friends pulled off in two boats to the vessel, which lay with flapping sails and anchor apeak, ready to take advantage of the favorable and steady breeze. One boat was soon seen returning, and after landing three or four persons, was pulled up on the beach. Poor old Neal was easily distinguished amongst those who had returned, by his long grey coat and dejected step, as he waded through the deep sand; and then, mounting his pony, put it to its speed, as if he thought the quickness of the motion would overcome grief, or as if he were impatient to be at home for the quiet indulgence of his sorrow. Little did he think that deeper suffering awaited him: lonely, lonely, was his fireside to be from that Black Easter Monday!

The second boat was now making for the shore. The vessel had got under weigh, and with crowded sails and bending masts rushed through the frothing waters. The emigrants gathered to the stern, and leaning over the taffrail, gazed alternately at the friends they were leaving on the land and sea. The day was fresh and fine; but a heavy groundswell from the channel kept heaving into sight, and then hiding the crowded fishing-boat that now looked less and less as it was left by the receding ship midway on the lonely waters. Away went the stately vessel, hats and handkerchiefs waving over her side, as a faint cheer from her deck reached the ears of the crowd on the beach. Loud and long was the reply they sent back across the waters of the bay, and heartily it was taken up by the boat's crew between. Alas! too heartily, as the sequel proved; for when that cheer was over, some one called for a second—"Boys alive, let us give them another for old Ireland!" exclaimed

Randal Mac Alan, a wild glensman from the foot of Trostan, sitting near the stern of the boat, and starting up in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgetful of where he was, he waved his hat round his head: the impulse was contagious; two or three other young men were observed to leap up on the thwarts. "Sit down, sit down!" shouted old Hugh Mac Henry from the beach; "is it bouncing in a tent ye think ye are?" But before the words were well spoken the boat had upset, and the pride of the six glens were shrieking and struggling in the water. To haul down the second boat from the beach and pull out to the spot needed but a few moments; but, alas! during these, the objects of that aid were almost all placed beyond its reach.

Four only of those who had left the ship were rescued. Of these, Letty Hamill was one; but she was not saved by the same hands as her companions. On the instant of the accident, a sailor-like young man who had been standing on the top of one of the highest rocks with his eyes fixed intently on the returning boat, cast off his shoes and jacket, and plunging into the waves, struck out for the spot where Letty, half-supported by her dress, and half by the instinctive movement of her arms, had floated for a moment after the rest, but was now fast sinking; for the waves dashing over her and lifting her long hair, which they flung back over her eyes as they receded, had stupified and bewildered her, and, already insensible, she was going down with the slow, swinging motion of one who can no longer struggle, many feet under the clear water, when Phelim M'Keever's saving hand reached and rescued her.

It was long before Letty shewed signs of returning animation. When she opened her eyes and saw Phelim's pale, anxious face bending over her, she closed them again, nor raised her eyelids for many minutes after. Weak and low were her first faint words in fervent thanksgiving to God, while the tears streamed down her pale cheeks; and in recollection of all the terrors of an early grave from which her deliverer had snatched her, she held out her hand to him and said—

"You saved me, Phelim; at the risk of your life you saved me; next to my God I owe you my thanks and gratitude! I never can forget it! But where, where is Sandy? Had they been but guided by him, and kept steady in the boat—Oh, that they had! But where is he? he is surely safe, for he could swim!"

They had been so occupied in restoring those who had been brought in, that Sandy Wilson had not been missed till now; but missing he was, and gone with the rest. On searching for his body, the drag caught on the handkerchief which he still held in his hand, poor fellow, just as he had been waving his last farewell; and he was drawn up perfectly lifeless. It was supposed his head had come in contact with the boat, and that he had been stunned by the blow; for he was sober, and a tolerable swimmer, and should have had a better chance of escape than most of them. He left no mother to mourn him, and none but his poor old bereaved father to sigh over the desolation and misery of his solitary hearth, no longer brightened by his cheerful smile or good-humoured jest; but, above all, Neale thenceforth missed the prudent, active assistant in his affairs, and the dutiful, affectionate tenderness of a son who had always added to his pleasures and softened his troubles. But many other grey heads were bowed in the dust by the loss of that Black Easter Monday; nor should Neal Wilson have been singled from among them, had he not been the father of a rival thus unexpectedly removed from the path of Phelim M'Keever.

Letty's constitution had received such a shock that her return to health and strength was slow, and her remaining delicacy exempted her from the importunate severity of her brother, who had, until now, insisted on her taking her portion of the labour of the farm in the spring time, and, what was harder still, her rig at the harvest. Gladly, cheerfully did she acquiesce in his wish at the hay-making or flax-pulling season, or in any of the lighter tasks better suited to her strength; but the delicacy of her make, the want of practice in such vocations, the domestic and feminine habits which

she had acquired while under the care of her benefactress; all conspired to make the more laborious part of the task not only repugnant, but injurious. Often did her step-brother, who was a harsh, coarse boor, sneer at "the uselessness of *weemen* that had been brought up with the quality and their notions; fit for nothing in life but to sit up and be admired like silks in a window. What bargains of wives they'll make, and what useful sisters they are when a body's in need of a hand at the harvest or potato setting! The devil a thing myself sees to hinder the best of them to scale the soil or lay the praties to four spades. Sure there's the Mac Henry's, and every one of them can take her side of a rig with the best spade in the parish."

"Well, Charlie," Letty would say, "I'm sure I am willing to do all you wish; but when some body must stay at home to make the meat ready, I may, as well as another."

To spin, to milk, to cook, to pet, and tenderly to tend every living creature about the establishment, gave her delight and ample occupation, and Charlie's cottage, under her superintendence, soon wore a new aspect. His constant anxiety about his labour and his crops, and his want of taste for neatness or improvement had made him, year after year, look upon the pool before the door as a fixture. He would as soon have thought of levelling a mountain or draining a lake, as of clearing away the pool, or gravelling the causeway, or of making a by-road for the cattle, though they passed hourly between the door and the green, stagnant gutter where the ducks dabbled, the pigs luxuriated, frogs spawned, and animalculæ thickened the mud, while in its pestilent vapour hovered blight and sickness. But now, by Letty's entreaty, the pool was drained, the hollow filled, and formed into a pretty oval, bordered by bright sea-pink, and filled with all healing, odoriferous herbs: thyme, yarrow, sweet-william, and pinks plumed and beautified the little knot; while twining ivy, jessamine, perriwinkle, and honeysuckle were taught to give their green garlands in contrast to the white, rough-cast walls. The summer came, and Letty watched the buds and

blossoms in their growth and brightness, when they gleamed and glowed amid the green shelter. But not alone did she watch them, not alone did she study their emblematic language; for when Phelim gathered and gave the nosegay, she betrayed the quick interpretation on her blushing cheek, and by the soft darkening of her downcast eye, which seemed to shrink from the glowing depth of meaning in his, while, thrilling to her soul went the mellow music of his low-toned voice telling her of love and constancy.

Charlie and the other members of his household could scarcely quarrel with the presence of Letty's preserver; yet his visits were barely tolerated by them. Charlie said he hated the smuggling papist. "In spite of all his mighty pleasant ways, he's a slinking, scheming fellow—eternally plotting to cheat and bamboozle the coast-guard; he'll may be learn to cheat his neighbours too. Pity but he had Letty! troth I'm feared the outwork she complains so sorely of would be but a trifle compared to what she'd have to put up with then. God forgive me if it be a sin, but I do not like one of his kind! for I'm credibly told that they think it neither sin nor shame to circumvent us Protestants. Letty's so weak, she thinks he was just sent into the world for her sake, and that God favors the foolish fondness she shows him, because he happened to save her that day, when in half a minute longer the boat would have saved her just as well.

"And in half a minute longer I'd have been at the bottom! No, Charlie, nothing ever can make me forget what I owe Phelim; and, Charlie dear, wait till you know him better, and you will think better of him: and he has never asked me yet; it is time enough to refuse. You don't like his people, Charlie, and would not do him justice because he prays as his father and mother taught him. You have been always kind to me; but it is not kind of you to judge so hardly of poor Phelim."

"Ogh, then, poor Phelim he is, and poor Phelim he'll continue, I'm thinking! The worst is your own, Letty, if you wont take warning; but I tell you

this, I wont be bamboozled by either of yez; I'll rid the country of the blackguard—mind if I don't! and leave your folly now, Letty, and take up in time; there's more than one decent, responsible boy in the parish that your stiffness keeps at a distance, and the poorest of them could outbuy him and all his kin."

"Oh, then, Charlie, I'll not guess who they are, for it does not concern me; I've little notions of marrying any way."

So time wore on, and spring and summer came. Phelim, with assiduous attention, had seized every opportunity of seeing her alone, and during summer such opportunities were daily. When the other members of the family were engaged in the fields, Phelim was constantly by her side. Did she spin: he read to her, and her varying colour and tearful eye hallowed in his heart the story of true love and misfortune." Was she in the garden: (as these minor labours were left to her,) Phelim was by her side, that she should not have to handle the heavy spade, and so in all the occupations where he might take a part. Ever ready to assist her, Phelim, in the turf-cutting time, when she took the jar of milk and basket of bread for the labourers, would carry it up the mountain paths, and wait under the shadow of the rocks for her return. Often was she congratulated on her capability of exertion; weakly and slender as she looked, it was little toil to her to climb the mountain with such a load; and many hints and sly jests showed that they knew she had not been alone; and so, accompanied by a blush, out came the stammering acknowledgment that "she had met a boy on the road who helped her a bit."

Day and night Phelim haunted Bally-yemen. He had some book, some flower-seeds, something to say! A pretext was seldom wanting, and seldom too strictly inquired into. Ever welcomed by Letty's bright smile, he saw not, cared not for Charlie's frowning churlishness. Many a long *fore-supper* he'd outsit his welcome; but when the circle was formed round the clear turf fire, even the most unkindly were softened towards him by his ani-

mated, goodhumoured manners, and by his well-told adventures—for Phelim had travelled—or by his unusual information—for Phelim read well.—Thus hour after hour fled unnoticed by him, till at last the civil hint that it was bed-time would rouse his lingering “good night;” and then he’d stand under the bore-tree, or the hawthorn hedge, watching the light in Letty’s room window; and when that was gone, gazing on the white walls and waving trees which sheltered his heart’s treasure, till the chilly air and twinkling brightness of the stars, or perhaps some lingering dread of the fairies, warned him away. Phelim was not without superstition, for, though his belief in fairies was scarcely equal to the faith in them which some of his neighbours held, yet he had been early taught and skilled in fairy lore, and now, even in his manhood, it still clung to his imagination, which ran riot in all the traditionary legends so generally believed in the country.

It was a sweet evening in the month of March, balmy enough to be the herald of the coming April, and Letty and Phelim were wandering along the strand. The sun, gilding the mountain tops, tinting the velvet slope of Luirg with gold and purple, and sparkling on the ripple of every wave at their feet, seemed to surround the lovers with a peculiar halo. “Letty,” said Phelim, “that evening that I saved you was just such an evening as this.—Letty, I’m more inclined to believe in the fairies than ever I was. What was it, do you think, brought me to the Salmon rock that evening to be the means of helping you? I’m going to tell you now; and, Letty, dear, believe me, if I hadn’t seen it I would not tell it to you, nor ask you to believe it. Did you ever hear tell of the revealment of the fairy valley of Glen-na-sheog, Letty? It is a sight that the little people sometimes give men for encouragement when they’re before good. Now, Letty, listen to me. I had been all day in Cove-na-derg, with Alistair and Cosliddag, watching the tobacco. I will not say that we had no brandy, for we had been up all the night before. We ran ashore in the dark of that moon. It was Alistair’s watch, and Plover-foot was gone to sleep; but myself being nei-

ther tired nor sleepy, but just in a wandering, thinking, longing kind of way, I clambered up the path, and sat down to rest on Cruik-na-navig. It was just such an evening as this. I was then, Letty dear, in the humour I am often in; discontented with my present course of life, yet feeling myself unfitted for any other; arguing with myself upon the good and evil attending it, and praying to God for some kind of peaceful occupation to end my days in, and such a companion as you, Letty dear, to help me; when a long bright line of red light shot across the bay, from the Salmon Rock to the point of Garron; and believe me, Letty, I think I saw what I will tell you. I had often heard that a revealment of Glen-na-sheog was for encouragement before sudden danger, such as the performance of some good action at the risk of one’s life; for the fairies that inhabit it are kindly and full of goodwill. Well, Letty, while I looked I saw, gleaming through the waves, and parting the waves, right across the bay, a lovely valley. There were smooth sloping green hills, with white blossoming hawthorn over them. There were cottages covered to the eaves with roses and jessamines; streams trickling and winding over rocks and pebbles, and lakes among smooth hills, with lambs upon the banks, and swans swimming among green islands in the midst of them. And, Letty, I saw the good people themselves there; some were spinning, some nursing, some at one thing, some at another; but above all, and before all, up the valley there was a sound of sweet small music, that I could have listened to for ever. I stood gazing, afraid to move or breathe, till it grew paler and paler, and then seemed sinking, and all at once it vanished, and the gull and gannet were skimming again over the blue waves.”

“Oh, Phelim, I’m thinking the brandy was too strong, or your eyes had been following fancies of their own for want of proper rest. You had surely slept unknown to yourself.”

“No, Letty, I do not think I had slept; and so strong was my belief in what I tell you, that the next evening I went to try if I should see it again at the same hour; and I had my reward, and trust still to have it, in your

love, my blessed darling! for blessed be the dream, if you will call it so, that took me where I stood when I saw the boats row out to the brig. I knew you were there, and I would have been with you, if that white-headed farmer had not been by your side. But no matter: I was, thank God, in time to save and take my Fairy Gift; and, oh, that they may always prosper me as they did that evening! Letty, my faith in fairies is now so strong, that I almost wish to see the Good People bodily."

"Well, surely there is something in dreams," replied Letty, "and, above all, in them unlucky magpies! I never see one fly over my head nor across my path, but something happens to vex me before night. It's an unreasonable notion; yet as sure as I see one, there is trouble before me. But what can a poor bird know of what is to happen?"

"Why, you are as bad as myself Letty, and we are a pair of fools, to be sure; yet I've read of wise people taking omens by birds: they have decided greater matters and influenced greater actions than either yours or mine are like to be, love. But our birds of omen, Letty, shall be the woodquest and the Robin-redbreast: the one for love and gentleness, and the other for trusting confidence. Now, Letty, tell me when will you be my own? when will you trust me and make me happy? I have nothing, Letty, to offer you but true love; and I know, Letty, you think me selfish; Charlie thinks so, too; yet, if I can judge my own heart, my wishes for your happiness are first and greatest. Above my own life—above my own peace I love you! yet Charlie always keeps harping on my unfortunate religion."

"Oh, Phelim, he is unreasonable; I know he is: but he thinks himself right: he does not know how just, how true you are: he does not know how I love you, nor how you deserve it: he forgets that you saved the life, Phelim dear, that I am willing to spend with you. So, be patient with him. We cannot be happier than we are: we have neither sin nor sorrow, and should have no care; and the little we are asunder, dear, only serves to make us the happier when we meet,

as we do now. Give Charlie time, and he will be more reasonable."

"God knows, Letty, how I have reasoned and argued with him; but all in vain. All I could hear from him was abuse of my religion and wild courses; and, sure enough, he has reason for finding fault there: but as for turning Protestant—you know, Letty, there is little belonging to this world I would not give up for you; and I cannot well imagine the blessing, either here or hereafter, I could put before you. But you know, dear, *that* is what I cannot and will not do! My people suffered in the old times, and I must not renounce what they held so dear for a bribe, even though that bribe be yourself, Letty.—Letty, trust me. Come with me. Let us take our chance of their anger. I would not urge you, Letty, to anything deceitful, but that Charlie's obstinacy leaves us nothing else for it; for none of your clergy would marry us without the consent of parties, and that he will never give. Proud I would be before the world, Letty, to say you were mine; but that must rest with yourself. I do not care for Charlie. I want nothing from him. Come with me, then, without his leave. Have courage, and trust me, and you will never rue it."

"Oh, Phelim, I dare not. Charlie would never forgive me, and he has been like a father to me, and stood in place of one since I can remember. Time will bring him round. Time will make you reasonable with each other; and, sure, are we not happy? I am, I am sure. But, oh that I could make him do you justice, or make him think of you as I do!"

"Letty, 'tis vain to hope it. Yet, if I were rich enough, I could buy Charlie's consent, not only to your being married by a priest, but to your going to the mass with me. Poverty is worse than papistry in his eyes."

"You are wrong, and you are wronging, Charlie, Phelim. Charlie is honest and true to his faith: he values what his people, like your own, thought worth suffering persecution and death for. Oh, Phelim, I dread that this would be a grievance between us. I could not think as you would have me: but I am willing to believe that the good, no matter what may be their creed, are welcome in

the sight of God; and surely that is enough between us."

"Enough, Letty! more than enough. Pray as you choose, till you are mine, and ever after! I am willing to believe that one Protestant may go to heaven, any way; for piety and truth and purity and duty are no bad passports, let the world say as it will. But why should we be bound by Charlie's prejudices? Say you will take your chance with me! We will be married in Glenarm; and though Friar M'Garry is not the priest I would be blessed by, yet it will make me sure of you Letty: you will be mine then in spite of fate. But I must leave you soon, Letty; and in this uncertainty how could I do my duty? I feel that if I go without some security and hope, I am a ruined man. What would I care if the cargo of the Peggy were at the bottom of the sea, if it were not for the hope that you would share it with me? And if our luck is good, I'll have what will pacify Charlie. I'll take a farm, Letty, and settle myself, and we shall have decency and quietness: but there is a risk, Letty; but if I should lose it, I can work for you. Only set my heart at ease; and, since we cannot have a better priest, let old M'Garry marry us."

"Phelim, I am afraid. There is nothing I dread like Charlie's anger. I will promise you, as solemnly as you like, I never will marry another: but, for God's sake, wait! Be true to me; and so long as I know you love me, every trouble will be light, and I can bear patiently with Charlie, and wait quietly in hopes of your success."

The winding beach had brought them close under the ruins of Layde church, and, climbing up the grassy slope, Phelim and Letty found themselves standing by the roofless walls that had once been the sanctuary of saints. There, on consecrated ground, under the grey ash tree which has rooted itself in the bare aisle, Heaven and their own hearts their only witnesses, they plighted troth to be true to each other, come weal, come woe. Letty, in the strength of her love and faith in his manly protection, felt the pledge as solemn as if all earth as well as Heaven had witnessed it, and only the holy benediction wanting to make

her in reality, what she now was in her heart—his wife. They parted with a promise to meet again at night; for Charlie had now quarrelled with Phelim and forbidden him the house.

Letty's days passed in dreamy languor, mechanically performing her duties, silently obeying directions, or answering questions with an evident effort to recall her wandering thoughts—happy only when alone, when she could close her eyes on external objects, and shut out every sight and sound but the vivid picture on her memory of his deep eyes and pale impassioned face, and listen in her heart to the echo of his soft low words of love; or, in the deep stillness of the night, when the sound sleep of over-wearied labour lay heavy on her step-brother, to steal out, and read in those eyes and hear from those lips all that her heart desired; and then to turn her eyes to heaven, and wonder what the happiness of the blessed might be, when the Almighty had given to such a creature as herself love which made her forget her brother's anger, her lover's poverty, his dangerous course of life, and all that might most naturally have troubled her. So entirely and with such a perfect love did she trust him, that danger to her peace from him never for a moment clouded her happy hopes.

Charlie had been amply recompensed the preceding summer by a speculation in Highland *shelties*; and as he had mountain grazing unoccupied, as soon as his crops were in the ground he seized the first suspension of his labours to make a trip to Scotland, in hope that the Lammas fair would bring him in a golden harvest for his ponies, as well as for the seed he had trusted to the keeping of the earth and the feeding of the April showers. Who can tell the feelings with which Phelim saw Charlie go on board, or the hearty blessing he gave the soft west breeze as it swelled the canvass of the little sloop, which he watched till it became a speck almost beyond his ken; then turned himself towards Bally-yarmen, with hopes brightening round his heart, like bees about the hives? Letty had just milked the cow in the farthest stall, when the long shadow from the doorway made her raise her head. Almost with a cry of joy, she recognised

him whom she was thinking of between hope and fear—hope in his love, and fear in the consequences of his precipitation. Now came the moment when she could no longer procrastinate. The following week he must leave her on a dangerous expedition. She was alone—no check, no guide, save her own discretion: all her love, all her confidence, all her gratitude, in the opposing scale; for, would he advise her to do wrong? would he deceive her? Thus did she reason, thus did she justify herself, as she made arrangements to accompany him to Glenarm that night. "I cannot be happy with any other than him. Charlie makes it impossible that we can be married by a regular minister; but surely God, who sees the truth of our hearts, will sanctify our vows, though the priest may not be what he ought. And surely Phelim has the best right to advise me and guide me." So, leaving a little girl in charge till her return, she went, she said, to see an aunt in Cairncastle, who had been taken ill. Hoping all things, fearing nothing, Phelim lifted her to the pillion. Never did fourteen miles seem so short. Few words were spoken; yet their own hearts made sweet society; and the gentle influence of the solitude, and the clear cold moonlight, and solemn sound of the ever-breaking waves, mellowed and sobered and confirmed their tender thoughtfulness. And it is a question if many who enter the holy bonds with more pomp and circumstance have at their hearts more faith and truth, or a holier feeling of the purity and abiding constancy necessary to make such a state happy. Next morning they received the benediction from hands all unworthy to sanctify the tie, but which, nevertheless, were hallowed to them.

Nearly three weeks passed before Charlie came home, and Phelim and Letty had parted. If he were fortunate, he was to claim her on his return; if otherwise, she was to brave Charlie's anger, and join him wherever he might be. Days and weeks and months wore on, and no news reached her. In the mean time troubles thickened around her. Time seemed only to add to Charlie's rancour, and the mention of Phelim's name was sufficient to throw him into ill temper for the day. A wealthy grazier, a friend

of his, had proposed for Letty; and here was a new source of persecution and grievance to her. Every hour made her dread discovery more and more, while it hastened the final necessity of the disclosure. But how to bear it! how to brave Charlie's slights and doubts!—how to endure all she must suffer, and be far away whose kindness would have supported her through every trial. This was more than she could think of with patience, and the thought of it nearly drove her distracted. The whispers and insinuations of busy meddling tongues now rendered Charlie more impatient to get her settled in the world; and Jemmy Steenson, her new suitor, had a good farm, a slated house to take her home to, and droves of sheep and scores of cattle. But what were all these to Letty? Even had she been free to marry, her heart was at the sea. So, Jemmy's suit was rejected: but he was not a man to break his heart for grief, nor for love neither; and, after consoling himself by saying, "Odd, she's a glum ane, and I ken a lass in Clough parish is worth twa o' her!" he went on his way—it need not be said rejoicing, but seemingly in no danger of death by grief, for he whistled "I'll gang nae mair to yon town" as long as he was in hearing; and Letty was left to enjoy the peace of her own sad thoughts, happy to be relieved from the presence of one to whom she could not venture to show the gentle goodnature so natural to her, without misinterpretation. And now, as the hay harvest came on, and the grain began to ripen, in hopes of pleasing Charlie and laying up a store in his favour, she volunteered to take her proportion of the labour; and, in the sweet-scented hay-meadow, surrounded by rose-garlanded and honey-suckled hedges, the exertion necessary occupied her thoughts, while the freshness and sweetness of everything around her unconsciously strengthened her heart and cheered her spirits. But when, later in the year, she came to work in the harvest-field, many a malicious observation was made; many were the sinouldering fires of envy that found vent in speeches such as these:—"Mush! but did you see Miss Letty the-day? troth, it's before some thing she's come to join her rig at the harvest! I thought nothing of the hay-

making; for shaking out, or lapping, or raking, might become anybody, and she used to look so well at it, too, with her clear red cheeks and shining hair: but now she's yellow and thin in the cheek, and sorrowful-looking. Maybe it's grieving after the quality she is."

"*Usk a-chree!* but ye're simple:—there's more than that at the bottom of it; an' if Letty Hamill doesn't sup sorrow for all her consait, my name's not Kitty."

"I'm thinking Phelim Mackeever is making a long voyage this time," said another; "troth he'll be in no hurry back, ye'll see."

"Well," said a middle-aged pale woman, "if that's the way that's of it, God help her, I say, for she has the hard arrand to the world! and in my time I've seen some misled that was neither bould nor unmodest, and never did I know the foolish action done that was not rued in sorrow."

"And shouldn't they rue it?" said Kitty, "as they well deserve!"

"Och, it is but right they should; and it is His will they should. But it's Letty that was kindly and goodnatured, and many a poor body's prayer she has about her; for, either here or in the world to come, the goodwill for a good action will bring a blessing. But I'll tell ye, girls, it wouldn't answer for Phelim to take her home. He's waiting till he has a place of his own for her. She'd have the uneasy life of it with yon ould *storifing* of a mother of his; and I'll tell ye a joke about her. The time I went to Belfast—an' myself didn't know the streets very well—the evening before I left it I had some little business to do, and I was glad to fall in with Biddy McKeever. Well, it's herself knows every turn in it; but just as we were jogging along, my woman pulls her bades out of her pocket, and falls to saying her prayers. Troth, maybe I look'd surprised; for, says she, 'Is it laughing at me ye are, Molly?'"

"Hoot, no," says I; "God forbid I'd laugh at any creature for the like," says I; "but I'm thinking it's the quare place ye take to pray in. Sure you'd be better in some quiet corner." "Well," says she, "I'll tell you how it is. I'm lodged with one Douglas in the town here: and you know we used to say at home that the Protestants were

Smisid nan doul; but Jemmy Douglas is not a Protestant itself! he's one of them Presbyterians, bad luck to them; and myself would'n't *santify* his house wid my prayers!" Troth, 'twas with enough to do I kept in the laugh, to think of the holy woman she was. The ould tory! much good the prayers of the like of her will do any place; and she talking to me that knew the kind she was! But, God help poor Letty any way; it's little good-will the mother-in-law would bear to her. But if she'd get Phelim away from his own, for they're bad advisers, he might be wise an' well-doin' yet?"

Few of them were charitable enough to join in Molly O'Boyle's good wishes: but Letty neither heard nor heeded their gossip. Dread of coming sorrow kept her too fully occupied: nerving her spirit to meet the worst that might happen.

At last a letter reached her from Phelim. She had been hopeless of him, and he was coming; she had doubted him, and he was true. "They were off Cushindall: either there or on the other side of Nappan, he would come ashore: he would be with her that night; would see his Letty; would marry her in the sight of the world; and would take her where she need not fear to love him." Thus ran the long'd for letter, when tears of joy allowed poor Letty to see the precious words. She had knelt to offer her thanksgiving for God's mercy, and a thousand times had she unfolded the paper, kissed it, and wept in grateful joy over the precious words, when her step-brother came in. Some unusual gloom weighed on his naturally sulky brow; some firm resolve hardened his muscular lips; he was pale and silent. Yet Letty was so happy in her hopes, and busied in doing as he directed, she did not observe his manner nor his look, and she prepared for his leaving home without a feeling of curiosity or a question as to the object of his journey. No matter to her, Phelim was coming; and coming with as true a heart as he had when he left her; and coming with power and will to claim her. Hour after hour she watched and listened; and as it grew later, every dog that barked, every horse's tread as it passed up the glen, brought hope,

and doubt, and disappointment. Night darkened down, gloomy, stormy, dismal looking; for it was now winter; and Letty, sick at heart, turned to sit at the window of her little room, where many an anxious vigil she had kept before. Sometimes she thought she heard his voice down the glen, sometimes she thought she saw him coming, or heard his step: and again she fancied 'twas his voice, when the audible beating of her own heart, and the rushing of the little stream past the house, and the rustling of the wind through the leaves and branches, were the only sounds upon her ear. The morning twilight came; and she watched in vain for Phelim. Day passed, and did not bring him; and evening had softened into the grey of coming night, when Charley Hamill returned. The day preceding he had received information that the Peggy was off the coast; and, under circumstances of peculiar treachery, the malicious boor had given information to the water-guard. In consequence the cargo had been seized and the crew taken prisoners. Phelim had been wounded in the struggle, and Charlie fully hoped would now be sent out of the country; "and Miss Letty must then give up her nonsense about him. And then, instead of having her dependent upon him, and maybe a parcel of beggary papist brats with her, while their vagabond father would be roving the world, neither caring nor thinking for them, he would get her married to some well-doing, snug man, and he'd have his hand clear of the bother of her: but Phelim she never should set eyes on, that he had said, and that he would abide by."

Little did he think that nothing but death would break the ties that already bound them; nor death itself leave her with free affections to bestow on another. But as little did he care for those affections, and still less was he capable of understanding them.

Letty was spinning when he came in: and, after she had given him the usual kindly welcome, for which he sullenly thanked her, he said, "You look as pale as if you had heard the news I have for you. Our smuggling friends were taken last night off Nappan. Your precious sweetheart is off with the rest of the crew to

Carrick. To be sure, we'll have ill wanting of him here, but he'll get a longer sail than he has had yet, or I'm mistaken."

She had stopped her wheel as he began, and had grown deadly pale, and rising now she staggered to the *hallan wall*, at the door, where the fresh air gave her strength to say, "Oh Charlie, you're trying me; surely you have not the heart to tell me that for truth. Yet, my God! what makes you look so? It is true, it is true! O Phelim, my dear, dear, husband," she would have said, but she fell; and a long fit of insensibility was succeeded by fearful convulsions; and poor Letty awoke to bodily pain which almost overcame her mental agony. But even in her worst of suffering, she entreated them to tell Charlie she was married; that she was the wife of Phelim McKeever; that she had been married when her brother was in Scotland; that her baby, whether she lived to see it or not, was a lawful child; the child of an honest woman. She entreated them to believe her, as she believed she would soon be in the presence of God to answer for her sins. It was only fear, it was not deceit nor wickedness tempted her to conceal her situation: amid such protestations her baby was given to her arms.

There is not, in all the happiest workings of the human heart, a joy like the young mother's. So Letty thought, as she gazed upon her little boy, her precious and cheaply purchased prize: for what sickness, what pain, and sorrow, what misery would she not endure to have him, the little dark-eyed jewel? and, oh, if the poor father could but see him.—Scarcely could she take the necessary rest for looking on her darling; and her recovery seemed most extraordinary: for she had no kind mother to nurse her, no thoughtful sister near, no anxious friend to sooth and strengthen with their words of comfort; none, except an old aunt, a goodnatured but coarse-minded woman, who had come to try to make peace and keep matters quiet; but both she and the neighbour women were equally incredulous, as to the marriage; and when Letty found it impossible to make them believe her, she consoled herself by saying, "all will be well

when Phelim comes; he will not leave me long in this way, I am sure: they cannot have much against him; if he did try to smuggle, that was no deadly sin: he will soon be out, and then they'll see."

One morning, Letty sat with her baby on her knee, her pale, meek, melancholy face bent over the little treasure; tracing his father's looks, his father's features, and stroking, over her own white slender finger, the glossy silken hair of darkest brown; kissing its fresh pure mouth, and tiny hands, and feeling that the world, nor all that was precious in it, could not buy him. Sometimes she thought she loved him better than his father, dear as he was, and dearer now than ever, when she pictured him in prison, his hopes disappointed—his savings that he had hoped to share with her, and on which to become upright and *legally honest*, snatched from his hands and gone—wondering why his own Letty did not come or write to him, and sighing to think what would become of his already half-orphaned little one, till she almost forgot her baby in her sorrow. The tears fell cold and fast on the placid face of the little boy, and awoke him. She soothed him to sleep again, and prayed as mothers pray, that all spiritual good, all temporal blessings might be deserved by him, and might await him: that God might make him his own: that her faults and his father's might be expiated by their own suffering, and by God's mercy; but that he might escape unscathed, unblighted; and then her thoughts wandered into the blissful land of a hoping mother's futurity. She was startled from her pure dreams by seeing Charlie at the door. 'Twas the first time they had met since he had known the worst; and the crimson blood that rose to her temples flowed back to her heart with a pang of sickness so heavy, that the light left her eyes, and the rushing ringing sound in her ears prevented her at first from hearing what he said. When she did hear, God pity her; 'twas the grossest, the cruellest, the bitterest abuse. "He would not believe she was married; no, no, the blackguard was too sure of her; but no such slut should sit at his fire-side to shame him; no, nor she should not go to the vagabond neither; he had written

to Belfast: her passage was taken for New York: here she should not be; nor at liberty she should not be to bring disgrace on him. She might hide her shame in America, where no one but her sister would know of it; but she should not take her brat among strangers with her; no, by his soul, a sister of his never should sit another day under the roof with one of such a breed. She might take the child to the granny of it; yes, she was the fittest one to rear such a chap; she'd bring it up in the way it should go." He was in the door-way: Letty could not pass; and she stood opposite to him, more dead than alive, with the infant in her arms. Just then her aunt came in, and endeavoured to pacify her nephew; but all she said only made him worse. He swore he'd have the baby, and throw it down to the blackguard, or he'd make her trudge. "Let me go, then, Charlie; let me go, and I'll forgive ye," said Letty.

"Forgive me? what have you to forgive? you —; but, no matter. Out of my house the young brat goes this minute; but *you* must not; no, *you* shall not stir."

"Letty," whispered their aunt, "Letty dear, he's drunk, and we must not cross him; we must give in till him now."

"No, I'll never part with my child, Aunt Nelly; but with my life I'll make him let me go. O, God help me, I am weak; I" — and she staggered and fell, fainting, while her brother snatched the child from her arms, and ran out. Her aunt lifted her into bed, and so long and so deep was the faint, that for some minutes they thought she was gone. The brother did not come home that evening; and some of their neighbours came into the room where Letty lay. In vain the aunt cautioned them; in vain she entreated them to be silent. One of them said she had just left Biddy M'Keever nursing the baby, and singing to it. She thanked God that she had it; and she'd take it to the priest that very evening, and have it christened. She hoped to save him like a brand from the burning; and she'd like to see who'd take him from her again! "troth he was her son Phelim's child: 'twas easy to see he was; and tell the creature of

a mother that I'll take the best of care of him, and she needn't be uneasy about him; not that myself cares so much for the baby, but that poor Phelim is in trouble, and the jewel would father himself over the world."

"Oh then," said Letty, "God Almighty bless her; it's a mother my child will want; for I doubt my time here will be but short. I'm weak, and my heart is fluttering as if with the last spark of life."

"O, Letty dear," said her aunt, "take it easy; do not fret this way: the anger will soon be off Charlie; and he'll let you take the child again. You know he's stormy tempered and you should not think so much of it. And Phelim will be out in three or four months."

"Oh, my poor Phelim, little he knows what I have suffered; and my sister Mary, too, my kind good Mary." Here her sobs frightened her aunt, who said, "Letty, jewel, Letty, are you in pain? are you sick, dear? will I send for the doctor?"

"No, aunt, no, thank you; that would only make Charlie worse. Just leave me a while; I'll be better soon; and never heed me."

"Well, then, dear, I wont disturb

you: musha, God help you, my poor heart-broken child; just try to keep quiet a wee while; I'll go and get ye a cup of tea, and that will settle your head, and maybe then you'll sleep."

So she left her to get the kettle boiled; and when she had the tea prepared, with all the little comforts she could contrive, in readiness, she drew aside the curtains of Letty's little bed. She lay with her face to the wall, and seemed asleep.

"Here, dear," said her aunt; "here, Letty, dear; but, she's sleeping, the creature, and no wonder; but, Letty, I say, you ate nothing today; waken, avourneen, waken an' taste this; and here is some honey; it will soften your throat after sobbing—dear help her, how sound she sleeps."

And she leaned over to see; but—"O God be merciful!" she cried—and well might the sight she saw justify her exclamations of pity and fear; for, from Letty's parted lips bubbled a crimson stream, and her pale cheek lay steeped in a well of it on the pillow. One throb or two of her pulse, one slight quiver, and the womanly, and loving, and gentle girl was released from all her sorrows.

MURDERS, MORALS, AND MONARCHY IN FRANCE.

BY TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

[Mr. M'GILLICUDDY presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and begs to express his regret that owing to the oppressive heat of the weather, in the early part of this month, Mr. Terence O'Ruark became atrociously indolent, and could not be prevailed upon to write in his Diary. Mr. M'Gillicuddy supplied him with iced gin-and-water in unlimited quantities, and left no *douce violence* unused, to make him write, but it was all in vain. On going into his room, however, yesterday morning, Mr. M'Gillicuddy found him asleep on the sofa as usual—but on the table were the enclosed scraps of paper in his hand-writing. Mr. M'Gillicuddy having purloined, and pasted them together, hopes they may be available in the unavoidable absence of the usual extracts from the Diary of his philosophic friend.]

THE Parisians have had a *sensation*—the king and his sons have had a real escape from a real attempt at assassination. Thirteen people have been killed, a great many wounded. There have been congratulations and lamentations, a public funeral, and a grand military show thereupon. Eulogistic speeches

have been made upon the meritorious murdered. Bereaved parents, and wives, and sisters, have had their sorrows elevated into melo-dramatic dignity, and soothed by elaborate declamatory compliments. Day by day, since the event, have the Parisians been interested by select portions of

the conversation or biography of the assassin—his epigrams, his intrigues, his previous murders, his self-possession, have all been described with dramatic point, and attention to effect; finally, Louis Philippe has availed himself of this occupation of the French people, to crush, by restrictive laws, the liberty of printing and publishing at him and his government, which hitherto the journals have indulged in.

The character of this horrible business from beginning to end—its alleged causes—the unutterable atrocity of the event itself, and of the wretch who fired the machine—the consequences which have followed—all are so thoroughly *French*, that they deserve to be considered as illustrative of *la grande nation*, and of the progress which a clever people, with every means of improvement in their hands, will make towards *good*, after they have practically laid aside religion, as the governing rule of life—the last great respect to which all things must be referred, even by those who frequently forget it in their ordinary conduct.

Of course it is not meant to be asserted that France has a monopoly of atrocities. Ireland and its Popish peasantry, practised in bloodshed, and praised by O'Connell, must claim their share; and in England there are sundry cuttings of throats, and rifling of pockets with bloody fingers, that deserve remark. In Scotland, too they contrive to murder now and then—chiefly pedlars, I believe, of late years; but princes suffered of old, or they who stood in the place of princes. All kingdoms present their share of villainies, but there is a peculiar character belonging to those of France, a blending of the most outrageous crimes with the familiar courtesies of society; a desperate and abominable guiltiness, without the least apparent consciousness of it, which distinguishes, and makes peculiarly detestable, the criminals of that country. In England, Ireland, and Scotland, we hear of murderers who after their seizure are sullen, or sad, or savage; or it may be they are penitent; or it may be again that they endeavour to pass off the thing with a front of hardened assurance; but in all these appearances there is some evidence of consciousness of their situation. They are not just

as if nothing of the kind had happened. But here is this Corsican Frenchman—this Fieschi, who after having murdered thirteen people with one shot, and maimed many more; after committing the most monstrous treason, and the most foul murder, talking away to those who visit him, with a mixture of *sang froid* and conversational sentiment, such as one might expect from a man who had been engaged in an affair of meritorious danger. To one gentleman he mentions that he had served in the 12th regiment, and had it happened that that regiment was stationed at the place against which his battery was directed, he does not think he could have fired; such was his consideration for his old companions in arms! Precious villain! to talk of feeling for his *companions in arms*! Another he begs to do him the honour to come and see him die, and to have the complaisance to observe how unmoved Fieschi (for he adopts the affectation of speaking of himself in the third person) will view the instrument of death. Now this fellow, who so politely requests his heroism to be observed, has been all his life a mean, wretched, sensual, hired stabber; the alternate occupations of lust and larceny appear to have been the least wicked of his disgusting career, and yet he *talks fine*, after the fashion just described.

France has arrived at that point of depraved civilization which destroys the safety of society. As they say themselves, in their neat epigrammatic way, *les extremes se touchent*, and without the revivifying, reinvigorating influence of religion, the refinements and luxuries of society do but lead us on to that personal insecurity, to escape from which society first emerges from barbarism. The impulses of undisciplined appetite, or the recklessness of adroit depravity, lead to nearly the same results.

Notwithstanding the vanity which reigns in France, to such a degree as for the most part to make the people insensible of the lowliness of sound morals, and virtuous sentiment, to which they have sank, yet I perceive that of late, and particularly in connexion with political disquisition, some attention has been paid to these matters. Even before the late atrocity, the shocking state of the morals of the

people was frequently adverted to, their desperate restlessness, their increasing suicides, their horrible publications, which seem dictated by the insanity of genius, revelling in combinations of the dreadful, the ludicrous, and the obscene—all these were pointed out, as the frightful signs of the times. Alas! the contagion of their example has spread themselves. We have their novels and their plays, and our boasters of the spread of knowledge, and of liberal intercourse, seem to rejoice in the presence of these destructive excitements. Happily our common people have as yet no taste for the meretricious sentiment of these things, but our cheap theatres in this metropolis, are gradually leading them on to it. As for those a little above them in wealth and station, it is surprising and melancholy to see how their sober British taste is already vitiated. I recollect the numbers who, during the present season, used to crowd to the French theatre to see a piece called *l'Auberge des Adrets*, which was nothing but the clever representation of a series of rascalities and atrocities, intermingled with the dancing, and drinking, and snuff-taking, and witticisms of the perpetrator. It was just like passages in the life of Fieschi, and yet this disgusting representation was not only tolerated, but made the subject of vehement applause. Instead of being hooted from the stage, with just indignation, it was lauded as a most "philosophical" conception and delineation of nature. Should such depravity of taste ever become the characteristic of the many, as there is but too much reason to fear it may, we shall find real crime duped up in the caricature of sentiment—real remorseless crime, mixing itself up with the affairs of life, as it does in France.

But now a few words regarding the consequences of this atrocious affair. Independently of the *sensation*, and lamentations, and congratulations before alluded to, and the grand show funeral, for the expenses of which, by-the-by, a vote of three hundred thousand francs (£12,000) has already been proposed in the chamber, which, for a funeral, is a good round sum. Independently of these, there have been immediate national consequences of great import-

ance to France. The popular zeal in favor of the freedom of the press, which Charles the Tenth thought it necessary to curb, cost that king his crown, while it placed one on the brows of Louis Philippe. The propensity of the favorites of Fortune to kick down the ladder by which they have climbed, has become proverbial; but there are sharper reasons than this, for the hostility which the king has constantly shewn to the instruments of his elevation. Louis Philippe is said to be, by mere politicians, the *cleverest* man in Europe—certainly he is not the most scrupulous. He will suffer no feeling—no inconvenient reminiscence, to stand between him and the accomplishment of an object. He possibly does not forget that the power of the press raised him up, but then he fails not to remember that it pulled his predecessor down, and what it has done once, it *might do* again. A king making power, however useful to the aspirant to a throne, is no very agreeable object of contemplation, once the throne is gained. Louis Philippe has spared no pains to weaken and exhaust the power of the press by continued seizures, and fines, and imprisonments; but this he has found too slow a process, however certain to effect the object in the end. He has, no doubt, been long desiring such a state of affairs in France, as would give him an opportunity and an excuse, for one bold decisive assault upon the press. He was not so much thrown off his guard by the late dreadful attack, as to forget for a single day, that it afforded the occasion for accomplishing his purpose. Accordingly, while the nation was yet in a state of surprise and terror, and lively sympathy, with the king, the crushing *projet de loi* was laid before the public. True it has not yet passed the chambers; but to get it out, and before the public, at such a time, was the grand artifice. Louis Philippe well knows that the chambers are sufficiently manageable, if he can but restrain the *mouvement* of the populace; and he knows that the French populace are not apt to be moved by anything, *upon reflection*. Of the sober satisfaction which belongs to practical, regulated liberty, they have no perception. Their admiration of liberty is a theoretical admiration—

at most it is but an emotion. If they are roused upon the instant, by an act of oppression, represented to them in a striking phrase (for very much depends upon that) they fly to arms, and fight like devils, satisfied that if they die their friends will inscribe "*morts pour la liberté!*" upon their tombs—but no matter what tyranny is established in practice—they are content to bear it, so as it touches not upon their amusements or their *gloire*. The proposed restrictions on the French press are tenfold more severe than those which led to the successful revolt of July, 1830; but pre-occupation, a more rigorous police, and a better preparation of troops, have kept everything quiet.

And yet will every allowance for the thoughtlessness of Frenchmen, and for the absence of such steady attachment to liberty, as long habit has imparted to Britons, it is matter of astonishment, that the government of Louis Philippe, considering its origin, could have had the front to propose such rules and penalties—all offences against the king's person, it is proposed shall incur *detention* (thrusting into gaol) and a fine of from 10,000 to 50,000 francs. For deriding the king's person or authority (making political jokes or caricatures) an imprisonment of from six to twelve months, and a fine of 5000 to 10,000 francs. For any introduction of the king's name, or allusion to him, whether direct or indirect, in discussing the acts of the government, an imprisonment of from one month to twelve, and a fine of from 500 to 5000 francs. This, as Mr. O'Connell lately and elegantly said of some assertion in the House of Commons, this "bangs Banagher." Considering the position that the present King of the French holds in the government, that he is in fact his own prime minister, it may be said to amount to a prohibition of political discussion altogether. It is probable that the clause will be modified by the chambers, and it is very possible that it was put in with the intention of being sacrificed in order to save the rest, and give them an appearance of comparative moderation. There is nothing done *bonâ fide* in France. To nothing almost do they go straightforward—*finess* in the means—*effect* in end, are the objects of their study.

But to proceed with the pains and penalties—for any attack against the principle or form of government established in 1830, or *incitement to changing it*, an imprisonment and fine of from 10,000 to 20,000 francs. For publicly declaring in favor of any other form of government, as the republican, or expressing a *wish*, or *hope*, or threat of destroying the monarchical and constitutional order of government, or suggesting any right to the throne, except that of Louis Philippe and his descendants, an imprisonment is proposed to be decreed of from one to five years, and a fine of 500 to 10,000 francs. On a second condemnation in the same year the maximum of penalties to be doubled, or even four times greater. Any person publicly advertising subscriptions for defraying judicial condemnation, to incur from one to twelve months imprisonment, and a fine of from 500 to 5000 francs. All acting editors of periodical publications must sign the "*minutes*" of each number, on pain of imprisonment from a month to a year, and a fine of from 300 to 3000 francs. If *information*, or rectifications *sent by government* be not inserted, imprisonment from one month to twelve is incurred, and a fine of from 500 to 5000 francs. If, in the event of a prosecution, the conductor of a paper do not disclose the name or names of the writer of the offending articles, he shall incur imprisonment from one to twelve months, and a fine of 1000 to 5000 francs. Whoever shall publish, and put up for sale, drawings, engravings, lithographs, or any emblems whatever *without the previous permission of the minister or prefect*, shall incur a month's to twelve months' imprisonment, and a fine of from 100 to 1000 francs. Lastly, no theatres are to be opened, nor dramatic piece performed, without the previous permission of the minister for the home department, or the prefect.

Can despotism go beyond this?

Yes; for notwithstanding all these penalties there might be acquittal, therefore that is to be guarded against, and another law is proposed, that juries shall deliver their verdict by secret ballot, and that a majority of seven to five shall suffice for a condemnation.

This is pretty well for a "*liberal*" sovereign—a very liberal sovereign,

who was put upon the throne by an insurrection in favour of liberty. These are excellent propositions from a man who tickled the ears of the people when they made him a king, by talking of "a throne surrounded by republican institutions." Whether such discipline as this be necessary for keeping the French in order, I cannot tell, but I doubt not that it is necessary for keeping Louis Philippe on his throne, and *that* is the point to which he looks. Let him grind their faces well, they deserve it all (although not from him), and so little have they of the true sense of national honor, that they will probably be better subjects of a tyrant, than of a moderate and conscientious prince. But how absurd and contemptible, in the eyes of all Europe, must that nation appear, which, after having fought in the streets but five years ago, and established a revolution because of a decree against the press by the reigning monarch, shall now submit to such laws as these from the new king whom they set up? Such a people cannot deserve the name of rational creatures, at least so far as the high concerns of political liberty afford a test of rationality in a people.

As for Louis Philippe, he acts for his own interest according to the position in which he finds himself, without the least let or hindrance from that old fashioned thing (very old fashioned in France) called honesty. He called himself a republican King when *that* was necessary for settling himself upon the throne, and now he resorts to the crushing power of a despot, when *that* is necessary to keep himself upon the throne, and to preserve tranquillity. Except that "honesty is the best policy," one could hardly find fault with the policy of Louis Philippe.

That it was absolutely necessary for the safety and tranquillity of France to put a curb, and a strong one too, upon the licentiousness of the press and of the play-houses, I do most potently believe; but what right has Louis Philippe to do that for himself, which he took the crown from Charles the Tenth for attempting to do? Certainly none; and had he been as honest a man as he is reputed to be clever, he would have retired to the Palais Royal, and called back the elder *zh* to the Tuilleries, as soon as he

found that the government could not go on without greater restrictions on the liberty of the French, than that branch had been expelled for seeking to establish. Had Louis Philippe been an honest man, he would have written to old Charles Capet something like the following—I mean in substance. As to style, the Frenchman should follow his own flourish, I pretend not to know any thing about it. Suppose he had written thus:—My dear old cousin, I now find you were quite right in desiring to put down the ranting ruffians who publish newspapers. While these persons publish the impudence and the lies which they certainly will publish till they are prevented, and while the people are so silly in attending to them, and so headstrong in acting upon their misrepresentations and excitements, there can be no peace or security to the king's government in France. I have discovered this from experience. I see that this nuisance must be put down; but instead of doing it at once by *ordonnance*, as you attempted to do it, I would propose a law to the chambers ten times as strong and severe as anything you ever dreamed of. But since by hook or by crook the thing must be done, no one has so good a right to do it as yourself. I am not so shabby a fellow as to keep a crown from a friend and a relation, after discovering that it was taken from him under a mistake. As for the old ministers, Polignac and the rest, they were a set of ninnies, so I do not bother myself about them; my own set are no great things, but they are more rogues than fools—however, that is nothing to the present purpose; only keep Thiers, if you have a mind to deal with the press seriously; for as he once belonged to it himself, he hates it with all the cordiality of an old friend. But, for yourself, my old hearty, come back here with your interesting family, and I will return to my old quarters, and look after my tenants in the Palais Royal. I do not know how my wife and children may approve of this step, which my regard for honest conduct leads me to take; but I hope they will be reconciled to it, and that you will help me to provide for the children in some respectable way. I remain, my dear old cousin, your's sincerely,

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

I leave it to all Europe, whether this would not have been a million of times more creditable to the present King of the French, than a law which first shows that he has abandoned all the principles in virtue of his supposed adherence to which, he obtained the

throne, and then provides that it shall be a highly penal offence to suggest that any one but himself, or his descendants, have any right to the throne. T.O.R.

St. Giles's, London, August 12, 1835.

ANTHONY POPLAR'S NOTE-BOOK.

OUR CRITICAL TABLETS.

A Popular and Practical Introduction to Law Studies. By Samuel Warren, of the Inner Temple, F.R.S. London, Marshall, 1835.

THIS is a work of which it is almost impossible to speak in terms of too high commendation; to the general reader it is delightful, to the law student it is invaluable. We say to the general reader, for though the work is intended as a guide to the aspirants to the legal profession, and though a great portion of the work is devoted to matters specially interesting to these, there is no man, certainly no young man, be his professional intentions or prospects what they may, who will rise from an attentive perusal of the first six chapters, without being both gratified and instructed. These chapters are devoted to the consideration of the training by which the intellect can be best qualified for the arduous encounters of the legal profession. Much of what they contain is applicable to every aspirant after eminence; almost all the maxims will be profitable to every one. No profession requires a peculiar preparatory discipline from those who are about to enter on its studies—the habits of mental discipline by which the judgment and the reason can be best exercised, are the same for all. The road to distinction may, as we advance in life, diverge into paths as numerous as the goals to which they lead, but up to a certain point all travel together.

Mr. Warren, the author of this work, is already, we believe, generally known as the writer of that splendid series of tales which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine under the title of "Passages from the Diary of a late Physician;" and, apart from any other evidence, there is much in the style

and manner of this volume, to identify him. There is displayed the same knowledge of the workings of the human heart, and there is, in several passages, the same nervous eloquence of thrilling pathos which gave to his tales the powerful and unrivalled interest they possess. Perhaps in the volume we are noticing this last may be rather misplaced; there are sentences that one might very well fancy to belong to some unpublished passage of the physician's diary; but if the introduction of such eloquence be a fault on the part of the author it is one for which we cannot find in our hearts to blame him, and after all the solid and sensible advice which is contained in his book, will not be the less valuable, or the less appreciated, because it proceeds from one who feels intensely, and expresses powerfully, what he feels.

Of the style of which we speak, the following passages present a beautiful specimen—

"Well, then, student, duly meditating upon this most momentous subject, are you really sufficient for these things? Let us first inquire what manner of man you are PHYSICALLY. Can you bear the long confinement and intense application required for the study—to say nothing of the practice—of the law? The question is not whether, with all the confidence, resolution, and enthusiasm of genius, you can go through this preliminary struggle, but can you go through it safely—unscathed, without having ultimately to acknowledge that *here* your health received a mortal shock? What if, while one hand is sowing in your mind the rich seeds of wisdom, the other is scattering those of disease and death in your constitution?—If you cannot, then, answer this first

question satisfactorily, can you yet say whether your pecuniary circumstances will enable you to 'take it easily,' to mitigate the severity, by extending the period of your studies? If these questions cannot be answered affirmatively, either by you or your medical adviser, you must really pause, painful and disheartening as it may be, for life is its stake! Alas, what is the use of your being 'called to the bar,' and to the grave, at the same time?—of completing your library—your copious note-books, and choice 'precedents'—only to give them to others, in the faltering accents, the bitter moments, of a premature death-bed!"

"Perhaps, however, the ambitious student meditates a higher flight; he is eager to enter upon court practice, either at the Equity or Common-Law Bar. Then the first question to be asked, is one all-important. Are his LUNGS equal to the severe task he is about to impose upon them? Of keeping them in almost constant play from morning to night? The Bar requires signal strength in that organ! The question, be it observed, is not whether the voice is strong, flexible, harmonious—though this is a capital point—but whether that on which the voice depends, is to be relied upon. The pipes of an organ may be capable of giving out tones of great power and exquisite richness; but what if the bellows, beneath, be crazy, and give way? Let us ask, then, the student, whether there is an hereditary tendency to consumption in his family, of which symptoms, however slight, have been discovered in himself? Because, if so, coming to the Bar is downright madness. Any honest and skilful medical man will tell him so. It is not the perpetual and often violent exercise of the voice alone; it is the EXCITEMENT, the ceaseless wearing of body and mind, that will kill him, as inevitably as it is encountered and persisted in.

"How frequently is this predisposition the fell attendant upon genius! Supporting it with a precocious energy, flattering and deluding it with a semblance of strength that only accelerates its destruction! What avail the noblest intellect, consummately disciplined, the most brilliant and profound acquirements—a perfect aptitude for business—resplendent prospects—to him whose sun is appointed 'to go down at noon!' 'But does not this apply, with nearly equal force, to all professions?' By no means. At the

Bar, the lungs are in incessant exercise; the consuming fire of excitement is ever kept up by eager, restless rivalry, fed by daily contests, public and harassing; by anxieties that haunt the young lawyer, not during the day only, but also the night. 'We seldom or never, however, hear of such instances as you are speaking of.' Perhaps not; you may not be in the way of it; youth, besides, averts its eye from the dismal spectacle of premature decay, and shuts its ears to the voice of admonition. Nevertheless, such cases occur! but there is an obvious reason for their infrequency amongst those standing in the most conspicuous ranks—the most distinguished and successful members of our profession. They could not have reached their present station, if they had had to fight all along against this fatal tendency. All who have been able to stand so long in the flames, may safely be pronounced fire-proof; whatever other disorders they may be 'heirs to,' *this* is not one of them. No, this cruel fiend early despatches its victims; it larks about the threshold, and strikes them *there*!"

Who is there, familiar with the Diary of a Physician, that would not recognize their author, even in the very arrangement of the capitals?

We regret that our notice of this volume must be limited in space. Many considerations were suggested by its perusal, upon which we would feel it a pleasure to enlarge. Pressed as we are for space, there are some beautiful extracts which we cannot withhold from our readers; beautiful not merely in the language in which the sentiments are conveyed, but, what is far better, beautiful in the justness of the moral feeling that pervades them with a healthful spirit. To every word of the following we give our full and cordial assent:—

"Should, however, any aristocratic idler now enter our profession with a view of finding thereby only a ready access to place and sinecure, we may pretty confidently assure him that he will find himself mistaken. The time for this sort of speculation is gone by. Whatever disposition may exist at any time to create and dispense such patronage as is sought for by these gentry, the vigilance of the bar, thank God, and fearless surveillance of the press, renders success in

such attempts a task of daily increasing difficulty. Legal office, of any kind, can now be rarely obtained, or at least kept, by any one who is not able to discharge its duties; and in order to do so, the candidate must

Doff his sparkling cloak, and fall to work,
With peasant heart and arm;

must forget for a while, grand connexions, fastidious tastes, and fashionable life, and enter himself in the number of those who constitute our *third* class. Nor let him fancy that in doing this, he is 'condescending to men of low estate.' No, indeed; he is entering a stern *republic* in coming to the bar. Nothing will suffer, in its perpetual collisions, but that preposterously short-sighted pride—that leprosy of 'exclusiveness' which blights like a disease some of the inferior and more recent members of the aristocracy, as the hem of a splendid garment is generally most liable to be tarnished and defiled! No magnificent airs of puppyism and presumption will be tolerated at the Bar; in vain are their half-closed eye and curled-up lip brought into play; they are laughed at, and their owner uncereemoniously thrust aside! 'I confess I cannot honour blood without good qualities; nor spare it with ill,' quoth the same stern old bishop already quoted. 'There is nothing that I more desire to be taught, than what is true nobility: what thanks is it to you that you are *born* well? If you could have lost this privilege of nature, I feare you had not been thus farre noble; that you may not plead desert, you had this before you were; long ere you could either know or prevent it; you are deceived if you think this any other than the *body* of gentility: the *life* and *soule* of it is, in noble and virtuous disposition, in gallantnesse of spirit without haughtinesse, without insolence, without scornful overlineasse: shortly, in generous qualities, carriage, actions. See your error, and know that this demeanor doth not answer an honest birth.'"

We had marked for extraction some very prudent advice to young barristers, on the propriety of bearing with good temper the petulance of clients, judges, and leading counsel. We had marked it principally, that we might take the opportunity of bearing testimony to the character of the Irish

bench and the Irish bar, the justice of which every junior Irish barrister will acknowledge with gratitude. To the young Irish barrister the prudent advice of Mr. Warren is unnecessary. It may be well for him to have the forbearance, but he will hardly ever be called on to put it in practice. In no respect, perhaps, is the Irish bar more favorably distinguished from the English than in the treatment which young men respectively experience. With some few honorable exceptions, the senior members of the English bar adopt harshness towards their juniors as their habitual practice, and seem to take a malignant pleasure in crushing, by the mere weight of professional standing, the, perhaps, far superior talents of a rival junior. In Westminster Hall the young man must be prepared to meet with the contemptuous sneer, the ill-natured sarcasm, and the more undisguised, but, perhaps, not less cutting insult of professional rudeness. He will find in every brother barrister one who will crush him if he can, and he must rise in spite of those who have gone before him. In Ireland it is directly the reverse: a young man may calculate upon every member of his profession as a friend; he will find those who are most distinguished, the most ready to assist and encourage his efforts; and we do not hesitate to say, that perhaps the characteristic trait of the demeanour of the Irish lawyer of eminence, whether on the bench or at the bar, is a kindness and forbearance towards his juniors. The following observations are very just:—

"Perhaps it may be safely said that of this division of students, those who have distinguished themselves in mathematics are, *cæteris paribus*, best adapted for the law; but, in fact, *all* of them have undergone such systematic discipline, and evinced such a degree of intellectual superiority, as cannot fail of mastering every difficulty that the law can propose to them. Look at the Bench, and foremost ranks of the Bar, for numerous and splendid instances! How can it be otherwise, where the *inclination* equals the power? He that has been accustomed to wrestle with the difficulties of Newton and La Place, to wind his way through the mazes of algebraic calculation—to work out the profoundest problems of a 'rigid and infallible geome-

try*—cannot be baffled by any of the subtleties and complexities of law. Logic so practical and masterly as his, what difficulties can withstand? What multiplicity distract? If the bow has not been over-bent, the mind and body paralyzed by excessive exertion, men such as these commence their legal career under the happiest auspices; and but few are the considerations of which those of them need be reminded, who select the common law Bar. They will soon discover that a vigorous and well-trained intellect is not alone a passport to success. Those qualities and accomplishments, which, during a long and exclusive devotion to the mathematics, have been too much disregarded, must now be assiduously attended to. Business habits must be acquired—promptitude and decision—the ‘*consulto*’ and ‘*mature facto*’ of Sallust. The young lawyer must hasten out of the silent, distant regions of abstract speculation, where his faculties have been ‘rapt in Elysium,’ and learn to think amid the hubbub of the world, on the spur of the moment, without being obliged to retreat into the study before his thoughts can be collected. * * * ‘Tis useless to tell an attorney, in eager accents of admiration, that Mr. Such-an-one was senior wrangler, and first Smith’s prizeman; nay, even that he is an admirable lawyer; if the unhappy individual is, nevertheless, ‘a dumb dog that cannot bark’—is unable to address a judge or jury without confusion, hesitation, stuttering; at once irritating the court, wearying the jury, disgusting the client, and filling his less generous rivals, not with manly sympathy, but secret exultation. ‘The Cardinal hath a world of wisdom within him, Senor, truly, and with his pen would set the world by the ears: but as for speech, there we heed him not; he is a very poor thing, being in a manner tongue-tied.†’ * * * Men of the description now under consideration, forming sometimes an overweening estimate of their pretensions, of their powers and attainments, are too apt to look with contempt upon means which conduct their inferiors to rapid success. What cares a consummate geometrician, a brilliant classical scholar, about *manner*? Exactly as little, perhaps, as clients, as a jury care about, or will tolerate *him*. * * * Let us

lastly remark, that the student who has but just quitted the scenes of academic distinction, is too apt to be unduly elated. It will require, perhaps, no inconsiderable effort, before the swell of excitement and exultation can be made to subside, before the *facile princeps* of his day can get himself into that calm, working trim which is essential to the advantageous commencement of his professional career.”

We feel particular pleasure in extracting the following passage, in which there is equal wisdom and piety:—

“Then, again, let the student firmly resolve to abstain from his professional or other labours on the sabbath day. We urge not this topic on any religious grounds; those he will find elsewhere than in such a work as this; but purely on those of prudence and expediency. Let him shut up all his books, and put away his papers, on the Saturday night, resolving not to look upon, not to think of them (except in rare cases,) until the following Monday. *His mind must have an interval of rest*; and this day is set apart for such a purpose amongst others, and higher with infinite wisdom and goodness. God forbid that the student should be expected to convert this ‘day of rest’ into one of religious labour-gloom, and uneasiness. The ‘sabbath was made for man, not man for the sabbath;’ but can there be a more just and noble exercise than that of, at least once a day, attending in the house of the God that made him, and will hereafter judge him—ridding himself of the distinctions, purifying himself from the pollutions of worldly thoughts, and cherishing those of devout hope and thankfulness? Is example necessary? Amongst a ‘cloud of witnesses’ may be cited the illustrious Lord Hale, who ‘was so regular in the duties of religion,’ says Burnet, ‘that for six-and-thirty years’ time he never once failed going to church on the Lord’s day!’”

We have already expressed our regret at the brevity of the notice which we can bestow upon this volume. The views of the author are, throughout it, large, liberal, and comprehensive. Its perusal cannot fail to be useful to the

* Dr. Chalmers. See this expression commented upon in *Maxwell's Plurality of Worlds*.

† Don Lopez, a Comedy.

young man preparing himself for any department of public life. There are two faults which we cannot help noticing; one is the multitude of quotations with which the pages are frequently encumbered, two thirds of which at least are unnecessary; the other is a fault which, perhaps, in following out his plan, it was not easy for the author to avoid. He is far too minute and particular in many of his directions with regard to preparatory study. In fact, the fault is, that his precepts assume the appearance of direction and not of advice. Uniformity of mental discipline is absurd—the choice of books, &c., must, in a great degree, be left to each individual's own mind—and the part of an adviser would be to suggest general hints that might assist—not to deliver positive precepts that might control the judgment. To this objection the entire chapter on the formation of a legal character is open. It lays down rules when it ought only to suggest hints. The student who is not competent to guide himself in the minutiae of study will never have brains enough to profit by the course prescribed for him by another. Besides the differences of taste and capability—nay, the very diversities of the deficiencies, which men may find in themselves, render the application of any uniform rule an impossibility. The truth, perhaps, is, that rules to become great, are as useless as they are generally disregarded. Something must, after all, be left to the unaided judgment, and that something is just the most important part. Genius will invent the rules for its own guidance, and no rules will to dulness supply its place.

Of that which we may call the more strictly professional part of this book—it is perhaps sufficient to say—that it manifests an intimate acquaintance with the principles of law—and we have sufficient authority for vouching that the student may depend upon the correctness of the legal information.

Everything which can be necessary to guide the young beginner is here supplied. In no profession, perhaps, has the loss of such guidance been more felt. In Ireland, especially, where the facilities of instruction are very few—and where the young student is altogether thrown upon the acci-

dental advice which may as probably lead him astray as the contrary—in Ireland there is no provision whatever made for legal education—unless, indeed, we except the privilege afforded to law students of access to a library at King's Inns, and the lectures delivered in the University by the professor of Feudal Law. We cannot help saying that in this want the interests of the profession, and consequently of the public, are very much neglected. This, however, is a subject too important to be accidentally discussed. We shall probably take an early opportunity of devoting a separate paper to the state of the Irish Inns of Court, and of the Law School of the University. At present, however, it is more pertinent to our purpose to acknowledge the obligations under which Mr. Warren has placed the law students of both countries by the useful and valuable information with which he has supplied them.

In every sense of the word this is well adapted to be a *popular* work. The eloquence of the composition, and brilliancy of the style, are among the least of its merits. Accuracy and extensiveness of information—drawn from the sources of varied reading—are happily combined with soundness of judgment and discrimination. The author, in a word, is one who, along with natural genius, possesses a mind well stored with knowledge, and who adds to these rare qualities, what is a still rarer and more valuable endowment, COMMON SENSE. And we feel convinced, that even in the few quotations we have been able to present to our readers, they have been able to see enough of unaffected good feeling to satisfy them that his heart is in the right place.

The Descent into Hell; Second Edition, Revised and Re-arranged, with an Analysis and Notes, to which are added Uriel, a Fragment, and Three Odes, by John A. Heraud. London: James Frazer, Regent-street.

Mr. Heraud is not Milton, although some of his critics have been too successful in persuading the poor man that he is his equal. We cannot expect that our humble efforts will be the means of dissipating so fond a conceit in the unfortunate gentleman's mind.

Were it not, indeed, that the expense of printing sometimes makes such fancies dangerous delusions, it might be cruel to make the attempt. His book has, however, come fairly before us, and we will acquit our conscience of any participation in Mr. Heraud's mania, by telling him the simple truth, the responsibility must rest with those whose humbug has originated his mental aberration.

Before we proceed to examine Mr. Heraud's claim to be the successor of Milton, as they are substantiated in the volume before us, we wish to lay down one or two preliminary propositions which we intend to assume as axioms—first, that the use of obsolete and ugly words does not, of itself, constitute poetry; and secondly, that every thing that is unintelligible, is not necessarily sublime.

Let any reader of ordinary intelligence peruse any page of Mr. Heraud's book, (and God knows we bear too sincere an affection to all our readers to condemn any one of them to more,) and we will venture to say, that with the help of these two simple propositions he will be able to strip off Mr. Heraud's pretensions to poetry or sublimity just as effectually as we could. Mr. Heraud has calculated very largely upon the tendency of men to admire every thing that they could not understand, and to this feeling a large portion of his poetry (we use the term for the sake of courtesy) is addressed.

It is but candid here in the very outset to state our opinion that Mr. Heraud might, we believe, have done much better; amid all the pomposity and laboured nonsense of the Descent into Hell, there is occasionally a passage of superior truth and power. In fact, we sometimes are tempted into the belief that if Mr. Heraud could cease to imagine himself Milton, he might, peradventure, be a poet. If he would no longer confound what is unintelligible with what is grand, and if he could divest himself of a little of his attachment to muddy metaphysics, created by an utter confounding of all the systems of philosophy that ever were invented, he might write very respectable, if not superior verses.

The poem is very judiciously prefaced by an analysis of its plan, and we really must avail ourselves of the

author's considerate provision, and refer to this for the explanation of a plan which certainly never would have been discovered from the poem itself. It certainly appeared to us the strangest jumble of unconnected dark sayings that we have ever met with. The author, however, very kindly rectifies our mistake, and proves to us that it is

"A mighty maze, but not without a plan."

The object of this poem is to explain (!!) the doctrine contained in that article of the Apostles' Creed, in which it is stated that our Saviour descended into hell. Mr. Heraud professes, by a poem in the *terza rima* of Dante, to explain this mysterious doctrine, and to correct the mistakes of all the theologians that have ever written upon the subject—what his own views upon the subject are, it is not very easy to divine. Of the mode by which he undertakes to explain them, the introductory analysis must speak for itself:—

"The Poem opens with a prologue, describing Paradise, and the two divisions of Hades, in the course of which the subject is proposed, and concluding with a reference to the Heavenly Jerusalem—the Holy City.

"I. West of the Holy City, over which Hell and Satan are represented as hovering, an innumerable company of saints are assembled in acts of prayer and praise on a mountain, called "the Mountain of Seth." Moses, David, Æschylus, Plato, Socrates, Hesiod, Cyrus, with the Son of Sirach, successively take part in the hymns which compose the Canto. After which the Chorus, consisting of the angelic guardians of heaven, earth, and hades, celebrate the Birth and Death of Man, the Generation of the Messiah, the Creation of Angels, and the Being and Power of God."

Did ever such imaginations enter into the head of any sane man? Hell hovering over Heaven!!! and to the westward of Heaven!!! (for Mr. Heraud understands the points of the celestial compass), a mountain called the Mountain of Seth—why or for what reason we are not told; on this mountain stands a motley group—Moses, David, Æschylus, Plato, Socrates, Hesiod, Cyrus, with the son of Sirach!! who all turn choir boys for Mr. He-

raud's accommodation. This collocation of characters has not even the merit of originality—a collocation of names just as opportunely, and even more humorously brought together, occurs somewhere in "The Groves of Blarney"—we forget the precise passage, but our readers probably will be able to recall it.

This occupies the first Canto. We ought to have said that Mr. Heraud apprises us, that "A dramatic spirit is attempted to be preserved throughout, and each part or act concludes with a choral canto." Now for the scenery and characters of the second part :—

"II. The darkness of Hades, which accompanied the Crucifixion, invests the Hill. Isaiah prays aloud, and expresses his desire to behold the Messiah at this mysterious moment. But now Hades absorbs all the interest of the scene, and appears as described in the prophecy of Isaiah, and illustrated by Lowth and Mandrell. The picture is heightened by images derived from polar scenery, and represents a sepulchre of monarchs and mighty men. Death on his 'pale horse,' as given in the Apocalypse, enters, and in an address to these demigods and desolators, boasts of his power as manifested in the Avalanche, the Tornado, the terrors of the Ocean—Vortices, destructive Tempests, and more fatal Calms—the Volcano, and lastly, the Earthquake which occurred at the Crucifixion, to which, by an easy transition, he now passes, and exults over this last and greatest of his victories. The Phantasm of pale Earth entering Hades, writhing with pain and sorrow, and dissolving in the midst of the sepulchral hall, fitly introduces visions of what was occurring on earth. *Things that appear to us in this world as realities, to that world are but shadows.* The Chorus are engaged in reflections upon the Darkness; their sentiments are of the terrible and sublime, making a question of the existence of Deity itself. Ascending from the abyss of these terrible thoughts to the contemplation of the nature and attributes of God, they swell into a strain of joyful gratulation, and at the conclusion hail the Messiah in celebration of the victory which he has just accomplished."

Here, certainly, is a picture "heightened by images derived from polar scenery, representing a sepulchre of

monarchs and mighty men." By what magic contrivance polar scenery is brought into the sepulchre we are not told, but we suppose this was just as easy to the daring imagination of our poet, as it was to bring "pale earth" into the same place. By the way, we wish the poet would be a little more explicit. We believe he means that the world actually got pale, and walked into the sepulchre (which lies, we suppose, somewhere to the north of heaven, as the picture is heightened by polar scenery,) and overcome by pain and sorrow, burst in the middle of it. This, we opine, to be his meaning : but "pale earth" might really, by vulgar souls who are unaccustomed to such extravagancies, be mistaken to mean white clay. Mr. Heraud, in another passage, anticipates for his inspiration the labour of future commentators, *they* will, we are almost certain, assign this interpretation ; and the dissolution will, no doubt, be understood to imply, that Death and the Kings had turned chemists, and had practised upon a new importation of chalk.

We do not wish to ridicule this poem if we could help it ; the subjects of the ensuing cantos are too sacred to permit us to continue this strain. We wish that the author had felt that they were too sacred to be burlesqued, or rather that his vanity would permit him to feel that he was burlesquing them. There is a very expressive, we are not sure that it is a very classical word, by which the greater part of the cantos might be very aptly designated. If we may venture to employ the term, we cannot better describe them than as *rigmarole*—perhaps we ought to say sonorous and bombastic *rigmarole*. "The Groves of Blarney," from which Mr. Heraud has taken more than one hint, is *rigmarole* ; but then it is light, and humorous, and witty *rigmarole*. Mr. Heraud's is heavy, laboured, and pompous. The pleasant writer of "The Groves of Blarney" talks pleasant nonsense, knows that he talks nonsense, and he glories in it ; the solemn writer of "The Descent into Hell" talks solemn nonsense, and imagines that he is talking very fine philosophy. We have no patience with Mr. Heraud. There is not a stanza that is not stamped at once with

the most arrogant pretension, and with its most abundant refutation. There certainly is not a page in which he does not show you that he thinks himself a genius, while, at the same time, he supplies you with the occasion of laughing at him as a fool. Yet here, perhaps, we are inaccurate; his solemn stupidity hardly permits you to laugh. He seems altogether arrayed in an impenetrable garment of self-complacency, upon which the shafts of the keenest ridicule might fall in vain. He moves about with too monotonous a self-importance to be altogether ludicrous, and the unvaried clumsiness of his awkward pomposity is too tiresome to be amusing.

There is, however, a large number of Mr. Heraud's stanzas which we must except from the censure of absurdity. About two-thirds of the stanzas are merely paraphrases of the different passages of scripture, deformed, however, in general, with grotesque and out-of-the-way rhymes: and in about half of these paraphrastic stanzas the author has adhered so closely to the very letter of his original, that there was no danger of his falling into absurdity. It is quite another question whether this be a legitimate way of cking out a poem. For our own part we liked the hymns of Isaiah, and the psalms of David, just as well in the plain prose of our original translators, as when "done into verse" by Mr. Heraud. The songs of the royal Israelite certainly appear to much better advantage even in the measures of Brady and Tate than in the *terza rima* of the "Descent into Hell."

And yet it is sometimes melancholy to observe how, by the insertion of a single word, he contrives to make a passage cross the narrow limit which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Who would recognise the thrilling pathos, the sublime simplicity of our Saviour's address to Jerusalem in the following:—

Even like the widowed o'er a lover's grave,
Thy desolation he bequept. Yea thine
Whose children under his broad wing's wide
scure,

He willingly had gathered with divine
Affection, as a hen her tender brood,
But thou would'st not—O thou incarnadine.

What brings in the big word with

which this closes, unless the convenience of the rhyme? And what, in the name of all common sense, is the meaning of a *broad wing's wide wave*? Does Mr. Heraud himself know what it means?

We cannot burden our pages with many extracts from this book; and in justice we will not select. We have accidentally opened the volume at the commencement of the sixth canto. It may be a wholesome intellectual puzzle for our readers to decipher the meaning of the opening stanzas. The author appears to have some obscure glimpse of the philosophy of Malebranche; if so, he has succeeded in making mysticism still more mysterious:—

THE DARKNESS.

I. I. O Spirit of the Universe! whereby
Things have intelligible entity,
And are arrayed in glory to man's eye,

And Nature is, because perceived to be;
O thou, unto sad Earth as soul to sense,
Life-giving Light! her graves even yearn for
thee....

Strange echoes in the dreamy gloom commence,
Ancestral ages are unsepulchred,
Old oracles awoken from suspense.

The Life—the Light of men is darkened—
Dark is the lustre of the Seraphim—
The World is silent,—lo, the heavens are dead.

In mere nihility inane and dim,
This wreck of elements anon subsides;
Man hath slain God—Creation dies with him;

Time travels not—and Space no more abides.
Inquire of Night and Chaos. Can ye be,
If God be not? Adore him—Deicides!

If our readers understand this we envy them; the preposterous notion of supposing that in the death of Christ, Deity underwent annihilation, is bad enough of itself, without the utterly unintelligible nonsense in which the poet has thought proper to express this absurdity.

We believe the canto upon which we have happened to exhibit a fair specimen of the philosophy of the whole; so we will go on with it, suspending for the time the operation of the very judicious principle of critical law: "*Sic non vis intelligi non debes legi.*"

I. 2. Thou art not quenched, where Thought is
still enjoyed—
Created Light of uncreated Light!
But even thou wert not, were Mind destroyed;

*Thy heavenly radiance thou dost reunite :
Unto its origin, in the obscure
Of the Eternal Being hidden quite.*

—Let the Almighty only sleep, no more
Motion and Time revolve. Their sweet com-
cents

Both Heaven and Earth suspend ; all tasks are
o'er :

The Watchers languish in their guardian tents ;
Nature's heart pauseth, in whose pulse we live ;
And Man doth slumber with the Elements.

Should he wax weary or old ; the land would
rive,

In arid clefts, and yawning gulpha disclose
Tartarean mysteries for the sky to strive,

But that th' unconscious stars, in blind repose,
Like some fair scroll's illumined characters,
Wrinkled with *eld*, were darkling ere they rose.

And lo, the once Almighty voice deters
Ocean no more, far spooming, huge and wild ;
But his dull weeds stagnate our Sepulchrea.

—And might he die ;—would He die like a child
Of Earth, and perish from his Universe ?
Nay, it from him would perish first ; exiled.—

I. 3. With the great Sun and Moon and rolling
Spheres,

Swifter than a god's thought, precipitate,
Luoed from his Providence, it would disperse

Into the abyss of Chaos, ruinate—
And Chaos' self be not. Not on the wreck
Of the demolished Earths, the expiring state

Of the Heaven of heavens, as from a courier's
neck

Elanced, sheer o'er destruction's brink, shall
He,

With his sublime despair, haste on, and deck

The end of all. Time, Space, Eternity,
Shall pass away, Darkness and Death be gone ;
They perish from his presence utterly,

They leave him in his solitude alone ;
'Till unimaginable doom obscure,
Delete, annihilate, the Essential one.

The imagination is certainly more
daring than sober that can thus expa-
tiate upon the wild and absurd con-
tingency of the annihilation of Deity.
We believe that something like this
was represented among the blasphem-
ies of the French stage. We are
very sure that Mr. Heraud did not
mean to be irreverent ; but certainly
the most monstrous speculations of pro-
fanity never invented anything so ab-
surd as the stanzas we have quoted.

All this, be it remembered, is in-
tended as an explanation of the passage
already quoted from the Apostles' Creed.
We trust that our theological
readers are marvellously enlightened.

Let us hear Mr. Heraud in the Ana-
lysis. The information contained in
the first sentence of the following is
certainly very necessary.

“ When I undertook to write a poem
upon this subject, I knew what I was
about. I was perfectly conscious that the
subject would be misunderstood, and that,
whatever merits the poem might possess,
they would be mistaken or denied. I was
also prepared for derision from those low
churchmen and sectarians who held the
doctrine itself in derision. But I felt
also that by writing, with theological ac-
curacy, a poem in which the symbols of
holy writ (a fund of imagery strangely
neglected by Christian poets) should be
brought into distinct consciousness, I
should be serving the interests of the
Church. The doctrine has been long
misunderstood by the popular mind, as
referring to the place of torment only :
by many Protestant prelates and clergy-
men of the Church of England it has
been so misunderstood. By drawing out,
in a dramatic poem, in a symbolical man-
ner, a correct representation of this great
religious truth, an impression of the true
doctrine will be stamped, in a way which
will not be likely to be forgotten. If my
poem live, (as, from the high literary
authorities who have testified to its merits,
I have a right to believe it may,) it will
utterly preclude the possibility of the doc-
trine being again mistaken through igno-
rance or involuntary error.”

This is pretty well in the way of
egotism. Let us look to his modest
comparison of himself with Milton. A
page onward, he thus writes :—

“ The re-arrangement and revision to
which this poem has been subjected was
undertaken for improving its general con-
struction, and also for the correction of a
fault in the opening cantos as it originally
stood. These were of too daring and am-
bitious a character to occur so early in
the work. Milton's *Paradise Lost* is
chargeable with a similar impropriety,
which, with some critics, has had the ef-
fect of exhausting interest in the poem,
by the almost superhuman efforts dis-
played in the commencement, and which
it was beyond mortal power to continue
to the conclusion.”

What a happy talent Mr. Heraud
has for odd combinations of names—
David and Eschylus—the son of Sirach

and Hesiod—Milton and Heraud; and both of the last pair are fellows in a fault—the glorious fault of commencing “with almost superhuman efforts.”!!

We have already spoken of the future commentators whom Mr. Heraud anticipates for his poem. The following is the passage in which he predicts their labours:—

“Like the intellect, poetry also is itself an inspiration. This is a subject not well understood. Inspiration is properly the antithesis to learning. The learned man acquires his knowledge from the evidence of others; the inspired man speaks from his own. Agitated, from whatever cause, with inexperienced feelings and emotions, he gives expression to them in whatever form they assume. Truths, thus for the first time uttered, affect hearers, in whom they have lain dormant but not dead, with similar emotions, and though recognised, by force of man's common nature, as revelations of their own being, yet surprise by their novelty; while the power of expression thus manifested is esteemed (and rightly) to partake of divine energy and influence. Equally strange to the utterer as to the hearer, neither has any control over passion so strongly excited, and both appear as possessed with an overmastering spirit of enthusiasm. Familiarity, however, with the oracular voice will restore the mind to its equilibrium. Then Reason asserts dominion over the accessions and issues of ecstasy, though sacred and veritable, and promulges the important law, ‘that the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets.’ Thus submitted to reflection, the violence is restrained, and, at length, the rapture of a communication, no longer extraordinary, discouraged and extinguished.—Anon, the revelations made become materials for learned interpretation, and next for controversy, until, finally, the result of arguments upon their meaning is substituted for the original documents themselves. Thus, as Bishop Horsley remarks—‘The Word of wisdom and the Word of knowledge were to the first preachers instead of learning: in these latter ages, when the Spirit no longer imparts his extraordinary gifts, learning is instead of them.’”

We must have done. We have spoken of Mr. Heraud's work in a strain which some may consider harsh. We would be glad if we could speak of his labours (for industry is, perhaps,

his only unquestionable merit) in another tone. Had he been less presuming, we might have passed him by unnoticed: but, at a time when so many charlatans pass for great men, by pretending to be so, it is the duty of those who profess to be, in the capacity of critics, the guardians of the purity of literature, to omit no opportunity of chastising insolence of pretension. We only wish that Mr. Heraud had chosen some less sacred theme. It pains us to see the grand and yet simple mysteries of divine truth distorted into every extravagant shape in which they may be seen through the medium of bewildering and mystical metaphysics. There is but one excuse suggests itself for Mr. Heraud: he himself supplies us with the hint. In the following passage he lays down a doctrine in which he is directly at issue with the often-quoted opinion of Festus:—

“If learning be necessary to the religionist, more especially is it necessary to the religious poet. For every poet is an enthusiast. *To preserve the religious poet from madness, and to prevent him from making others mad also, learning and science are indispensably necessary.*”

Now, supposing that we were to side with Festus in the controversy, and believe that much learning does sometimes drive the religionist mad; or that, agreeing with Mr. Heraud in his theory, we were yet to imagine him not possessed of the necessary quantum of learning to act as a preservative; upon either of these suppositions we might supply a very feasible excuse for Mr. Heraud's extravagances.

We have already said that there are some passages of great power. We wish that they were more, and that they were not so completely lost in the bewildering whirlpool of extravagant conceptions with which the poet has surrounded them.

Apparent nari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Perhaps we attach too much credit to these occasional displays of poetic power. We question if any man of ordinary talents—and Mr. Heraud is decidedly more than this—under the influence of the most exciting of all passions, inordinate self-esteem, could write 274 closely-printed pages of bom-

bast, without occasionally happening upon the sublime. Mr. Heraud's book exactly verifies Horace's description—

*Cujus velut ægri somnia, vane
Finguntur species.*

The fantastic imaginings of the Descent into Hell are really not unlike the strange dreams that physicians tell us are sometimes symptomatic of dyspepsia. The greatest geniuses are not above being affected by the influence of that very necessary organ the stomach. Even Bonaparte is said to have

lost a battle from labouring under a fit of indigestion. We really should not be much surprised to discover that Mr. Heraud has been in the habit of eating highly seasoned suppers, and that these pages contain the record of his dyspeptic dreams, in which the phantasies of an ardent imagination, combining with the gross vapours of an overloaded stomach, might occasionally shape themselves into the sublime, but far oftener assume the appearance of the grotesque, the ludicrous, and the absurd.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

WE cannot permit this number of the *Dublin University Magazine* to go forth to the public without recording in our pages the visit of the British Association to the metropolis of Ireland. It had been our intention to have presented our readers with a full report of the proceedings, and we had actually made our arrangements for carrying this intention into effect. Upon consideration, however, we determined that we might occupy our pages with more interest to our readers than by devoting a large portion to the report of scientific discussions unintelligible to the generality of our readers, and perhaps in the meagre and condensed shape in which we would have been obliged to present them, uninteresting to all.

As Irishmen, we cannot but feel proud that this meeting of the Association has been distinguished above all others by the excellence of the arrangements made for the reception of the visitors. The liberality both of the University and other public bodies, as well as of private individuals, left nothing undone that hospitality could suggest to minister to the comfort of those who seemed to be considered as national guests. We could very easily perceive that many of the strangers left our shores with impressions of Ireland very different from those which they brought with them. We have always believed, that, as respects the general intelligence and information of its members, the tone of society is much higher in Dublin than in any other city in the world. We would not even except the metropolis of the empire or the boasted Athens of the north. It was with national pride that we perceived that the strangers who visited us during the last month felt this. We had a feeling perhaps somewhat more malicious than national pride in the consciousness that the members of the English Universities, who came over here with exaggerated notions of the superiority of Oxford and Cambridge, over our own Alma Mater, were a little humbled during their stay, and were surprised to find the least ostentatious members of our Irish University, certainly their equals, if not their superiors.

This much we have written as Irishmen, and here perhaps we should stop. We cannot, however, conceal our conviction that for the purposes of the advancement of science the Association is little better than useless. It gives scientific men, or men who call themselves scientific, a week of pleasuring at the expense of three weeks' idleness, but it does nothing more. It has created scientific, as we have already had religious dissipation. Experimental philosophy may, perhaps, be served by it; and yet even here it can do nothing which might not be, which has not been much better done by the more useful scientific bodies who, content with being stationary, do not roam through the empire in the search of celebrity.

It is, however, perhaps, a necessary consequence of the spirit of the age; but

God knows we are no worshippers of that spirit. We cannot, however, but feel apprehensive when we find that even the still pursuits of science are, we must say, desecrated by the love of excitement and the desire of display. It is another triumph of the principle of the march of intellect, a principle which *re-tetigit non polluit*—may we not now add *nihil non tetigit*—to speak plainly of verses the dreams of the alchymists and turns the fine gold into dross—*nihil quod* the principle of humbug—the principle of penny magazines and mechanics institutes—the principle of sacrificing what is solid to what is showy—and spreading the waters of knowledge over a large surface without caring how shallow they may be.

The Association, we prophesy, will soon see its end. Its principle of existence is excitement, and with the novelty the excitement will subside. We do not, however, wish to contribute to a consummation which will come without our interference. It needs not “the serpents the reviewers” (as we, of the gentle craft, were somewhat unceremoniously named by its worthy secretary) to destroy it. We rejoice, however, that it has lived long enough to visit Ireland—we rejoice that its visit to this island has been marked by so many traits that confer honor upon our country and our countrymen. We rejoice in any thing that can confer honor upon “ould Ireland,” and so having said enough, perhaps some will think too much upon a subject which we could not pass over in silence—we will leave the “savans” and the Association to go their ways in peace—and we will return with a good heart and an honest purpose to our own labours—labours that though we may say it, “that should not say it,” will do more than fifty thousand British Associations to make that same “ould Ireland

“What she ought to be,
Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea.”

ANTHONY POPLAR.

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CHAPTERS OF COLLEGE ROMANCE.

By E. S. O'BRIEN, Esq. A.M.

CHAPTER IV.—THE BILLIARD TABLE.

ONCE more I take up my pen to note down from my almost forgotten memoranda, another of those narratives of the feelings and lot of the young, which, alas! appear, as I proceed, to be but the records of youthful waywardness and folly. I say my almost forgotten memoranda; for many years have passed since first I put upon paper the hints that might remind me of scenes and circumstances that even then were fading from my recollection, as the cares and the duties of busy life were rendering more and more indistinct the reminiscences of my youth: and now, as I turn over the pages of my manuscript book in which I had inscribed them, how many scenes are recalled that I had almost forgotten—how many friends and companions, of whom I had almost ceased to think! And as I muse upon these tablets, many a face that was once familiar, rises up before me, and seems to gaze upon me as it did long ago; and for a minute I forget that time has wrought its change since the days whose image I can thus fetch back; and those who were the friends of my youth, are now my friends no more; many of them have gone to that grave where even friendship is forgotten, and others—

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But why should I give way to such thoughts? All is changed; I am changed myself—changed even since I wrote down the sketches which I now attempt to fill up—far more changed since the time when I was an actor or a witness in the scenes which, with the aid of these sketches, it is now a melancholy pleasure to retrace.

My reader will, perhaps, pardon me if I thus venture to give utterance to feelings that, alas! arise unbidden in my breast. The chapter that I have chosen as my next, is a sad—it may be, perhaps, a useful one. If there be among the young, whose light and careless eye may glance over these pages—one whose attention is arrested by the words with which I have headed this chapter; if there be one to whom THE BILLIARD TABLE comes as a familiar sound—one who is just yielding to the seductive fascinations of gambling, without knowing the vortex into which he is insensibly drawn; if he is beginning to devote his evenings, perhaps his mornings, to what he may call a quiet game at billiards; if he has ventured occasionally upon a small bet—and if, in the excitement of loss or the exultation of success, he has been

2 D

tempted to hazard a larger stake, and has felt a deeper interest in the issue—let him pause, let him no longer excuse himself with the plea that he is moderate in his play. Every gambler has thus begun, and many a gambler has commenced his career of ruin by a quiet game of billiards. If, reader, you be still hovering on the verge of destruction—if you have already begun to frequent the billiard-room, believe me that you are in danger. The sad experience of many will testify that the billiard-rooms that infest every city, are but, as it were, so many entrances to the hell of infamy to which they lead—so many porches built around the dark temple in which the foul fiend of gambling, in all its terrible potency, is enshrined. Were the doors of *THAT* temple thrown open, more could enter; but there is a porch prepared, into which the unwary may be drawn, and they learn to linger there a while; and they are, as it were, prepared for the more terrible scenes that are enacted within. But, alas! the transition is too easy; a door opens from each porch, by which, after a little period of initiation, the victims are admitted to the foul rites of the inner shrine. Some may escape; but how many never turn back until they come with shattered fortunes and ruined souls! It may be, that in the porch you may see but little indication of your neighbourhood to ruin; but still there is a door that leads straight from the spot where you stand to destruction. Every billiard-room is such a porch: the very atmosphere you breathe is tainted; the passage to the darkest, the foulest, the most dishonorable mysteries of gambling is close behind you; the priests of the temple lurk around to drag you down that passage, from which you never will return; sharpers are watching your unguarded moments; “arise and depart—this is no place for you; it will destroy you, even with a sore destruction.” Oh, that my words could reach every young man who does not see the danger of the billiard-table! Oh, that I could present to every inci-

pient billiard player the sad history I am now about to indite.

Do not imagine that I am preparing a tale to inculcate a moral. No; I am but relating that which happened. You will perceive, as I proceed, that I am presenting you with a narrative of events, many of which do not add to the force of the *lesson* I desire to convey. I confess, the moral I wish to be drawn from what I write is, the danger of venturing at all upon gambling: it is playing with poison—it is like amusing one’s self by running into a poisoned atmosphere. This is the lesson I wish my narrative to convey; but I feel that, by colouring the facts which I relate, by suppressing something of the truth, I might make that lesson stand out in more bold and terrible distinctness. But the business I have proposed to myself, is simply to relate facts; and God knows that, even as they did occur, there is enough to appal the stoutest heart from the accursed fascinations of the gambling table.

Edmund Connor was the only child of a gentleman who had amassed a considerable property in mercantile transactions. At the age of eighteen, Edmund entered the University. Shortly after this, his father’s death left him heir to about twelve hundred a year. By the somewhat curious conditions of his father’s will, his guardians were to allow him three hundred a year until the period of his graduation, when he was to come into the full possession of his inheritance; the balance, in the interim, was one half to go to a distant relation, and the other half to be paid into the funds of a charitable institution in the vicinity of Dublin.*

I had been acquainted with Mr. Connor some time before his death. I was senior by a few years in standing, to Edmund; and I believe that he originally attached himself to me from a feeling which I have observed to be very prevalent among those who have just entered college—a desire to be much in the society of those whose seniority gives them an academic rank

* I do not know whether this may suggest any clue by which the real name of the subject of this story may be detected. There is one of the trustees of this institution who will, I am sure, recollect the circumstance of the receipt of £450 for five years. But he is already acquainted with all the particulars.

superior to their own. In the eyes of a glib, (I believe my academic readers will still understand the term,) a sophister is quite a respectable being, and he naturally desires to be his associate. It is but a modification of the same feeling that prompts the country gentleman to be a parasite at the table of the duke, and the duke to be a loiterer in the court of a king.

For about two years after Edmund's entrance, all went on smoothly. He was a young man of good, although not extraordinary talent; and he pursued his academic course with some honor. It was at the end of this time that I began to know him better. I found in him many, very many qualities to love. It is strange that it was just about the same time that his own folly chequered his path in life, with the events that may, perhaps, serve to make his history a lesson.

He and I were both in the habit of visiting at the house of a family of the name of Jephson. The Jephsons were not very distant relations of my own. My intimacy with Edmund created, perhaps, an additional intimacy between my friend and my relations. I did not mean to put the words in the antithesis in which I have placed them: but let it be; friend and relation are very, very different words; "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The Jephsons were, however, relatives whom I never could look upon as friends: they were, in every sense, people of the world. They occasionally gave fine entertainments, as often as a good, although not a splendid, fortune would admit; they drove a handsome carriage, and subscribed to all the charity balls that were got up under fashionable patronage. Hence they had the character of being a peculiarly amiable family, and their acquaintance was eagerly sought after even in the circles which the frequenters of them, with the tacit consent of the rest of the world, call the best.

My aunt—for so she insisted on my calling her, although I did not stand in quite so near a relationship as her nephew—my aunt was a busy, active, and somewhat pompous woman; with very little intellect, she really was what is called an excellent manager. I had the good fortune to obtain some premiums in my division, and I had

made one or two foolish speeches in the Historical Society, of which a favorable account had been carried to the Jephsons. This made me a prime favourite with the whole family. Mrs. Jephson immediately set me down as a Fellow of College and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and took every opportunity of commending those great abilities which she fancied I must possess. Years have now gone by, and I am neither a Fellow nor Lord Chancellor, but an obscure and humble individual, whose existence is of consequence to no one but myself, and even of little to myself. The vanity of youth has found its corrective in the sad experience of life; and now I may confess, that this flattery, although sometimes I was too sensible of its ridiculousness not to be annoyed, yet was pleasing. I am, however, speaking of a time previous to that at which my narrative properly commences. I was beginning to outgrow my vanity at the period when Edmund Connor became intimate with the Jephsons. It was when first I entered College, when I fancied that a January premium necessarily stamped its possessor as a man of genius, that I listened with pleasure to my aunt's panegyrics upon my talents. With a strange inconsistency, her opinion of myself was the only one of her opinions on which I set any value; and I really imagined that when I was sent to walk with my cousins, as was not unfrequently the case, they had imbibed so much of their mother's spirit as to feel proud of walking with so distinguished an individual.

This, perhaps, was but the natural vanity of a young man; it soon passed away, and I learned to contemplate my relatives in their true characters, without being dazzled by their flattery. I believe that there is nothing so likely to conciliate your good opinion of others, as to find that they either entertain, or profess to entertain, exaggerated notions of yourself. "A gift," says Solomon, "perverteth the wise;" and what gift so pleasing to the vanity of the human heart as that one which, after all, costs least to offer—*FLATTERY*. You cannot judge impartially of those who have judged favourably of you; the smoke of the incense which they offer you, rises up between you and

them, and you see them through the coloured medium of that cloud, with all their good qualities magnified, and all their imperfections dimmed.

There was one trait in Mrs. Jephson's character which it required no great penetration to discover; she had an overweening and ill-concealed desire to make for her daughters what she called good matches; that is, matches with men who might have plenty of money, and keep up a fashionable appearance. To effect this desirable object, she spared no pains, and, indeed, she had admirably trained the young ladies themselves to assist her in her intrigues. Many "a net had been spread" for some rich old or young "bird" by Caroline, the eldest daughter; but hitherto "it had been spread in vain." I remember one occasion upon which she had thought herself quite sure of a very eligible prize—a half-pay captain of dragoons, with a large fortune and one eye. He had been her partner two or three times at balls; he had then become a constant visitor at the house. My aunt, having made all due inquiries as to his fortune and connexions, had directed poor Caroline to encourage him, and, like an obedient daughter, she obeyed: she played for him—she showed him her drawings: the captain professed the most unqualified admiration of her accomplishments. Mamma contrived to leave the lovers alone together. The captain looked very awkward, and sighed: Caroline was quite sure he was just going to take her hand in his, and was preparing her cheek to blush, according to the most approved fashion, when one of her brothers most unseasonably entered the room. Alas! alas! for male constancy and female hopes! Three days after this interesting interview was thus unfortunately interrupted, the news was brought to poor Caroline that the captain had gone off with his own cook. I confess I was wicked enough to enjoy the confusion this intelligence created in the camp, where, I fear, my readers will suspect me of acting as a spy. Caroline went into a species of hysterics, and abused the captain as a vile man: my aunt, however, who did not wish for her daughter the dangerous reputation of *having been jilted*, took a much wiser

course; she immediately issued cards for a large party, at which Caroline appeared particularly gay; and it was whispered in *confidence* to two or three of the most talkative old dowagers of her acquaintance, that "poor Captain S—— was very much to be pitied; he had proposed for Caroline, who had indignantly refused him; and, driven to madness by her cruelty, he had made the rash step which had been the cause of so much conversation. Perhaps," added my aunt, as she lowered her voice to a confidential whisper, to an old lady to whom she told the story, "perhaps, to tell the truth, Caroline was to blame; she too much encouraged his attentions at first; but then you know girls will do these things." My aunt did not certainly place her daughter in the most amiable light, and I thought her very silly: but I was mistaken; for a speculation in the matrimonial market—a young lady would be less injured by the fame of having jilted ten lovers, than the disgrace of having been jilted by one. My aunt also made it a particular request of me that I would endeavour, without appearing to do so, to explain the matter wherever I could.

Time, however, passed on, and years grew upon Caroline; and she was just verging on that period of life at which young ladies can first realize to themselves the disagreeable possibility of their becoming old maids. Her mother's anxieties were, of course, redoubled, even though they were now divided with her sister Letitia, who was now of an age to occupy a portion of her mother's matrimonial diligence. It is time for me, perhaps, to introduce those two young ladies to my readers. Caroline, the eldest, was not handsome; she had, however, a fashionable appearance, and a good figure; she had the reputation of possessing some wit, although, I confess, I never could find it out. She was very much admired as a performer upon the piano-forte, and her singing certainly was very correct, as far as the notes were concerned. I could never enjoy her singing or playing; because, although she appeared to throw a great deal of feeling into her voice, it generally happened that she was most pathetic when the words least required it. However, good judges admired her performance

very much; and not having any great beauty to boast of, she was generally known as the amiable and accomplished Miss Jephson.

Letitia, who was some six or seven years younger than her sister, was really a pretty, and, if she had been well brought up, she would have been a nice girl. She had delicate features, pale complexion, and golden ringlets hanging down about her face. Poor thing, she had naturally some feeling; but her mother and sister used to laugh at every instance of its exhibition, and so she became as cold-hearted and fashionable as her sister. Caroline did her best to keep her in the back ground; and although she had no pretensions to her beauty, and very little to her sense, the elder sister generally contrived, by the dashingness of her manner, to engross the attention of the company. Mrs. Jephson was not much displeased at this, as she, of course, was most anxious to get Caroline off her hands. Such was the state of things when Edmund Connor began to be intimate at the house. Caroline was busily engaged in laying siege to the heart of a half madman, half fool, who fancied himself an enthusiastic admirer of her musical powers. Letitia was occupied most of the day in practising on the harp, for which, naturally, she had not the slightest taste, but to which she was condemned for eight hours a day. The time of her confinement had been originally twelve; but the poor girl got a pain in her chest, and the medical man who was consulted, having recommended air and exercise, her mother reluctantly consented to cut down her practising to eight. Indeed she did not even consent to this reduction until she ascertained that such constant application would injure her complexion beyond the power of cosmetic washes to restore.

Edmund Connor had much of enthusiasm in his disposition, perhaps more than was consistent with steadiness of conduct, certainly more than was consistent with the possession of prudence. He had mixed little, very little in the world; and there was about Letitia Jephson an affectation of fashionable refinement, that exterior deportment which some call polish, which always has its fascinations for

the inexperienced. He had not known her long before I perceived that he regarded her with peculiar feelings. His eyes followed her through the crowded drawing-room. If she played, he was always standing behind her, sometimes venturing to turn over the pages of the music, but oftener gazing on her without either uttering a word or moving. He sometimes contrived to sit next her; but in her presence he hardly ventured on a word of conversation, and yet he would still sit by her and appear happy in her neighbourhood, while he yet absolutely appeared to want courage to talk to her.

I watched him closely. I had even then formed a habit in which I found amusement—that of studying human nature in every modification of circumstance or character under which I might have an opportunity of observing it. It is a habit of which I have never divested myself; but, alas! it is one, in pursuing which I have found more pain than amusement. I was then, however, a novice, and like all novices, an enthusiast in the occupation. But I feel that I am too fond of talking of myself: I wished, however, to account for the accuracy of my observations. The fact was, I made them as a matter of curiosity. My study was human nature, and I lost no opportunity that might assist my investigations.

There was, however, another who watched the indications of Edmund's incipient passion with no less attention, and, perhaps, more interest than I did—one whose speculations upon its progress were not so purely theoretical. My readers may understand me to mean either the young lady herself or her mother: in either case they will not be astray. The former was, perhaps, the first to perceive that she had made "a conquest;" the latter was not slow in deciding that it might lead to an eligible settlement. Edmund had a good property; he had then a good character. His reputation for talent was very far beyond what he deserved; *he had money to spend, and in College he found many to speak well of him.* Mrs. Jephson at once concluded, that with his independent fortune and fair prospects at the bar, for which he was preparing, he would

be a desirable match for Letitia, and she promptly determined that no remissness should stand in the way of her daughter's interest. Edmund was accordingly invited frequently to the house, and Miss Letitia put in practice all those little arts which are often, in similar instances, successful, but which, perhaps, in the present were unnecessary. Edmund, I believe, loved her with an ardent and enthusiastic admiration. I know that the casuists of love have said that it is easier for a woman to win a lover than to retain him; but I, in my simplicity, as I watched Letitia's complicated movements, could not help thinking that it was an unnecessary display of coquetry to employ artifice towards one who had already yielded to her the spontaneous homage of a generous and confiding heart.

But I am not about to present my readers with the details of a fashionable flirtation; and yet, in calling it so, I am doing one of the parties injustice. Edmund Connor loved, loved deeply; but then at least his love was not returned. It was a strange thing to see him thus squandering all the young affections of his heart upon one who thought of them but as they affected her interest. It was strange to see the deep devotion of his soul contrasted with the cold and calculating selfishness of her who valued him not for what he was, but for what he possessed: it was a picture that had the lights and shadows of the human heart; it was just the development of the two great principles that set all life in motion, and actuate the generous or the prudent deeds of men. There was selfishness and feeling—romance and prudence. But we must soon turn another page in Edmund's history, and we will find the next a darker one.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," is an obsolete, but yet, perhaps, a wise prayer. I am not sure that fortune is an advantage to a young man. In my last chapter I was called on to paint the ills of poverty—to describe a noble spirit crushed by the influence of want—a mighty heart made sick by that hope that is long deferred—a proud mind smitten to the earth, and sinking exhausted by its struggles with the *cruellest* of all antagonists, WANT;

and now I am speaking of one who was nursed in the lap of prosperity, and one to whom fortune had been kind; and yet it would seem as if, to the young man, her smiles were as fatal as her frowns. If the young man whose companion is poverty, must bear with the contempt of a heartless world, must endure that which David felt long ago, when he said that "his soul was exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease"—ah! there are trials of another kind around the paths of the rich—the flatterer to lead astray—the seductions of pleasure to entice—the sharper to entrap.

Edmund became intimate, I know not how, with a young man of the name of Nolan. Nolan was a man who, without a patrimony or any visible means of support, contrived to spend money as if he were a man of fortune. He was unquestionably a man of some talent, and in manner and address a perfect gentleman. As a companion he was almost fascinating: there was a brilliancy about his conversation that made the time pass quickly in his society; and if you could forget that which was but too manifest—that he was straining after display, and anxious to show off his own superiority, real or fancied—you could not have a more agreeable companion of an idle hour; but he was nothing more. With a vast deal of pretension, both to information and originality, he knew little, and he had thought still less. His information was all superficial, and his most pointed observations flippant; and though an assurance of manner gained him, with all who knew him but little, the reputation of talent, as did an affectation of sentimentality, that of a man of feeling—the more you knew of him, the more you discovered the shallowness of his intellect and the hollowness of his heart. He prided, or affected to pride himself very much on his punctiliousness of honour—that monstrous anomaly, a gambler's honour! for Nolan was a gambler; and unless report erred very far, it was the gambling-table that supplied him with those sums which he spent, without having any legitimate means of procuring them. Indeed his constant attendance at the billiard-tables where he was always seen playing for

large bets, was, even without the hints that rumour spread of darker doings, sufficient to justify the surmise, that he nearly, if not altogether, depended upon this comfortable and reputable source for his support.

With this man Edmund contracted an intimacy, and his new friend was not slow in introducing him to the employments which formed the chief occupation of his own time. He became his instructor in billiard playing, and Edmund made a progress that shewed him an apt pupil. When he saw me, he was always full of accounts of his rapidly improving skill at the game which he described, and I believe justly described, as most fascinating. "He liked it," he said, "because it was not a game of chance, and it combined exercise with amusement. The principles of the game, too, were strictly scientific; the rules that determined the impulse and rebound of the balls, were all matters of mathematical investigation." I told him that I knew all that, but that he might find them all in his books with less trouble and more precision: at the time, I suspected that his devotion to the study was rather that of a gambler than a mathematician.

I do not know whether I should relate here a circumstance which occurred to myself. It is, perhaps, scarcely worth repeating; and yet, trifling as was the occurrence, it is one upon which I often have reflected with gratitude to Providence. Our destiny often turns upon little things; and I cannot help thinking that the circumstance which I am about to relate, may have been the means of saving me from a fate as dark as any that in these pages I may describe. Persuaded by Edmund's solicitations, I consented to accompany him to the billiard-table one evening, and to learn to play. I remember well the feelings with which I went. I had been brought up with a horror of billiard playing. An uncle of mine had devoted all his time to it—had become the best billiard player in Europe—and had died a beggar. I believe my poor father would rather have seen his son a Jesuit or a rat-catcher than a billiard player. It was no wonder if I inherited or imbibed something of his aversion. I was very

unwilling to comply with Edmund's request: he laughed at me; he said that every thing in excess was vicious; but I would not refuse to take a glass of wine after dinner, because my great grandfather had died in a fit of drunkenness. It might have been very natural in my father to have disliked billiard-playing; but it was mere superstition in me to suppose that I must be heir to all his aversions. My poor father had not left me much else to be heir to. I suffered myself to be overcome by his argument, although, indeed, I was not convinced by his reasonings. I accompanied him to a billiard-room which he had told me had been just set up by a very honest man, and which he and Nolan had determined to patronize, because it was quiet, and frequented by but few. It was about an hour after nightfall, of a lovely moonlight night in April, that we went out together. I say I remember well my feelings: the soft huzz of the moonlight was shed upon the streets as we went along; and I knew not why, I fancied that its peacefulness, as it seemed to slumber upon the flags and the houses, was a reproach to me. I could not divest myself of the persuasion that I was doing wrong—a persuasion which, perhaps, was altogether disproportioned to the reality, at least the apparent reality, of the occasion. But who can calculate the strange and unhidden emotions of the human heart? who will dare to say, that in the deep workings of the human spirit, starting as it does into mysterious emotion where nothing seems to call them forth, there may not be a something that communes with remote events, and unseen contingencies of which there is no other indication than the mental disturbance that they mysteriously excite?

We struck off—street, and went a short way down a narrow alley, which led us into a small square or court. The court was so small that the high houses altogether hid the moonlight; and the upper stories of the houses on the side fronting the moon, throwing back her beams in a thousand lustrous and diamond-like reflections, from the panes of glass in the windows, formed a strange contrast with the deep shadow

which the rest of the court was wrapped. On the dark side of the court there was a door standing open; over it a candle placed in a glass receptacle so dimmed with grease and dirt as almost to render it opaque, or, at least, to give it the appearance of a dark lanthorn, shed down on the entrance a dull and ambiguous light. Through this door we entered; a short passage with boarded sides, led to another door covered over with green baize. Edmund pushed this open, and my eyes were dazzled with a strong glare of light; and I found myself in the billiard-room.

I remember still the appearance of the room; my own feelings magnified everything into an importance that fixed it on my memory. At one end of the room there was a fire-place; near this sat a little, ill-looking man, who was to act as marker; a large fire was burning in the grate; an individual stood with his back to it, apparently wishing merely to pass time. I use the term individual, because his claims to the appellation of gentleman, on the score of appearance, were somewhat ambiguous, as my readers will presently perceive. I was surprised to see him presently take his pipe out of his mouth and address Edmund most familiarly. This drew my attention a little more to his dress. He wore a white hat, considerably dinged at one side; a blue frock coat, in which the whiteness of the seams had already caused an agreeable variegation of its proper hue; and a pair of white trousers, that is, with many colours diffused over a white ground, not long enough to conceal much of a clumsy pair of boots that were bursting at all their seams; these, with a formidable pair of mustachios and a party-coloured cravat, somewhat the worse for wear, completed the contour that presented itself to my narrow scrutiny.

"Are you for a match tonight?" asked he, again taking the pipe out of his mouth, and at the same time spitting on the floor.

"No," answered Edmund; "I am going to teach this gentleman to play."

"To teach him!" said the other with an oath, laying an emphasis on the word, and the habitual leer of his

features increased to a malicious grin. "If you wish"—with another tremendous imprecation—"to oblige a friend I'll save you the trouble."

"And the devil a better instructor than yourself, captain, the gentleman could get within the four walls of the city," chimed in the little wretch whom I have already described as marker, casting a peculiarly knowing look at the somewhat ambiguous personage whom he thus addressed by the military title of captain; the other puffed a larger volume of smoke from his pipe, which he had duly returned to his mouth, looked a peculiar look, and made no reply.

It was, however, ultimately arranged that for that night at least, I was not to be handed over to the kind instructions of the captain: the marker volunteered me a few pieces of advice; and I was beginning, after a few strokes, to handle my cue with some adroitness, and to give the balls good smart blows.

"Was Mr. Nolan here today, John?" asked the captain, addressing himself to the marker.

"In faith he was, sir," replied the other; "it's a pity you were not here yourself; we had a great pool just before dinner time."

"And how did Mr. Nolan get off?" asked Edmund.

"Oh, what did he take off?" said the other, in the Irishman's fashion of answering a question.

"Were they playing high?" said Edmund.

"No, not to say very high; ten shilling stakes, and crown lives."

"Who were they?" asked the captain, with a peculiar intonation and a half smile.

"Augh! you don't know any of them, captain," answered the marker, with a manner that affected peculiar innocence.

I do not know whether it was that I was too much interested in observing this conversation, or that I was naturally awkward—indeed I believe I was indulging my propensity to observe character, and making some very philosophical reflections—but just then, in making a stroke at the ball, my cue slipped, and to my consterna-

tion, a long reef ran half-way across the green cloth which covered the table.

"Tare-an-ouns, sir!" cried the marker, "how did you do that?"

"D—n it, man," cried Edmund, "could not you mind yourself?"

"I think, sir," said the captain, sarcastically, "Mr. Connor's tuition does not thrive with you."

I heard a loud, although a suppressed laugh, from two young men who had just entered the room, and the whispered epithet of "spooney" saluted my ears.

"This is a terrible thing entirely," said the marker, as he looked unmeaningly at the reef of my handiwork; "it was an elegant new cloth;" and he began laying down the torn parts with a cue which he carried in his hand.

"It will take another needle than that to sew it, Jack," said one of the new-comers; and the whole company laughed, or affected to laugh, at this sally, the wit of which I did not exactly understand.

Jack, however, took care that I should understand and feel its point: this he did effectually, by intimating that I was to pay two guineas for tearing the cloth, adding, "that by rights I should pay three; but he would not be hard on me."

"Whatever the cloth costs, of course I must pay," said I, proudly pulling myself up, with a dignity that I meant to silence the jeers in which some of the company appeared disposed to indulge.

Two guineas, however, was the ultimatum of Jack's demands; and here was a new difficulty. I had not so much about me; this, of course, gave rise to new sallies of wit on the part of the knowing ones, who seemed disposed to retaliate on me for the mock dignity I had assumed the minute before.

"Oh, Jack, you will trust the *gentleman* for so much," said one of the new comers.

"It was well, sir," said the captain to me, "that Jack did not close with your generous and very handsome offer of giving him more than he asked."

I felt my anger rising. I think the

captain saw some indications of my rising choler; for he added in a milder and less sarcastic tone, "believe me, sir, when you know the world as well as I do, you will never think it necessary to offer a billiard marker more than he asks."

"At least, sir," said I, meaning to be very good-humoured, "not to make any offer that I have not money to pay."

A loud laugh ran round the room, and the captain's discomfited look told me that I had unintentionally made a hit: of the nature of it I am unfortunately still ignorant; but it was evident that the object of it was a little sore.

The matter was ended, however, by Edmund lending me the two guineas, which he did promptly enough. I paid dearly for my sport, and we left the room. As we passed through the boarded passage I have already mentioned, I heard a loud burst of rude laughter, mingled occasionally with oaths, and cries of "spooney." I was glad when we were once more in the still court, and more glad when I found myself again in the bustle of the street. And this was my first and last essay at billiard playing.

It seemed, however, as if having paid thus dearly for my introduction to the billiard-table, I was to be requited by a more extensive acquaintance with its mysteries than is generally made in the course of a single evening. It happened that Edmund wished particularly to see Nolan, and I accompanied him in quest of him. Edmund said that we would be almost sure to find him in another billiard-room in —street, and thither accordingly we directed our steps. It seemed altogether a much more respectable place than the one we had just left. It was within a few feet of one of the best streets in the city. We turned down a lane, which I knew as leading to the livery stables of one of the fashionable hotels. Along one side of this lane ran a dead wall, the other was occupied with houses of an inferior description; a door opened just where the dead wall joined the gable of the house that fronted the street. On entering this door, you went a little way along a narrow passage inside the wall, and a flight of stone steps conducted you up to large and spacious billiard-

rooms.* I well remember there were two small glass windows, perhaps I should say peepholes, in the door, through which you could see what was passing inside. Edmund stopped an instant, as if to reconnoitre, and then we both went in.

There were a good many persons in the room. Nolan was engaged at play with a stranger; the progress of the game appeared to excite very considerable interest in the minds of the spectators; and if I was to judge by Nolan's demeanor, he felt very anxious as to its result. His face was quite flushed, although he had taken off his coat; and every time when it came to his adversary's turn to play, he rubbed a bit of chalk to his cue with a violence that was, perhaps, the only symptom of agitation which he showed.

Edmund and I took our seats upon a bench that ran along the wall and was allotted to the spectators. Nolan took hardly any notice of our entrance. When we had been some minutes seated, he addressed some words to Edmund, which I did not hear. I soon, however, became sensible that this was a particular match, upon which large bets were depending. Nolan had very much the worst of the game. His manner now became visibly agitated; that of his opponent was perfectly cool. There was a profound silence throughout the room, only broken by the shrill voice of the marker as he told the game, and occasionally a stamp on the floor and an imprecation from Nolan, as he cursed his bad luck, after having attempted some unsuccessful stroke.

The stranger, who was a middle-aged, gentlemanly man, seemed now quite confident of success; and I soon discovered that the spectators had a deeper interest in the game than that of mere curiosity. In fact, they had bet largely on the issue. Odds were now offered against Nolan: his opponent had just counted—I believe I should say scored—a considerable number of points. Nolan flung his cravat with vehemence from his neck, and seemed for a few minutes ponder-

ing on the balls; his eye lit up, and he seemed just about to make a stroke, when a large, vulgar-looking man, who sat in a corner, exclaimed—

"Five to one against the striker!"

Nolan paused, and looked still more attentively at the balls.

"Five to one against the striker!" repeated the gentleman in the corner.

"I'll take you, sir," said Nolan, looking calmly round.

"Done, sir!" said the other.

"In pounds," said Nolan; and as the other assented, the flush upon his cheek kindled to a hectic brightness. A murmur ran round the room; a tall, fashionably dressed young man, who was smoking a cigar, said,

"Nolan, you are a fool."

"If you think so," said Nolan, "I'll take you the same bet."

"Done, by ——!" said the other; and he pronounced the oath with a heartiness of intonation that made my blood run cold.

Nolan played, and I could understand by the buzz of applause which followed, that he had executed some very difficult stroke. He seemed inspired by his bet—he gained rapidly upon the scores of his antagonist, and the result of the game appeared still to be questionable. I felt myself take a deep interest in his success. It is strange how ready we are to sympathize with the exertions of those who seem struggling against defeat. I disliked Nolan. If my feelings towards him influenced me, it was to make me wish to see him lose; and yet I felt rejoiced as each successive stroke diminished the majority of his antagonist. At last they came to an equality; they were within four of counting game; it was the stranger's play, and Nolan shook his head as if all was lost. Not a word was spoken as the player aimed with all the appearance of unerring certainty. Nolan's eye rested on his adversary's cue; his lips were white—his eye kindled up as the balls rolled away from the stroke of his opponent—and, after many rollings, rested harmless on the table.

* I deem it right to mention, for reasons which my readers will presently appreciate, that I believe these billiard-rooms are not now in existence. Some years since they were abandoned—indeed I believe the rooms were pulled down—and a large, new hotel built upon the site.

"They are safe," cried the player, evidently disappointed that he had not succeeded.

Nolan's keen eye surveyed the measurement of the table for an instant; he then aimed his cue, and the next moment the marker announced that he had won the match.

The silence which had so long reigned through the apartment was now broken by half-a-dozen voices—some raised to angry tones: those who had won their bets exulted in the sagacity for which they took credit; those who had lost asserted that Nolan had won the game by a "*fluke*." At the time I was ignorant enough not to understand the meaning of this term: if any of my readers are in the same predicament, I should, perhaps, explain that it means a stroke for which the player is indebted more to chance than to skill—to borrow the words of an old proverb, if I may do so without annexing the very expressive though quaint illustration—one gained "more by good luck than good guiding."

Upon this there was some hot altercation; Nolan contending that he had played for what he made, the others as stoutly asserting that it must have been a fluke. The dispute, however, was ended by Nolan's replacing the balls in their original position, and offering to bet five pounds that he would make the stroke again.

The bet was taken and Nolan won.

I now found that Nolan's antagonist was a celebrated player from London, and that Nolan and he had played for a very large bet. The Englishman would not yet confess himself defeated. He challenged Nolan to repeat the contest. Nolan mentioned the next evening, at the instigation of Edmund, who wanted him elsewhere: the other, however, would not be put off, and, notwithstanding Edmund's solicitations, Nolan commenced another match. It was now getting late, and Edmund and I retired from the room.

As we passed down the stone steps which I have already described, our attention was caught by a curious and, although not a secret, yet a well-concealed passage, which led from behind the steps under the building. With a natural curiosity, we determined to explore it. It was flagged and vaulted overhead, something like those sub-

terranean caverns which you may read of as belonging to old castles in romances, or see in the cellars of a wine-merchant. We carried on our researches a considerable way before we could discover its use or anything to which it could lead. We went but a little way before we were altogether screened from the moonlight, and left in a darkness whose shadow was heightened by the contrast with the silvery whiteness of the flags upon which the light fell. In this darkness we could distinctly see a very faint gleam of light, as if issuing from the crevices of a well-joined door; and accordingly we found a door—low, and pointed at top in a Gothic arch; opening, evidently, on an apartment directly under the billiard-room. To this door Edmund cautiously advanced. There was no key-hole: the light had proceeded from the very slight and almost imperceptible crevice that marked the joining of the door to the wall; and even underneath, the door fitted so exactly, that its separation from the flags was scarcely marked by a line of red light. We heard, however, the confused sound of voices within. There was a strange and mingled buzz of voices, now raised to a loud tone, now falling to a whisper. There seemed, to my mind, something unnatural, at least unearthly, in the sound. I could not help thinking of all the tales I had read of fiends feasting; and I almost expected that the door would open and disclose to us their infernal rites. My imagination pictured up a feast upon a corpse, and the blood circling round their hellish board in skulls. I have a distinct recollection of these horrible impressions being upon my mind, and I feel sure that there was something even in the very tones of the indistinct sounds that reached my ear that harmonized with these gloomy thoughts. I put my forehead against the door to listen more attentively, and I was startled by its coldness—it was an iron door. As I listened I could distinguish the words of persons inside engaged at some game of chance. I became conscious that I stood at the entrance of a hell: and a hell, in every sense, it seemed to be. I heard the rattling of dice, and now and then some terrible imprecation, couched in accents of fearful blasphemy, came to

my ear with the bitter and yet fierce intonations of a voice that spoke all the bad passions of the human heart.—Edmund stood beside me: he seemed rivetted to the spot. I know not how long we might have listened, but that we were startled by the sound of foot-steps echoing in the passage along which we had come ourselves. Edmund was the first to perceive them. He pulled me gently from the door: we both retreated into a nook which was a little farther on. A rough projection of the wall, intended for what purpose I do not know, afforded us a hiding-place, and in the deep shadow our persons were effectually concealed.

Two figures walked slowly up the passage: though we could not be seen ourselves, we could see them distinctly between us and the distant light. They were engaged in earnest conversation. They stopped within a few feet of where we stood, so that we could overhear everything that they said. I did not feel quite comfortable in thus acting as it were the part of a spy; and yet I almost feared to meet any one in that dark passage. Edmund, as if he instinctively comprehended my desire to move, laid his hand upon my arm, and squeezed it in intimation that I was to stand still.

"I am almost ruined," were the first words I caught, in a voice which I recognized as having heard in the billiard-room.

I could not distinctly hear the reply, which was made in a whisper.

"Why," replied the first speaker, "tomorrow I must go to gaol. There is a bill of mine for fifty pounds. I may drown myself"—and a deep groan finished more expressively all he would have said.

"Ten shillings is all I have in the world," he resumed; "but who knows what fortune may do for me tonight? You will keep my secret?" said he to his companion.

They both advanced to the door; but just as they seemed about to enter they stopped, and resumed their conversation. Their voices fell to a very low whisper, but I overheard the mention of Nolan's name, and I could gather that he, too, was involved in very great difficulties. As well as I could distinguish, they appeared to *speak of some victim whom Nolan*

was to allure to this den of thieves. I could not, however, be certain. Just as I was engaged in attempting to catch more distinctly what they said upon the subject, an accident disturbed us. Edmund leaned forward to listen the more earnestly: he stood upon some loose fragments of stone, which had been piled up in the corner, and in his anxiety to hear more distinctly, he lost his balance, and slipped off the stone on which he stood. He caught my arm, and recovered his position; but the noise which he made attracted the attention of the two whisperers.

One of them started and seemed alarmed. "Eh? d——n it, what was that? Who's there?" he said, raising his voice louder.

Edmund and I remained silent: the inquirer advanced a step forward:—"there is surely some one here—some damned strange noise," he exclaimed, as he attempted to peer into the darkness.

"Nonsense," said the other: "it was a rat: there are great quantities of them here."

His companion seemed satisfied. It struck me that he was afraid to come forward. He went back, and said, "There is no use in stopping in this dark, dismal passage where one always hears such ugly noises. Come; we will go in."

They gave a tap, that evidently was a signal, at the door. There was no answer. The tap was repeated. Still no answer. The third time, however, there was something like the dragging of a chain which appeared to be thrown across the door inside; there was then the heavy shooting of a ponderous lock, and the iron door rolled heavily on its hinges. The two denizens of the place were admitted, and the door instantaneously closed. Their entrance seemed to be greeted with some expressions of boisterous welcome—to my mind it sounded fearfully as the voice of "laughter that was not glad" echoed along the stone roof of the passage—and then was suddenly cut short by the closing of the door; and again the shooting of the bolt and the rattling of the chain; the glare of light which had been thrown for a moment on the rough and unplastered wall of the passage, was interrupted, and all was dark and silent as before.

We walked gently away. Our foot-

steps, soft as we tread, echoed strangely in the damp atmosphere of the passage. Neither of us spoke until we had once more reached the open air.

"Well," said Edmund, "I long suspected this. I often had heard these fellows had a hell; but I could not conceive where. I often remarked the owner of the rooms go suddenly out, as if called away—of course by some secret signal—to the place underneath."

"Did you hear your friend Nolan's name mentioned?" said I.

"I thought I did; but it was just as it caught my ear that I slipped from the stone."

The prevailing feeling of Edmund's mind seemed to be curiosity—a desire to be a witness to the mysteries of which we had thus accidentally got a glimpse. He spoke of the interior of a hell as if it were a fearful and yet a grand spectacle, which it would be worth while to see. His imagination seemed absolutely inflamed with the melodramatic interest of the scene which he expected it to be. He hinted that he would get Nolan to take him there. I argued with him on the folly of this.

"Ah," he answered, "have you not often told me how grand it was to study human nature, and to trace human passion—where will I see either as I see it there? I am curious to see the inside, just as I would see any other sight. I would wish to know what gambling is."

Alas! what a dangerous passion of the human heart is curiosity. Man has a curiosity as to sin—he has a desire to know it. He longs, like our first parent, to eat of the forbidden apple, not so much because it is pleasant to his appetite, as because he would know good and evil. This is the secret of that perverse desire to do what is forbidden which moralists have all remarked in our nature. "Vain man would be wise;" and the knowledge, the practical knowledge of sin, seems to him a part of being wise: it seems to his imagination as if he multiplied his existence when he can throw it into new shapes. Alas! this cursed desire to know what sin is has cost many a one his innocence. Many a one has eaten of the poison from a wish to satisfy his morbid curiosity as to its savour. Thus

does that which he plucks as from the tree of knowledge become the fruit of death. I have often thought there was a deep mystery in the story of man's fall, as if the fate of her by whom sin first came into the world was to be but the prototype of many another fall; and the first crime the world ever witnessed might stand as a warning against the fatal curiosity which was its cause. It was this curiosity—I have no other word to designate the feeling, which perhaps can be better understood than described—it was curiosity that ruined a world; and still the same principle which we have all inherited from our first mother is remaining, and will ruin many a one who gives way to its impulses to evil.

But I must not occupy my page with reflections of my own: indeed, as I proceed, I begin to fear that even the simple narrative of facts may extend this chapter to what some may consider an unreasonable length. I shall endeavour to make that narrative as brief as possible; and here I may, once for all, premise, that while of many of the scenes which I shall describe I could not have personal knowledge, I draw very little upon my own imagination to supply its place. On one subject at least I was Edmund Connor's confidant, and in recording what he told or wrote to me, I shall adhere as strictly as possible to unadorned truth.

From the night whose occurrences I have mentioned I had but too much reason to fear that Edmund had been drawn into all the fatal fascinations of the accursed gambling-table. He generally laughed me off when I approached the subject: I could hardly ever get him to speak seriously upon it. I did not need, however, his confession to tell me that his midnight hours were devoted to the unholy and unhealthy occupation. Often would I find him rising from his bed at noon-day, pale and apparently unrefreshed; and once or twice he did acknowledge that he had played hazard, and had lost considerable sums.

Meanwhile his passion for Letitia appeared to gather strength and increase in vehemence; and I often thought that it was only my convenience as a confidant that prevented the total separation between us which

otherwise my often-repeated rebukes of his courses might have caused. He sometimes left me in a passion when I said anything peculiarly severe; but then he was sure to return, to tell me, perhaps, some dream he had about Letitia, or some mark of kindness which she had shown him; because, strange to say, he had never yet ventured to make her any declaration of his attachment: indeed, he had not at this time many opportunities, and the few which he had, he declared himself he never had courage to avail himself of.

"Is it not absurd," he would sometimes say to me; "I think Letitia loves me. She must know—she must see that I love her; and yet time after time I determine to tell her all my heart, and to hear from her own lips the words that would make me happy; and I seek opportunities of being with her alone: but when we are alone—why, then I can talk to her of anything but love."

I sometimes could not help laughing at him. The pains of love, like those of the toothache, command but little sympathy from those who do not feel them. It struck me, however, that his passion might be turned to good account. "Do you think," I asked him seriously, "do you think that even Letitia will marry a professed gambler?"

He started: he seemed angry. "I am not a professed gambler. I do not deserve the name of gambler at all," said he, quickly.

"A gambler," said I, "is a man who gambles. A professed gambler is a man who devotes his time to gambling, and one whom everybody knows to do so."

"This is not fair," he answered: "everybody does not know that I play. Besides, your definition is false: a gambler is a man who plays for the sake of the money that he wins; a gambler is a man who will defraud you if he can; a gambler is a man who regards every opponent as his prey; and a professed gambler is one who makes this his business and his support. I do not deserve either of these characters. I love excitement; and if it costs me some money, I can afford to pay for it."

I saw that, under all his apparent cool-

ness, he was *nettled*. I thought it better to say no more, and he soon left my room.

Next morning he came over to my chambers at an early hour. He seemed very much embarrassed: he walked several times up and down the room: at last he asked me, with more of solemnity than it had latterly been his custom to assume—

"Tell me seriously, had you any meaning *last* night when you said that Letitia Jephson would not marry a gambler?"

His eye rested on me with a piercing intensity of glance; his cheek was flushed with a crimson colour. I looked steadily at him, and answered—

"I generally make it a rule to have some meaning when I speak; and in the present instance I do not think my words were very enigmatical."

"Well, then," said he, "if you will thus quibble, had you any authority for saying so?"

"No," I replied; "I do not think I required any particular authority for such a statement. The girl must be mad who would 'set her life upon a cast.' Would you, Edmund, wish to see any girl whom you cared for united to a destiny that is staked every evening upon the throw of the dice?"

He was visibly agitated. He walked up and down more rapidly; he then stopped, and said—

"Mr. O'Brien, you do me injustice. I have played perhaps more than I ought; but, indeed—indeed I am not a gambler. Do not suppose that I would dare to seek Letitia's love if I felt that my success would make her happiness depend upon a cast. No, no: I have been drawn into play—I have lost money, God forgive me, that might be better employed; but I am not a gambler. Never," continued he, earnestly, "never call me by that horrid name: you do not know what a gambler is, or you would not. You have never seen what I have, or you would not call me gambler and stay in the room with me. Call me fool! friend! anything but gambler."

I was startled by his earnestness, I should rather say his vehemence of manner. I cautioned him against deserv- ing the name of which he had such a horror.

"Deserve it!" interrupted he fiercely:

"I know but of one man who deserves it; one hardened, soulless, heartless wretch; one who can lay his snares with coolness—" he stopped short, as if fearful he had said too much.

I almost hoped he meant Nolan. I hinted as much. "No! no. Nolan is no gambler. I won't tell you who or what it is I mean; but I have been witness to one scene. God forbid that ever I should be witness to such another; but I prevented villainy. But this is wrong: they consider it a point of honour that these things should not be told."

I did not wish to ask the communication of what there was any obligation on his part to conceal. He seemed anxious to tell it.

"I have not moral courage," he continued: "I cannot despise the threatenings of the bad. There was," he added, slowly, "there was a victim drawn in by the gambler of whom I spoke, and he would have been robbed; there was foul cheating; but I exposed him—I showed his knavery. He was ignominiously expelled—he had too little honor for a den of thieves: but he threatened me; he told me that he would track my steps; that he would hunt me—these were his words—he declared that he would have revenge. What thoughts cross the mind! When you said Letitia would never marry a gambler, I thought he had his revenge—that he had told the Jephsons that I gambled. All night I lay awake, and this horrid thought kept a racking hold upon my brain. Thank God, it was but a vain imagination."

I assured him that, as far as I knew, it was. I reasoned with him seriously on giving over all play. I endeavoured to point out the ruin which it must entail not only on his fortune, but on all his habits and feelings. He promised that he would. I asked him for his solemn promise that he would never enter a hell again. He hesitated; at last he told me that he owed some debts of honour, which he must discharge—he had promised to do so—at the gambling-table that night, and he must keep his word.

"You would not have me break my word?—you would not have those who praised me a few nights ago for conduct that they called honourable, you would not have them look on me to-

night as a breaker of my engagement?"

Go I perceived he would, and I trembled for him. Edmund's was a weak character: too much the child of impulse to have steadiness of purpose, I knew that the resolution of the morning would be lost in the excitement of the night. Next day my heart boded ill for him as I met him walking with Nolan in familiar conversation. I attempted, when next we met, to make him recur to the promise which he had all but given me. Alas! it seemed as if the day of grace was gone by. He laughed; he laughed at his own exhibition of feeling upon the subject: he said this was the way he always magnified everything; he spoke of the nervous excitability of his temperament, (big words which, I believe, he had learned from his physician, or some medical book,) and he broke away from my arguments and intreaties with a song.

He took, however, another opportunity of assuring me that he never played; but added, that to bind himself never to enter a gaming-house was a nonsensical proceeding. "Such vows," said he, laughing, "like oaths against whiskey, are regarded just as long as the temptation is not too strong for the judgment, but no longer. They never are binding but when they are superfluous."

I feared that he refused the promise because he knew the obligation would be irksome. But it is time for me to return to the Jephsons, whom my readers probably suppose that I have forgotten.

The genial days of spring had been succeeded by the long hot days of the summer. Early in the month of May my relatives had left their town residence, and had retired to a beautifully situated cottage some miles from the city, at the base of the county Dublin mountains. I used to laugh at Edmund, and tell him that in this romantic spot he could make love with a good heart. And a romantic spot it truly was: villas, and terraces, and avenues, had not then sprung up round the environs of Dublin, and made the country for miles round but a ruralized continuation of the city. Woodbine Cottage—for thus had it pleased the fancy of the proprietor to

name the spot of which I speak—its name was borrowed, I believe, from a solitary and unhealthy-looking stalk of woodbine, that scarcely vegetated against one of the pillars of the gate—it was the only bit of woodbine about the place, and it was the only thing that did not seem to flourish—but Woodbine Cottage it was called—it was situated just on the rise of that chain of hills, which extend to the southward of the city, and are known as the county of Dublin mountains. A few trees planted around it relieved the wildness of the scenery that rose immediately behind. At a short distance behind the house, rose Mount Venus, covered half way up its sides with a young plantation of thick fir-trees, of so dark a shade of green, that you could hardly distinguish them from the black heather above; and farther away again was the Three-Rock Mountain raising its three peaks up in bleak and desolate grandeur; and then you could get in the far distance a glimpse of Killiney and the Hill of Howth to the east. To the south, and west, lay mountains piled upon mountains, that you could only distinguish from each other by the long black line of deeper shadow that marked the ravine that separated them; and then far away to the north-east the ground sloped gently up from the plain, in which stands the city, until it met the horizon on the eminence called Tallaght Hill; and just close by, under the very base of Mount Venus, ran the valley of the Dodder, and the river itself winding on between the steep banks of white gravel, in the deep channel which the fierce mountain torrent had scooped out for itself, and down along its banks lay a rich and fertile country, clothed all over with plantations. But I must not spend too much time in description. Such of my readers as have ever gone out into the country beyond Rathfarnham, where the little church called Whitechurch stands on the base of the hill, raising its spire to heaven, as if to testify man's worship to Him who fixed on their bases these everlasting hills, that seem to repose in their might—for these I have said enough to enable them to understand the locality I have endeavoured to describe.

In this beautiful retreat the Jephsons

had resolved to pass the summer, principally on account of Letitia's health, with whom even her eight hours' harp-playing did not very well agree. Poor Letitia was delighted; she was overjoyed at the prospect of being permitted to wander about the fields, and breathe the pure air as it came down with renovating freshness from the hills. Indeed the whole party seemed happy. My aunt had just received a letter from her second son, who was in the navy, acquainting her with his promotion to the office of commander, a step which he had obtained at a peculiarly early age. Her eldest son had, a little time before, obtained a commission in a dragoon regiment. The flirtation, too, between Caroline and her rich fool was progressing as favourably as could be expected; and so all seemed happy and contented.

And Edmund was not the least happy. He was now as intimate with the family as I was; indeed, his vivacity made him more so. He was constantly with Letitia: she could hardly stir but he followed her. He would sometimes deck her hair with a garland of wild flowers, which he would gather in the fields; and she seemed pleased with all his familiarities; and yet strange to say, no word of love had ever passed between them. There was a strange, an unaccountable timidity about Edmund that prevented him from making any explicit declaration. However, even if their own feelings had not been their best interpreters, Caroline took care that they should be at no loss to understand each other, since she constantly made it a point to rally them in each other's presence upon their fondness for each other's company.

My aunt was no unobservant spectator of all this, and she appeared not a little puzzled to comprehend it. I remember well the means by which she endeavoured to unravel the mystery which she deemed Edmund's conduct to involve. One evening we were all sitting in the drawing-room, which opened on a beautiful view. The day had been hot; but a cool breeze of the evening had tempered the atmosphere. We had the windows up, and Edmund, I, and my two cousins were sitting talking and laughing, when my aunt entered the room, prepared for walking.

"Come, Edward," said she, "we will leave these young people to their follies, and we will take a quiet walk in the garden."

"And why," said Letitia, "mamma, why should not Edward stay and join in our follies?"

"Indeed," answered my aunt, "I am sure he is too sensible to enjoy your nonsense."

"A nice compliment you pay Mr. Connor," said Caroline.

My aunt's object was, however, to get me with her; and Edmund, to tell the truth, did not seem much annoyed at the classification which left him with the foolish people. I could not help remarking that Letitia blushed, and seemed agitated as I rose to obey her mother's command. I was going to rally her upon it, but my aunt hurried me away.

She took me down a shady walk, all covered over with laurels and hollies: she evidently was about to speak to me of something of importance: she looked round several times, as if to be sure that she could not be overheard; and when she thought we were quite secure from interruption, she began very solemnly—

"Edward, my dear, I wish to speak to you upon a matter which is of very great consequence to my happiness;" and she looked full in my face with a confused expression.

"One would suppose," thought I, "that my aunt was going to make a declaration of love to me."

"Your friend Connor," continued she, "has been paying Letitia the most marked attention; and you may perceive that he has met with no discouragement: but it is very odd that he never has said anything that could give her reason to think he was attached to her."

"Oh," said I, laughing, "Letitia does not tell you all these things. He may have said fifty things that you never heard of."

"No, no," she answered earnestly; "I asked her the question. Edward," said she, "a girl's happiness is not to be trifled with in this way. A flirtation may be very good fun for you, young men; but it is no fun for a girl."

My aunt sighed very sentimentally, as if in recollection of some youthful disappointment. I thought she had

more feeling than I ever before gave her credit for. I told her honestly all I knew of Edmund Connor's feelings. I said that I believed his attachment was of the strongest kind; but I told her he was a very bad hand at making love: "he is afraid to tell Letitia that he loves her."

"What kind of a fool is he?" asked my aunt, indignantly.

I professed my inability to solve this problem; but, in reply to her repeated inquiries as to whether I was certain that the report as to the state of his feelings was correct, I assured her that I knew it was; that nothing but the highest sense of honour could ever influence any action of Edmund Connor's, and that at that moment he felt himself as much engaged to Letitia as if he had sworn to her to marry her.

My aunt seemed relieved; she said she was very glad we had this conversation; she would tell this all to Letitia, who, "poor thing, had been fretting about it very much."

I began to think that Edmund was fortunate in thus having love made for him by proxy. To be sure, his declaration passed through two hands to the young lady; but still it came, I fancied, nothing the worse for that. I reflected upon the strange interview I had with Mrs. Jephson. At first I thought her conduct strange; but when I thought on it, I looked upon it as only natural and right. No mother could or ought to be indifferent to her daughter's peace of mind, and I was the only person to whom she could apply; and though I at first felt inclined to condemn the proceeding as a bit of match-making, when I remembered Edmund's conduct I looked upon it as only a proper piece of motherly prudence and care.

I know not how it was, but during the progress of this summer I began to feel an affection for my relatives, such as I had never known before. I was surprised, as it were, at the development of many amiable traits which I had never before perceived in their characters. Before this I had seen them in the gay round of fashionable dissipation; I had now gone with them into the privacy of retirement, and it seemed as if they had lost more than half that worldliness which I hated. There is, after all, much that

is good and that is amiable in human nature; and not all the coldness of fashion, not all the heartless influences of a selfish and an intriguing world, can utterly suppress the kindly emotions of the heart, or kill those charities of domestic life that shed their holy charm upon the sweetness of domestic intercourse. Even the votaries of fashion or the worshippers of interest appear to forget their idolatries in the magic enchantment of home, and the most artificial creature that a world has spoiled, returns to the kindliness and almost the artlessness of nature by the domestic fireside. Often had I thought the Jephsons worldly, and selfish: worldly they still were; ay, and perhaps selfish: yet now, when I came within the family circle, there was the same happy innocence and glee as if no worldly or selfish thoughts had been ever in their minds. Hitherto I had seen them but in the crowd of frivolity and dissipation; but now they breathed a freer atmosphere, and it seemed as if the unaffected sympathies of their hearts at length had room to *vegetate* and expand.

During the summer Edmund and I passed most of our time at Woodbine Cottage; and still the remembrance of these days comes over my mind like the dream of a happy time. The Jephsons lived in very great retirement; most of their gay friends of the winter season had gone to ruralize in more distant parts of the country; and, with the exception of Mr. Thomas, Caroline's mad lover, as we used to call him, but few visitors disturbed the tranquillity of their retirement. Mr. Jephson, who was a quiet, unobtrusive person, altogether under the management of his wife, enjoyed this so much, that he declared solemnly he never would return to the routs and parties of the town. "God made the country," he used to add; "but man made cities"—sentiments which my aunt always answered by the brief but pithy comment of "folly!" an authoritative interjection, which, delivered in a peculiar tone, precluded all farther controversy on the subject.

But the brightest days will pass away; and happy as was this summer, it drew to its close. The evenings were already growing shorter, and the *soft moonlight* would sometimes sur-

prise us by discovering our shadows on the grass before we were conscious that even the twilight had come. Sometimes, too, in the evenings, a chilly breeze came down from the hills, and the fields were getting brown with the golden tints of the ripening grain. Say what we will of the charms of spring and summer, there is no season like the autumn. It is said that Milton never could write poetry except in the autumn; and I do not wonder. There is a spirit of solemn and sober stillness abroad upon an autumn day that you meet at no other time. The hot and forward glow of the summer sun is softened down to a modest and gentle radiance; the very landscape partakes of the sombre melancholy of the season: its hues are not like the hues that arrayed it in summer. The autumn is to the year what the evening is to the day: nature sinks into repose, and the very air, as it stirs around you, has a feel peculiar to the atmosphere of autumn, and every sense seems able to distinguish its peculiarities. Let those who will praise the sultriness of summer and the pettishness of inconstant fickle spring; but give me the autumn day, when all nature seems resting in the tranquillity of a deep although a quiet joy; when the beams of the sun come less intense, and mellowed in their course through the thin grey clouds that robe the sky, and cast the reflection of their own grey-ness upon the landscape; and still that landscape has its variety of hues—less brilliant than those that decked the gaudy robe of summer, but far more beautiful. There is the heather upon the hills, already beginning to change its colour as the blossoms of the summer fall down beside each branch, and expose the redness of the twig upon which they grew; and then the russet fields of grain, waving too and fro in one golden undulation as the breeze sweeps the lights and shadows across; and then in the forest, how many tints do the changing leaves assume as the first breath of autumn has come over their verdure with its discolouring rebuke. Spring may be the childhood of the year, with its gleams and showers, like the variations of inconstant childhood; summer may be its hot and fiery youth; then autumn is its manhood, sinking into the solemnity of middle

life, with all the repose of years, but none of the weakness or the gloom of old age.

But my enthusiasm for autumn has carried me perhaps too far from my narrative. It was an autumn day, such as I have attempted to describe, that Edmund gathered courage to make that formal declaration of love which he had so long, and to the young lady, so distressingly put off. Her anxieties, it is true, had been somewhat diminished by the assurance which I had been the means of conveying to her. Still I could perceive that she thought Edmund's silence very provoking, and both she and her mamma, especially the latter, had given him some hints upon the subject. I had not felt myself at liberty to repeat to him my conversation with Mrs. Jephson—he did not know, therefore, that she had any definite information of his attachment beyond that which she might easily have gathered from his demeanour. I then often laughed at his folly, as I termed his timidity. I attributed it to some peculiarity of his strange disposition. I since found that this nervousness of apprehension was not quite an idiosyncrasy of his passion, and that in many a heart—perhaps the heart that loves best and most warmly, there is that sensitiveness of feeling, so that the last thing upon which the lover will venture, is a declaration of his love. I might pass over the next few passages without much loss to my narrative; but my fair readers would not forgive me if I lost the opportunity of presenting them with a love scene.

It was early in the month of September that it happened; one morning I was occupied in some particular manner, and could not accompany Edmund in his visit to Woodbine Cottage—he did not, indeed, seem very unwilling to go alone. When he arrived there he was told by the servant who opened the door that there was no one at home but Mr. Jephson. Edmund was disappointed; he found the old gentleman poring over the columns of a newspaper. He gave him a hearty and an honest welcome. Edmund learned from him that Mrs. Jephson and Caroline had driven into town to pay some visits. "I wonder," added he, "you did not meet them; but you will find Letitia in the garden—I believe she is eating the

last of the gooseberries, and perhaps that will be better employment for you than sitting with a stupid old man."

Edmund was not slow to act upon the hint; and a few minutes more found him in the garden. He found Letitia, but not just as unsentimentally employed as her father had predicted. The gooseberries hung neglected, and literally withering upon the trees; and even the more tempting display of some large black cherries, from banqueting on which the approach of Edmund started a whole flight of birds, possessed no attractions either for Letitia or him who sought her. He directed his steps to a little bower, or summerhouse, where he knew that she was in the habit of sitting—a walk running between a tall beech hedge and a row of well-grown laurels led down to it; under the shelter of a large oak tree was constructed a rustic summerhouse; the sides were lined with moss and covered over with the woodbine and the honeysuckle.

In this favourite retreat he found Letitia sitting. She seemed unconscious of his approach; although from where she sat she could command a view of the long vista through which the walk lay; but she was, probably, absorbed in meditation; her one hand scarcely held a volume which rested on her knee; in the other, she held a rose, whose red colour finely set off, by its contrast, the snowy whiteness of her delicate hand—she gazed upon the flower with a sad and yet a sweet expression, and a large tear was trickling from her soft blue eye, and one had even strayed so far as to fall upon the leaves of the volume which lay apparently unheeded upon her knee.

Edmund paused at the entrance of the bower; he never had seen her look so beautiful before; the carelessness of her attitude; the seeming unconsciousness that she was observed; the tear of sentiment still trembling on the lashes that fringed an eye that seemed made for softness—and the snowy hand along whose delicate texture you could trace the meandering of each blue vein—and the rose—Edmund was not long in perceiving that it had been pulled from a tree which he himself had, at a late period of the year, removed from the garden to that bower, whose consequently doubtful

ful progress Letitia and he had watched together. She was then thinking of him; she was weeping at the thought of him; a thousand confused emotions passed across his mind—he stopped one instant more to gaze upon such loveliness, the next instant found him by her side.

Yes, by her side—let none of my fair readers be disappointed, and imagine that it should be kneeling at her feet. Perhaps Edmund ought to have thrown himself into that attitude, but he did not. He was, perhaps, to blame, and yet I believe that with the age of chivalry—the system of amatory genuflection has passed away for ever, and that the lady will, now-a-days, be disappointed who looks for a lover kneeling at her feet. For my own part, I will not disguise my conviction, that the custom, to say the least of it, bordered upon the profane—and I do not doubt that it was hypocrisy. I am very sure that he who would kneel most obsequiously as the lover, would be likely to atone for that humiliation by tyrannizing most despotically as the lord.

I cannot, however, expect that my fair readers will merely, upon my authority, give up an opinion in which they have been trained by a host of novel writers; and yet few of them, after all, would, perhaps, feel inclined to reject a lover of their choice, even if he preferred his suit in some less humble but more sensible fashion than on his knees. But be this as it may, Edmund did not go through this mockery, nor yet did he, as perhaps some of my fair readers might more reasonably expect that he would—he did not even run up and kiss away her tears. I am, be it remembered, telling a sober tale of real life, in which love comes in as it does in real life—and after all there is a terrible reality in love—not as it figures in novels and romances that are inventions. Edmund neither knelt to her nor kissed away her tears. If, after this second omission, my fair readers have any further patience, I will endeavour to tell what he did do.

He roused her from her meditations by some common-place observation; perhaps by conveying to her the very *superfluous* information that she was *all alone*; or by asking the equally *superfluous* question, if she was so—it

was little matter ~~what were the words~~; the sound of his voice was enough, no matter what accents it conveyed. It brought the blood in a quick and sudden flow to her pale cheeks as she turned round to welcome him.

Edmund's face became as scarlet as her own, and for some minutes neither of them spoke.

At last he remarked the rosebud in her hand. "Well," said he, "you told me my rose tree would not grow, I moved it so late in the year, and I told you you should yet wear its flowers."

She twirled the rose tree quickly in her hand, and began smelling its fragrance, as if to conceal emotions that she could not control—the rose was not more crimson than the cheek with which it thus came in contact.

Edmund took from her the book. She endeavoured to grasp it, but he succeeded in getting it disengaged from her hand—it was Zimmerman on Solitude.

"Why," he said, "you surely are not ashamed of reading Zimmerman." At the same moment he remarked that the volume had been turned the wrong way towards her; "but," added he, as his quick eye caught this, "the book has been only a pretence;" he was just about to rally her on the position of the volume; his eye rested on the trace which a burning tear had left upon the page.

"Letitia," said he, tenderly, "what is the matter, I do not like to find you here alone, and crying. Letitia," he continued, and the epithet, "dear," came involuntarily to his lips—"Letitia, dear, have you any reason to weep?"

She had risen to go away, but he followed her; he drew her arm within his, and led her back to the seat which she had left. She permitted him to do so quietly; she dashed away the long flaxen locks which had fallen across her eyes, and looked up to the blue sky which they could see above the beech trees in the break of some large white clouds.

"Tell me," he continued, "tell me what it is that frets you?"

"Nothing, Edmund," she answered, "nothing that concerns any one but myself."

She looked full at him—Edmund caught her hand—he was moved—he felt grieved that she seemed unhappy

—he thought not of what he said, as his answer expressed the genuine emotions of his soul.

"Letitia, it concerns me—everything that affects your happiness—your happiness is dearer to me than my own." He had not intended this as a declaration of love; he never thought of the import his words bore until he marked the deepening flush upon her cheek, and felt her gentle struggles to withdraw her hand. But his soul was now on fire; the ice that had so long bound his lips was thawed in the words that had passed them; and he poured into her ear a tide of passionate protestations, such as an hour before he would have given worlds to be able to do.

"Yes, Letitia," he said, as he grasped tighter the hand which she struggled ineffectually to withdraw, "I mean what I say—I mean more than I can say—your happiness is dearer to me than my own. Letitia, you know I love you—I have loved you as my own soul—and tell me, tell me, my angel, that I may hope that you—that you"—he stopped—her hand was now unresistingly in his, and her head, as it languished to one side, had almost fallen upon his shoulder.

"Tell me, dearest, that you will be mine," he whispered, as his arm almost unconsciously passed round her delicate waist—her head was now leaning quite upon his shoulder—her blue eyes, half filled with tears, and gushing with tenderness, rested on him with an expression of indescribable softness, as he muttered an indistinct assent; he heard not the exact words; he leaned forward to catch the whispered accents; and as he did so, he sealed them with a kiss—the first chaste kiss of love—a warm, a passionate, and yet a holy kiss.

Just then they heard the sound of voices in the garden; they left their retreat, and, coming round by a shaded walk, they met us—for I was of the party who disturbed them—as if nothing unusual had happened.

Mrs. Jephson and Caroline had called for me in college, and had insisted on my returning with them to Woodbine Cottage; and it was just at the critical moment I have described that we entered the garden.

Edmund was now quite happy; that evening the young people were sent

by my aunt to walk up the mountain and breathe the fresh air. Caroline and I were, of course, companions, and Edmund and Letitia contrived to separate themselves from us as widely as possible; they seemed too earnestly engaged in their conversation to heed the sarcasms of Caroline, who, every now and then, used to stop and upbraid them with the slowness of their pace. During that walk they pledged themselves to each other, and arranged their plans. As soon as Edmund obtained his degree they were to be married. Edmund was now at the close of his junior sophister year; he was a fellow commoner, and could obtain his degree on the Shrove Tuesday following—and early in spring they were to repeat before the altar those vows which that evening they secretly made to each other under the canopy of heaven, and with the wild rocks and heather of the mountains around them.

This arrangement was understood and assented to by all parties, and I now began to think that Edmund would be very happy with Letitia; she seemed really to love him—and he returned her affection with interest. He had altogether given over whatever habits of gaming he had formed, and every thing seemed to promise that he would become a happy and a useful man.

Mrs. Jephson had a sister some years older than herself, who had never married, and had, all her life, been hoarding up money: Letitia was her namesake and godchild; and at first my aunt had supposed that she might calculate on something handsome at her death. Latterly, however, the old tabby had taken very little notice of her godchild. For the first time, the preceding Christmas had not brought the customary gift for "her little namesake, Letitia." The reason for this was supposed to be, that she had fallen in love with a penniless young officer who was quartered in Cork, near to which city old Miss Collins lived. Her innamorato had since been, however, unfortunately killed in a duel. Miss Collins put on mourning—and a letter duly written on black-edged paper, and sealed with black wax, arrived at Woodbine Cottage, to her dear sister, giving a most feeling account of her distressing state

of mind, and requesting that her little namesake should be permitted to visit her—it was one of these pieces of affectation by which she attempted to disguise even to herself the progress of years, to talk of her nieces as if they were children—she would banish her bad spirits by her childish prattle. This letter vexed Letitia, and amused us all—poor Letitia, who had almost looked on herself as the head of a family, was quite mortified at the idea of being sent to Cork to talk innocent prattle to a cross old maid; but this, however, was a thing not to be thrown away. Miss Collins had money to leave, and it was settled that Letitia was to go. Even Edmund's entreaties were of no avail. He protested to Letitia that all her aunt could leave her would not pay him for the misery that her absence would cause. Mrs. Jephson remarked, upon this being repeated to her, that "that was all very fine talk, but love would not last as long as money—and if he got his own way now, many a day, when they were married and had a parcel of children, he would wish Letitia had gone to see her rich old aunt"—perhaps she was right in this prediction—but we will see the sequel.

Edmund was miserable at the idea of a separation—he talked of following her to Cork, that he might be near her—but then he must pass his October examination or lose his year—and this would but defer the consummation of his happiness—he really seemed like some one distracted, he cursed money and rich old aunts at least twenty times a day; but this, as might be supposed, did not mend the matter much—the time, too, came when Letitia must go—and after many vows and protestations of mutual fidelity, and promises to write often, they were compelled to part. I confess I had a melancholy feeling the last few days that I saw them together. I thought it hard that Mammon, that cruel idol before whom all the world bows down, should thus separate hearts that seemed devoted to each other. Yes, Mammon—INTEREST—is the fiend upon whose damned shrine the world is offering up all that is noble in sentiment or generous in feeling—and *they call their foul and degrading* *by the name of PRUDENCE.*

Letitia, however, did go, and Edmund was left to solitude for two months—for the first two or three days after her departure he attempted to apply himself to his books—the fact was, that it was high time for him to prepare for his examination. He was gloomy and fretful—he did not seem satisfied with the arrangement that had been made. He spent much of his mornings in walking round the college park, and his evenings in walking in the colonnade under the library. He was not one, however, who had strength of mind to bear long with gloomy thoughts—he sought excitement to banish them, and just at this inauspicious moment he became again intimate with Nolan—under the circumstances it needed but little of the address which that wily intriguer could have employed to draw the victim back into those snares from which he had apparently escaped.

Very soon after Letitia's departure, business called me to the neighbourhood of Bristol, where I remained until the middle of November. The day before I left Dublin I had a long conversation with Edmund. I found from him that he had all summer neglected his reading; in fact, I deemed it right to tell him that he must be diligent in his studies for the ensuing month, if he wished to insure his passing the examination. He laughed at my caution, indeed I myself thought it almost superfluous. It was very easy for fellow commoners to pass; indeed they themselves appeared to consider it as etiquette, that they should not be expected to be prepared. Some of the examiners, who had the ambition of being considered peculiarly gentlemanly, appeared willing enough to concede to them this very flattering privilege; but it sometimes happened that they met with one more stern and unyielding, who put in a practical, and, to the object of it, rather a disagreeable protest against the doctrine, that wealth should be considered as an excuse for ignorance.

I left Edmund endeavouring to while away his loneliness by a division of his time between writing love sonnets and studying astronomy. The day I went away, I found Nolan in his room; I could not help thinking it an evil omen,

Edmund had promised me to write; but I heard nothing from him during my absence; I returned home about the middle of November; it was early in the morning that I reached college; I was passing through the streets before the lamps were put out; it was a rainy raw morning; the dying lamps were flickering half-extinguished in the fitful gusts that rose, and then swept by. I had my cloak wrapped close round, and was walking on, buried in my own meditations, when I was startled by seeing two well-known figures, just before me, coming out of a shop where soda water was sold; they were Nolan and Edmund. I could not conceive what they could be doing in the streets at such an hour, and on such a morning. I walked quick and overtook them. Edmund was startled at seeing me; his face was pale and his eyes red. Nolan, too, had a haggard appearance; both seemed as if after a night's carouse; Nolan had the look of a practised debauchee; Edmund, that of one unused to pass his nights in such a manner. I asked Edmund where he had been, or what he was doing; he looked at me with a stupid and a vacant stare, and I now perceived that he was under the influence of intoxication. Nolan had evidently been his companion, but had borne better with raking. "Come," said he, "this kind of work does not suit you; you had better make haste home and go to bed."

Edmund answered that he was well enough, and then relapsed into a species of stupid trance from which he had roused himself.

"Poor fellow," said Nolan, to whom I had addressed no observation, but who appeared determined to talk enough for himself and Edmund both; "poor fellow, he has been in very bad spirits since he lost his examination."

The words came like a thunderbolt upon my ear; they told me the history of the last two months—He had lost his examinations! and now at seven in the morning he was staggering through the streets with Nolan!! I needed no more; I felt that he was a ruined man.

Nolan ran on with a surprising fluency, to give me a full account of the matter.

"He depended upon passing as a

fellow commoner; but he got Dr. Dyke, with whom I believe you know there is no respect for velvet gowns and tassels, and he stuck him. I believe he has more sense than to care for the caution; but it keeps him another year out of his fortune. Ever since the examination he has been alternately cursing Dr. Dyke and his father; the one for knowing so little of the world as to expect that a gentleman should know anything; the other for supposing that he could not spend his fortune just as well without a degree as with it."

"Really, Mr. Nolan," I answered, "Mr. Connor must be very much changed since I knew him, or he would hardly act the unamiable part of cursing a good man for doing what I fear was nothing but his duty, and his deceased parent for what certainly seems to have been an act of kindness."

I said this with much bitterness, Nolan did not seem sorry that our arrival at the college gate exempted him from the necessity of replying; he appeared disposed to accompany Edmund to his rooms—I told him that his kindness was superfluous, and that I would see him to bed.

"Oh no," he answered, "I do not think you are up to all his rooms as well as I am; as I have been living with him for the last week; but if by and by you will come over to us, he will be able to welcome you home, and we will have some breakfast."

Nolan living with him! alas! alas! I felt that he was gone, indeed; but I said nothing; without even noticing Nolan's invitation I turned off to my own rooms. I could not but mourn over poor Edmund's fate; he was too manifestly Nolan's dupe and victim; all my hopes that he would have been rescued were dashed to the ground; and all, all arose from the desire of a little more money, prompting my aunt to send away her daughter. It was a just penalty upon the avarice and graspingness that made her indifferent to the feelings of her child; but was it just that he should be the victim? God forgive her! I could not help thinking that the drops of the blood of his soul had been weighed out by Mrs. Jephson, as the purchase of gold. I diverted my mind from such thoughts.

only by recollecting that I still might make an effort to save him. As soon, therefore, as I thought he would have slept off the effect of the night's debauch, I bent my steps to his chambers.

I was rejoiced to find him alone. Pale, and haggard, and wo-begone, he was sitting at a late and uncomfortable breakfast; he was attempting to swallow a cup of coffee—but, gracious heavens! beside him, on the table, stood a brandy bottle! I was shocked; I felt as a physician who had been summoned to see a patient with some slight ailment, and found about him all the symptoms of death—a brandy-bottle on his breakfast table!! What is fearful in gaming is the rapidity with which it hurries you down the road to ruin—it is in vice, what consumption is in disease—every other vice will be slow in its progress before it brings you as it were, to the last stage; but not so with gaming—it has a hectic fever that preys on you with the rapidity of flame, and it soon does its work.

I sat down opposite to him almost without saying a word; he was the first to allude to the subject of which both our minds were full.

"Nolan, I believe, has told you all."

"He has told me too much," said I; "he has told me that he was living with you."

"Ah," he answered, "you do not know Nolan; he is one of the few friends I have; he is an honest fellow; he has a strong affection for me; but did he tell you that I was cautioned?"

I bowed assent.

"Did he tell you that I have been—that I have been—that I gamble?" he added.

"No! I did not require his information, after what I saw this morning," I replied.

He seemed surprised; he burst into a passionate flood of tears; he cried out, "did he tell you that I am RUINED?" he covered up his face with his hands, and sobbed like a girl.

"Ruined!" I repeated with him.

"Yes, ruined!" he calmly reiterated, rising up with the dignity of one who felt that he knew and could bear the worst.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you have gambled away all your fortune?"

"No, not ALL," he answered with a

bitter smile, "but I have heavily involved myself."

It was some time before I could get him to state anything explicit; he was in a paroxysm of mental fever; he was almost like a madman, he walked up and down his apartment and repeated the word "*ruined! ruined! ruined!*" When he spoke of Letitia he seemed absolutely frantic. "Happiness," he cried, "happiness was within my grasp—it was in my grasp and I flung it from me; for what? for excitement—for damnation—to be the dape of rogues—all gamblers are rogues. I can blame no one but myself. Men," he added, "complain of the world and of nature; but no, the world is full of happiness, but man creates the misery. I do not know what I am talking of—my nerves are shattered by sitting up all night, night after night—no human frame will stand excitement," and he smote his hand vehemently on his forehead; "hell fire is in my veins. It is preying on me—consuming me—but I have kindled it myself—it will burn me."

Thus did he rave until he stopped from pure exhaustion. I had some difficulty in persuading him to state the amount of his obligations. At last I got him calmly to sit down to the disagreeable task of counting up his debts. And what a detail was here; he had been supplied with money by a rich old Jew who lived in Mecklenburgh-street, but supplied at a tremendous rate of interest; he had in one instance been induced to give a bond for £900 upon receiving 150l. I hinted to him that these extortionary bargains might be broken, but he indignantly rejected the proposal; he had this high feeling of honor that shrunk even from depriving villainy of its fraudulent gains. After making the most accurate calculation we could, we reckoned up his debts as amounting to about 5000l., a considerable sum, but yet not one that was anything like the ruin into which he had exaggerated it.

When he looked his difficulties full in the face, he seemed surprised to find that it was possible to meet them; he looked again and again at the paper, before he could be convinced that the calculation was correct. "Why," said he, "this is very odd; Nolan made out, a week ago, that I was ruined, and that

my only chance was to retrieve myself by the gambling-table. He is fond, you know, of a classical allusion, and he said the wound, like that of Telephus, could only be cured by the weapon that inflicted it. I am certain I have lost heaps during the week; are you sure you have added it right?"

"Perfectly; if you have given me the items right."

We went over the items again, one by one; we could, however, detect no mistake, and when he was indeed convinced that he was not ruined—when I pointed out to him how he might easily, having obtained possession of his fortune, pay off all demands, without suffering more than a temporary embarrassment, his joy seemed equal to his former despair; his eyes, upon which but a little moment before a heavy stupor had hung, lighted up with the fires of gladness; he grasped my hand in silence; there was something almost convulsive in the tightness with which he squeezed it.

"Then I am not ruined!" he said, in a voice stifled by the depths of his emotion.

"No, Edmund," said I, "thank God you are not; you have embarrassed yourself, but you are in no difficulties that prudence may not retrieve."

"Thank God," he cried, with all the fervor of sincere devotion. "Oh, God has been good to me; he watched me when I could not watch myself, or sharpers would have taken my all."

He raised his eyes to heaven, while tears of gratitude chased each other down his pale, but still manly cheeks.

"And my Letitia!" he added, in a voice that seemed to express a feeling divided between gratitude to heaven, and hopes of happiness on earth.

"There is nothing," said I, "to prevent your being happy with her; but, Edmund, remember how nearly you have been to sacrificing both her happiness and your own."

He looked at me steadily for an instant; he went over to his bookcase and took down a book: he then said, earnestly,

"You remember once asking me for a promise that I would never enter a hell; and to God I had given it to you, but now you shall have my oath."

I would have stopped him, but I had not time. "Here," he said, so-

lemnly and slowly, "here, in the presence of Almighty God, and by this book of God, I swear that while I live I never will play at game of chance, or—" he added, after a moment's hesitation, "game of any kind, so help me God!" and he kissed the open Bible, which, during this adjuration, he had held in his hand.

He looked like one who had flung a load from off his mind; "God give you grace to keep your oath," I fervently prayed.

He then gave me an account of much that had happened in my absence; he told me that to get rid of the intolerable weariness in which his days were passing, he had permitted himself to be tempted by Nolan once more to visit the gambling table; he determined to amuse himself with it as a recreation. "Alas," said he, "it was like giving blood to the tiger. The fiend that had been lurking in my breast, awoke once more in all his terrible fierceness; and I gambled fearfully—terribly. I then was introduced by Nolan to the old Jew in Mecklenburgh-street, who cashed bills for me, at a tremendous discount, all drawn on me at different intervals. Thus I went on. I knew that I was going as fast as possible to ruin, but I had not courage to look my real circumstances in the face; and Nolan, who looked over the state of my affairs, told me I could only retrieve myself by successes at the gambling table; ha! ha! ha!" he laughed wildly at the notion, "no one ever did that; it is like exercising for one's health in a poisoned atmosphere; but thank God it is all over."

I asked him could he not see that Nolan had been duping him; but upon that point he was inaccessible to reason; he would not even suffer himself to be argued with; he said Nolan had proved himself his friend, and that he would stake his life on his attachment and good faith.

We then spoke of his unfortunate loss of the examination; this pressed very sore upon his proud spirit. It has deferred his marriage; and what can I tell Letitia?—must—must she know my disgrace?—must she know my folly, my madness? for how can I account for the idleness that made me lose my examinations, but by confessing that my nights were passed in

gaming, and my days yawned away in the fearful stupefaction that followed the more fearful excitement of the night."

Some peculiar ill-fortune appeared to have attended him in connection with that examination. I have already mentioned that the examiners were not in general too severe in their exactions upon the knowledge of fellow-commoners; and perhaps dependence upon this encouraged Edmund in the absolute idleness which he practised; but, indeed, at the moment his infatuation was such that he plainly made no calculation at all. However, he went in depending on his general knowledge and his velvet gown to pass, when, to his consternation, he found that one of his examiners was Dr. Dyke; just one of those obstinate men who were so unreasonable as to expect fellow-commoners to know something of their business; and the consequence was, that Edmund was cautioned.

With some hesitation he confessed to me that he had demeaned himself, for so he now termed it, to employ personal solicitations with Dr. Dyke; he represented to him that his attaining his property was contingent on his degree; but it was all in vain; Dr. Dyke simply told him that this was an additional reason for cautioning him—he said that "no one so ignorant of astronomy was fit to manage his own property; and besides, it would in fact be cheating the charity to which his money was going, to let him pass."

The loss of the examination was now irretrievable, and the consequent postponement of his union with Letitia was equally beyond the power of alteration. I advised him to tell her candidly everything concerning the matter—that the woman to whom he was to be united for life was entitled to his confidence. He did not, however, seem to assent to my reasoning, and I left him still undecided how he should act.

That night Nolan and he quarrelled, I could not ascertain from what cause, but I was glad of it; Nolan left his rooms in a passion, and did not return.

Edmund was now comparatively happy and contented. The period of his return was coming near; there was nothing to fret him except that his letters to her had been

unanswered—she was, however, well. I thought that the manner of her family towards Edmund was changed, Mrs. Jephson seemed upon one occasion anxious to put off his inquiries about Letitia; I determined to watch closely for the cause; I soon gathered from hints let fall incautiously in my presence, that a very rich baronet in the neighbourhood of Cork had been paying Letitia remarkable attention, and I could perceive that her mother was dazzled by the prospects of a brilliant alliance, and would not have been sorry to have a pretext to break off her engagement with Edmund. My heart trembled for Edmund's happiness. I saw that all depended upon Letitia's constancy, but I thought she loved Edmund well enough to resist, for his sake, the solicitations of her friends. I certainly thought her not writing strange, but this I attributed to the influence, perhaps the surveillance, of her aunt.

It was about ten days after Nolan had left Edmund's rooms, that I was surprised at receiving a visit from him. Nolan had all that easy assurance of manner that passes generally for gentility; and, though I did not shew much signs of being glad to see him, he made himself perfectly at home. It was a keen frosty day, and he drew his chair in close to the fire. I could not help remarking both the shabbiness of his dress, and the delicacy of his appearance; bad indications of the state both of his pocket and health. Nolan was generally very fastidious in his personal appearance—he was still neat, but his clothes were threadbare; the worn cuffs of his old black coat formed a strange contrast with a large and sparkling brilliant upon his finger—his cheeks were sallow, a large red patch—I can describe the appearance no other way—appeared as if it was a dash of paint upon each, and a hollow cough seemed to come from the very depths of his lungs.

"Mr. O'Brien," said he, "I am going to take a liberty with you that perhaps our intimacy does not warrant; but it is one you must excuse; my conduct is dictated only by a sense of what is due to a respectable family. I believe you are related to the Jephsons."

I bowed assent.

"I ought first perhaps to premise that what I now say is confidential."

"Pardon me, Mr. Nolan," I interrupted; "I make no pledge—I will keep no secrets that honor will not permit—I do not seek any communication from you; if you volunteer one, it must be left to my own feeling whether it is to be confidential."

He seemed a little thrown off his centre. "I am content to leave it to your own feeling. I am sure I am safe in doing so. And believe me, Mr. O'Brien, that although some people may speak ill of me, if you knew me you would feel convinced I could have no secret that is not honourable to communicate to you."

He uttered these last words with the tone of one who felt that he had been injured by the opinion of the world. I pitied him—I almost felt disposed to trust him.

"I believe," said he, "young Connor is to be married to one of the Jephsons."

I said nothing; he took my silence for assent and proceeded—"I do not know whether the family are aware that he is a confirmed gambler."

I hardly knew what to say. "He is, in fact, a ruined man; his whole fortune is gone; I am sorry to say I know this from having been too often his companion at the gambling table; but, as I have the deepest respect for your character, although you have often seemed to shun me as if I was infectious—I do not know how you may take my interference—but I thought it right that you should know the real state of Connor's affairs—you may, of course, act upon my information as you think fit."

I thanked him!!—God forgive my hypocrisy—I thanked him!!—I told him I already knew of Edmund's gambling, but added that I trusted he was now reclaimed.

"Reclaimed!" he repeated with bitterness; "ah, Mr. O'Brien, you have never been a gambler, or you would not speak of any one being reclaimed; there is a curse about any one that has ever thrown the dice at a gambling table, that cannot be shaken off. Mr. O'Brien," he added, passionately, "I know too well the bitterness of that curse, ever to wish a young and inno-

cent girl to share it, and share it she will if she marries a gambler."

He bid me politely good morning, and I could not help standing for a moment at the window, to watch him as he went across the courts. He was very much emaciated; I could hear the deep hollow cough that sounded as if from the tomb, and seemed aggravated by the keen blast of the cutting breeze from which he had not even a great coat to shelter him; I could not help feeling that this was the sign of his poverty, and my heart bled for him as he stopped to cough, and literally shivered in the sharp frosty wind.

I could not understand the interview I had with him; I knew not whether to attribute it to some cunning, or to the feelings which he had assigned. I determined, for the present, not to mention it to Edmund, but to watch the progress of circumstances.

All went on quietly, and it was within two days of Letitia's return. Edmund's impatience was almost hourly increasing; he could think of nothing, he could talk of nothing, but the delight of meeting her, and once more, in the assurance of her love, forgetting all that he had suffered, and laughing at all that he had feared. He had spent a week in constructing a work-box for her, with his own hands, and he had it just completed. One morning he had just finished the carving of her Christian name—he left a blank for the other, and said, laughingly, he would leave that for herself to fill up; he had also got a pair of white rabbits, which she had long expressed a wish to possess, and he had spent much of his time, along the shore beyond Killybeg, gathering sea-shells, of which she had always been fond.

It was, as I said, within two days of the time of Letitia's return; the Jephsons had some time returned to town; I got in the morning a note from my aunt, it was put into my hand just as I was looking at Edmund's arrangement of all his little presents for Letitia; it requested of me to see her immediately, and to come *alone*, the word alone was dashed. I made what haste I could; I found my aunt looking pale and agitated, Mr. Jephson was walking up and down the room, apparently in a passion, and Caroline,

was sitting in a window, evidently in bad temper.

I was ushered in to meet this family party. "So, here, sir," exclaimed Mr. Jephson, violently, "here is a pretty piece of business, my daughter nearly destroyed; just about to be married to a beggar and a gambler."

My aunt endeavoured to moderate his rage, but, like all weak men, he was violent. "D—n the rascal!" he repeated two or three times, vehemently, and when he had apparently appeased himself, by thus charitably consigning poor Edmund to the evil one, he looked out of one of the windows, and remained silent.

"Stevenson, my dear," said my aunt, it was one of her foibles to call me by my second name, which she fancied a genteel one; "Stevenson, my dear! now that your uncle will let me speak, we have been all terribly annoyed this morning; your uncle has been told by an old friend, that Mr. Connor spends all his time in gambling, and we have sent for you to know about it; but indeed our information is too certain to be doubted, and you know, my dear," she added, "it would be a sad thing if poor Letitia was married to a gambler."

I could not deny part of the information—I explained the real state of Edmund's affairs, and I pleaded his cause as well as I could. I told of his oath—I told the exact amount of his embarrassments—but all would not do. Mr. Jephson grew more and more violent—"No daughter of mine shall ever marry a gambler. No! no!—d—n the rascal," he began again; indeed this imprecation seemed his safety-valve. Mrs. Jephson was less violent, but equally determined, she said she expected I would myself have told them what I knew. "Indeed Stevenson," said she, "your uncle and I have been disappointed in your conduct."

I felt the color rush to my cheeks at this reproach, which was apparently too well merited. Mr. Jephson said nothing, but contented himself with his usual imprecation. I almost thought he meant in his heart to apply it to me.

The end was, that I was commissioned to communicate to poor Edmund the wishes of the family, that he should

discontinue his visits at the house; as a last resource I entreated that this determination might be postponed until the arrival of Letitia; that the person most interested might have a voice in the council. This proposal was, however, indignantly rejected by the whole party.

"Stevenson," said my aunt, "I believe you have lost your senses; why should the poor girl be fretted about such things? it is much better she should find it all settled when she comes; there is no use in annoying her about it."

"No, no," cried my uncle, passionately; "he shall never cross my door again—d—n the rascal!" and having got upon this chime he repeated it two or three times, this forming, indeed, the regular termination of all his bursts of virtuous indignation.

"Indeed, then," said Caroline, "if Letitia was here I suspect she would have no great objection to be off. I think Sir Harry Disney has made some impression upon her—a title and four thousand a-year is not to be slighted."

"Stop your nonsense, girl," cried my uncle, "I'll settle the matter;" and he violently rung the bell, his usual finale of curses succeeding.

"John," he cried to the servant, who made his appearance, "do you hear? if Mr. Connor calls here, tell him—tell him—tell him to be d—d," he added, as if he was at a loss for words.

"Very well, sir," said John, manifesting not the slightest astonishment at such a strange message.

"Stop, John," cried my aunt authoritatively; "never mind your master. If Mr. Connor calls here—now mind what I say to you—tell him that none of the family are at home; you will not forget, John, that none of the family are at home."

"Yes, ma'am," said John, with just as much indifference as he had before received the more extraordinary commands of his master.

I saw that I could do nothing. I almost rushed from the house; I still had hopes that when Letitia would come, and when the first burst of passion was over, all might be arranged. I knew that Mr. Jephson, although a weak, was a good-hearted man; I

knew that he would not sacrifice his daughter's happiness ; I felt that if Letitia was constant, and, notwithstanding Caroline's hint, I could scarcely doubt this, all would be right. I thought it possible my aunt might have some mercenary views, and I dreaded her influence over her husband ; but still I trusted that all would be well. But how was I to tell Edmund—how was I to blight the hopes of that fond and confiding heart—hopes that I had only that morning seen so affectionately expressed in all the little attentions that he had been so industriously preparing. I shrank from the task ; I hardly knew what I was doing ; I walked away in a different direction ; I got upon the banks of the canal, and almost mechanically followed its course. I cursed in my heart the selfishness of the world ; I traced back all the misery that seemed thus to have blackened the bright hopes of a young and happy couple, like the thunder-storm that bursts upon the noon of a cloudless morning, to the avarice that prompted Letitia's visit to Cork. Bitterly did I inveigh against wealth—against legacy-hunting ; and often did I repeat, for the first time, with a full perception of their meaning, the truly inspired words of the apostle—"The love of money is the root of all evil."

At last I thought that while I was thus giving way to vain and useless thoughts, Edmund might be exposed to the humiliation of being denied admittance to the house where he had long been received as an inmate of the family. I hurried back ; I found him in his rooms, and his wild and agitated demeanour told me that I was too late. He had called at the house, and from John he had heard that he had orders to deny the family to him ; John told him confidentially that his master was in a great passion, and that I had been there, but beyond that he knew nothing.

I endeavoured to calm his mind ; I told him all I knew ; but when he found that they knew of his gambling, he burst into passionate exclamations with a frenzy that startled me.

"Yes, I guessed as much—I now am ruined—my soul is ruined—I hung all my hopes on her, and I am now adrift—my anchor is gone, and the

winds and waves may take me to damnation."

I told him that he need not despair. "If," said I, "Letitia is constant, all will be well."

"If—" he cried, "I will stake my life—ten thousand lives upon her constancy ; and yet—will she believe that I loved her? will she believe that if I loved her, I would thus madly fling away her happiness? Oh! can she believe it? I did not—God knows I did not—think that I was trifling with her happiness. A man may stake his own, but how—how could I stake her's?"

At last I succeeded in pacifying him ; and he began to think of the means by which he might remedy the evil ; he sat down and he wrote a long letter to Mr. Jephson, which he immediately sent by his servant ; he then began to write one to Letitia, which I was to convey ; but he flung half a dozen commencements in the fire, and was not able to please himself.

Next morning brought him a parcel from the Jephsons, the direction was in my aunt's hand ; it was his own letter opened, but marked on the outside "unread," the word was also in my aunt's handwriting.

Letitia came, and the next morning I paid a visit at the Jephsons. Letitia seemed pale ; I knew not whether to attribute it to the fatigue of her journey, or to agitation. I sat some time ; my aunt appeared to watch me with a very jealous eye, and seemed to keep the strictest "surveillance" over all my actions. Not a word was spoken by any one, on the subject that filled all our minds, and, after having sat out a long visit, which evidently was as irksome to my relatives as to myself, I took my leave.

That evening Edmund completed his letter to Letitia ; he entrusted it to my care, and next day I called again. I did not, however, see Letitia ; I could not draw a word from either Caroline or my aunt, on the subject of which my heart was full ; they told me Letitia was not well after travelling, and was confined to her room.

That evening I was sitting with Edmund, we both augured well from Letitia's confinement to her room.

"My poor angel," said he ; "they are, perhaps, trying to force her to forget me—perhaps they have misre-

presented me to her. Oh," he exclaimed, bitterly, "what misery have I caused. I told you," he resumed, "I told you she would be true to me. Oh, there was nothing but truth, and love, and purity in her. Oh, Edward, I am not worthy——"

His rhapsody was disturbed by a knock at the door. A messenger brought a parcel: it was directed in Letitia's hand. Edmund's heart beat violently; he turned deadly pale. He tore open the paper: it contained all his own little presents, which he had given her at different times—all returned, and by herself.

He seemed stupefied. He said nothing for some minutes. He tore the paper that contained the parcel into pieces: he flung the fragments violently on the floor, and stamped, and gnashed his teeth. "Oh, then, she, too, has forsaken me: she is false—is it not false as hell?—ay, that is the word—false as HELL."

He stopped. He ran and gathered up the fragments of the paper his violence had torn: he put them together, and gazed upon the writing, as if to be sure that it was hers: he kissed the words over and over, and then placed the torn pieces carefully in his desk.

He stopped a moment. He asked me for the letter which I had. I gave it to him. He snatched up his hat, and hurried from the room.

I followed him. I knew not to what his passion might lead him. He had, however, rushed far across the courts. It was a blustery, rainy night. I met him quickly returning. I stopped him, and said, "Edmund, think of what you are about: do nothing foolish."

"No," said he, calmly, "I will not; but I was forgetting the messenger that will take this letter to Letitia's hands."

I did not know what he meant. I could hardly keep up with his quick step as he rushed back to his rooms. He took up his purse, which he had left lying on the table, and, shaking it, he said, with a bitter smile, "This will find its way where friendship could not. Letitia's maid will be a better messenger than you."

He rushed out again; and, now that I perceived that his plans were rational, I did not care to follow him;

indeed, I did not wish to be found an accessory to the bribing of my aunt's servants, and as I was not sure but he might be detected, and I could possibly give him no assistance, I thought it more prudent to stay quietly at home.

He soon returned to me. He had had an interview with Letitia's maid, whom he had bribed to carry the letter to her mistress. The maid had told him that one night, when Letitia was going to bed, she had burst out into crying; but that every other night she seemed just as usual; but Mrs. Jephson had mostly come into her room.

To his mind the fact of her crying one night was sufficient evidence of her constancy. He was in high spirits. What were the contents of his letter he would not tell me. Next day, however, cast him down again. As soon as it was dark he went to receive the answer from the maid: it was his own letter returned. Miss Letitia had read it over; she began to cry, and scolded her maid for bringing her such a letter: she was at first going to tell her mother, but as this would have cost the girl her place, she gave her back the letter, having first sealed it again, and told her to give it back where she got it.

"And did she ask nothing more about it?" said Edmund, eagerly.

"No!" replied Barbara; "but after she went to bed, she sobbed and cried, and in the morning her pillow was all marked with her tears."

"I hear some talk," added Barbara, "about her going to be married to a great gentleman from Cork: he came to the house today."

This was enough for Edmund: he flew back to me in a state bordering upon distraction. Next day he intreated of me to go to the house and find all out. I complied with his request, and, with a beating heart, I knocked next morning at the Jephsons' hall-door.

I found my aunt sitting alone.

"Well, Stevenson, my dear," she said, after some commonplace conversation, "you may wish me joy."

"Of what, ma'am?" I asked.

"Both the girls, my dear, are to be married on one day."

"Married!" I cried, in a voice of astonishment that I could not repress.

"Yes," she answered. "I suppose

you may guess who Caroline's husband is to be." I guessed it was the madman. "And Letitia," she continued, "she is making a match that pleases us all very well: she is to be married to a Sir Harry Disney, a very nice gentleman, who took a fancy to her at her aunt's—one of the first families in the county Cork. A title and four thousand a year is beyond what Letitia had a right to expect; but she certainly is a nice girl: is not she, Stevenson?"

"And has Letitia consented to this?" I asked, without taking any notice of her concluding question.

"Consented, my dear! what do you mean? Surely the girl is no fool, to refuse such an offer."

"Does she forget Edmund Connor?" I cried, in a burst of passion.

"Faugh!" said my aunt, with a sneer; "if you wish for my favour, Stevenson, never mention that odious fellow's name. I trust," added she, turning up her eyes, "I trust Letitia feels the gratitude that we all owe to Providence for having saved her from ruin."

"Ruin," said I, in a passion: "there was no ruin in the case. Aunt," I added, "remember that Letitia solemnly pledged herself to Edmund. Edmund is not ruined: you have not that excuse: Edmund is not ruined. Letitia is his wife."

"Oh, Stevenson, my dear, these are the romantic notions of a man of genius. You men of genius are not fit for the world. I assure you Letitia forgets her girlish flirtation already. Come, you will like to have your cousin Lady Disney, and you will spend your vacations at Disney Hall. I am sure you will be as great a favourite with him as you are already with Letitia. Sir Harry is very fond of young men of talent. But I must leave you: the girls are busy choosing their wedding dresses, and I must go help them."

"Romantic notions!—men of genius!—girlish flirtation!" I repeated after her. "And these are the epithets by which you gloss over a false, a wicked, an undisguised violation of a most solemn compact."

As I passed down stairs I heard Letitia's voice, in the gay tones of merriment. She seemed to be coming down after me; but I could not wait to see her: I would as soon have seen the devil. I hated her: I hated

all womankind. As I left the house, I banged the great hall-door after me with a vehemence that made the whole house shake.

But how shall I describe Edmund's feelings—his conduct when I went and communicated to him what I had heard. He would not believe me: he said that I was joking with him—that I was trying his temper: he told me I "lied"—this was the very word he used; then he cried out, "Are you sure you heard her voice, as you describe? I believe everything but that; but I will not believe this: no, Letitia, it's a lie—a foul lie."

He said his head was burning. I persuaded him to come out into the open air. We walked on towards the country: we mechanically took the road that led to Rathfarnham. Everything reminded Edmund of past days: but it is in vain to attempt to recall all the wild things he said: who could trace all the passionate ravings of disappointed love?

We were returning near town, when we perceived a gentleman and lady driving alone in a gig. Gracious Heaven! it was Letitia and—we presumed Sir Harry Disney. The gentleman was altogether occupied with his companion: he was teaching her to drive: she had the reins in her hand, and he was guiding her in the use of them. She seemed particularly gay: we could hear her laughing as she passed near us. She saluted me, but took no notice of Edmund.

It seemed, he told me again, as if a cold arrow of ice had been shot through his heart. He stopped, and looked after them, as the gig whirled merrily along. "Go," he cried; "go, and the curse of a broken vow be with you!"

I had never heard him speak with such bitterness before. His lip was curled, and his features wore an expression of malice that was almost frightful. He quoted the words of an old Scotch song, which he had often repeated to Letitia in railleury—

"Women
Would marry Old Nick, if he kept them any
braw."

He spoke not another word until we reached College. He stopped at the door of his rooms: his hand was on

the latch—"Edward," he cried, "I have said nothing since I saw *that*: but there has been a struggle. I am cool; I will be no more passionate—no! an icy arrow has gone through my heart; it has frozen up all the feelings of humanity. I care now for no one: she has made me what I am. You see I am cool. I can hate my species. Come here," he cried, "and see if I am not cool."

He brought out from an inside room all the presents he had intended for her. He stamped upon the work-box, and smashed it into a thousand pieces: he put the pieces into the fire. He searched drawer after drawer, and each memento of her's that he discovered he flung into the flames. At last he took out a lock of bright hair—it was Letitia's: it was bound by a bit of blue ribbon.

He hesitated for a moment; but he flung this, too, into the fire, and, as he did, he muttered, "*damn her, damn her,*" with all the bitterness of fiendish hate.

The white rabbits were all that now remained. He placed the box that contained them on the table. The poor little things came forward to the hand that was wont to feed them: he carried the box to the door of the rooms, and let them run out; he then hunted them down the stairs—they wanted to run back into the rooms which they knew. He then smashed the box, and put it, too, upon the fire. "I had intended," he said, "to have broken their necks, but they looked so innocent—so unlike women, that I could not do it."

He then sat down. I never saw such a picture of intense mental suffering as his countenance presented. "Don't you think," he said, "I had a good riddance of her? My being a gambler was all a pretence: it was the title. Ah! had Sir Henry been a gambler—I am glad I am rid of such a devil."

I acquiesced in the sentiment far more cordially than he uttered it.

"Poor Nolan," he said, "would be sorry for this. I wish I had not quarrelled with him."

I do not know whether I was right, but I could not help telling him of the interview I had with Nolan. He *started*. "Ah," he cried, "this clears

the mystery. I know it now. All are liars—scoundrels—men and women all—friends and lovers—all scoundrels—hypocrites—fiends."

His fist was clenched. "Come," said he, "I'll sound this. Come—I'll find it out: he, too, is false. Wait here. I have it all. Money again," and he took out the purse, "money will get their secrets, even from a groom porter. Gracious Heaven! what a dupe I have been!"

He begged of me to wait till he came back, and rushed from the room. After some time he returned. "You were right," he cried: "Nolan is a rascal. There were three of them; you remember me telling you of Williams, who vowed vengeance against me: he, Nolan, and another, thought if I married they would lose the rest of my fortune—that I would be reclaimed; and they told her friends I gambled."

I asked him if he was certain of all this. He assured me that he was. "Williams I do not mind; he gave me warning: but Nolan, the treacherous ruffian! my friend!—but he is dying—I have tracked him to his den—oh, there is another story—he is dying in a garret, and nobody goes near him but bailiffs, and one poor unfortunate girl, whom Nolan seduced from her friends, and then left on the world: she is with him, and has for weeks been supporting him: but I have tracked him to his den: he is dying; but I would not for worlds he should die and think that I had not found him out."

That evening he insisted on my accompanying him to Nolan's garret. I was unwilling to go, but I could not resist his solemn adjurations—"You are the only human being from whom I will ever ask a favour," he said. I yielded, partly to his intreaties and partly to my desire to prevent him doing anything desperate.

It was now within a few days of Christmas; the December night closed in, dark, cold, and dreary; a cold piercing wind was drifting the thin showers of snow, the flakes of which were falling, not even in the softness of a continuous fall, but coming few and sharp through the keen frosty air. Edmund took me out with him as soon as it was dark. I wrapped myself up warm from the inclemency of the night; but no persuasion could induce

even to put on a great coat. "Ah, no!" he said; "if the cold night cools the fever of my veins, it will do well."

Edmund led me through some nasty streets, until we came to a long, dismal alley, called Drury-lane. It was a vile and filthy place, running off the worst end of Exchequer-street. The hard frost had congealed the masses of dirt which almost choked the passage, and the centre of the narrow street was a heap of frozen filth. But our progress was constantly interrupted by the jostling of some wretched looking man, or still more wretched looking woman, who seemed to think even the open air, cold and piercing as it was, less wretched than the destitution of their own miserable abodes. Most of the houses had no doors, and that which should have been the hall, seemed a foul and filthy passage that led backward to dens where human beings dragged on their miserable existence of infamy and vice. Occasionally a hideous scream, or a still more hideous laugh, burst from one of those dark passages, and then some male or female would rush out with some fearful imprecations. Many were the expressions of envy uttered by some shivering wretches at the warm habiliments in which I was arrayed. Some of the houses had shops, and from all the upper windows long poles projected, upon which were hung to dry a collection of nasty rags. Such was the place in which we came to seek a man who had been a scholar and a gentleman. Edmund at last dived into one of those dismal and doorless passages of which I have spoken. He went on fearlessly. I caught his hand, and followed him into darkness in which I could distinguish nothing. At the termination, however, of the passage, I found myself ascending a flight of stairs, and the voice of men and women, and the gleaming of candles, showed me that I was in an inhabited house. Edmund went up another flight of stairs, and then another. With difficulty, and, I believe, not without danger, we made our way up the last flight, which brought us to the top of this wretched abode. Several times my foot was caught in large holes. A narrow landing-place scarcely separated the top stair from the door that seemed to open on an apartment, out of which

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one or two panels had been knocked. A window was close to us, but not a pane apparently remained whole; some of the places of the shattered panes had been supplied with hay, but through others of them the cold snow was drifting on my cheek.

Through the broken panels of the door we could see a table, upon which stood a teapot and some medicine phials, with a wooden candlestick, from which there gleamed the indistinct light of a farthing candle; and yet it seemed as if the miserable occupant had been obliged to husband even this; for the wick on it was so long as almost to obscure the light; a female form passed across the table, and her voice had that low murmur of anxiety that seemed to mark the attendant upon the sick.

Edmund did not stand upon ceremony; he rudely pushed open the door: it had been fastened on the inside; but the weak fastening gave way against the vigorous push with which he assailed it; and when that door burst open, what a scene presented itself to our view! It was a large and wretched garret; the unplastered slates admitted the snow through their crevices, and the windows had little other protection than what was derived from the hay and straw with which they were stuffed. At one end of this garret there was a fireplace; a few cinders almost extinguished, barely looked red upon the grateless hearth; and close to these cinders, so close as literally to be spread in the ashes, was a miserable pallet, upon which we could barely distinguish an emaciated form. The table I have already described. The female, who seemed almost the only living thing in the solitude—for what lay upon the pallet was more like death than life—was young, and, even amid all the misery that surrounded her, was handsome; her scanty stock of clothing hardly supplied the wants of decency, and even with all her care to make the handkerchief meet, its scanty dimensions exposed a bosom of the most delicate whiteness; her long black hair, which hung down neglected, was almost the only covering of her shoulders and neck. She screamed at the opening of the door; she let fall a cup into which she had been filling some

tea, and ran towards the pallet as if to defend him who lay upon it. The wretched man seemed just to have strength to raise himself upon his elbow, and in the deathlike features which were then protruded from the blankets, I recognised the remnant of Nolan.

"Mary," said he, "be quiet;" and there seemed a harshness in the tone with which he addressed her. "It is kind of you, gentlemen, to come to see me here."

"You will not take him," she cried out in violent emotion, and looking entreatingly at us—"you will not take him; could he be worse in a gaol?"

"Quiet, you fool!" said he in a harsher tone. The poor girl obeyed, and sat down upon the pallet.

"Nolan," said Edmund, "I am sorry to see you here; but listen to me—I have found you out—you have not deceived me."

"I never tried," he answered, with an energy that seemed unaccountable.

"Yes, Nolan, you did; you have ruined me, while you professed yourself my friend."

"No," said Nolan; "you have ruined yourself; and if," said he, "you have come to my garret (he laid a bitter emphasis on the word my) but to upbraid me in my misery, leave my house, sir—begone—I will soon be well, and then"—and he clenched his fist in a passion—"I shall ask satisfaction for this intrusion."

"Don't talk so loud, Joseph," said the poor girl in agony; "the doctor said it would kill you. Oh!" she added, "you have destroyed me; but don't leave me now a bitter Christmas!"

"Silence, girl!" cried the sick man, with a voice raised to a feeble and attenuated scream. "Begone, wretches—begone;" and he turned to us with a fierceness that his death-like appearance made appalling.

I pulled Edmund to come away; but his passion was roused.

"Have you not betrayed me? have you not ruined me? Yes, you have the blood of my soul upon your head; you have—it is a curse upon you upon that bed."

The sick man shuddered; he screamed convulsively; he no more shook his fist in defiance; it was clenched but *with a spasms*. "Oh, you will murder

him. Leave us, leave us alone; we were happy, yes, we were happy here; you will kill him; the doctor desired him not to talk. Oh, my God, what will I do!"

Just then the sound of wild laughter came from the room below: it had a fearful effect. Nolan started up. "Ah, there they are; they are laughing. Mary, where is your father? He cursed me. Did you curse me, Mary?"

"No, no!" cried the poor thing—and she stooped down to kiss his pale and worn cheeks; "no, I never cursed you; it was not in my heart to curse you, though you left me to starve in the streets; no, I never cursed you, not even when the baby starved to death."

Her words were daggers to the dying man; for dying it was plain he was. He started from his pillow—he shook convulsively the arm of the devoted creature who had watched by him: "Did it die—and what are you here for? Go—begone—the devils will come—they will nurse it—ay, they will warm it—ah, ah, ah!"

"Joseph, love," she cried, "you will hurt yourself. Oh, but this is a black Christmas to me! oh, what is all that ever came over me, if I lose you now! I have been glad almost to find you here; when you were well, you did not care for me; but we were happy here. Oh, keep yourself quiet."

Her words fell unheeded on his ears; his eyes were glazed over with a thick film. She took up his hand—it was cold; she attempted to warm it with her breath. I advanced forward to offer her money to procure any comforts that Nolan might require. I put a guinea into her hand; her eye flashed with delight. "I can get wine; the last bottle is just finished: he should have had another as I got the last; but you do not know what this has saved me from;" and as she spoke, a deep crimson flush passed hot and burning over her cheek.

Another rude burst of merriment from the room below, started the sick man from the sleep in which he lay. "Ah, there they are laughing again—they will have me—they are there—look at him;" and he pointed his long, emaciated finger at Edmund, who stood with his arms folded at the foot of his pallet.

"Nolan," cried Edmund, "Nolan, it

is I; I forgive you; what can I do for you? can I help you?"

The finger still pointed the same as ever, and the glazed eye was fixed in an immovable stare. "He is a friend," I whispered; "we are all friends."

"He is a friend," he screamed—"he! he! he!" and his eye peered along as if watching the movements of some unseen beings. "Look there, there, the black man behind Connor. Oh, save, save, save me!"

I looked in the direction he pointed. Edmund had turned deadly pale, and staggered against the wall. I fancied I saw the formless figure of something black in undefined outline behind him. There was something terrible in the thought. I was startled by another sound from the dying man; his hand was now clutching the blankets, and his voice had sunk to a gurgling rattle.

"Give me your hand—Ma—Mary: it died; it sta—starved: that was strange."

The poor girl caught his cold and clammy hand, and tried to raise it to her lips; but one wild hiccup, something between a hiccup and a scream, broke from him.

"There, there—ay, he has it; it is a skeleton; I can count its little ribs. Oh, he is dancing it: it is—see, it is a dice-box"—his eyes fixed upon the unseen object. For some minutes a quivering shudder ran through all his frame; his hand now feebly clutched the blankets: another hiccup, and he was silent for ever.

There was something terrible to see the last agonies of that departing spirit in the dismal place that was the scene of them. The wind was whistling through the crevices of the roof, and the very ashes were blown once or twice off the grate by a gust; the paneless casement rattled to the bitter blast, and still there were rising from beneath us the sound alternately of altercation and of merriment, that might well have seemed, to the confused senses of the dying man, the voices of fiends. I could hardly shake off the impression myself. I advanced forward after a moment's pause; he was indeed dead: the finger was still protruded in the attitude of pointing to the terrible phantom that had flitted before his dying eye; his eyes, which were swelled to a *most unnatural* size, were

bursting from their sockets, and his under jaw had fallen down in all the lankness of emaciation, and left his livid tongue protruding between his teeth. The poor girl, the victim of his days of strength, the only tender of his days of sickness and misery, was looking earnestly in his face, as if to ascertain whether he was gone; she breathed upon him, as if to warm the cold cheek from which the vital heat had fled for ever: at last the consciousness seemed to burst upon her that he was dead. She looked round with the look of agony and despair; but it was a stern and a changeless look; not a tear, not a word gave vent to the sufferings of her heart. She laid down her head beside that of the corpse; her long, black hair fell over the face of the dead man. She threw her arms round the stiffening form, and then she sobbed as if her heart would break.

I leaned over her to close the eyes which were hideously staring. She started—she pushed away my hand—she kissed his livid lips. It was terrible to see her, as it were, fondling with the corpse. "No, Joseph!" she said, "I will close your eyes; they shall not rob me of that; shall they, dear? No, you will not let them;" and once more she kissed the dead man's lips. Her hand gently passed down the eyelids, which were already stiffening. But when she had done this, it seemed as if now indeed she felt that she was parted from him, and she burst into a wild and convulsive agony of grief.

Our attention was caught by the gentle sound of footsteps, and a tall, gloomy female figure entered the room, a woman whose circumstances were not, apparently, more comfortable than the state of those she came to visit, seemed to have been brought by this last burst of grief to the apartment.

She seemed, poor woman, to be touched by the scene of sorrow which she witnessed.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" she said with tenderness. "Mrs. Smith, honey, is he dead?"

"He is, he is dead," shrieked the miserable object whom she called Mrs. Smith. "Oh! Mrs. Mulvany, my heart is broke;" and she wrung her hands, and flung herself upon the corpse.

"Oh, sir," said Mrs. Mulvany, turning to me, "it's a sorrowful six weeks

she has had nursing him. He lay, at first, down in one of the under rooms ; but, poor body, she could not pay the rent, and the landlord was going to turn them into the street, but I persuaded him to put him up here to die, and here this poor thing has never left him night or day but when she went to buy their bit of victuals, when she had money for that same ; and here she has staid in this cold garret, when one would think she would be frozen to death. Her great wish was to eat a Christmas dinner with him. Poor thing, it was a fancy she took ; and at the same time, God help them, they had not as much as would buy it for them. But he is gone now. Mrs. Smith, honey," she continued, going over to the girl, who still lay upon the corpse, " Mrs. Smith, honey, there is no use in your lying there ; you can't bring him back to you. God and the blessed Virgin rest his soul ; he'll be rewarded now for all his sufferings on earth."

She lay heedless of her consolations ; her cheek pressed close to the livid face of the corpse, and all her senses apparently absorbed in contemplating that pale and distorted visage. There was but little use in remaining to witness this heartrending scene. To Mrs. Mulvany, with whose kindness we had been taken, we left some money to provide the comforts that were necessary for the living. Edmund told her that he would see and provide decent burial for the dead. She was astonished. " Well, sir," she said, " I always heard that Mr. Smith had decent people ; if he is either kith or kin to you—and I ask your pardon for speaking so freely—troth it was a mortal pity you did not find him sooner."

We made no answer to this remark ; we hurried from the room. Mrs. Mulvany brought the candle to light us down the narrow staircase ; the gust of wind from the window extinguished it. We hastened on in the dark ; we were both anxious to escape the piteous lamentation that still smote upon our ears from the desolate being we had left behind.

Scarce had we regained the street, when Edmund burst into a passionate invective. " Ah, Edward, there is a picture of female constancy ! Did you

of the earth ; she at whom the finger of scorn would point ; she upon whose brow the brand of infamy is stamped ; she came to share the cheerless garret of the man who had heartlessly betrayed her ; she is mourning over his corpse ; and she ! ay, she ! the child of fortune, she has forgotten her vow—she has sold herself—her oath for a title—a bauble ; and yet the wretch ! were that girl we have just left to pass by her, she would fancy herself contaminated by her presence. Edward, we have much to learn : how false is the judgment that is passed by the world—by society. Tell me, tell me, which is best ? upon which will God look most favourably—on that poor Mary, with all her faults, or on the proud and haughty Lady Disney ? She sold herself for gold. What more could be done by the worst of her sex ? and she will mock her God by completing the bargain at his altar."

There was too much truth in what he said ; he began again, " And a sinful world will leave that girl to starve—and the proud ones of her sex will scorn her—no ! she shall not want. I have a hundred pounds in the world ; I will send it to her tomorrow. You seem to wonder at my extravagance—what use is money to me—I will promise," he added bitterly ; " I will promise the same sum every time that I find such female constancy."

He was as good as his word. Next day he gave the poor girl the only hundred pounds that he could command ; he afterwards took pains to find out her friends, and was the means of restoring her to the house which she had forsaken, and from which afterwards she had been driven.

I went with him to see poor Nolan's remains committed to the grave ; no one attended the sad ceremony but the paid bearers, ourselves, Mary, and good Mrs. Mulvany, who came to comfort her. We buried him about the time of sunset ; the ground was covered with snow ; and he was laid in a corner of one of the crowded churchyards of the city. It was a sad funeral. I cannot attempt to describe poor Mary's wild grief, when the mingled snow and clay hid the black coffin altogether from her eyes ; it was a sad sight to us all to see the gold rays of the setting sun, as they broke from the masses of

snow cloud that covered the sky, fall with a gladness that seemed mockery upon the new-piled grave of the young.

I felt my spirits giving way beneath the constant and painful excitement in which my mind was kept. I hoped that all was now over, and that I might have that peace which I needed; but no! I had still one more scene to go through. Edmund had ascertained the morning upon which the wedding was to take place; he had formed the strange resolution of being present. A pew in the gallery of — church, surrounded by red curtains, afforded us a place from which we could witness the ceremony without being observed ourselves. Edmund made his arrangements with the sexton to admit us early, and then lock the gallery door—it was a private gallery, containing only two pews—so as to prevent the possibility of intrusion. I had received an invitation to be present, in a more regular manner, at the wedding; but I declined it, and Edmund forced me to accompany him to this hiding place.

We drew the curtains close round us; and we had an excellent view of the communion table, where, of course, the ceremony would be performed. We waited some time impatiently for the arrival of the marriage party. I remember well, the frost had shaped itself into all fantastic forms upon a window which stood close behind us. I occupied myself in tracing plumes and coaches in the shapes which the congelations assumed. Edmund had found a prayerbook, and occupied himself in reading over the solemnization of matrimony.

At last the bridal party came; there were two brides; for, as my aunt had told me, her two daughters were both *DISPOSED OF* on this day. Edmund laid down his book, and we both watched the party. Caroline walked boldly and freely up the aisle; she had just the same toss of her head as usual; perhaps it was rendered more remarkable by the large plume of white feathers which indicated every toss; just as you may have seen cricket players fix little feathers on the wickets, that their slightest movement may be detected. She seemed to have no nervous embarrassment about the obligations she was going to take upon her,

and even when at the altar her manner indicated nothing of embarrassment. Letitia, on the contrary, was pale and agitated; to do her justice, she looked beautiful in the robe of white in which matrimonial etiquette had arrayed her. Edmund gazed on her with a steady and an unwavering eye. I watched his countenance, and not a variation passed along his features as she moved up the aisle in all her loveliness. A stranger could have detected nothing in the still quiet gaze of that passionless eye; there was not even the common admiration that an indifferent spectator might have felt for the beauty of the bride.

The brides and grooms took their places at the communion rails; the clergyman took his station inside; Edmund turned round, "Is it not a mockery to complete this meretricious bargain here; listen how they will swear their troth to lies;" he took up the prayerbook, and began to follow the service.

The clergyman commenced to officiate. I have always thought the matrimonial service of the church of England among the sublimest of her sublime forms. I never felt its sublimity as I did then, when I knew that it was desecrated.

When the priest came to that awful adjuration that charges the persons themselves to disclose, in the sight of Him who knows the secrets of all hearts, all just impediments, Edmund trembled. "Oh why does he ask her that? she is my wife. I loved her once, I would not have the guilt of that upon her soul."

There was silence—the colour came to Edmund's cheek. I thought he was rising to forbid the bans; he changed his position, and leaned his face upon his hand.

The ceremony proceeded; the solemn vows were interchanged; the solemn prayers were said. Oh, what a mockery of that holy form it is to pronounce it over a touch of interest! the solemn blessing came next; Edmund leaned upon me for support; the deep solemn voice of the clergyman echoed through the church, as he exclaimed, with all the dignity of his holy office, "Those whom God hath joined let not man put asunder."

Edmund's breathing came quick and short; his eye literally flashed fire; he

tried to smile; but his features in the effort wore a fiendish grin. "God hath joined! how dare they mock their God? Say Satan—say money—how dare they mock their God?"

I tremble when I think of what followed; he seemed as if he at once became a fiend; he kneeled down upon his knees; and while the party below were begging, or pretending to be begging a blessing upon the union, he knelt and he prayed; he prayed to God to curse them. And there was a terrible eloquence in his prayer, which he muttered with an awful distinctness; and there was an earnestness in his adjuration, as he prayed to the God of truth to remember her falsehood; as he called on the God of mercy to bear in mind how she had torn and lacerated his heart; and bitterly did he call on the justice of heaven to remember her broken vow, and to make her rue the day she broke it. And sometimes he would pray directly contrary to the prayers that were uttered by the priest. There was one of his prayers upon which I dread to think; the priest prayed for the blessing of children; and he—the malice of demons seemed in his soul—and he cursed her. How shall I tell that fearful curse? he cursed her with the curse of King Lear. The prayer had excited an unmeaning smile in the circle below. Oh! little did they know the terrible imprecations that were rising up from a broken heart. It was a strange thing to see them, all unconscious of the curses that were uttered nigh them; it was strange to see with what cold listlessness the blessing

seemed to be invoked; and with what terrible earnestness the curse was called down.

The ceremony ended; Edmund rose from his knees; his features seemed all black and distorted; from the window where we stood, we could see the carriages drive off from the church door; he watched her entering the carriage of her husband; he gnashed his teeth; "ay, there she is, the legalized wanton; there she has ratified the bargain of her prostitution, and registered the indentures at the altar of her God. Lady Disney! and for that title she would have been the wife of Belzebub." Again he gnashed his teeth.

The carriages drove off; he watched them until they were out of sight. He then turned round and said, coolly, "It is all over; I am content; but the curse WILL be with her."

Years have passed away since that morning. Sir Harry Disney turned out a wretched husband, and poor Letitia died; literally died from the effects of his savage conduct, at a time when she could ill bear it. Edmund, from that hour, was changed; he became cold, heartless, and sneering. He went to the bar, where he was for some time doing little; he was distinguished for nothing but a bitter savageness of disposition, and a mocking at all the feelings of mankind. Once or twice he came forward on the liberal side in politics; but I must say no more; my tale has been, perhaps, already too long, and here I may better drop the veil.

THE NEW PARADISE REGAINED.*

(NOT BY JOHN MILTON, BUT BY MARK BLOXHAM.)

THIS is the age both of physical and intellectual prodigies. Wheat or barley was once considered indispensable to the manufacture of bread; but now, with nothing but a peck of sawdust, the chemist promises you as nice a loaf as ever lay upon your breakfast-table; and your carpenter will probably

at no distant period be also your fancy baker. In like manner we have been wont to consider the ox our proper resource when we stood in need of a sirloin; and, wishing to sweeten our tea, or our coffee, who ever dreamed of any other repertory of saccharine matter but the sugar-cane? "On a

* *Paradise Regained*, an unfinished Poem; and *Minor Poems*. By Mark Bloxham, A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honourable the Earl of Errol. Groombridge, London, 1834.

changé tout sela!" Natural philosophers now make beef-steaks out of Indian-rubber, and supply our sugar-bowls out of old linen, poets' shirts, and articles of the like description. This is wonderful! but in other departments innovations are going forward every whit as marvellous. Time was when sense, wit, learning, genius, were looked upon as "*sine-qua-nous*" in the formation of a poet; just as corn was thought essential to the making of a roll or a barn-brack.* The world was then in swaddling-clothes: now it approacheth to man's estate, and things are ordered very differently. Not only, it has been shown, may the accomplishments we have enumerated be dispensed with in poetry, but the very opposite endowments have come into vogue; and the more of the dull metal a gentleman carries in his head, the higher the point on the Muse's hill to which he directs his flight. If he be merely deficient in the organs of causality and ideality, he becomes a lyrical bard like Anacreon, or a didactic poet like Pope; but if there be downright cavities, instead of prominences in the said regions—if he be not only a blockhead, but the chief of blockheads—forthwith he snatches the harp of Virgil, or dashes full speed into the lists with Dante Alighieri! In fact, genius has been proved to be nothing but an *accident* (as logicians speak) of the poet: a man *may* be a poet, albeit that he has got some heavenly light and fire within him—and still we may point to one or two splendid examples)—but there is no *necessity* whatsoever for a particle of either: the *essential difference* is all that is required, and *that* you may purchase at the shop of the next stationer, if you have sixpence to lay out upon pen, ink, and paper.

We have pondered not a little upon the causes to which this intellectual revolution is attributable; and unless we are much mistaken, it may be explained in the following way:—This is the age of economy and economists. To produce the *maximum* and expend

the *minimum* is the grand problem that exercises the wits of the human race at the present moment. There is but a limited quantity of money in the nation, and the more of the sinews of war we save today, the more we shall have to spend tomorrow. So say our political philosophers; and our poets have begun to adopt the same principle. Our Humes economise gold, and our Montgomeries genius. The parallel is as complete as possible between the sons of Cocker and of Clib. The object of the former is to obtain the greatest amount of public service for the least outlay of pounds, shillings, and pence; and the ambition of the latter is to produce the greatest number of verses with the least expenditure of originality, meaning, and harmony. Our Scotts and Byrons were extravagant fellows, and made sad waste of mental treasure. Not a canto, or so much as a sonnet, could they produce without as much of the poetic energies as would, duly husbanded, compose a hundred thousand epics like the Omnipresence, or Satan. They had as little idea of the art of writing epic poems, without sense or imagination, as Harpagon's cook had of getting up a dinner without applying to his master's purse.

Harpagon—"Dis moi un peu, nous feras-tu bonne chère?"

M. Jacques—"Oui, si vous me donnez bien de l'argent."

—A reply which Valere properly observes was impertinent in the extreme.

"Voilà une belle merveille que de faire bonne chère avec biende l'argent! C'est une chose la plus aisée du monde, et il n'y a si pauvre esprit qui n'en fit bien autant. Mais *pour agir en habile homme*, il faut parler de faire bonne chère *avec peu d'argent*!"

Put sense for money, and poetry for good cheer, and Valere's idea of a clever cook answers exactly to the notion which we wish to convey of a clever poet—a poet like the author of *the new Paradise Regained*! In this work we have an instance of the intellectual economy above alluded to car-

* We are not sure but that we have misspelled the name of this ancient and (we fear) somewhat idolatrous cake. If we have, we implore Sir William Betham's pardon.

ried to its utmost perfection. Here is a dinner got up without money at all!

First, let us give the bard's reasons for selecting the subject. He gives them to the public in his preface, which, unless all taste for the ridiculous has left the world, ought to make either Mr. Bloxham's or his publisher's fortune.

"As a poet, I desired to be *all or none*. Milton stood at the head of English poetry. He was said to have failed in the *Paradise Regained*. I had never read his work, nor have to this day. The subject suited my taste—was of the kind *which alone by its magnitude and dignity filled the cravings of my mind*—in consequence of having been already treated by Milton, met my views of *emulation as a poet*—having been unsuccessfully treated by him, the field was open for the erection of a building, to *harmonize with his, and perfect the general effect, without detracting from the Paradise Lost*."!!!

It is kind of Bloxham not to wish to pull Milton from his pedestal. We never should have forgiven him had he demolished altogether the fame of his great rival. How easily he might have achieved it, had he but pleased, we tremble to think! His forbearance was, fortunately, equal to his power. Mighty as he felt himself, he still remembered mercy.

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked

His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy!"

No! Bloxham means "not to destroy" Milton—*only* to equal him!

"What then!" (he supposes the reader to exclaim)—"do you think that Milton can ever be equalled?" To this very natural interrogatory he replies as follows: "Why should I not think so?" Why should he not, truly? Bloxham, of all men, had a right to entertain such an idea; for Bloxham knew what was in Bloxham! But he goes on to demand—we implore our readers to believe that we do nothing but cite his words with the most scrupulous fidelity and exactness—he demands—

"Who made Milton? Can He that made *him* not make *others*?" Then comes a theological discussion upon

the matter; for this gentleman, the reader should be apprized, is of the true order of the *vates*—at once a priest and a poet.

"Where has the Creator registered an engagement against himself that he will not hereafter create as he has already created, or that on the past all his powers have been expended?"—That is to say, when the Creator made a Milton, he did not covenant never to make a Bloxham! The divine power is illimitable, and this gentleman was certainly born to prove it, although not exactly in the way he himself so modestly informs us. The omnipotence of the Deity is not more clearly exhibited in the production of the highest than of the lowest orders of intellect; and when we have given some specimens of Mr. Bloxham's muse, we shall leave it to the reader to decide in which of these two ways that great canon of divinity has been established by the volume before us. For our part, we should have said (had not this work so seasonably appeared to remove our error) that human folly, not human genius, had reached the "Ultima Thule." So far as this, we have been perhaps unintentionally guilty of limiting creative power. When the "Omnipresence" appeared, we deemed it impossible that a lower descent into the realms of stupidity could ever be attained by mere mortal dulness; and we continued of that mind until a bard arose who sung of "chaos and creation" in strains that made Montgomery's lead look almost like silver. We stood amazed at the exploit; and "well," said we, "the bottom has at length been gained; imagination may conceive a superior blockhead, but never may we hope to witness such a phenomenon amongst living and real beings." Alas! we knew not how unfathomable are the depths of folly! Even at the moment that we so argued, the womb of Dulness was teeming with the genius of a Bloxham. Of what materials she formed him we can make no conjecture, unless he was produced in the way in which Dryden tells us that Nature produced Milton, his sublime competitor, by a reproduction and combination of his two great predecessors. Thus Bloxham may, perhaps, be re-

garded as uniting in his own person the two mighty masters of absurdity to whom we have just alluded.

The force of Dulness could no farther go :
To make a third, she joined the former two.

But we can only do justice to our poet by quoting him. We hope Lord Brougham (to whom this great work is inscribed) understands the dedicatory sonnet prefixed. We confess ourselves quite unequal to it. The following is the concluding couplet; and we shall give one hundred guineas, or a set of the *Dublin University Magazine*, to him who shall demonstrate either its sense or its grammar :—

Behold her book the Sibyl thee present—
Let not refused—too late it thee repent.

This may be Norse, Chinese, or Timbuctoo; it altogether baffles our poor skill in languages.

Not satisfied, however, with besonneting Lord Brougham, (whose name, by-the-by, Mr. Bloxham most ignorantly extends into a dissyllable,) he proceeds to besonnet Milton himself. He begins—

Bard of the eagle-eye! and wing which dared
That sapphire path to tread, of fowl unknown.

Certes it is an "unknown fowl" that treads a "sapphire path;" at least no ornithologist has as yet discovered it. Besides, the *treading* of a *wing* is a curious sort of operation. Until now we thought that birds trod with their feet as other animals do. And, in the third place, we should like to know why Milton's path is a sapphire one, more than one of emerald or diamond. Altogether, more nonsense never entered into a couplet. The path of Mr. Bloxham, at any rate, is not one of "fowl unknown." No bird is more familiar, particularly about Michaelmas.

Beauties lie so thick around us, that we are quite at a loss what flower to present first to the reader. Who shall unfold the meaning of the following passage which we take from the first book, without any pains in selection?

The Almighty ceased—but still throughout the tribes
Of Cherubim, and all the glowing host
Of Seraphim, in adoration prone,
Harmonious utterance of love divine
In tones of *sweet mellifluous*, the ears

Of Spirits with delight excessive faint
Rapture inspiring filled, and through their souls,
Gliding ecstatic, thrills of holy joy
Shed indescript.

Would a forest of birch avenge such an outrage upon every rule of grammar, if committed by a schoolboy, and not by a gentleman, who tells us he is "the father of seven children." Surely under such heavy parental responsibilities, Mr. Bloxham ought to find out some honest employment as soon as possible. It is any thing but respectable, and, we feel sure, any thing but lucrative, to write verses of this description.

Did any body ever hear, except in bedlam, of a sword *riding*? Hear the poet—

Wouldst thou send forth the roar of mighty powers,
Unsheathing fierce that blazing awful sword,
Which heaven's whole host unite can scarcely wield,
And bid it *ride in havoc*.

Very shortly after, we meet with a very curious occurrence. Mr. Bloxham's cherubs, when they weep, instead of shedding their own tears, draw upon the lachrymatory founts of the seraphs, and cry, as it were, by proxy!

But whilst the choir
Of hymning cherubs, 'mid their highest notes
Make solemn pause, and o'er his mournful fate
Shed seraph tears!!!

This is really unfair: they are odd folk these angels of Mr. Bloxham—very different people, indeed, from Milton's. Amongst other peculiarities *they breathe gas!* whether it be oxygen, or hydrogen, however, the bard leaves us uncertain. The passage where this fine fancy occurs is the following :—Milton having shown himself ridiculously incompetent to handle such images as suns and comets, his august rival, Mr. Bloxham, thus manifests his superior powers—

Within which veil
A something, indistinct with brightness, seemed
As if the sun, to tenfold bigness swoln,
Was car-like borne along, leaving a train
Of fluid blaze, like dazling comet seen
Through glass augmentive; and as it sailed along,
A glory, like the gas by spirits breathed,
Tinged every object through the wide expanse,
And Tabor lighted up.

With gas, of course! How poor

an imagination was that of Milton! He "paved" his heavens with stars, but never thought of lighting them with gas. To be sure, gas in his days was but very little known, which may account for his having left so fine a conception to his successor. We have some doubts, however, whether it was quite reverent in our poet to make lamplighters of his angels, as he certainly does in the foregoing passage. The idea, however, is original!

Can further citations be necessary to show forth the merits of the production before us? Here, however, is Bloxham's hell: let the reader compare it with Milton's, and choose betwixt them.

Before him stretched, a wild and dismal view,
Lay hell outspread, her darkly burning lake
Of fluid brimstone, on whose lurid heave
Of mountain cylinders, with unbroken crest,
In sweltering ridge succeeding other, lay—
Mid fiercest lightnings darting vengeful round,
And hoarsest thunder's harsh astounding roar,
Like mighty hulks dismantled, tempest-tost,
That once Armada formed.

Who, we should like to know, was Armada? Was there ever such foul assassination of sense and syntax? What mistress of a boys' preparatory school would tolerate such misdemeanours, if a birchen-tree grew in all her neighbourhood? That any thing of the masculine gender, out of petticoats, should so stultify himself as not only to compose, but publish such profound nonsense as "the lurid heave of mountain cylinders," is to us almost inconceivable. Yet this is not the whole of the absurdity of this gentleman, nor even the greater part of it. He actually defies the censure of the critic, and announces his intention to go down to posterity in spite of us. The following passage from the preface, indicates a case of monomania the most deplorable we ever met with out of Swift's hospital:—

"With regard to that class of would-be critics, who merely search a book to ferret out defects, my reader will bear with me for a moment when, *wrapping myself in my poetic mantle*, (!!!) I say, with all due dignity, (!) that their petty barkings shall be regarded with all suitable indifference. If the volume has the reality of the matter, it will outlive their puny cavillings; if it has not, let it perish! In

the latter case, an angel's arm can't preserve me from the grave; in the former,

Legions of angels can't confine me there:!"

Mr. Bloxham, however, has no doubt whatever as to the ultimate destination of his book to a joint immortality with the hierarchs of song. In a note upon one of his "minor poems," (Milton having written "minor poems," it became necessary for Bloxham to do so too,) he gives a valuable hint to whatever future Johnson or Scott shall undertake his biography. "Should the poem," he says, "with which this volume commences, be regarded favourably, it will not be uninteresting to the reader to learn that these lines contain my first essay in verse of that kind." Truly nothing that concerns a bard of such a flight, can fail to interest any body who is not a stock or a stone.

One or two of the "minors" will gratify the reader, who may be curious to learn how gracefully sublime a genius can condescend to toys and trifles. The following is addressed to a nameless fair, "whose residence was upon a hill." If such verses did not dislodge her, she had a great deal more firmness than, we feel, we should have evinced in her situation.

If man should rejoice to be like the great Jove,
Rejoice may I when I will—
The hearts of us both are the altars of love,
My heaven is too on a hill.

We should have leaped (assaulted in this manner) from the top of the peak of Teneriffe into the sea. Yet the following epigram is finer still. It is an *Impromptu*, we are told, "on the Vicar-General of —, playfully addressing the curates at a clerical meeting, under the appellation of atoms of creation, and desiring them to rise:—"

Salth the vicar one day, giving way to the risible,
Creation's atoms, ye curates! quick get up—
Quoth Rueful, replying—Atoms are indivisible—
Then prythee, poor curates, don't cut up.

We solemnly protest, before men and angels, including the spirits that breathe the gas, that we have not fabricated the foregoing for the purpose of raising a laugh against our poet. It is every word of it in his book, just as we have given it to the reader. We do not know to what impulse the vicar "gave

way" after its delivery; but we very much fear that, had we been present, we should have vented our feelings upon Sir Rueful, in a way which would have encouraged him not a little to compose no more *Impromptus*.

As Mr Bloxham is, we are sorry to say, a clergyman of the Establishment, we feel ourselves bound to tell him that he takes a most indiscreet way to exalt the character of his gown and fulfil the duties of his calling. It is impossible but that some of the just ridicule which he brings upon himself by his poetic drivellings, must attach to him in his professional capacity. His sermons must be eloquent indeed, if they make his congregation forget his sonnets. Were we in his place, we should never allude to an angel, lest a titter should run through the church at the memory of the odd atmosphere which he makes them breathe in his facetious paradise. That it can be, in a pecuniary point, profit-

able to be the author of such poetry, we cannot, we repeat, bring ourselves to think; but, let the profit be ever so great, we say that respect for his cloth ought to have made Mr. Bloxham withstand the temptation, and keep his melodies in manuscript for the solace of his private hours and the daily delight of his amiable family, if seven children were admirers enough to satisfy his passion for applause. Publishing at all, he should have published such enormities under a feigned name. Should he repeat his offence, we would suggest it to him, for the sake of decency, to give his transgressions to the world as the "poetical effusions of a very young lady," or "rhymes by an old gentlewoman." Had he acted thus prudently with respect to the present volume, we should have had no hesitation in recommending him to our readers as the most diverting epic poet in the English language.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA—NO. IV.

We have not forgotten our German. Months, it is true, have elapsed since we last presented our readers with any of those gems from the rich mines of German poesy wherewith we were wont to deck our pages. Yet our studies have not been discarded, although they have been laid aside. They have been laid aside, not because there was any intermission in the depths of that worship which, in our soul, we pay to the grand, albeit sometimes gloomy spirit that presides over the song and legends of the land of Goethe—but because other, and far less pleasing occupations intervened to disturb the stillness of our devotion, and we have not had a peaceful hour to weave an offering that might be worthy to lay upon the shrine. But now, once more, we return again to our old employment—once more we bring down the volumes from the German shelf of our library, and turn over the leaves, that we may cull the choicest extracts, and translate them into the language that, after all, is the language of our love. For though there be those who would cry shame upon us for the confession,

we do confess that to our ear no language sounds as pleasing as that of England; and we would not exchange our own mother tongue, with all its harshness, and with all its imperfections, (harshness, it is true, that has never grated upon our ear, and imperfections that we never have detected,) for all the languages that either modern ages or antiquity can boast. No, not for the rich and sonorous melody of the Greeks—not for the terse and racy conciseness of the Latins, nor for the almost boundless vocabulary of the German, nor yet for the soft and melting flow of the Italian. And why should we? Is it not the language of our homes? Is it not that in which we remember the voices of our parents, and of the friends of our youth? Is it not that in which we first heard the words of tender endearment, in which we first listened to the teachings of religion? Is it not thus twined, as it were, in hallowed association with all our recollections of this world, and all our hopes of the next? and where is the linguist, we care not how ardent his devotion to other tongues, who will

not return, with all the fervour of first love, to his own? Ay, and as the thoughts of first love will arise unbidden, we know not why, at a moment when we did not wish for them—is not the language of England that in which we spoke the words of young and ardent, and generous, affection to one who—but no matter, we must not become sentimental, and surely to our readers we will need far less excuse than we have already made, for loving the English above all other languages.

And yet we love the language of Germany, and we admire her poetry, and, therefore, it is that we would pay to that poetry the highest compliment we can, that of translating it into the language that we honour most; wishing at the same time that our strains were worthier to do justice to its merits. Come, then, reader, we will have another *Anthology*. Come; the meadow is rich with flowers of a thousand tints—we mean the meadow of fancy and of imagination, in which we would have you to wander with us for a little while. All the summer you may have been wandering in the meadows, and on the mountains of our loved isle—you may have pulled the primrose on the bank, and

the heath upon the hill—and wooed the coolness of the summer breeze, as it wafted the perfumery of the wild flowers along the moor or the lake, and while thus you could wander, we called you to no other *Anthology*—but Autumn's keen blast has swept the flowers from their stems—the scythe of the mower has passed over the sward of the meadow, and the wild flowers you used to admire are now lying stored up snugly in the farmer's hayrick, and the breeze comes sharply along the lake or moor, untempered by a single breath of rural sweetness, and there are no blossoms now upon the valley or the hill. Come, then, now, with us, and we will lead you where the Autumn's breath can never wither the bloom of the garden. Come, and we will guide you to a plain where the flowers are changeless in their hue, and perennial in their bloom, and we will laugh to scorn the rude nipping frosts that will soon be coming over the earth. We will have another of our German *Anthologies*; we trust it will not be the last, and so, gentle reader, dropping our metaphors, we will soberly and quietly introduce you to

THE POEMS OF MATTHISON AND SALIS.*

If we were asked what it is that constitutes the leading characteristic of German Poetry, we should be disposed to answer—Too adventurous an attempt to assimilate the creations of the ideal with the forms of the actual world. Throughout that poetry we can trace a remarkable effort to render vivid and tangible and permanent those phantasmagoria of the mind which by the statutes of our nature are condemned to exhibit an aspect of perpetual vagueness and fluctuation. And as this is the prominent characteristic, so it is the darkest blemish of German Poetry. Let no absurd admirer of the style that approximates to the unintelligible tell us that we censure as an imperfection what we should, if we properly entered into the spirit of the writer, applaud as an excellence. Advocates for the highest possible degree

of perspicuity in poetry we are and shall always continue to be, because we are persuaded that it is the want of that perspicuity which, more than any other want, has contributed to the growth of the popular indifference at present so prevalent with regard to poetry, and has made the eldest-born of Heaven, even in the eyes of her own worshippers, an object rather of wonder than of love. Remote from us be the narrowness of soul that would underestimate or contest the capabilities of genius. Imagination may in many great poets have its own wondrous forms, and seem to produce its own strange creations, without any restraint, save that of which the ancient critic speaks—

“*οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν ὁρᾶν πρὸς ὅσον*.”

But even this latitude, wide as it is, is

* *Gedichte von F. Matthison and T. G. Salis. In einem Bande. Zürich, 1831.*

not infinite. The "*es* *Wesen*" was always a barrier, however distant it might appear, if all was left to the poet's discretion—the existence of discretion was presumed, and we hold it to be all but an axiom that if, while Imagination operated, it had not, after all, limited its operations to a sphere whose boundaries were prescribed and sentinelled with jealous vigilance by Reason and Precedent, we should at this day possess but a scanty show indeed of poetical monuments to boast of. We would venture to say, that we should scarcely be able to produce one that would be accounted worthy of more than the momentary gaze of admiration we bestow upon the shifting colours of the air-bubble or the kaleidoscope.

Men of a strongly-marked poetical temperament are not, we concede it, likely to be over logical in the management of an argument, or scrupulously consecutive in the development of their ideas. If their ingenuity be such as to acquire for them a character for originality of thinking, it is well; we are pleased; and all reasonable expectation has sufficient to be satisfied with. We shall never quarrel with them if they disclaim all pretensions to be revered as masters in the art of mystifying, or even, to go no further, of precise and subtle reasoning. But it is the peculiar and grave calamity of great genius that so soon as, overcoming all intermediate obstacles, it has obtained a height from whence it might smile contempt upon the contingencies that menace its downfall, it not infrequently—urged by an impulse, the enigma of which is only to be solved upon some unopened leaf of its own perplexed philosophy—foregoes that enviable eminence, precipitates itself headlong downward, and is lost thenceforth and for ever in an abyss "deeper than plummet ever sounded." It would appear that there lies somewhere in the geography of the human soul a *terra incognita*, which hardy speculators have been in all ages ambitious to penetrate. The possible existence of this Land of Shadow we are not prepared to deny; but the hazards of a voyage to explore it, to establish its boundaries and analyse its mysteries, come to us, we confess, unrecommended by any rational prospect of a counterbalancing remuneration. Not so, however, have thought

the German metaphysicians and poets. They—ardent and withal inapprehensive souls!—have now and then tempted the dangers of the Great Deep that heaved between them and the bourne of their longings. But better had they been less rash, for they who went, went and returned no more. Either they suffered shipwreck against the rocks on the coast, or else, if they landed, they perished amid the insuperable wildernesses around them. And the legacy they have bequeathed to mankind is, alas! nothing worthier than a memory which, while it excites to commiseration, has failed to produce the desirable effect of warning subsequent adventurers from similar enterprizes.

For the predominance of the evil we have alluded to various causes may be assigned. Perhaps the structure of the German language may originally have had and may still have much to answer for in the production of it. The indefinite facilities afforded by that language for the expression—or at the least for half-comprehensive attempts at expression—of emotions which we of a less favoured land than Germany have experienced from generation to generation, without well knowing how to communicate the biography of them to others, are, it may be, to be chidden for that multitudinous array of mystical sentences which we find darkening the pages of such men as Schelling, Novalis, Tiedge, and Richter. But whatever the cause of the evil may be, it is unquestionable that the evil itself exists, and that too large a proportion of German poetry is, not merely obscure, but in the positive sense of the phrase, unintelligible. Wearing the outward mask and semblance of that which it professes to be, it stands exposed, when stripped of those, as a revelation of incongruities and absurdities—a picture, the grouping of which presents us with but a mass of blots and shadows, an anomaly with which the heart cannot sympathise—which the understanding is powerless to grapple with. It is, after all, beautiful, but conventionally beautiful, not intrinsically. It is like the grotesque architecture of a dream, which seems enchanting only because the reasoning faculties have predetermined not to abide by the canons of true taste in their judgment of it. There is a cer-

tain deranged arrangement in it which we long to call chaotic. It is the perfection of magnificent inanity.

This taint, however, it is but justice to state, has not ulcerated the whole body of German poetry. The volume before us is in a great degree exempt from it. Here we have evidence that the streams of Castaly may flow as purely through German channels as through any other. The productions of Salis and Matthisson—honoured be their names!—breathe, we are happy

to say, all that unsophisticated freshness, all that simplicity of language and integrity of sentiment, which we conceive to be the richest ornaments the poet can decorate his page with. They are also distinguished for an elevated tone of moral principle—in this age no slight praise. We have perhaps detained our readers too long from the perusal of such of these productions as we can afford space for here. We commence, then, with a piece by Salis.

CHEERFULNESS.

“ Seht ! Wie die Tage sich sonnig verklären ! ”

See how the day beameth brightly before us !

Blue is the firmament—green is the earth—

Grief hath no voice in the Universe' chorus—

Nature is ringing with music and mirth.

Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—

Gaze ! and if Beauty can capture thy soul,

Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness—

Gladness, Philosophy's guerdon and goal.

Enter the treasures Pleasure uncloses—

List ! how she thrills in the nightingale's lay !

Breathe ! she is wafting thee sweets from the roses ;

Feel ! she is cool in the rivulet's play ;

Taste ! from the grape and the nectarine gushing

Flows the red rill in the beams of the sun—

Green in the hills, in the flowergroves blushing,

Look ! she is always and everywhere one.

Banish, then, mourner ! the tears that are trickling

Over the cheeks that should rosily bloom ;

Why should a man, like a girl or a sickling,

Suffer his lamp to be quenched in the tomb ?

Still may we battle for Goodness and Beauty ;

Still hath Philanthropy much to essay :

Glory rewards the fulfilment of duty ;

Rest will pavilion the end of our way.

What, though corroding and multiplied sorrows,

Legion-like, darken this planet of ours,

Hope is a balsam the wounded heart borrows

Ever when Anguish hath palsied its powers ;

Wherefore, though Fate play the part of a traitor,

Soar o'er the stars on the pinions of Hope,

Fearlessly certain that sooner or later

Over the stars thy desires shall have scope.

Look round about on the face of Creation !

Still is God's Earth undistorted and bright ;

Comfort the captives to long tribulation,

Thus shalt thou reap the more perfect delight.

Love !—but if Love be a hallowed emotion,

Purity only its rapture should share ;

Love, then, with willing and deathless devotion,

All that is just and exalted and fair.

Act!—for in Action are Wisdom and Glory;
 Fame, Immortality—these are its crown:
 Wouldst thou illumine the tablets of Story,
 Build on ACHIEVEMENTS thy Dome of Renown.
 Honour and Feeling were given thee to cherish,
 Cherish them, then, though all else should decay:
 Landmarks be these that are never to perish,
 Stars that will shine on thy duskiest day.

Courage!—Disaster and Peril, once over,
 Freshen the spirit, as showers the grove:
 O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover
 Soon the Forget-Me-Not-rises in love.
 Courage, then, friends! Though the universe crumble,
 Innocence, dreadless of danger beneath,
 Patient and trustful and joyous and humble,
 Smiles through the ruin on Darkness and Death.

Penned in a milder and sadder tory of Good over Ill in a more har-
 spirit, though not, perhaps, in one less monious world than this, are the few
 disposed to recognise the ultimate vic- lines entitled

THE GRAVE. (SALIS.)

"Das Grab ist tief und stille."

The grave it is deep and soundless,
 And canopied over with clouds;
 And trackless and dim and boundless
 Is the Unknown Land that it shrouds.

In vain may the nightingales warble
 Their songs—the roses of Love
 And Friendship grow white on the marble
 The living have reared above.

The virgin, bereft at her bridal
 Of him she has loved, may weep:
 The wail of the orphan is idle;
 It breaks not the buried one's sleep.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals
 For Peace unavailingly roam:
 Except through the Shadowy Portals
 Goeth none to his genuine home!

And the heart that tempest and sorrow
 Have beaten against for years
 Must look for a sunnier morrow
 Beyond this Temple of Tears.

In conjunction with these verses we are at least agreeable to the ear, from
 shall give the following, which, with- the untroubled flow of the rhyme and
 out pretensions to much originality, measure:

A LAY OF LIFE. (MATTHISSON.)

"Kommen und Scheiden."

Wrestling and Running,
 Dreaming and Groping,
 Seeking and Shunning,
 Trembling and Hoping,
 Riches and Poverty, Meanness and Might,
 Chase one another, like Darkness and Light.

Vainly for Peace on
Earth dost thou struggle !
Rebels from Reason
Dupe thee and juggle ;
Till, like the track of the ship through the stream,
Vanish the magical tints of each dream.

Then from this lowly
Clay-habitation
Look up with holy
Soul-elevation
Thither where dwell in perennial communion
Truth and Serenity, Wisdom and Union !

Favouring breezes
Blow for the Noble ;
O'er the calm seas his
Bark hath no trouble.
Bright are the glories his life that illumine ;
Fresh are the roses that garland his tomb.

Never despairing,
Firmly to suffer,
Gallantly bearing
Smoother and rougher,
Neither afraid to endure nor essay,
This be thy vaunt and thy duty for aye !

The feelings of Matthisson as a poet appear to have been rarely excited beyond that equable, though by no means everyday level, which best qualifies a man to appreciate at their fair worth all the blessings around him, without leaving him in any great degree liable to be injured by the shocks he may encounter through existence. To the hurricane and turmoil both of the physical world and the human passions he is a happy stranger. He is the amanuensis of Nature in her mildest moods, and he chooses poetry as the medium of her thousand-voiced communications to mankind. He is rejoiced when he listens to the carol of the lark, and glad because he sees that the primroses are blowing ; "his heart leaps up when he beholds a rainbow in the sky," and, if he can also weep as he hears the mould fall upon the coffin of a brother, his tears, though sincere, are neither bitter nor exhaustless, for he is a believer in the promised Resurrection. He does not, like too many, detect the flavour of poison in every draught that the wells of humanity supply him with : he is evidently unwilling to suspect that any unholy or polluted can emanate from such a source. True, his effusions

are occasionally tinged with melancholy ; but it is not the melancholy of despair or even of common human grief that shades the page : it is the overflowing of a heart whose yearnings for the Beautiful "nought under Heaven's wide hollowness" can satisfy, and whose longings after the unobtainable sympathy of the Fair, the Excellent, and the Noble, of all centuries and countries, though German enough, perhaps, in their character to excite a smile in us, are as deep a spring of pain to him as the severest trials of Life can be to the worldly-minded. Hence, though the Elegy is a favourite form of composition with Matthisson, he does not sorrow for the dead "as one who hath no hope ;" for his sentiments are, in their darkest phases, rather sad than gloomy ; while the Laments that he pours forth to the living, though unsurpassed for pathos, exhibit not half the despondency and bitterness of which such subjects might be supposed susceptible. One of these—the *Vergiss mein nicht*—is a piece of such a fine and solemn order, that we cannot withhold it here, although, as addressed to an individual, and embracing many local topics, it may, probably, appear divested of a portion of its proper beauty.

FORGET ME NOT.

TO MARIANNE.

"Vergiss mein nicht wenn unter Fremden Lüften."

Forget me not, Beloved! when, far and far away,
 I float, a leaf, along the world's wide sea:
 When flowers bestrew thy path and zephyrs round thee play,
 Let that fond heart of thine remember me.
 The roses nigh thy window-cells will blow;
 The morning sun will shine, the evening stars will glow;
 The moon's blue beams will tremble on the grot,
 And I afar. Forget me not!

Forget me not when in the gorgeous hall
 Thy light steps move where Youth and Beauty bloom;
 Forget me never when the curtain-pall
 Of Eve shall robe thy lonesome bower in gloom.
 When, Heaven's dim veil uprolled, the starry kingdom gleams,
 And when thy spirit soars and mingles with its beams,
 I too shall glance above, and this shall be my thought—
 Loved Marianne, Forget me not!

Forget me not when Spring is newly flowering,
 When Nature, garland-crowned, speaks with divinest voice,
 And strikes thine eye with loveliness o'erpowering,
 And bids thy gentle spirit in its depths rejoice.
 Forget me not when Summer-days draw nigh,
 When, like so many fragments of the mild blue sky,
 Young violets shall whisper from each bowery spot,
 "Forget me not! Forget me not!"

Forget me not when Memory sweetly lingers
 On that loved haunt, by both remembered well,
 The spot where first I touched thy fairy fingers—
 Remember, Marianne, the darkling pine-tree dell!
 What happiness was mine when first I pressed
 Thy hand! and dared to raise it to a breast
 Wherein that warm pulse beats which now dictates this thought—
 "Oh, Marianne, Forget me not!"

Forget me not when sauntering by that lone
 Gate which the tall wild weeds encircle wreathingly,
 Where oft I hung upon thine every tone
 As on the chaliced flowrets hangs the amorous bee:
 The echo of thy words then died away in distance,
 Not so the soul they breathed—that lives in green existence
 Deep in a heart with thy dear image fraught—
 Then, Marianne, Forget me not!

Where droops the cypress there my spirit hovers,
 Beside that grave which once we loitered nigh.
 The pale day sank, too drearily for lovers,
 But Holiness and Peace were in thy soul and eye.
 The spirit of thy mother blessed thee then, oh, maiden!
 Thy heart felt tranquillized, while mine, alas, was laden
 With many a dark foreshadowing of my future lot—
 Yet, Marianne, Forget me not!

Rememberest thou the evening? Thoughts that Speech expresses

So vaguely and so ill were swelling in thy bosom ;

The stirless Autumn airs forbore to woo thy tresses ;

There was no moaning voice that night on flower or blossom .

The holy cypresses with tear-like dew were wet :

Canst thou, my Marianne, that thrilling hour forget ?

Ah ! then these burning words, too, from thy memory blot—

“ My Marianne, Forget me not ! ”

What there absorbed my mind and all my mindborn powers

Shews clear and pure and placid as the enamelled Night,

Which then shone down upon those consecrated hours,

Hours garnered in my memory as her best delight,

That strong and calm devotion which ennobled Love,

And saved from wronging stain the sacred garland of

Homage I proffered then to Virtue, Truth, and thee—

Then, Marianne, Remember me !

That strong and calm devotion sanctifies me now :

Oh ! ne'er in saintly bosom burned a holier glow

Than mine, when, whitely veiling thy too radiant brow,

Thou camest, as from Heaven, to illume dark Earth below.

Thus hover o'er me still through my long night of years,

And, like a dazzling vision born of loftier spheres,

Hallow the hour in which my last, last sigh shall be

“ Oh, Marianne, Remember me ! ”

Not in the smile—not in the favoring glance—

Not in the enthralling magic of thy greeting—

Not in that queenly form transcending all romance,

Which rose where slim young boughs and blossom gauze were meeting—

Not in the fascinating graces of thy mien

The enchantment lay ;—the mind, that melodist unseen

First woke the chord of Love which now breathes whisperingly—

“ My Marianne, Remember me ! ”

This high existence—this ethereal essence—

This wonder-sphere of harmonies Elysian,

Whose rays encircle thee with fadeless presence,

This, only this shall live unwaning in my vision.

There blow those airs of peace whose breath is Paradise,

There virtues, flower-like, breathe rich incense to the skies,

Those skies from whence a voice shall shortly sigh to thee—

“ Ah, Marianne, Remember me ! ”

Peace round thee be ! But tenfold woe to those

Who waken anguish in a heart like thine,

A heart like thine, whose every feeling glows

With goodness and benevolence divine :

Who shall debar me from the throne I claim

In that exalted Heaven ? Ah ! might my noteless name

Be with this lay of love before thy memory brought !

My Marianne, Forget me not !

Here, underneath the greenery of the vine,

My hand and heart have reared a monument to thee !

Here oft I sweetly dream, oft sadly pine,

But all my thoughts are born for Immortality,

For they are all of thee; and Lethe shall not sweep
Such treasure to her caves, and least of all that deep
And everburning wish wherewith my soul is fraught—
Oh, Marianne, Forget me not!

Still fair, still fragrant live the white flowers wreathed
Around my temples by thy whiter hand,
What time thou sawest from this fond bosom breathed
The emotion I no longer could command,
And sawest it in the cheek that redly glowed,
And sawest it in the tears that hotly flowed,
Blest tears! which more than Speech and more than lyre have taught;
Then, Marianne, Forget me not!

By all those things, the dell, the glorious hill,
The brilliant flowers we gathered on its peak,
The winds that played among thy locks at will,
And wantoned with the roses on thy cheek,
By the decaying sunset's latest look of love,
Which lifted thy pure heart in voiceless prayer above,
And by my last Farewell, if in its tones lay aught,
I call on thee—Forget me not!

By the faint echoes borne from that sweet time
When every glowing day slept in a lair of flowers,
By all those reminiscences sublime
That float like bright-haired shadows from Elysian bowers,
By all thou art and wert, by all thy faith and feeling,
By that deep humbleness which, studiously concealing
Its own imperial worth, twines wreaths for others ever,
I call on thee—Forget me never!

And when, at eve, thou wanderest down the glen,
What time the boding nightbird chants his lay of death,
Ah! then, perchance, and for the last time then,
These lips shall bless thy name with faltering breath;
Then, when the winds shall waft the tidings on their wings,
And the dark pine-trees round thee groan, like living things,
Then wilt thou feel my heart hath broken with this thought—
“Loved Marianne, Forget me not!”

As the poetry of description has of late years been almost wholly superseded by that of sentiment, we may be forgiven for passing over the hundred “Pictures of Spring” and “Images by Moonlight” before us; the more readily as we are unable, notwithstanding the celebrity of Matthisson as a delineator of Nature, to discover anything more graphic in his vividest sketches than is developed in an unpretending piece of his called

AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

“*Goldner Schein.*”

Sunset pale
Gilds the vale,
And the pall of Evening slowly falls
Over Waldburg's ruined castle walls.

Full and free
Sweeps the sea,
And far twinkling through the liquid green
Many a fisher's swan-white bark is seen.

Silver sand
Strews the strand,
While the clouds, red, pale and purple, shew
Their gay glories in the wave below.

And, behold!
Hued as gold,
Wild flowers climb the promontory's rock,
Where the fluttering sea-fowl swarm and flock.

In the skies
Poplars rise,
And the broad oaks ever darklier frown,
And the mountain-streamlets ripple down.

While, above
Strand and grove,
Orchard, rivulet and dusky dell,
Stands the moss-o'er-shaded hermit's cell.

But Night soon
Brings the moon,
And no more the golden sunset falls
Over Waldburg's ruined castle-walls.

Moonlight pale
Paints the vale,
And, in Fancy's ear, sad spirit-lays
Chant the memory of old hero-days.

Here, next, we have three, shall we now and then form the characteristics
say trifles—an Ode to Melancholy, par- of German piety—and two sweet little
taking of the mystic gloominess, but love-songs.
without the dreamy obscurity which

MELANCHOLY.

"Wo durch dunkle Buchengänge."

Where the midnight moonbeams glimmer
Yellowly on pine-tree leaves,
Where the death-black wave looks dimmer
As the stooping willow grieves;
Where around forsaken walls
Ivy branches greenly cluster,
Where the mist at twilight falls
When the bowers have lost their lustre;
Where 'mid crumbling pile and column
One lone tree is seen to rise,
Where the owl sings his solemn
Ditty to the stormful skies;
Where, among the Alpine hollows,
Mountain-torrents dash and rave,
Where the moaning night-wind follows
Shrivelled leaves from grave to grave;
Where the moonlight on the burial
Ground in sickly silver sleeps,
And beside the yew funeral
Hopeless Friendship darkly weeps;
Thither, thither, far apart
From the world of Mirth and Folly,
With a wrecked yet wistful heart
Wends thy votar Melancholy!

There he feels a sacred yearning
 Tow'rd his great eternal goal ;
 There, at length, a flood of burning
 Tears relieves his weary soul ;
 And he hears, as roll the million
 Worlds that gem the vault above,
 Every star through Heaven's pavilion
 Whispering downwards—' God is Love !'

LOVE'S REMINISCENCES.

" Ich denke dein."

I think on thee
 When through the vale
 Is thrilling the wail
 Of the sweet and mateless nightingale,
 Then, love, I think on thee ;
 When thinkest thou on me ?

I think on thee
 Where the ruin is grey,
 Where the moon's faint ray
 Over urns and mounds is wont to play,—
 There, love, I think on thee ;
 Where thinkest thou on me ?

I think on thee
 With tremblings and fears,
 And fast-falling tears,
 And sleepless emotions that pierce me like spears—
 Ah ! thus I think on thee :
 How thinkest thou on me ?

O ! think on me
 Till above yon star
 That burneth afar
 Where Virtue and Innocence only are,
 One day I meet with thee,
 O ! think till then on me !

A SONG TO THE BELOVED ONE.

" Durch Fichten am Hügel, durch Erlen am Bach."

Through pine-grove and greenwood, o'er hills and by hollows
 Thine image my footsteps incessantly follows,
 And sweetly thou smilest, or veilest thine eye,
 While floats the white moon up the wastes of the sky.

In the sheen of the fire and the purple of dawn
 I see thy light figure in bower and on lawn ;
 By mountain and woodland it dazes my vision
 Like some brilliant shadow from regions Elysian.

Oft has it, in dreamings, been mine to behold
 Thee, fairy-like, seated on throne of red gold ;
 Oft have I, upborne through Olympus's portals,
 Beheld thee, as Hebe, among the Immortals.

A tone from the valley, a voice from the height
 Reëchoes thy name like the Spirit of Night ;
 The zephyrs that woo the wild flowers on the heath
 Are warm with the odorous life of thy breath.

And oft when in stillest midnight my soul
Is borne through the stars to its infinite goal,
I long to meet thee, my Beloved, on that shore
Where hearts reunite to be sundered no more.

Joy swiftly departeth; soon vanisheth Sorrow;
Time wheels in a circle of morrow and morrow;
The sun shall be ashes, the earth waste away,
But Love shall be king in his glory for aye.

The second of these love songs is better than the first.

The expression in the last line of the first stanza strikes us as exquisitely beautiful—that which we have attempted to translate:

“While floats the white moon up the wastes of the sky.”

Some of the conceits may, perhaps, be extravagant; but the idea which supposes the *sensible* existence of his beloved in all the beauties of Nature is well developed by the poet. We do not wish to appear to quote from our own pages,

still less to quote that we may praise; and yet here we cannot help recollecting a sweet stanza which appeared but a few months ago in one of those beautiful poetical effusions which have adorned our pages, headed *Sylvæ*, and subscribed W. A. B.—a stanza in which the same idea was expressed with more depth of sentiment, and at the same time with more unsophisticated simplicity, than in the song of the German. The following are the lines to which we allude. Do they not contain as much as the six stanzas of Matthisson?

Unworldly girl, such days as these
Shine from the skies to image thee;
They breathe the same soft influence,
And thou and they are harmony.
Thus, nature, Lucy, but translates
Thee to a language she hath made—
Thy gladness to her noonday smile,
Thy sorrow to her twilight shade.

This is the language of a poet, and of one of whom we venture to predict that the day will come when he shall have proudly proved his title to that honoured name. But we have digressed.

Salis was the friend, the disciple, and the imitator of Matthisson. One spirit, in truth, appears to pervade the writings of both. The versification of Salis is generally considered to be less harmonious than that of Matthisson. We confess, however, that if we were

called upon to choose between imitator and model, our preference would fall upon the former. If there be anything in Matthisson to surpass the trifles entitled *An die Kinderzeit*, *Der Fremdling*, *Das Schweigen*, and *Hoffnung*, it has hitherto escaped us. We regret, for the sake of the English reader, that to these beautiful pieces we can do no better justice than will be found meted out to them in the succeeding inadequate translations.

TO CHILDHOOD.

“*Und ist sie hin, die gold'ne Zeit.*”

And where is now the golden hour
When Earth was as a fairy realm,
When Fancy revelled
Within her own enchanted bower,
Which Sorrow came to overwhelm,
Which Reason levelled;

When Life was new and Hope was young,
 And sought and saw no other chart
 Than rose where'er
 We turned—the crystal joy that sprung
 Up from the ever-bubbling heart?
 O! tell us where!

Man, like the leaf that swims the wave,
 A wanderer down that rushing river
 Whose torchless shore
 Is spectre-peopled from the grave,
 Can scarce, amid his whirl and fever
 Of soul, explore
 The treasures infant-bosoms cherish;
 Yet feelings of celestial birth
 To these are given,
 Whose Iris hues, too deep to perish,
 Surviving Life, outlasting Earth,
 Shall glow in Heaven.

I see thy willow-darkened stream,
 Thy sunny lake, thy sunless grove,
 Before me glassed
 In many a dimly-gorgeous dream,
 And wake to love, to doubly love
 The magic Past!
 Or Fiction lifts her dazzling wand,
 And lo! her buried wonders rise
 On Slumber's view,
 Till all Arabia's genii-land
 Shines out, the mimic Paradise
 Thy pencil drew!

Youth burns: we run the blind career
 Which they who run but run to rue;
 Too fleetly flies
 The witchery of that maddening year;
 Yet will we not the track pursue
 Where Wisdom lies,
 For Manhood lours, and all the cares
 And toils and ills of Manhood born
 Consume the soul,
 Till withered Age's whitened hairs,
 The symbols of his Winter, warn
 Us to the goal.

But thou, lost vision! Memory clings
 To all of bright and pure and fond
 By thee enrolled!
 Mementos as of times and things
 Antique, remote, far, far beyond
 The Flood of old!
 Yet oh! the spell itself how brief!
 How sadly brief! how swiftly broken!
 We witness how
 The freshness of the lily's leaf,
 Ere Autumn dies, and leaves no token,
 And where art thou?

THE EXILE.

"Ich komme vom Gebirge her."

I come, a wanderer, from the mountain's brow ;
The vales are chill, the waves are murmuring now :
I roam, roam onward, weary and in woe,
And sigh for ever, Whither must I go ?

Methinks the very sunbeams here feel cold—
Bloom seems Decay—each face looks worn and old ;
Men's language sounds as vacant as the air—
Alas ! I am a stranger everywhere !

Where art thou, land beloved and unforgot ?
I seek thee, sigh for thee, but see thee not ;
Green land of all my fondest hopes below !
Land where my roses ever blush and blow !

Land which in midnight dreams I wander through !
Land where my Dead shall one day rise anew !
Land of the language to my memory dear !
In vain I look for thee—thou art not here.

I roam, roam onwards, weary and in woe,
And sigh for ever, Whither must I go ?
And answering voices whisper at my heart,
"Joy smileth everywhere, save where thou art !"

SILENCE.

"Es' noch das Weltgebau von Finsternissen."

In the Unbeginning First, ere Earth uprose
From Chaos old,
Thy reign, eternal Spirit of Repose !
Thou didst uphold.
Behold the firmament ! How vast to view !
May Fancy roam
That wilderness of silver and of blue ?
It is thy home !
The untrodden solitude was thine, and is,
And the grey ruin
Whereon Decay, through buried centuries, his
Work hath been doing,
And the red desert when its sand-waves revel
In the Simoom,
Or, all as desolate, lie hushed and level
Through glow and gloom !
Down to the ground-floors of the soundless Deep,
Where Life and Light
Subsist not, but all things are swathed in Sleep,
Thou goest, by night !
Or, where there is no breath to curl the billow,
And on its brow
The melancholy night-queen finds a pillow,
There mournest thou !

Yea! in Corruption and the charnel-vault,
 Darkling and lone,
 For everrolling years thou dost exalt
 Thy dim, dim, throne!
 Spirit—of universal essence!—by
 What single spell
 Thou melodisest Earth, Sea, Stars and Sky,
 May language tell?
 Handmaid of Him who is the Invisible Word—
 The Unseen Allseeing,
 Viewless and voiceless, and yet felt—*heard*—
 Whence is thy being?

HOPE.

"Wohlthätigste der Feen."

Oh! maiden of heavenly birth,
 Than rubies and gold more precious,
 Who camest of old upon Earth,
 To solace the human species!
 As fair as the morn that uncloses
 Her gates in a region sunny,
 Thou openest lips of roses
 And utterest words of honey.

When Innocence forth at the portals
 Of Sorrow and Sin was driven,
 For sake of afflicted mortals
 Thou ledest thy home in Heaven,
 To mitigate Anguish and Trouble,
 The monstrous brood of Crime,
 And restore us the prospects noble
 That were lost in the olden time.

Tranquillity never-ending
 And Happiness move in thy train:
 Where Might is with Might contending,
 And labor and tumult reign,
 Thou succourest those that are toiling,
 Ere yet all their force hath departed;
 And pourest thy balsam of oil in
 The wounds of the broken-hearted.

Thou lendest new strength to the warrior
 When battle is round him and peril;
 Thou formest the husbandman's barrier
 'Gainst Grief, when his fields are sterile;
 From the sun and the bright Spring showers,
 From the winds and the gentle dew
 Thou gatherest sweets for the flowers
 And growth for the meads anew.

When armies of sorrows come swooping,
 And Reason is captive to Sadness,
 Thou raisest the soul that was drooping
 And givest it spirit and gladness;
 The powers Despair had degraded
 Thou snatchest from dreary decay,
 And all that was shrunken and faded
 Reblooms in the light of thy ray.

When the Sick on his couch lies faintest
 Thou deadenest half of his dolours,
 For still as he suffers thou paintest
 The Future in rainbow colors :
 By thee are his visions vermillioned ;
 Thou throne'st his soul in a palace,
 In which, under purple pavilioned,
 He quaffs Immortality's chalice.

Down into the mine's black hollows,
 Where the slave is dreeing his doom,
 A ray from thy lamp ever follows
 His footsteps throughout the gloom.
 And the wretch condemned in the galleys
 To swink at the ponderous oar,
 Revived by thy whisperings, rallies,
 And thinks on his labours no more.

O, goddess ! the gales of whose breath
 Are the heralds of Life when we languish,
 And who dashest the potion of Death
 From the lips of the martyr to Anguish :
 No earthly event is so tragic
 But thou winnest good from it still,
 And the lightning-like might of thy magic
 Is conqueror over all ill !

For the present our labour of love is over ; and now, ten words with respect to ourselves. It has been alleged against us that our *Anthologia* are somewhat deficient in the information which essays purporting to treat of German literature should contain. In these papers, however, we desire to appear not as essayists, but translators. As translators we are very much at a loss to discover what species of information it is that our censors or counsellors require of us. Do they wish us to furnish histories of the lives and adventures of every poet we chance to take down from the shelf, embellished, for default of honester materials, with "anecdotes from authentic sources," and so forth ? We hope not. All these may be met with in the *Biographia Literaria*, or the *Annual Obituary*; and we have no ambition for encroaching on the office of the conductors of either one or the other. Or do they, perhaps, expect that we are to engage in disquisitions upon the genius and character of every individual from whom it may be our good or ill fortune to translate or travestie a stanza ? Our brief and unceremonious reply is, that such disquisitions are read but by a few, are

scarcely half understood by those few,

and are never cared for or recurred to by the many or the few. They will continue to be written, we admit, so long as ideas are at all marketable commodities, if only to prove that the writer is capable of writing what the world are incapable of appreciating ; but if they ever produce any definite impression, it is, and will be, that the author has been depicted—not as Truth would have depicted him—not as he would or should have depicted himself—but as the prevailing humour and peculiar views of his commentator inclined. We believe that the heart and the intellect of a poet are ever more easily susceptible of analysis by a simple reference to his works than by the aid of the most elaborate explanatory criticism that ever passed through the press. There is a time-honored adage about the supererogation of hanging out a bush where the wine is tolerable ; and we object upon principle to flourishes of trumpets, either before 'Tom Thumb or "His Majesty Sardanapalus, the king, and son of Anacyndaraxes." Apples of gold, though people do occasionally set them in net-work of silver, can afford to shine very well by their own lustre. If the poetry be worthy, its worth will constitute its best recommen-

dation. If it be otherwise, the most eloquent pleading in language is "leather and prunella." These are our undecorated sentiments. We are vain enough to imagine that, if they were also the sentiments of others, neither the cause of poetry nor that of common sense would be a loser.

Thus much in temperate explanation of our preference of the Poetry of poets to the prose of—ourselves. If this be not satisfactory, we shall re-advert to the subject in suitable season.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAP. XIX.

JOINING THE FLAG-SHIP.

"Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti;
Tempus abire tibi."—*Horace*.

FORTUNATELY for me, the romance and sentiment of Werther, and Ortis formed no part of my disposition. Had it been otherwise, what an opportunity now offered itself for ending my life in a fit of hopeless love; for beautiful as are the ideal portraiturees which the powerful pencils of Goethe and Foscolo have transmitted of the heroines of their delightful tales, they were not, in my opinion, one half so beautiful as the living reality of Catherine —. The deep passion that lurked in her full dark eye, the delicate contour of her countenance, and the graceful symmetry of her elegantly moulded figure, formed a combination of attractions sufficient to entrance a youth of my naturally warm temperament; and "notwithstanding all my philosophy," I could not, without a pang, resign myself to the idea of her being the wife of another.

It was, accordingly, with that peculiar yearning of the heart, which follows more or less the breaking off of any *liaison*, however transient, that I proceeded on my homeward journey. The beautiful country through which I passed, the thought of home and of friends, nay, even the offer of the reins which the accommodating driver made me, could not rouse me from my abstraction. My mind was entirely occupied with the idea of the accomplished Catherine; busy, memory conjuring up every word she had spoken that could be construed into a word of kindness—every look

she had given which fancy could assimilate to a look of love.

It was already late in the evening when we arrived at the small town of —, where I was under the necessity of remaining overnight, the public conveyance not proceeding northward until an early hour in the morning. Unwilling in my present mood of mind to be harassed by the presence of strangers, I requested the landlord of the inn at which we stopped, to accommodate me with a private apartment, where, throwing myself on a sofa, I gave myself up to a thousand uneasy reflections and vain regrets.

The parlour which I occupied was separated from the public, or, what is usually denominated, the travellers' room, by no other partition than a pair of large folding-doors, through which the fumes of liquor and the hum of conversation reached me without interruption. At first the buzz and confusion that followed the arrival of the new guests—the reiterated applications to the bell, the bustling of waiters, the clashing of plates, the jingling of glasses, and the incessant hum of discordant voices were perfectly intolerable, and accorded ill with my present meditative mood; and it was no unpleasant prospect to me, when at length, as the night grew late, the repeated calls for "boots and chambermaid," indicated that the company were dispersing. In a short time the room was almost entirely vacated, and I began to flatter myself

with the hope of enjoying a little quiet ; but, alas ! when the travellers' bell again sounded, instead of the anticipated demand for "chambermaid," the waiter was ordered to bring "brandy and water for two." Here was a dilemma ! Those "two," whoever they were, were evidently bent on enjoying a comfortable nightcup together, which boded little rest to me ; the liquor was brought, chairs were drawn, the fire was poked, and everything prognosticated a regular "set-to." Placed as I was, I could not avoid becoming an involuntary eaves-dropper on the conversation that passed, and this, as usually happens between strangers at an English inn, turned upon sporting and the turf.

"Well, well," said one of the speakers, in the soft silvery accents of youth, "I don't know so much of Newmarket. Doncaster's the place for my money ; what is your opinion, sir, of the last St. Leger ?"

"Why, as to what is my opinion of the St. Leger, sir, replied the other, in a gruffer tone, "I can only say that I wish it had been at the devil. I'm not a man to be cozened by the legs, but that race cost me a cool hundred. Foul play, sir ; foul play, upon my honour !"

"Ay, ay, you backed the favourite, I suppose ; and no disparagement either—many of the knowing ones did the same. But, for my own part, I saw from the first, that the favourite was not the likely horse ; I backed Moonbeam, sir, and I shant say what I made of it."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "I'm not much given to argumentation, but this I'll say, notwithstanding, that Moonbeam is no more fit to run with that same favourite than my little terrier bitch is to beat his lordship's greyhound at a coursing match. No ! no ! honour and honesty are no longer to be found upon the turf. It is very different from what I can recollect it ; gentlemen were gentlemen then."

"You really suppose, then, that there was foul play ?" inquired the other.

"Suppose ! I know it, and the owner of the losing horse, Mr. —, knew it too."

"Take care what you say, sir ; Mr. — is a particular friend of mine,

and I'll have no reflections cast upon his honour."

"I don't care whose friend he is ; thank God he's none of mine. All I say is, that his horse was drugged, and he knew it."

This difference was the mere prelude to a regular quarrel, which the fumes of the brandy no doubt tended to augment. A challenge was given and accepted, and it was agreed that as one of the gentlemen had a travelling case of pistols, the affair should be settled on the spot. Whether the landlord had been alarmed by the altercation, or how he came to the knowledge of what was going on, I know not ; but presently he rushed into my room, and urged me, for God's sake, to interfere, otherwise there would be bloodshed in his house.

"I never meddle with other men's quarrels, my friend," said I ; "if the gentlemen shoot each other, it's no business of mine."

"But at least, sir," cried the host, in extreme perturbation, "step in and see fair play. My house will be ruined if such an affair take place within its very walls, and no one to witness in my favour. It would be little better than murder."

With some difficulty I was at last prevailed upon to witness the threatened rencontre, and for this purpose was ushered into the travellers' room, which is public to all comers. The two combatants were the only individuals in the apartment, and they stood opposite each other on either side of the small table at which they had been drinking. The one, an elegant-looking young man of about two and twenty, was very deliberately loading a pistol, and the other, a middle-aged, stout-built gentleman in a military frock-coat, was witnessing the operation with the utmost coolness. As I entered, both turned round to see by whom they were interrupted, and no sooner did our eyes meet, than a simultaneous ejaculation of "Ned," and "Mr. Lascelles," burst from each.

"Which of all the winds of heaven has blown you here, Ned ?" cried the younger of the two, throwing down the half-loaded pistol and running to embrace me.

"Mr. Lascelles, as I live," cried the military senior ; "well now but I'm

devilish glad to see you ;” and as he spoke, he grasped my hand in his herculean fist.

This was certainly a most unexpected rencontre. One of the angry duellists was an old schoolfellow of mine, Tom Halliday ; and his antagonist was no other than honest Mr. Tunbridge, *ci-devant* aid-de-camp to Sir H. L. at St. Helena, whom the reader may perhaps recollect as having been my constant attendant during my rides and walks with Sophia —. I shook them both cordially by the hand, truly delighted to see them ; and having called for an additional supply of liquor, we all sat down in friendship to talk over old stories. As to fighting, that was for the present never thought of ; and though the pistols and ammunition lay all the while on the table, not the slightest allusion was made by my two friends to their recent quarrel. The wish not to disturb the harmony of so unexpected a meeting seemed to prevail ; and after a few rounds of cognac punch, the utmost hilarity and good-fellowship were the order of the night.

“ And how have you been, Mr. Lascelles, since you left St. Helena ?” said Tunbridge. “ Sad doings we had there shortly after you went away. You have of course heard of his death ?”

“ We called at Helena,” I replied, “ in coming home, and I visited his grave.”

“ Ay, that was just like yourself ; and how is the yew-tree thriving ? I planted it with my own hands.”

“ It was well done of you, Mr. Tunbridge,” I replied ; “ he was a great man ; and when the grave closes even on an enemy, nothing but good should be remembered. Poor Napoleon.”

“ D—n Napoleon !” cried Tunbridge, striking his huge fist on the table ; “ I don’t mean him ; it’s Nestor that’s dead ! Napoleon, forsooth ! Poor fellow ! he died of an inflammation, and that in spite of all our blistering and bleeding. But we are all mortal, Mr. Lascelles, though I certainly *did* hope that poor Nestor would have lived to have taken the shine out of some of the prime ones in England. Poor Miss Sophia ! I thought it would have broken her

heart ; for what, with that and your going away, the poor thing did not hold up her head for a month. Your uncle, indeed, was not so down-mouthed about it as might have been expected, and bore his loss better ; he’s a cool man, the general. I remember he stood near me when I received that cursed ball in my knee, and he laughed as if he would have died, though the shot sent me down, as if I had been killed in good earnest ; he’s a brave man, is the general. And, by the way, talking of that,” he continued, turning round to Halliday, “ it may perhaps be as well to observe that you and I have all this time forgotten to fight.”

“ Very true,” replied Halliday, with true Oxonian frankness ; “ and, with your leave, I have no objections to postpone the affair altogether.”

“ With all my heart,” replied Tunbridge ; “ it is equally the same to me, and, to say the truth, I begin to like you too well to care about shooting you, or even being shot by you ; for though you do not belong to the service, like Mr. Lascelles here, and myself, yet you’re a devilish good fellow, and there’s my hand on’t.”

It was late in the morning before our convivialities ended, and Tunbridge having agreed to accompany me for a few days to my father’s, we left Tom Halliday, after many kind farewells, to pursue his journey to Oxford, and took the road northward. Being advertised of my arrival, my father met us one stage from home, and we travelled the rest of the way in his chariot. It was a cold, dull, drizzling morning ; but, notwithstanding the ungeniality of the weather, no sooner did our vehicle draw up at the door, than down came my mother and sisters, with loud shouts of welcome, to receive us. It so happened that honest Tunbridge, muffled up in his military cloak, was the first to alight, and my mother not expecting any stranger, received him in her arms, and imprinted a warm kiss on his somewhat rough visage. The astonished lieutenant started back in amazement at this cordial reception, and his military cap falling from his head at the moment, displayed him in all the perfections of his bald pate, and pox-seamed countenance.

"Good God!" cried my mother, horrified at so unexpected an appearance, "can this be Edward?"

"No, mother," said I, stepping forward, and clasping her in my arms; "it is not Edward, but it is Edward's friend, and one fully as worthy of welcome as Edward himself."

I shall not detain the reader with a detail of all the happiness I experienced during my residence in my father's house. I now enjoyed the privilege which I had often envied others, namely, the privilege of being "a guest," at home, whom every one was bent on making happy and comfortable. The neighbours were visited; parties of pleasure were formed; riding, driving, hunting, fishing, during the day, dancing and music at night, left no heavy time on hand. Every one was kinder to me than another; and even after all my "stories" had been fifty times told, they were still called for, and listened to at least with patience; a proof certainly of no small indulgence and forbearance. Indeed the constant repetition of all the "Scenes" I had witnessed became at last irksome to myself, and I was often fain to "back out," when requested to enter on any particular narrative. This, however, was sometimes impossible, and I was frequently obliged to submit to my fate. At the house of one of our neighbours in particular, at which I was a frequent guest, and the owner of which was a fine specimen of the good-hearted English gentleman, my own patience and that of the company were very often put to the test. Invariably, after dinner, as soon as the first glass of claret had circulated, our worthy entertainer would gather the bottles before him, and settling himself in his huge high-backed chair, call across the table to me—"I say, Ned, hadn't you a fire once on board the *Hesperus*? tell us how it happened, will ye?" At this question every one present, who had heard the unfortunate story of the fire, put on a look of resignation, and I had no alternative but to launch at once into the narrative, endeavouring, in compassion to my hearers, to curtail it as much as possible. When I had finished, our good host would once more set the bottles in circulation, with the remark—"Well, he must be an honest

fellow, that Morley, and we'll drink a bumper to his health. I say, Ned, do you think there's any chance of my getting him down for a month or two to the hall?"

And now shall I confess to my fair readers, should any such honour me with the perusal of these pages, that before I had been many weeks at home, the image of Catherine ——— had faded from my heart, and I already sunned myself in the blue eyes of a fair-haired girl, resident for the time in my father's house. It was a feeling that stole insensibly upon me, for I was not at the time predisposed to be in love; but those who have seen Matilda, and who knew the accomplishments of her mind, the amiability of her disposition, and the unsophisticated gentleness of her manners, will not think the feeling strange. Constantly in her society, and with constant opportunities of admiring her many good qualities, I can only ask in the words of the Scottish poet,

"Oh! was I to blame to love her?"

But there was too much of *Elysium* in the life which I now led, that it should be of long continuance. Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since my arrival at home, when I received an order to join the ——— frigate, lying at Portsmouth, for the purpose of joining the Flag-ship in the Mediterranean. This was exactly what I had most earnestly desired. The Mediterranean is, of all the seas in the world, the most delightful to cruise in; and, as the admiral was an intimate friend of my father, there appeared every prospect of my having sufficient opportunity to visit many of the places associated with my earliest ideas of beauty and grandeur. Accordingly, after many kind farewells, and sighs, and tears, I once more tore myself from home, and arrived safely in London. Here it was no small addition to the pleasure I anticipated, when I learned that an expedition was expected to proceed forthwith to Algiers, to ensure the strict performance of the treaty which Lord Exmouth had some time before forced upon the Dey, in no very gentle manner. It appeared that various infringements had from time to time been made on the terms of this treaty—that complaints from different quar-

ters had, in consequence, reached the admiral, and that things had even gone so far that the British Consul had actually quitted the port. This was glorious news.

As the frigate in which I was to obtain a passage was to sail without delay, I had but little time to spend in London; and, accordingly, the second morning after my arrival I mounted the box-seat of the Rocket, and under the guidance of that celebrated whip, Scarlett, was safely deposited towards evening at the Fountain Inn. As it was too late to wait upon the captain of the frigate, who had lodgings at Portsea, and wishing to spend one more rational evening before descending to the horrors of a midshipman's berth, I made my toilet, and proceeded to deliver a letter which my father had given me to the Governor of Portsmouth. By this excellent individual I was most kindly received, and, being invited to dinner, I spent the evening in a manner quite suited to my taste.

Early next morning I proceeded to Portsea, and soon found the lodgings of my new captain. Having made a somewhat bashful appeal to the knocker, the door was opened by a dirty slipshod serving girl, whose unwashed face and slovenly appearance did not augur much for the cleanliness of the interior. After sending up my name as in duty bound—for no one can approach the captain of a man-of-war, even on shore, without a due observance of ceremonial—I followed the fair *ancilla* up a narrow, dirty, carpetless flight of wooden stairs, and soon reached the entrance of the apartment which contained the object of my visit. Everything without bore the appearance of untidiness and want of comfort; but the scene within baffles all description. The floor was literally littered with all sorts of trumpery. Trunks, band-boxes, bonnets, boots, shawls, epanettes, silk gowns, and swords, were strewed about in every direction, and in the most admirable confusion. At a small uncovered table, near the centre of the room, on which stood a dirty, half-broken breakfast service, sat an elegant-looking female, with long dark hair and piercing eyes, but characterized by that languid slothfulness of appearance and sallow tint of complexion which invariably distin-

guish the Portuguese women when past the prime of life. She hung listlessly over a cup of tea and a large slice of buttered toast, seeming, from the noise and confusion, to be totally unconscious of what was passing around her. Opposite one of the two small windows by which the apartment was lighted sat a remarkably beautiful girl of about fifteen, evidently the daughter of her senior companion, with the same dark silken hair and fiery eyes, but with a complexion the almost transparent pureness of which evinced the intermixture of English blood. Her slender figure was wrapped up to the chin in what appeared to be an old packing cloth, and the celebrated Portsmouth barber—with whom every sailor is acquainted—was engaged in dressing her hair, cutting as many capers round her with his comb and scissors as a midshipman over a dead marine. More alive than her mother, she seemed to keep an eye on everything that was going forward, and a slight blush suffused her lovely countenance at being discovered by a stranger in so unseemly a position. At a pier-glass which occupied the space between the windows, with his back turned towards me as I entered, stood a tall thin man, in a pair of dirty red slip-pers, not much cleaner white trowsers, and blue-check shirt. Of his face, which was lathered up to the eyes with a thick coating of soap-suds, nothing was visible save a pair of piercing grey eyes, and a most enormous aquiline nose. His right hand held aside this huge proboscis, and in his left he brandished a razor with such a look of fierce determination, that it seemed doubtful whether he meant to shave or commit a *felv de se*. Near him stood a middle-sized stiff-built sailor, (the coxwain of the frigate,) who for the present enacted the part of valet of the toilet, and who was patiently waiting the termination of the shaving process, in order that he might pack up the apparatus in a half-filled trunk that stood at his side.

Not a little alarmed at the picture before me, and suffering under the agitation usually attendant on one's first visit to a new captain, I made my bow as well as I could, and presently the hero of the razor—for it was no other than the dreaded *He*—turned round, and, staring me full in the face, roared

out in the most discordant voice I almost ever heard—

"Well, sir, what the devil do you want here?"

"I have come, sir," I replied, in a most respectful tone, "to join the — frigate as a supernumerary, for a passage to the Flag-ship in the Mediterranean."

"Well, sir," roared the courteous captain, "and why the devil couldn't you go aboard at once, without coming to pester me with such d——d nonsense."

"I have brought some letters of introduction for you, sir," I replied, in the same submissive tone; "and I thought it——"

"Then put them on the table, sir, and take yourself off. Letters of introduction, forsooth! I've had enough of these matters, by —, already! It is not a week since two of your stamp, with their d——d letters of introduction, managed to stick me in for more than a hundred pounds. But tell the first lieutenant that I shall be on board presently, and I'll make a clean ship of them before they're many hours older. Well, sir, what the devil are you standing staring there for, when I told you to be off?"

Making a very blundering bow, I was glad of an opportunity to escape from so choleric a commander; and not deeming, from the specimen I had just received, that he was a person to be trifled with, I proceeded on board, with no further delay than what was occasioned by some cold beef and porter at that snugget of all snug inns, Mrs. Harrison's on the *Hard*. The frigate was lying at Spithead; and as I neared her I was satisfied, from her trim respectable appearance, that, whatever might be the eccentricities of the captain, there was at least one sailor on board. I was received by the first lieutenant, a very gentlemanlike, middle-aged man, who inspected my order to join, and welcomed me very graciously on board. I then delivered the captain's message regarding the two midshipmen, who, it appeared, had justly incensed him by obtaining his indorsements to bills for a considerable amount, which had been dishonoured.

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, "I have heard of that already, and heartily glad I shall be to get rid of this couple of

rascals. I fear, sir, you will not find your berth the most comfortable at present; but as there are three of you supernumeraries, I shall hope for your assistance in working out a thorough reform in that quarter, and if we get clear of those two scoundrels who have been leading my youngsters into every species of impropriety, I have no doubt a good deal may be done in the way of improvement. As to the others, I have been too much occupied sitting out to pay them so much attention as I could have wished, and I warrant they have learned some bad tricks already; but when I get them once into blue water, I'll soon work the rust off them."

To my great delight, one of the other supernumeraries was a passed midshipman of the *Hesperus*, also bound to join the flag-ship, and the other appeared a very gentlemanly young man, about my own standing in the service. But as for the middies' berth, I cannot describe the disgust I experienced on my first introduction to it. Everything was filthy, confused, and slovenly; and the manners, the language, the whole bearing of the "young gentlemen," so low, so ungentlemanlike, so different from what I had been accustomed to on board the clean, well-regulated *Hesperus*, that my old shipmate and myself agreed that unless we could effect some reform in the present disgraceful state of things, we should decline associating with such disagreeable messmates. On the arrival of the captain on board, the two midshipmen who had obtained his indorsements in so unprincipled a manner, and who had been the main cause of the disorderly state in which we found the midshipman's berth, were sent on shore, bag and baggage, and everything seemed now to favour our views of reformation. As soon as our intentions became generally known, several of our messmates joined our standard; and by a little care and attention we so completely succeeded in our purpose, that on our arrival at Gibraltar few people would have recognized the berth or its inhabitants in their altered condition.

Things being better arranged in this department, our voyage became unspeakably more agreeable, although Captain ——— was certainly one of the most eccentric men I ever met in

command. He could not, indeed, be said to be a martinet, for his humours were chiefly of an harmless and entertaining description; and he was withal so essentially goodnatured, that he was rather liked on board than otherwise.

At Gibraltar we had but little time to spend, as we found orders waiting for us there to proceed without delay to join the fleet off Algiers, which port was already blockaded by our ships. Accordingly, our stay was as limited as possible, and we were soon running up the Mediterranean with a fine favourable breeze. The weather after leaving Gibraltar was exceedingly hot, and in our confined berth so sultry and oppressive, that we could neither eat nor sleep with comfort. It was accordingly voted one afternoon that, as there was every prospect of a continuance of settled weather, we might take upon ourselves to knock out our scuttle,* and thus admit a little fresh air. It so happened, however, that shortly after this had been done the captain came on the gangway, and immediately descriing the open scuttle, he turned round to the first lieutenant, and observed, in his usual caustic manner, screwing his mouth, and twisting his huge nose to one side of his face—

“Luxurious dogs these midshipmen of mine, aren’t they—eh!”

“They must have felt it over hot in the berth, sir, I suppose,” replied the lieutenant, in a conciliatory tone.

“Hot! and be d—d to them,” cried the captain; “what business have they to feel heat or cold either? but I’ll remember them for this—see if I don’t.”

No order, however, being issued to reclose the scuttle, and no farther notice being taken of the circumstance to any of us, we began to flatter ourselves that the affair would be allowed to pass. During the whole of that day the weather continued very fine; but towards evening the breeze began to freshen considerably, and there was every indication of a coming gale. To the astonishment of everyone on board, the captain, who was at all times careful, and during the night carried his caution to the very verge of timidity, instead of taking any precautions to

meet the gale with which every one saw we were threatened, continued to hold on exactly as if no change at all in the weather had taken place. Gradually the breeze increased until it blew exceedingly strong; but still, although the spars had enough to do with it, considering the press of sail under which we were, no orders were issued for reefing.

“Hands by top-gallant sheets and halyards,” cried the first lieutenant.

“Ay, ay,” said one of our midshipmen, “look at the old boy how nobly he carries on. I always said he would carry sail when there was occasion: what a d—l of a hurry he’s in to get at these Algerines!”

It now blew a perfect gale, but still the captain paced about the deck without taking the slightest precaution for the safety of his ship, and looking as indifferent as if it had been the most moderate weather in the world.

“Haden’t we better shorten sail, sir?” whispered the lieutenant in his ear.

“Nol nol!” cried the captain, with his usual half smile, or rather half grin; “keep all past! I’ll teach those midshipmen by— to open their scuttle! Carry on, Mr. —; carry on, I say, and give them a h—ll of a wetting.”

“It is blowing so hard, sir,” replied the lieutenant, submissively, “that if we don’t shorten sail the breeze will presently save us the trouble.”

“D—n the breeze, sir,” roared the captain; “all I say is, CARRY ON!” and scarcely had the words left his lips, when away with a crash went the foretop mast close by the cap, accompanied by the main-top, gallant-mast, and gib-boom.

“By heaven!” exclaimed the captain, jumping off the gun carriage on which he had been standing, as soon as he saw what had happened.

“By heaven, indeed!” echoed the first lieutenant; “this comes of wetting the midshipmen!”

“Very well, sir,” replied the captain, confronting the lieutenant with one of his withering grins; “and if I please to wet the midshipmen, who has a right to interfere? Clear away the wreck, sir,—clear away the wreck!”

* A small window, like a port-hole, in the midshipmen’s berths.

Fortunately, in the course of a few hours, the breeze abated, and before the captain appeared next morning the wreck was cleared away, and we were once more all a-tanto; having had a very pleasant night's work of it, not to mention a berth swimming with water. So much for sailing with eccentrics.

After a tolerable passage, we at length made Algiers, where we found the admiral blockading the port; and I was certainly by no means displeased to leave a ship where we had been for some time not only exceedingly uncomfortable in our own berth, but where our lives were apt to be put in jeopardy, merely to humour the captain's freak of wetting the midshipmen. On joining the flag-ship, an entirely new scene was opened to me. Hitherto I had been merely the slaving midddy, exposed to many buffetings and privations; and although perhaps I enjoyed, from circumstances, more indulgence and kindness than usually fall to the lot of young men of the same rank, yet still I was in the shafts—the burden I had to draw was, perhaps, comparatively light; yet still I was there. Seldom looked upon as any way superior to a mere servant; not supposed for an instant to possess an opinion of one's own, much less to express one; to do nothing but obey, even should the order be to run one's head against a wall, are the features, that, on board most ships, characterize the life of a midshipman. But on board the Flag-ship, matters were entirely different. Here, every one seemed in some way to be connected with his neighbour; and kindness and consideration, from superiors to in-

feriors, were the order of the day. The reason of this may be stated in one word, the Flag-ship was officered by *gentlemen*; and where this is the case, there is little fear but everything will go on pleasantly and well. This vessel, indeed, may be said to have been a perfect ark of aristocracy; she numbered, among her officers, young men of the first families in England; and while due and even punctilious consideration was invariably paid to rank, neither the admiral, himself, nor any one beneath him seemed ever, for an instant, to forget that those, with whom he was for the time associated, were not only gentlemen by birth, but had the feelings of gentlemen.

One evil genius there was amongst us—one black exception to the fine honourable spirit that characterised the rest of the officers. It is not my intention to sully these pages by even hinting at his name. He may rest undisturbed for me amid his vices and his insignificance; but let him not suppose, that although he is separated from his former shipmates, the scorn and contempt with which he was regarded by all, will ever be obliterated from their minds. While he lives, he will be marked, scouted, and despised, as one combining all those base attributes so well associated by Mr. Canning:—

Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, spiritless outcast!

But let us turn to more pleasing subjects, nor dim the bright Mediterranean sky by the clouds which such recollections engender.*

* Those who served in the Mediterranean at the time to which I allude, may not perhaps deem it over valiant in me to indulge in the above reflections, as the individual alluded to is one, who, like O'Connell, "wont fight." My only object in doing so is to apply a little gentle chastisement where it is so justly merited.

THIRD LETTER FROM AN OLD ORANGEMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—Lord Gosford, in his evidence before the Orange committee, admitted that the principles of the Orange institution are unexceptionably good. He said also, that the men who compose

the body are subjects of whom any sovereign might be proud. But the men and the principles both together formed a "tertium quid," so dangerous and so unmanageable, as to excite his

strongest reprobation. His lordship did not condescend to give any explanation of this singular phenomenon, or attempt to show how it happened that good men, and good principles, when united, produce bad subjects. Yet such was the proposition which, from his own admission, he was called upon to maintain. He was not, however, very strictly examined as to the connection between his premises and his conclusion; and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was before a tribunal, who, if on other occasions they could "strain at a gnat," in this instance were willing to "swallow a camel."

In my last I stated that, long before the institution of the Orange system, the Protestant party were in the habit of celebrating anniversaries, at which Roman Catholics took offence; so that that system is not chargeable with *originating* such exhibitions; and also, that the number of them was diminished, and not increased, when Orange lodges became established, so that neither is it chargeable with *augmenting* that source of public mischief. But this point is so important, that I have judged it right to rest it upon something better than my own assertion, and the reader will find my statement fully borne out in the following extract from Barrington's *Historical Memoirs of Ireland*. He thus writes:

"In 1779 the harsh operation of the penal statutes was aggravated by the triumphs of Protestant supremacy, which were then celebrated throughout Ireland with all the zeal of bacchanalian orgies. A system of political idolatry seemed to have insatuated the whole of the Protestant population, and their devotion to even the statue and the memory of the dead King William the Third, appeared as powerfully efficacious as their loyal attachment to the living monarch, in kindling the fervour of their enthusiasm. *Thrice* every year the Irish Protestants celebrated the birth and the victories of the Prince of Orange, in a manner peculiarly calculated to revive the animosities of their Catholic fellow-subjects."

I cite this statement for one purpose alone, namely, the clear attestation which the writer bears to the existence of party processions long before the birth of the Orange institution. That they were *intended* to give offence, or

even made a *cause* of offence, is not so clear, because it is indisputable that Roman Catholics themselves very often joined in them, and continued to do so, according to Mr. O'Connell's statement, when examined on his oath before the House of Lords, until the most objectionable of the penal laws was repealed. And that the *one* anniversary which the Orange body resolved to keep, was not adopted with any feeling such as the writer of the above extract ascribes to Protestants of a former day, is evident from the fact, *that he himself became a member*. Yes, reader, Sir Jonah Barrington's name appears upon the books as amongst those of some of the earliest Orangemen in Ireland!

It has, I trust, appeared from my former letters, that the Orange was, in its origin, a strictly defensive institution; and that, in its effects, it amply justified the views of its founders. A revival of loyalty attested its presence, and an increase of security and tranquillity attended its progress. The secret machinations of traitors were defeated, and the open violence of defenderism was restrained. As soon as Protestants began to feel some sense of security, from the character and the extent of the new combinations, it immediately appeared that the cause of the revolutionists had long derived a seeming support from numbers by whom it was secretly detested; for, when it was found that the Orangemen were able to protect themselves, and that, wherever they were established in force, the aggressive violence of the other party was suspended; no sooner did this appear than there was a manifestation of loyalty, which, but a short time before, could have been little suspected; and very many who had been drawn on, by the anarchists, step by step, until they had reached the very verge of the precipice of treason, recoiled from their perilous position with a degree of horror which never left them until they felt themselves securely lodged in the bosom of that constitutional party, upon the growth and the prevalence of which depended the tranquillity of Ireland, and the integrity of the empire.

Yes, when England was menaced by foreign war—when she was assailed by domestic treason—when Ireland

was convulsed by civil war, and her coasts hourly threatened with invasion, the Orangemen were found a help in time of need, by whose aid, under Providence, the national salvation was accomplished. Had the institution not arisen, it is my firm belief that the country would have been undone. Her loyal men, scattered and dispirited, could have made no effectual stand against the disciplined and enthusiastic revolutionists to whom they were opposed, and by whom they would have been crushed, one by one, until no one was left who might dare to stand up for the constitution. But, by acting together with concert and energy, they soon were felt to be formidable. Every day saw an accession to their numbers. The gentry and nobility of the country, Whig as well as Tory, were desirous of being enrolled amongst their body; and some of the names upon the list of their early members, were those of individuals whose whole political lives had been previously devoted to projects which had won for them much of popular regard, and which had for their object Irish independence. Lord Northland and Mr. Brownlow encouraged the growth of Orange principles amongst their tenants and dependents; Plowden, the popish historian, and the inveterate and persevering enemy of the Protestant name, abuses the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Londonderry, Mr. Cope, Mr. Richardson, and others, for their patronage of the institution, which, with a kind of suicidal indiscretion, he stigmatizes as sanctioning an oath of extermination; as if it were possible that such noblemen and gentlemen could, for one moment, countenance it, if it were indeed the nefarious and abominable thing that it was represented.

The reader has seen how rapidly Ulster became tranquillized. It was in the time of Wolfe Tone the hot-bed of sedition. It became the very citadel of loyalty, as was found by his unhappy friend Russell, when he made his desperate experiment upon it in 1803. I defy the wit of man to give any other explanation of this great change than is to be found in the prevalence of the Orange association. It furnishes one of the sublimest proofs on

record, that a few men, united for a righteous and holy purpose, are able to countervail a multitude of enemies; for still the Orangemen were few in number, when compared with those to whom they were opposed. But their hearts were sound, and their cause was good, and they were not at that time regarded with a vindictive jealousy by the government of the country.

There is one other instance in which, as I conceive, the Conservative effects of the institution very clearly appeared, and which I cannot do better than give in the words of one from whom I have before quoted. He thus expressed himself at the Conservative Society, on the 9th of September, 1834:—

“The mission of Mr. Lawless to the North, and the temper in which it was undertaken, are well remembered; when, with a mass of followers consisting of one hundred and forty-four thousand men, he advanced to enter the “Black North,” as Mr. Wyse, the historian, as well as a distinguished member of the Catholic Association, informs us. From Mr. Wyse, also, we have an account of the numbers which assembled, and the spirit which animated these tumultuary gatherings, in his acknowledgment, ‘that many felt a great repugnance to this summons,’ (to attend what were called reconciliation meetings,) ‘but the secret combination law of the county of Tipperary was so well known, and so deeply dreaded, that they have been drawn even from the remote parts of the counties of Waterford and Limerick, to appear at these assemblages;’ and, in his account of the reception which was given to Mr. O’Connell’s hypothetical menace to drive the Protestants into the sea, it ‘was said in the warmth and hastiness of the moment, a sort of rhetorical apostrophe, not intended to go beyond mere rhetoric, but the shout, or rather the thunder of fierce voices, which was simultaneously sent back, spoke volumes of dread and danger. The commission from the Marquess of Anglesey was forgotten; the *if* was forgotten; they already imagined themselves in full pursuit. Nothing was remembered but O’Connell and his hundred thousand men.’ Other intimations of evil purpose Mr. Wyse has recorded as afforded at those meetings. ‘When will he call us out? was more than once heard in the streets of Clonmel, during the great pro-

vincial meeting of last August; and frequently answered with the finger on the mouth, and a significant smile and wink from the by-standers.' Thus collected, and thus disposed, one hundred and forty thousand men accompanied Mr. Lawless to the town of Ballibay; and a large military force, headed by a general whom Sir Robert Peel styled 'the bravest of the brave,' and who may be said to deserve that epithet, when discretion is not the better part of valour, waited on this mighty multitude. It has been even said that the brave commander (I mean of his majesty's forces) solicited that the great army of the Association should have free passage. Three thousand Orangemen, whose numbers were increased to five thousand, resolved to contest the passage. They had fears which brave men may entertain, but a resolution which was not to be overcome, so long as they could maintain it. I pass from the subject, because it is one on which there is a difficulty of speaking, with the necessary calmness; but I cannot leave it without affirming, that if Mr. Samuel Gray, the civilian who directed the course which the Orangemen pursued on that most eventful occasion, had not been possessed of more wisdom than the gallant general who undertook to give him advice; and if he had not, relying on the heroic resolution of the little band that assembled to guard their homes from pillage and profanation, denied any passage to a barbarous multitude, except such as they could make in the face of Protestant resistance, and over Protestant carcases, that day would have been the beginning of evils in the north; and ferocious excesses would be, perhaps, for long years after, the curse of Ulster. Whatever there was of bad or vindictive feeling would be called into action, by the communications of those whose terror had been felt in the southern districts; and as the resistance would have been spirited, the destruction would have been incalculable. Better than the general, Mr. Gray knew this; and he is well entitled to the praise he has received for having stopped the progress of insurrection, and for having effected his great object without the commission of a single excess by which his triumph could be tarnished. The expedition of Mr. Lawless failed; the North was not to be terrified; perhaps it might be agitated. An agitator was announced to enact his part in Dungannon. The Orange lodges assembled to form a portion of the audience, and he found it expedient to depart. No performance.

He appeared in Armagh; but the Orangemen also appeared; another disappointment. Did any excess mar their triumphs? Not the slightest. No, nor the slightest ill-will; not even personal dislike to the learned individual whose operations were thus peacefully impeded. On the contrary, he is well esteemed by many Orangemen, and has, on more than one occasion, successfully, and to their great satisfaction, been employed as counsel on their behalf. But they knew the perilous consequences of agitation; they saw them in the state of the south; and while they never interfered to prevent assemblages, or processions, or commemorations of the Roman Catholics amongst whom they lived, they were resolved that the spirit of Munster disturbances should not be free to introduce its sanguinary code, and its discipline of assassination."

Thus it was that the spirit of the Orange system prevented a catastrophe which would, I venture to assert, have converted the North into a sea of blood. Had the system not been at that time in active operation, the Protestants would not have had that sense of conscious strength which enabled them to present a bold front to the audacious invaders; nor could those invaders have been inspired with the salutary dread and terror that laid hold upon them, by any thing short of the spirit and the determination which animated the gallant band who were resolved to dispute with them the Thermopylae of Protestant Ireland. Mr. Lawless and his multitude, accordingly, retired, and the North was left in peace. He is, himself, a man full of personal courage, and I am sure he does not want its usual concomitant, humanity. Therefore I am ready to believe that he is himself rejoiced at the issue of that expedition, and would have been one of the first to deplore the excesses to which it might have led; but for their prevention he is indebted not more to his own prudence, than to the vigilance and the valour of the Orangemen of Ireland.

Nor was the firmness of this body more remarkable than their moderation. They were well content with their peaceful triumph. The assailants were suffered to go their way, unmolested by even a menace or an insult. The brave Orangemen were satisfied with acting the part of faithful and steady

sentinels, and retired quietly to their domestic avocations, as soon as they had witnessed the departure of the myriads whose insulting approach threatened them with so much danger. They were mindful of the end of their organization, which was defence and not aggression; and while they felt additional cause for glorying in the bond of brotherhood, by which they were then enabled to withstand such formidable assailants, they also felt that their character might be compromised, and their triumph tarnished, if they indulged in any reprisals. It is, therefore, to their organization, and the peculiar constitution of their society, we must ascribe not only the energy and the courage which enabled them to resist popish aggression, but also the wisdom and the forbearance which limited their resistance to self-defence, and reconciled their feelings as Orangemen, when in a state of the very highest excitement, with their duty as good subjects.

The truth is, that the state of the country caused a vast accession of the loyalty, the wealth, and the respectability of the country to the Orange Institution. The very humblest of its members felt proud of a bond of connection by which they were brought into brotherly union with the very highest and the noblest in the land; and there was a natural anxiety on their part not to prove unworthy of such a distinction. They were, therefore, cautious, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the order to which they belonged, to avoid every act of intemperance which might cause their body to be "evil spoken of;" and it may be safely affirmed, that many of them might, as individuals, have been led into a violence of opposition to Roman Catholics, from which, as Orangemen, they were restrained. Their enemies (whose insulting and savage malevolence has been manifested almost in the same degree in which it was without the shadow of excuse) have often imputed to them crimes and atrocities which were alike abhorrent to their principles and feelings; but it has almost invariably turned out, not only that these were not the work of Orangemen, but that, had the individuals engaged in them been Orangemen, they never would

have been committed. It has, however, suited the purposes of a desperate and dangerous faction to accumulate upon the heads of this constitutional body a load of imputations, which, if the truth were known, should have been shared between themselves and such unorganized Protestants as were liable to be provoked by their violence, or wrought upon by their delusions.

It is a well known fact, that, in many instances, threatening notices have been served upon individuals, as if by Orangemen, which were only intended to bring that body into suspicion and disesteem, and which, in reality, proceeded from the opposite party.

At Lord Mulgrave's first visit to the theatre, a vast number of letters were despatched to individual Protestants and Orangemen, calling upon them to attend, and make a public demonstration of their hostility to the present government. But the forgeries were, almost in every instance detected, and this "weak invention of the enemy" failed to produce any other effect than that of putting the loyal party on their guard against them.

The late affair at Belfast, on the twelfth of July, is another case in point. A triumphal arch was erected by a few poor women and boys, with whom the Orangemen were wholly unconnected. Our gallant soldiery were ordered to fire upon them, and the blood that was shed was said to have been occasioned by Orange infatuation and violence. But the charge has been triumphantly refuted by the published resolutions of the Orangemen of Belfast, who had resolved not to commemorate the festival in any manner that could be construed into a violation of the law, and who defied their enemies to fasten upon any member of their body any participation in the proceedings which led to such a lamentable result. Alas! that an innocent demonstration of joy for our deliverance by King William, should have been the signal for legal murder!

I must, however, say, that in one respect, the Orangemen have been greatly wanting to themselves. They are without any authorised and responsible organ, by which their proceedings might be vindicated, and their principles defended. In this country they

owe great obligations to the *Warder and Mail*; both of which papers have ever exhibited a promptitude and an ability in their cause, which should excite their gratitude and admiration. This has been done, notwithstanding that these papers have had to encounter the reproach to which the Orange system was exposed, without that degree of support from the Orangemen, as a body, to which, for such valuable assistance, they were so well entitled. The Protestant community, in general, are the patrons of our conservative journals, and the aid which they have given to the Orangemen, in particular, has often been at the risque of compromising themselves with the general reader; and while this should enhance such services in the estimation of those for whom they were wrought, it should also impress upon them the necessity of providing, in some more certain, efficacious, and permanent manner, for the only species of advocacy by which they can now hope to defeat the malice and to triumph over the wickedness of their enemies.

Nothing can now withstand a general conspiracy of the press; and Orangemen may be well convinced that the wounds which their institution has received can only be healed by a weapon somewhat similar to that by which they have been inflicted.

But there are many who may say, the Orange Institution was certainly necessary in its origin, and has been justified by its effects. It neutralized the virus of rebellion in 1798, and counteracted the machinations of treason in 1803. But is it, at present, necessary? Has not the time arrived when it may do more harm than good, or when, at least, its organization may be dispensed with?

I must, in candour, answer—no. The very same spirit now exists which necessitated its origin, and the very same practices are now to be opposed, by which its principles were justified, and its organization rendered indispensable. Indeed, the only difference is, that the disloyal party have now got more power, and ostentatiously identify themselves with the government of the country.

When John Knox was accused, before the Scottish council, of recommending what was called an extraor-

dinary meeting of the brethren, he defended his conduct by former precedents, by which, if he were then guilty, the conduct of his judges and accusers could not be justified. "Nay," said Secretary Maitland, "then was then, and now is now." "I see no difference," rejoined the intrepid reformer, "between *then* and *now*, except that now the devil has got a visor upon his face. Before he came in open tyranny, and then, I think that you will allow, the brethren rightfully assembled themselves in defence of their lives. Now he comes after another manner, seeking by cunning and artifice to do that which he could not accomplish in his own strength." The effect was electrical; the council were struck dumb; the people were excited to an active resistance to meditated oppression, and they never put off the harness until they accomplished the Scottish reformation.

The case is somewhat different with us. When the Orange Institution arose, the wolf wore sheep's clothing, and it was under this disguise that he hoped to be able to ravage the flock. He was defeated and humbled; and in his defeat and humiliation there were some who saw grounds for expecting such a mitigation of his ferocity as should render him no longer dangerous. He was too cunning not to encourage this delusion, and is now fain to expect credit for the tenderest concern for those whom he meditates to make his victims. But he has thrown off disguise—he appears in his native character—and, whoever else may be deceived, the Orangemen do not believe that he has changed his nature. Shall they, therefore, remit precaution because he has thrown off disguise, and is now, in some sort, a favourite with those who ought to be their natural protectors. Forbid it, common sense! They must know full well that his hostility is still as unmitigated as ever, and that when they before contended with him, they contended for supremacy; but the contest now is a contest for existence.

No one can be blind to the coming contest. Popery is again struggling for ascendancy in this country, and that with greater advantages than she possessed at any former time. How is she to be resisted? By pulverising

the Protestant union? By disuniting and dispersing her adversaries, so that individually they can be of no avail? No; but by re-invigorating their combination, by holding before them the adage of the bundle of sticks, and thus causing them to be consolidated into impregnable bodies, and scattered like masses of granite over the surface of the country, instead of existing like so many heaps of sand.

And small must be his knowledge of human nature who does not know that, if they be not formed into combinations of one kind, they will be formed into combinations of another; that if they be not zealously for the institutions of the country, they will be zealously against them. Politically, as well as physically, large masses attract in proportion to their magnitude; and nothing but the Orange confederacy prevents a vast number of Protestants being absorbed with that portentous conspiracy which, under the pretence of a repeal of the union, meditates the dismemberment of the empire. There are many considerations lying upon the surface which would be quite sufficient to swell the ranks of O'Connell's followers, if a counteracting agency had not been brought into play, which more than suffices to impair their influence. The repeal of the union is a national object, and might, upon that ground alone, be made to assume a most plausible aspect. England has abandoned her garrison; and there are many who might say, and some who might think, that it is no longer either wise or patriotic to keep up the cry of "No Surrender." The church has been all but deposed—she has been rifled and mutilated, and that under the direction of a British parliament, bound by the most sacred obligations to cherish and preserve her. These are topics upon which the advocates of repeal might loudly expatiate. They might point to her murdered clergy—her desecrated churches—her proscribed and persecuted people,—some of them in exile, others preparing to follow, while those whose destiny condemns them still to linger in their native land, at evening say, would to God it were morning; and at morning, would to God it were evening, for very weariness of a persecuted existence. *Each being the blessings of British*

connexion and British rule, *and there being no such thing as Orange organisation*, what answer could they make to those who might tempt them by the bait of repeal? I know of none. The repeal project would act upon them with the fascination of the rattlesnake, and they would be either drawn by the plausibilities of the demagogue, or driven by the very recklessness of their own condition to be the pledged adherents of the worst enemies of the prosperity of Ireland and the well-being of the empire.

But Orangeism is an anti-septic to all such contagious insinuations. The Orangeman knows well, that by falling in with the views of O'Connell, he would not only be acting against the weal of England, but contributing to the establishment of a domestic despotism the most galling and ruthless that could be imposed upon his native land; and therefore he bears up under all the oppressions which he at present endures, and resists all the temptations that can be presented to him with a view to seduce him from his allegiance. This he could never do in his own strength alone. As a solitary individual, he must sink under the power, or be drawn away by the alluring plausibilities of his adversaries. But, as a member of a great and powerful confederacy, comprising in it much of the wealth, the worth, and the nobility of the land, he bids them a proud defiance; and, strong in the consciousness of a good cause, he is prepared to abide the issue without fear, "until this tyranny be overpast." He cannot believe that England will always, or much longer, continue deaf to the claims, or insensible to the sufferings of her afflicted brethren in this country. Her honor and interest are both too deeply concerned, to permit, much longer, a desperate faction to practise their wicked devices for our undoing; and he is thus encouraged to persevere in a righteous resistance to the oppressors, in the sure and certain hope that, however they may be defeated for a time, his constitutional exertions must be ultimately successful. But let Orangeism be put down—let its lodges be broken up, and its members scattered abroad, and nothing remains to give him confidence and courage in the contest in which he is called upon

to engage, while every thing must tend to deceive or to dishearten him, until he insensibly becomes either the victim or the accomplice of the enemies of Protestantism and of the constitution. From this consummation, so devoutly to be deprecated, he is saved by the protective influence of this much-calumniated institution. It operates like a species of political vaccination, and supersedes, by a mild and wholesome constitutional excitement, a malady which might otherwise prove dangerous, if not deadly. Let it be dispensed with, and the virus of the political poison will soon manifest itself with a force and a malignity that cannot be resisted.

The great offence of the Orange Institution, in the eyes of those who desire its overthrow, is, that it affords a purchase, as it were, to the maintainers of sound, conservative principles, by which the throne and the altar have hitherto been preserved against the daring assaults of unscrupulous assailants. It gives a unity and consistency, a steadiness and a force, to the efforts of the friends of social order, similar to that which political unions and reform associations have given to its enemies. Therefore they wish it destroyed, that they may proceed in their work of demolition without disturbance; for they can apprehend but little interruption from the isolated efforts of scattered individuals. Now, when it is considered that the reform mania is as natural to politicians in their non-age, as the teething fever is to children of two or three years old, it is scarcely necessary to employ any artificial stimulants for its production. It is inevitably incidental to the crude state of their political knowledge, however it may be modified by the peculiarity of their tempers, or the character of their minds. A jealousy of rank, an apprehension of tyranny, a love of popular distinction, a disposition to spy out defects and to exaggerate evils in the existing order of things; these all belong to that restless, busy, meddling race of men who constitute the class denominated reformers. There needs no especial pains to excite the elements of discontent, which are always found in sufficient abundance, amidst an ignorant and an indigent population; but the contrary of all this, namely, a love of order, a respect for dignities, a

reverence for established institutions, a clear perception of the difference between change and improvement, and a lively horror of the proceedings of those who, under the pretext of reform, would destroy; these are *not* feelings or sentiments to which men in general are *naturally* prone; and therefore it is the more necessary that they should be embodied in clubs and associations, having for their object the propagation of that sound political knowledge by which the machinations of the demagogue and the incendiary might be defeated. There being, then, a *natural tendency* to such combinations as are unconstitutional, and which may be productive of evil, and a natural indisposition to such combinations as are constitutional, and which may be productive of good, upon what plea of policy can we discourage the latter while we encourage the former; and why should Orangeism be repressed; while political unions are promoted?

It is very easy to understand why the destructives are opposed to an institution which must offer to their designs such serious obstructions; it is very easy to understand why papists should hate an institution which, as long as it exists, will not suffer the love of Protestantism to wax cold; it is very easy to understand why Orangemen should incur the peculiar detestation of the advocates of a repeal of the union. All these classes must be possessed by an instinctive antipathy towards them, as the great, if not the only obstacle to the attainment of the ends upon which they are severally bent. But, that loyal and enlightened men should so far fall in with the views of their enemies as to entertain distrust or aversion towards a body of individuals, associated as the Orangemen are, upon the strictest principles of self-defence, and for the maintenance of social order, argues, in my mind, a kind of mental alienation. It resembles the conduct of the idiot traveller who put the drag on his carriage when it was going up the hill, and took it off when it was going down. Conservative feelings and principles are, as it were, hot-bed plants which require to be cherished; their opposites resemble weeds which require to be repressed. And there are those who call themselves conservative statesmen at the present day, who seem bent upon destroying the best nurseries of the former.

while no pains are taken to check the latter, which are suffered to flourish with a rank luxuriance. It is painful to contemplate the possible consequences of this political infatuation.

But, while it is acknowledged that the Orange system was originally well intended, and that it has served very important ends, it has been asked, may it not also be powerful for evil? I answer not, without such a departure from its principles as must completely change its nature. Loyalty is its end and aim, the pole-star by which it is guided; and when it ceases to be loyal, it ceases to be Orange, and must die a natural death before it can appear in any other form from which disloyal and seditious results might be apprehended. The church might as well be charged with propagating irreligion, the courts of law with corrupting justice, the medical profession with being injurious to the public health, as the loyal association of Orangemen with entertaining designs subversive of the constitution. It is rather amusing, too, to see the class of persons whose fears have been excited lest it should become disloyal. Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Sheil are the individuals who, in their prophetic horror of future evil, recommend its extinction, notwithstanding that it might be proved to be of some present advantage. But they may calm their fears; Orangemen will never realize their wild anticipations. Their drafts upon the future will be dishonored, even as their imputations respecting the past have been disproved. When a Roman Catholic association may be formed, friendly to the church, then they may be found *hostile* to it; when the repealers have changed their views and principles, and entered into a confederacy for the confirmation and establishment of the act of union, then they may be opposed to that measure, and do all in their power to have it dissolved; *but not until then*; so that the great agitator and his accomplices may spare themselves the pain of speculating upon impossibilities. Orangemen will not be found traitors to their principles until rivers run back to their sources, or mountains invade the domain of the sea. Mr. O'Connell may not believe that the same spirit actuates them now, will continue to actuate them in all succeeding times, but the future demagogue will

ever be more successful than he has himself proved, in his attempts to seduce them from their allegiance.

The Volunteers have been mentioned as a case in point, to show that a society, originally praiseworthy and patriotic, may eventually become injurious to the public weal. But the analogy does not hold; for the Volunteers were, from the first, animated by not a little jealousy of England, which only manifested itself more and more in proportion as they felt their strength; so that they but followed the *law of their nature* when they ultimately assumed that formidable attitude which menaced the empire with so much peril. But the Orange Institution is founded upon an affectionate attachment to British connexion, and they would be *contradicting the law of their nature* if they were ever betrayed into any course of action by which that connexion might be endangered. Indeed it may be said, that the acknowledged evil of the one confederacy may have, in some degree, occasioned the other. The volunteer association acted as a kind of hot-bed of discontent, in which a premature and preternatural vigor was given to the pestilent products of infidelity and sedition. It was the parent of the united Irish system. The Orange association arose for the purpose of counteracting the evils thus occasioned; and unless we apply the homoeopathic principle to politics, and maintain, that whatever will cure treasonable practices will also cause them, it will be impossible, with any degree of consistency, to maintain, that consequences such as flowed from the old volunteer system can ever be apprehended from the Orange association. At all events, it will be time enough, when such consequences do follow, to provide against them. Practical good is not to be prevented, because knaves pretend, or visionaries imagine, that they can foresee speculative evils. It is quite possible that the system of freemasonry may yet be turned to a bad account; but is it, therefore, to be suppressed at present? No one will say so. Why? Because experience has hitherto proved that it is innoxious;—and no sane politician will prefer theory to experience. In like manner, I say, let us judge of the Orange system from what *all* may know, not from what its enemies may

choose to conjecture, and there is no individual, whose common sense has not been woefully perverted by faction, who could for one moment maintain, that a tree which has hitherto borne wholesome fruit, should be cut down, because it may, at some future period, altogether change its nature, and produce most deadly poison.

There is another ground upon which the continuance of the Orange Institution may be contended for, arising out of the changes which have lately taken place in the constitution of England. No one will deny that it has become vastly more democratic than it was before. The Reform Bill has thrown the governing power of the country into the hands of the people. We still have a sovereign, and we still have a house of lords; but every one knows that they are now regarded as but slender obstacles to the popular will, whenever it is strongly manifested; and, that if we are still to have even the semblance of a mixed government, it can only be by educating and informing the people, so as to show them the dangers which must attend its overthrow, and impress them with a grateful sense of the blessings which they have hitherto derived from its protection. That there are elements of mischief at work to produce a contrary effect; that there are individuals in whose judgment a republican form of government is preferable, and who are continually holding forth America as the model which we should seek to imitate; that there are others whose insane cupidity would lead them to desire a scramble, and who, for a little present gain or distinction, would have no objection to encounter the horrors of the French revolution, needs but to be stated to be admitted by every candid man who has paid any attention to public affairs. And, if the designs of these persons are to be resisted, they can be alone effectually resisted by a constitutional party, arising amongst the people themselves, and bent upon the promotion of constitutional objects. A strong government might dispense with such a party. Where the seditious man might be summarily coerced, it might not be quite indispensable that his pretenses should be stripped of their plausibility, and exposed in their native deformity. When

the law might promptly curb his envenomed virulence, it might not be so necessary to detect his flagitious falsehood. But, no one can expect any such vigour on the part of government as at present constituted, without entertaining the most vain and chimerical expectations. The incendiaries have now a voice in the cabinet; and Hume, and Roebuck, and O'Connell, and Whittle Harvey, are sufficiently powerful to beard a conservative, and to dictate terms to an anti-conservative administration. It is, therefore, indispensable, if even the shadow of our limited monarchy is still to be preserved, that every means should be taken for cherishing whatever amount of good principle exists amongst the people at large, as the only available force that can be employed for averting the open and the secret designs of those who are preparing, as it were, an infernal machine, which they are sooner or later resolved to discharge against the constitution.

It is my belief, that the force of good principle is still sufficient to defeat the force of bad, and that if we are only true to ourselves, our enemies will have no advantage over us. We need not seek for coercive laws, nor have recourse to any act of extra-constitutional rigour, in order to confound their devices. *But we cannot safely dispense with any one of the means within our power for increasing, concentrating, and invigorating that attachment to the ancient institutions of the country, which is the only available antagonist to the hostility by which they are assailed.* Such attachment exists to a degree of which the enemies of our institutions have no conception; even many of their friends do not know its extent. Let it be wisely employed, and all will yet be well. Let it be neglected, or undervalued, or discouraged, and nothing human can save us. In this latter case, a triumphant ascendancy will be speedily given to the powers of evil. The reign of anarchy will have commenced. A few honest and intrepid men, may, here and there, continue a hopeless struggle; but they cannot, in this unassisted struggle, long sustain the torrent that will rush against them, and in which the monarchy, the church, the house of lords, the aristocracy—all that gives its peculiar, ennobling,

and conservative character to British society, must share a common destruction.

As I stated before, the topics are upon the surface, which induce men to range themselves on the one side. Not so those which would induce them to range themselves on the other. The "movement" party aptly designates those who but follow the natural bias of their political temperament, when they recklessly pursue changes having for their object the more complete ascendancy of the democratic principle in all our civil institutions. There are, no doubt, many who are sincerely persuaded that such ascendancy is, abstractedly, desirable; and who, therefore, must be allowed to be actuated by honest motives in the course which they pursue; but the great strength, nevertheless, of that party consists in its adherents of doubtful principle; of men who intend one thing, while they pretend another; of gamblers in the lottery of politics, who are willing to stake the public good for the chance of such a prize as may gratify their personal ambition; of Dissenters, who hate the Church more than they love religion; of economists, to whom the corn laws are an offence; of infidels, to whom an ecclesiastical establishment is a crying evil; of papists, to whom a reformed Church is an abomination; of republicans, to whom a monarchical form of government must be distasteful. All these are willing to sink their differences, and to conspire for one common object. Now, the views and the motives which would lead men to make a vigorous opposition to this powerful party, do *not* lie upon the surface, but must be sought out and investigated, in order to be discovered and appreciated. It is not his natural inclination which will lead any one to abjure a large share of popular power, or to deny to the order to which he belongs increased influence in the affairs of the country. He can only be induced thus to act from an enlightened conviction, that, by any other course, the general harmony of society would suffer greater detriment, than he or his particular class could reap advantage; and that conviction can only be acquired by a patient study of history, and in *attentive* observation of human affairs.

Besides, the maintainers and improvers of our institutions must be united upon *many* points, while those who impregnate them need be united but on *one*. So that there is, in every balanced state, a *natural combination*, founded upon a kind of instinctive compromise of particular differences, always going on against the monarchical and the aristocratical institutions; while it can only be resisted by the desultory efforts of enlightened individuals, who must be always too few and too feeble to countervail their numerous and eager assailants. What then is to be done? Manifestly to form a combination, in which the friends of social order may be able effectually to propagate their convictions. If this be done, they will very soon find that good principles will not long want steady and zealous supporters. There are many, who could never themselves, hit upon ready answers to the plausibilities of the demagogue, to whom the proceedings of that character must be odious; and these will readily fall under the influence of those able men by whom his sophistries may be exposed. There are many whose love for the church is strong, but who have not themselves been able to see the fallacies involved in the attacks of its enemies. These will, naturally, be delighted to range themselves under those able champions by whom it may be defended. Thus, a party will be created by whom a *popular* resistance will be made to measures of a dangerously innovating character; and, without any undue departure from the forms or the usages of a free government, the balance of the constitution may be preserved. Whereas, without it, the overwhelming influence of democracy must be speedily felt; and the government of the country, no matter by whom it may be conducted, will be exposed to a succession of virulent attacks, which must end either in its overthrow or its degradation.

The reader will see at once that this great purpose has been abundantly answered by the Orange institution in Ireland. It has collected and concentrated the loyalty of the country, so that the government were always able to command abundance of assistance, whenever the aid of loyal men was required. This was felt when rebel-

lion raged in 1798. It was also felt in 1808, when the culpable supineness of the Irish executive, almost betrayed the government into the hands of a few contemptible insurgents. I remember well the confusion which prevailed at the Castle, when the Orangemen came from all quarters desiring arms and ammunition, and none were to be found! No; I am wrong. There *were* discovered, after a diligent search, some muskets, and some few rounds of ball cartridge; but it was found upon trial that the bore of the muskets was too small for the size of the balls!

All this may be allowed; but still it may be contended that the deficiency to which I allude may be better supplied by Conservative associations. I think not; and I think experience is with me. If by conservative associations be meant, those clubs and confederacies to which great political exigencies have given rise, they depend too exclusively upon excitement, to furnish such a *steady* and *permanent* counterpoise to the democratic faction as the case requires. It is the nature of most factions to be aggressive; and if, in one shape, it be defeated today, it will be in the field in another shape to-morrow. It possesses a kind of Protean versatility in the multiplicity and variety of the efforts which it makes for the accomplishment of its object. Without, therefore, the most unceasing vigilance, the counter-agent will be in vain possessed of powers of the most vigorous resistance. Conservative associations are, I know, capable of sudden and violent efforts, by which a great deal may be done for repressing the audacity of democratic ambition. But they are also liable to be as suddenly remitted; and thus, what was gained at Cannæ may be lost at Capua, and our very security of success may be the cause of our failure, and convert an humbled into a triumphant and insulting enemy. How often have I seen conservative associations arise, and flourish, and decay; leaving no more trace of what they had been, than the skyrocket leaves in the air through which it cleaves its fiery way—as brilliant as noise, and as evanescent—alike commencing in fire, and alike concluding in smoke! Was it not thus with the Brunswick Society? Was it not thus with the various other societies which,

under different names, appeared from time to time, to champion the cause of our menaced institutions? And in thus going, one by one, “to the tomb of all the Capulets,” they but shared the fate of every irregular and *desultory* effort to resist a *permanent* evil. It may operate as a palliative, but it will not work a cure; and by disguising the malignity of the complaint, may cause the remedy to be deferred until the disease has become desperate.

The evil to be guarded against is, *the tendency to continual deterioration which belongs, almost of necessity, to every system of policy in which the democratic element largely prevails.* This can never be effectually met by societies which are only called into existence by its occasional *extraordinary* manifestations. The remedy must be as searching as the disease is deeply seated, and will never be effectual, unless it be persevered in as a sweetener and a preventive long after every apparent symptom has been removed.

Democracy is an encroaching principle, which never will rest satisfied with the limits within which it is confined. It must be restrained within them, or it will pass beyond them. Now, this necessitates either constant control, or continual resistance; and, in either case, a spirit must be called into action which will neither slumber nor sleep, so long as the arch enemy is vigilant and wakeful. Otherwise, like Aaron's rod when it became a serpent, it will speedily make an end of all its competitors.

Conservative societies have always seemed to me like the seed sown upon stony places. For a time they appeared to flourish. But they took no root amongst the bulk of the people; and they were consequently doomed to barrenness and decay. But the Orange society did take root amongst the bulk of the people, and its beginnings were not more unpromising than its progress has been extraordinary. It had its origin amongst the humblest of the peasantry, and it now embraces within its association the highest and the noblest in the land. The one depended upon excitement. It could subsist only under the stimulus of extraordinary eloquence, or the provocation of formidable hostility; and,

upon the withdrawal of either, a collapse was inevitable. The other depended upon principle. It had, as it were, its peace establishment and its war establishment. When the enemy was absent, it was vigilant; when he was present, it was prepared.

Therefore it is, that in my humble judgment, the Orange association is infinitely preferable, for combining all good men in the unity of sound political faith, to any other with which I am acquainted. It is like one of those spontaneous productions which nature furnishes in such abundance where poisons grow, and which are intended as an antidote. Not to speak profanely, I do fervently believe it to have been providentially provided, for the purpose of counteracting evils which the nature of our political position necessitated, and which no human sagacity could have foreseen or averted. It strengthened the hands of the executive when the crown itself was tottering under the assaults of faction; and in the midst of treason, it caused a spring-tide of loyalty to set in amongst the people, by which conspirators were dismayed and confounded. When popish bigotry and cruelty, taking advantage of our political insecurity, were about, again, to manifest themselves in their accustomed atrocities and abominations, the Orange institution, like Aaron of old, stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed. It is, therefore, impossible for the wise and good not to feel grateful for services such as these, even as it is impossible for those whose wicked devices were thus frustrated, not to feel hatred for an institution but for which their bloody and destructive projects might long ago have been successful.

And it is melancholy to perceive that gratitude is evanescent, while hatred is eternal. How aptly, at the present day, do O'Connell and Sheil represent the old enmity by which Orangemen were regarded in 1798? But where, at the present day, are we to find any adequate representation of the gratitude of which they were the objects, when they were pronounced the saviours of their country? Alas! Echo answers, "where!"

But I do not despond. Far from it. *I said I believe the institution to have been providentially designed. That*

is, in fact, my ground of hope. I see that it has performed great service for Ireland heretofore. I think that it will still triumph over its secret and its open enemies, and perform still greater service for the British empire.

There is one especial feature of the institution which has called forth the bitterest and the most contemptuous revilings. That is, that every meeting of every lodge is opened and closed with prayer. It is perfectly impossible for any one who has not witnessed it, to conceive the effect which this practice has on the spirit that pervades their deliberations. A degree of seriousness, solemnity, and sanctity, is thus imparted, which more than any thing else has contributed to keep sacred principle alive, and to feed the vestal flame of loyalty, by which the devoted watchers keep guard at the gate of the constitution. It is no wonder that Mr. Hume should have constructions fastened upon it, as a practice deserving his weightiest reprobation—for it is, no doubt, most disagreeable to the master whom he serves; and he were unworthy the distinction that master has enabled him to attain, if he did not bear his decided testimony against it. But not the less, I trust, will it continue to distinguish those whom he has honoured with his vituperation, and who would have reason to feel that they forfeited the Divine favour, if they were so unfortunate as to incur his praise.

The very fact of being able to commence and conclude their meetings in the manner they do, implies the consciousness of a good purpose. He that doeth evil cometh not unto the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but every one that doeth good cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God. These words are not profaned when applied to the feelings and principles of Orangemen, who could not, cherishing any latent evil in their hearts, any envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, use a form of prayer which could only, in such a case, be mockery the most gratuitous and revolting. Supposing them bad men, their meetings are secret meetings, they are not of the character of those which were held in synagogues, or in the corners of streets, where they might have their reward in receiving the praise of men. Each other they

could not deceive, and there was no one else upon whom deception could be possibly practised. Why, then, persevere in an observance, in which hypocrisy was not only profitless but impracticable? The notion is absurd. No sane enemy of the institution could, for a moment, entertain it. It remains, then, that their prayers are uttered in sincerity. And let any one who can read them with an understanding heart, and conceive them in an honest spirit, judge whether or no those by whom they are habitually adopted, are conscious of rectitude in their intentions.

But these prayers have given offence to Mr. Joseph Hume. The reader will remember that he was scandalized at the acknowledgment of an overruling Providence, and he will not be surprised that the simple piety of the Orangemen fell under his reprobation. But not the less, do I trust, that they will persevere in it; and I desire no other answer to be given to it from on high, than that efficacy which has hitherto attended their labours. It is impossible that it should not serve to impress upon the minds of Orangemen a due sense of their deep and sacred obligations. If there should be offenders found amongst them, (as what so extensive society can be wholly free from them,) let them spare no pains to correct and to reclaim them. And should they prove incorrigible, let them be unhesitatingly cast out from amongst the brethren. Thus alone can they themselves be exempted from reproach. But, if all act in the spirit of those prayers, in which they commend themselves to throne of grace, it is not easy for a Christian man to believe that a divine blessing will not attend them.

This I would not so confidently affirm, if I did not know that the prayers which Orangemen use are equally free from fanaticism and coldness. They are calm and equable, while they are elevating and sublime; and are so well calculated to impress solemn thoughts upon reasonable minds, that I have heard respectable Whig gentlemen, who were only made acquainted with them by Mr. Hume's contemptuous notice of them in parliament, express their astonishment how any one could be found in a

Christian assembly so devoid of proper feeling as to treat them with disrespect, or even to refer to them without reverence.

But, there is another objection to which my favourite institution, and, indeed, all conservative or other societies, may be exposed. It may be contended that it might prove too strong for any government, and even fetter the free deliberations parliament. From what has been already said, the reader must have perceived that there is, already, in existence, a force of faction which has proved too strong for any government which it has as yet encountered, and by which the free deliberation of parliament has been materially restricted. There is a control exercised without, which greatly cripples the liberty of those who are within the House of Commons, and which menaces, with its high displeasure, the House of Lords themselves, if they should prove refractory or disobedient. Now, supposing all societies for the promotion of sound constitutional views perfectly quiescent, are the government able to maintain their position against democratic encroachments? The objection to which I now allude is one that has been urged by Lord Stanley, in his letter to Sir Thomas Hesketh, respecting the Lancashire conservative association. Lord Stanley was the man who was mainly instrumental in passing the reform bill. Without his countenance and support it never would have become the law of the land. Next to Lord Grey, he is responsible for that sweeping measure. Now, if I might presume to take so great a liberty, I would respectfully ask his lordship, what stand was he himself able to make, in the newly modelled House of Commons, in favour of the Irish church? Every one knows the power with which, in the old House of Commons, he defended it. Every one knows the vigour with which he chastised the spoliators who meditated its destruction. Indeed in those days it was not easy to get them to commit themselves so far in their attacks upon it as fairly to justify so strong an imputation. They were like rats which merely show their noses from their holes, well knowing, that by any further exposure, their lives would be endangered. The noble lord, there-

fore, in his castigation of Hume and others, had comparatively easy work. The more timid of them hid their diminished heads in his presence, and the more audacious fled, howling. But what is the case, now that the noble lord has pulled up the flood gates of democracy? Have not he and the culprits whom he chastised, almost changed places? Is there now any timid disavowal of the ultimate intention of the partizans of ecclesiastical plunder? Let the prostrate condition of the Irish church answer the question, and the triumphant position of its enemies in parliament. It is only saved from utter destruction by the yet unsubverted or unreformed House of Lords. And yet I will be bold to say, "*Si pergamus possent defendi*," if such an institution could be effectually defended in such an assembly, by no one could it be more powerfully defended than by the noble lord. But he has himself so damaged the condition of that legislative body, that neither he, nor any other wise or honest man, can expect to exercise their proper and legitimate influence amongst the vain, the heady, and the reckless individuals whom it now numbers amongst its members. Until, therefore, Lord Stanley proves, that a constitutional party in the House of Commons are sufficient in themselves to oppose an effectual resistance to the dangerous spirit of innovation which is now abroad, it is too soon to talk of the danger to be apprehended from the Orange or the Conservative Associations. Whatever has as yet been done to resist that spirit, has been done chiefly through their instrumentality; and were it not for them, I doubt, exceedingly, whether, in a very few years, Lord Stanley himself could find his way into parliament.

If the noble lord really wish to do any good, (and I am one of those who most cordially admit his good intentions,) let him address himself to his friends, the radical Whigs. Let him point out the danger of their proceedings to the Birmingham union, the trades political union, the reform association, and the various other political fungi, which the diseased state of the body politic has caused to start into existence. He has a natural claim upon them, seeing how much he has

done for them, and how little, but for him, they could have done either for themselves or against their country.

Let the noble lord expostulate with them, upon the insane violence of their conduct. But will he be listened to with attention or respect? Will any filial or dutiful obedience be manifested by those whom he called into being? The noble lord it was who opened the windows of the heavens, and broke up the foundation of the great deep, until the country was deluged with democracy. Will the waters subside again at his command, and has he the power of confining them to their proper channels, and saying, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther? Mockery and scorn would wait upon the attempt, and the noble lord would soon be made to feel the sort of gratitude to which his proteges considered him entitled. It would remind him of the predicament of Ulysses, in the den of Polyphemus.

No! It is by the Conservative Societies whom Lord Stanley has opposed, that he is supported. It is by the Orangemen of Ireland, whose character he misrepresented, and whose institution he has injured, that he is held in high esteem. They have differed from him, and they must continue to differ from him, on many points of great importance. And I shall only add, that if he only knew them as well as they know him, the time, perhaps, is not very distant, when, with one mind and one heart, they would be contending together for all that remains of the constitution.

And this brings me, naturally, to that peculiar condition to which England has been reduced by the reform bill, and which renders it more necessary than ever that the Orange system should be kept up in Ireland. Coleridge well said, respecting her foreign policy of late years, that her insensibility to the disgrace which she has incurred in the eyes of all honest and thinking men, reminded him of a man, who, in consequence of a violent stimulant applied to one part of his body, was unconscious of injuries done to the other. In fact, while she is, herself, struggling for existence, with a desperate faction, distant interests must be neglected. Now this applies with peculiar force to this country, in which it is the ob-

ject of that desperate faction to depress and dispirit the loyal, and to sustain and encourage the disloyal portion of the people. The church is to be plundered and abandoned, and the best friends of British connection are to be systematically insulted and reviled. It may be pleaded, that England, as she is at present governed, cannot help this. Her wretched ministers are at the mercy of a popish faction who must be propitiated, and they possess not the power, even if they had the inclination, to obtain better terms for the loyal Protestants of Ireland. But only so much the more, therefore, does it behove those loyal Protestants, to endeavour to secure or to obtain for themselves what cannot or will not be obtained for them by the government of the country. By a firm, peaceable, determined resistance to the desperate courses at present pursued, much may be done to delay, if not to avert, the destruction which must otherwise inevitably attend them. And how can this be better accomplished, than by means of the compact and energetic organization of the Orange Institution. It is not for brave men to strike their colours at the first appearance of formidable danger. It is not for Christian men to despair of the ultimate stability of a gospel church, which, by a very little adaptation to the circumstances of the age, may be made the greatest blessing to the country. The sentiment should ever be in their hearts, "God is in the midst of her, *therefore* shall she not be removed; God shall help her, and that right early." They should, therefore, persevere in the noble and the holy determination of leaving nothing undone on their part which may serve to expose and to defeat the crafts and assaults of the enemy. And the very embarrassments of the government by whom they ought to be protected, should only inspire them with a more earnest desire to labour for the maintenance and the preservation of all that is valuable to them as men and as Christians. While the British ministry sympathised with them, and could, at any moment, assist them, it might not have been so indispensable to enter into combinations for the security of their religion, their properties, and their lives; and yet the reader has seen that even *then*,

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such combinations were by no means useless. How much more must it be necessary now, when, humanly speaking, it is their only resource against impending evils "until this tyranny be overpast!"

And "this tyranny *WILL* be overpast." England is every hour awaking from her democratic delusion. A day does not pass over our heads without adding to the number of those good men and true, who deplore the sufferings of, and are uniting to make common cause with their brethren in Ireland. Remember Derry. Let the suffering Irish Protestant hold in mind that memorable siege, when its noble inhabitants stalked gaunt and fleshless skeletons through their beleagured town, and when their cry was still "no surrender." We are not as yet reduced to those straits; and the same help in time of need which rescued them, may, in our extremity, be extended to us, if we are animated by their brave example.

This is the gloomy hour of Ireland: The powers of darkness have obtained a terrible ascendancy. But if we trust not in God, in such emergencies, where is our faith? And if we persevere not in a righteous resistance to oppression and wickedness, will we not be regarded as self-abandoned? But that may not be. Our cause is a holy cause, and we cannot desert it or despair of it, without a degree of impiety that would justify the heaviest visitation. Besides, England has heard our cry, and will help us. That noble people are discovering how grossly they have been abused. The murder of our clergy, the expatriation of our Protestant yeomen, the attack upon our church, the insolent domination of the Roman Catholic priests, the confiscation of ecclesiastical revenues, the whole course of legislation respecting us which has been pursued in the imperial parliament, the exposures which have taken place, at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, of the infamous and uncharitable dogmas taught in "Dens' Theology"—all these things must have produced a conviction of the oppression under which we labour, and the ruthless tyranny to which we are in danger of being exposed, and it only requires that that conviction should be somewhat more extensive, in order to our salvation.

Let us, therefore, in God's name, not be wanting to ourselves. The times, I know, are trying. Faithful men are put to a severe test. Even their notions of loyalty are against them, in a crisis like the present, rendering it difficult for them to recognize in the King's ministers the enemies of his kingdom. I do not say that these ministers are knowingly such enemies. But surely their measures are in direct hostility to what men in their position should look upon as good and right, and must tend to the overthrow of the monarchy, if they be not strenuously resisted. Resist them, therefore, we must, or perish. When I say resist, I mean, of course, constitutional resistance. We must meet them at the registries and on the hustings. Above all, we must meet them by an able and energetic press. That great regulator of public opinion has been too long, by the conservative party, most unwisely neglected. To do justice to the enemies of our institution, they have not neglected it. It has been, in their hands, as a lever for the overthrow of the church and the monarchy. By its means they have already metamorphosed the constitution. But that which has been thus rendered powerful for evil may, in good hands, be made powerful for good; and if the Conservatives are true to themselves, they may employ it upon a vantage-ground that would soon give them an unbounded control over the great majority of the constituencies of the empire.

This I say, from my deeply-seated conviction of the moral worth and the political honesty of the people of England. In their very worst and weakest acts they clearly exhibited good intentions. They were misinformed, they were deluded, they were led astray, during the reform mania; and for this I will not say that the vile radical press were one whit more responsible than that great party by whom it was so long suffered to work its wicked will, without any effective counteraction. But so it was; the people were never more convinced of being right than when they were most grossly wrong; and they laboured with all the zeal of patriots for objects which, if they had been more correctly informed as to their nature and tendency, they would, as patriots, have abjured.

Nor is it too late to give them that sound information by which the worst evils that threaten us may yet be averted. But not a moment is to be lost. Let the statesman whose high behest it is to consult for their moral and political welfare recollect that he has not to deal with a French populace, or a Belgic populace. Let him recollect that he has not to deal with a people to whom liberty is a novelty, and of whom it might be said that "the stranger had got into their heads." The British nation were cradled in free institutions, and they have been a gospel-hearing and a Bible-reading people for three hundred years. There is, therefore, a solid ground for political faith in such a people, that is not to be found elsewhere, and the statesman who wants it at the present day cannot preside with advantage over the destinies of England. Let him only duly and diligently seek, and he will surely find, that there is no lack of that "righteousness that exalteth a nation," even though there should be no small abundance of that "sin that is a reproach to any people." And under a wise and righteous administration of the powers of government he will have the satisfaction of seeing that the one will increase, while the other will decrease, until knowledge and piety will be more than a match for the infidelity and the reckless ignorance that have hitherto pioneered the progress of popular ambition.

But I must not suffer myself to be drawn from my purpose by any general dissertation on the state of affairs. My purpose was and is the defence of the Orangemen of Ireland. The reader has seen what may be said on their behalf, and it is for him to judge whether or not it ought to be considered sufficient to refute the allegations against them. Indeed I could wish to refer those who desire fuller information than I have given them to the parliamentary report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the origin, the character, and the effects of the Orange Association in Ireland. That committee was moved for by one of the bitterest enemies of the institution; and having consumed nearly the whole session in a close and scrutinizing investigation, they have been unable to fasten any other imputation

on the system than that lodges have been held in marching regiments; but they were utterly unable to discover a single fact to prove that by their existence military discipline was injured.

The Orangemen will not do themselves justice unless selections from the evidence taken before that committee be collected and published, for the information of the public at large. They should be particularly careful to extract and to disseminate the admissions and the contradictions of their enemies.

I now take leave of the subject. What an old man, who may be said to have been one of those who "rocked the cradle" of the Institution, could do for it, I have done. I trust it will not be my fate to "follow its hearse." But I write under a pressure of events which bear heavily on the fortunes of Protestant Ireland. The session has nearly closed, and the arch agitator is still enthroned in absolute supremacy over a government which, as Sir Robert Peel has well said, has accepted of office upon the condition of giving him power. The Orangemen are already denounced and proscribed. To be an Orangeman is to incur disqualification for civil or military employment. Where will this end!

Oh! what a world is this, when what is comely
Evenoms him that bears it!

But my brave and loyal brethren will, I trust, bear up, and maintain a good heart, under these insulting and injurious persecutions. Let them be assured that any violence into which they might be betrayed will only, in a tenfold degree, strengthen the hands of their enemies. Their reliance must be on their good cause, their tranquil demeanour, and the awakening good sense of the people of England. Let nothing be left undone to put that people in possession of their whole case, and to remove the prejudices which they have been taught to entertain against them, and I venture to prophesy that the day of their triumph is not very distant. Falsehood must soon vanish before correct information, and loyalty will not always be held in dim eclipse by convicted treason, and all loyal Orangemen will have the satisfaction of finding that "by a patient perseverance in well-doing they will

put to shame the ignorance of foolish men."

MONTANUS.

County Down, Sept. 10th, 1835.

I should have said that the special committee appointed to inquire into the nature and effects of the Orange Institution terminated their labours rather abruptly. When it commenced its sittings, the accusers of the Orangemen were not prepared to go on with their case, and before any attempt was made to inculpate them by any serious charge, their advocates were called upon to prove that they were blameless. This was sufficiently preposterous. Well, accordingly, the witnesses on their behalf were summoned, and before one-half of them were examined, certainly before the Orangemen had an opportunity of putting forward one-half of their case, the committee change their minds, dismiss the witnesses, and enter upon the adverse case—upon an express understanding, however, that the gentlemen then dismissed would be recalled, and that an ample opportunity would be afforded of rebutting the charges and the allegations of their enemies. Your readers will be surprised to hear that not one of these gentlemen were recalled, and that the whole time of the committee during the remainder of the session was occupied in hearing the statements of their adversaries.

In the course of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan's examination some strong points were made against the church of Rome. It did not appear, to those who heard them, altogether so incomparable and so immaculate as Mr. O'Connell usually represents it. It did not, indeed, appear wholly free from imputations of intolerance and perfidy, by which Mr. O'Connell's cholera was greatly moved, inasmuch that the honourable and learned gentleman offered himself as a witness, to be examined by his own committee, for the purpose of disproving the Rev. Gentleman's statements. However, in proportion as he deployed his facts, Mr. O'Connell eschewed the task of refutation, and was understood to have intimated to the chairman of the committee that he had no desire to be examined. But towards the close of the proceedings he changed his mind, and he did appear as a witness, and he was suffered to put in one or two

documents, by which, as he conceived, a strong impression must be made, without any sufficient pains having been taken to test their authenticity. This strange proceeding has given rise to a letter from the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, which puts the whole case in a clear light, and which must produce a powerful effect, contrasting as it does the rigidity of the scrutiny which was

applied to the statements of the Orange witnesses with the easiness with which those of the opposite party were admitted. Let any impartial man, or indeed, any man of any party, read it, and then say whether he would like to have the same justice done to him which was received from the abovenamed committee by the Orangemen of Ireland.—M.

We had intended to have transferred to our pages the admirable letter of Mr. O'Sullivan to which our correspondent alludes—not so much in the expectation that it might in this shape meet the eye of any one who has not already read it, as from a wish to give it greater permanence than belongs to the fleeting columns of a newspaper. We regret, however, that want of space prevents us from carrying our intention into effect.

Our valued correspondent has now concluded his series of letters, and we feel persuaded that it is needless for us to express our admiration of the ability and temper with which he has supported the cause of his brethren. It is with unaffected sincerity that we say, that we feel proud that our pages have been the medium of giving to the public so eloquent and powerful a defence of the principles of Orangeism. At the same time, we are sure that our friend will excuse us if we feel it necessary to repeat our declaration, that for the opinions he has expressed we are not responsible. There are many points upon which we disagree with him. We have a much greater jealousy of extra-constitutional associations than "Montanus" entertains—we believe that nothing but imperious necessity can justify their existence; and we cannot agree with "Montanus" that this necessity is an inevitable result of the democratic element of our constitution. We think, too, that our correspondent has not given sufficient credit to the labours of the Brunswick Clubs and the Conservative Society—the latter especially performed services to the cause of Protestantism that no Protestant ever should forget. Upon these and some other points we would wish that Montanus had expressed himself differently; but we would have been unpardonable had we permitted these differences to be the cause of our withholding these excellent letters from the public.

We trust that the suggestion with regard to publishing extracts from the evidence taken before the committee will not be lost sight of. We are happy to avail ourselves of this opportunity of recording our admiration of the evidence given by the officers of the Institution, who, under the most harassing cross-examination, conducted themselves with the most perfect prudence and good temper. The evidence given by Mr. Baker and by Mr. Blucker, the Deputy Treasurer and Secretary of the Institution, is peculiarly valuable, and reflects equal credit upon the talents and discretion of these gentlemen.

Our correspondent has not alluded to the atrocious plot discovered by Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume, having for its object the altering of the succession to the crown—to ensure which all Orangemen were, so long as such an oath was legal, sworn to maintain that succession!!

We cannot conclude these few remarks without noticing the affair between the Corporation of Cork and the Privy Council. Some ragamuffins of Cork called themselves the citizens of Cork, and presented a petition against the newly-appointed Mayor, on the ground of his being an Orangeman. For the present Lord Mulgrave and his Council have withheld their approval of the election. As the matter is still pending, we will not usurp the judicial functions of the Privy Council by commenting on it. We can scarcely, however, anticipate a decision by which the Council will institute themselves into a Star Chamber, to make that a crime which the law does not, and punish a British subject for belonging to a legal society, which has only been denounced by Mr. O'Connell. If they do, farewell to British liberty—unless Britons be prepared at all extremities to preserve it.

A. P.

September 21st.

TERENCE RYLEY'S ADVENTURES.

Communicated by Mrs. S. C. HALL.

I NEED hardly offer an apology for "editing," or rather reading and transcribing, *without correcting*, poor Terence's adventures. As he wrote them to "his dear ould mother at Bannow," so are they presented to the Editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*.

A. M. H.

London, August the 29th.

MY DEAR AND BLESSED MOTHER—This goes hoping it will find you in better *health* (to say nothing of the *spirits*) than it leaves me in at present; for what with the hot weather and the travelling and the bother, I haven't a leg, left nor right, to stand on. I wish I was back with you and the girls in Bannow; and if once I get there—catch me out of it again—that's all! Oh! they're an unbelieving set, them English; and betwixt you and me—though I'd be sorry to have it made public—not over and above mannerly. Would you believe it that I saw a spalpeen take the inside of—who do you think? Counsellor Dan himself! and I may walk ten mile of ground without anyone saying, "God save you kindly," or "I'm proud to see you, Mister Ryley." Think of that! And as to the unbelief: the've no belief in them at all, good or bad. I got a little comfortable one night—the master has grand lodgings in a beautiful house, where the outside step of the door is washed every morning, and a white brick rubbed on it for cleanliness—one night I was in the kitchen, and conversing about home and the like—its mighty square, so it is, how people's hearts turn home, wherever their bodies are—and I said quite quiet, how the roses and woodbine and things that way covered over the cottages in Bannow; and how the landlords lived on the soil and by the soil; and how there were no locks on the doors, and nothing but quietness and civility one to another, and the clergyman and priest mighty gracious together; and I was growing quite comfortable thinking of my home, when a slip of a girl (a mighty nate pretty creature, that, if people went by the dress, would be called a born lady with us) turns up her nose, and says, (oh, mother, if you could but hear their tongue!) "Mister Paddy," says she—"My name's Terence, if you please, miss," says I, smiling up in her blue eyes, (don't tell Kathleen Carey, by

the Benny bridge, that I did that same, though). "But you are an Irishman?" she says again. "Thank God for his goodness, I am," said I; for I never let on to the English I'm ashamed of my country. "Then," says she, "don't think to make a fool of me; for every Irishman is born a Paddy! Born a Paddy," she says again, "the same as a cow is born a cow, and a pig a pig!" And from that day to this, sorra a name she has on me but Paddy, and I can't find it in my heart to quarrel with her, on account of the blue eyes. "And if Ba-no," (that's the way she calls it,) "if Ba-no is so pretty," says she, "why did you leave it?" "Because, miss," I makes answer, "I was *rather soft*, and I took a fancy to the master, on account of the fancy he took to me, and not quite liking to go to service in my own place, on account of my father being a decent tradesman of a tailor." "That's Irish pride!" says she, her blue eyes laughing like fairy-candles in her head. "No, miss," says I, "it's only *dacency*." "Decency," she says, "has nothing to do with it. My father has a shop in the Strand; but he has ten daughters, and though we might all live at home, we would think it mean to be *dependant* while we could earn our living by our own hands. My sisters have all trades; but I like service better." Oh, mother, think of the five Miss Kavanaghs, in their black beavers and Tuscany bonnets, turning out from their father's bit of a shop on the hill, to earn their bread; and yet Lucy's father's shop is grander than e'er a shop in Dublin. "I think," she says, saucy enough, "that in Ireland, instead of each person trying to make a little property for themselves, they all go on living on what their parents have got; taking away from the capital, and adding nothing to it; just, Paddy, as you eat up all your potatoes on Saturday night, without remembering that you could not buy any on Sunday." I don't know how it is, but the more saucy that girl is

the brighter grow her eyes! but don't tell Kathleen.

You know my master has been called over here to give evidence on what they name the intimidation committee. Intimidation, mother dear, means frightening; but as far as I can understand, I don't see who is to be frightened. I suppose it's the ould song, with variations—the Protestants again the Catholics, and the same turn about. Well, every dog must have its day, as I said to Counsellor Dan's own body-man. "Excuse my ignorance," says I, "but I heard my master axing 'What good your master has done for Ireland yet?' "Catholic emancipation," he says, quite glib; "no, thank ye," says I; "sure that was before he got into parliament." "Oh, you mane since," says he, "ay," says I, "why," says he, "you know Rome wasn't built in a day; it takes time to get the better of his enemies; he has a dale—a great dale to do; but you see when onct he brings the King to reason, and settles the House of Lords, and takes the shine out of the bishops, and gets a few more of his friends and relations into the House of Commons, why *thin*, ye understand, *thin* he'll have time to settle himself quiet and easy, and comfortable, in some little place or other, with me—you understand, for his *Maitre d'otll*,* and thin, my dear friend, you may dipind upon it, something considerable will be done for Ireland."

Now, mother dear, you are at liberty to tell this to the priest, and it will be a great comfort to the parish to know that in the long run justice will be done to ould Ireland; it mayn't be in your time, or my time, but it'll surely be some time or other; for havn't I Counsellor Dan's own man's own word for it?

It would take an acre of paper to tell you the wonders of this town. Myself has seen the most of them; and oh, the golden splendour of the coaches, lined through and through with all manner of beautiful velvet; and the bishop's carriages all so grand, only it's little black aprons they wear, like stone masons; maybe it's out of economy they do it, to save their clothes. And the park; to see the ladies in that park of a sunny Sunday

in June; the Phanix is nothing to it, the ladies in it I mean, so neat, and so beautifully dressed, and their feet so well set out.

Lucy has the prettiest feet for a pattern I ever saw. I wish Kathleen could but see how tight her shoe fits. I must say the English bangs us, in regard of the neatness; you never see the ladies at the houses I've been staying at with my master, curled up to the nines with bits of dirty newspapers, of a morning. Indeed, to spake the truth, travelling makes a man see a dale of faults in his own country; and Lucy says so best, for if he don't see them, he can't mend them; but don't let on to Kathleen.

My masther has a bit of an Irish groom that's the means of bringing great ridicule upon the country, by his quare talk, and his quare ways. I could pass very well for English, but for him, he's so cruel ignorant; but no wonder, sure he's from Cork; I sent him to the post-office for letters, and he come back grinning like a fool, after knocking the post-house-man down; (it was at a place called Richmond this happened, where there's a morsel of a hill, that they make such a bother about, and you could pick it with a needle out of Howth, and it would never be missed; however, it's a purty big hill for the English,) and what did he knock the man down for? Why just because he wanted to charge him one and four-pence for a letter—"And," says Teague, "I see him give a bigger one to a man for three-pence." "Go back with him, Terence," says the masther to me, "and make an apology to the honest man, for his ignorance, and fetch me the letter." And so I did; I 'pologized dacently, and got the letter, and fetch Teague away with me, and he grinning all the way, like a lime-kiln. And when he got home, he cut a caper before the masther, for all the world like the animals one Mister Bunn keeps at a big play-house to please the gentry.

"I've done him," says he, "the tame nagur," says he, in his vulgar way, "I've done him," he says again, "masther darlint," he says, laying down three strange lethers, not for masther at all; "Masther, dear, I stole those lethers out of his little box; and

* I suppose he meant Maitre d'Hotel.—Ed.

so there's the worth of your money!" Did you ever hear tell of such an onagh? Oh, God for ever bless you, my darlint mother, for giving me the larning, which makes me able to hould up my head with the best of them. And sure, barring that Mr. James, of the Bannow School, takes none but tip-tops, 'id recommend you to send my little brother, Lanty, to him for one quarter, just to fit him for a gentleman; though Lucy says that's a bad trade, when there's nothing to support it; *but don't tell Kathleen.*

I layed by my pen after wiping it, not as I used long ago, when I was top boy, with Master Ben—in the sleeve of my jacket, but in a piece of folded, cut cloth Lucy gave me, to tache me decency—the saucy slut—she said; and the reason, mother, to tell you the truth, that I layed it down was, that I heard Lucy laughing, and a dale of whispering in what they call the *still-room*, though God knows, it's often the noisiest room in the house. I peeped in at the window, and saw—what do you think—a bit of an English baker trying a plain gold ring on Lucy's finger! Oh, mother, I never saw her eyes look so bright, and she blushing like a Bannow rose! I don't know what came over me, but I made a blow at the baker, forgetting the window, and smashed the glass and my hand to smithereens almost, (I hope you'll excuse the writing.) Sure enough it was no business of mine; and Kathleen and I promised—for God's sake don't tell Kathleen—but the little deceitful devil—there's no use in talking, but the English women are all jilts. I could have taken my bible oath, from the way Lucy went on, jeering and teasing the life out of me, which is the way the girls in our place do when they fancy a handsome boy like myself—I could have sworn before the priest she liked me: and then to hear her say—"You, indeed, Mister Paddy!—Marry an Irish valet, and live among savages!—I pitied your ignorance, and tried to improve you, and that's my reward, to be frightened to death by an Irish ogre; and at such a time too;"—and off she goes like any lady into sterriks; and the baker falls on inc, and I powerless, for there's no use in talking, I *had* a great regard

for Lucy; but *for your life dont let on to Kathleen.*

Mother, darlint, I wish I was home again; it's a mighty fine place, but the Irish are thought nothing of here. I don't know why we think such a dale about the English; I'm sure they don't return the compliment—another proof of their bad manners.

Kathleen's eyes are brown, mother, and to my thinking, brown eyes have not the sharp conceited look of blue—blue are uncommon sharp. Well, I don't know but if Kathleen was made up like them English, she'd be as well looking after all! And I mind the time when at bat or marbles, she'd give up to me; she'd a mighty sweet temper; and if she'd put on English shoes—but no; the English girls beats the Irish clean out about the ancles. Still what does that signify; sure if they're stout they'l last the longer—and the sweet smile of Kathleen! Mother, mother, I was a baste to forget the tears she shed, at the corner of the turning just forin't the cottage, going down to Blackball—and the new car upon starting, and I going on it as far as Taghmon! and thin how she pertended that it was the sun in her eyes dazzled her, until whin she saw me fairly on the car, she hid her face on your shoulder, to hide her sorrow. FOR YOUR LIFE, mother, don't tell Kathleen a word about Lucy. Oh, my *fancy** was taken with the one, but my *heart* was with the other. Mother, I'm thinking I'll go home at oncest; and if I don't, why, I'll soon write again. God's blessin' be about every one of you. What do you think they have in the farmyards here but steps of stairs, for the fowls to step easy to roost! Think of that! God for ever bless you; and my remembrances to the Bannow boatman. I hope he thinks of tomorrow, as he has got a new boat. I'm sorry enough to hear that the times are bad with the Bannow postman. Sure the gentry shouldn't forget that he as good as walked twice round the world, and not for sport either, but to bring them conveniences, before Carrick was turned grand into a post town. My duty to the priest; and, mother, Heaven's blessing on you, mother, and don't let Kathleen forget yours and hers ever constant and affectionate to command.

TERENCE RYLEY.

* An Irish distinction, truly!—ED.

NATURAL THEOLOGY.*

We have seldom met a work, in which the reader is so likely to change his opinion, or the reviewer his purpose, often during its perusal, as this. A theory which, looking to its logical foundation, is replete with specious fallacy; and, considering its probable uses, capable of the most pernicious applications, is in the hands of its noble author made the vehicle of much useful, just, and pleasing reflection. And so far as it is possible to make false reasoning subservient to truth, leading only to such inferences as must be cordially approved by the Christian. But it is an unfortunate condition of human philosophy, that he who even inadvertently shakes the foundations of truth, by rash speculation, has it not in his power to counteract the evil by mere affirmations of right opinion, or warnings as to possible mis-application; the misdirected arrow will pursue its own course, though the archer may have designed another. The noble author has clearly described the proper limits of natural theology, but his reasoning leads to different results. That class, (and it is now a numerous class) which is ever too happy to discover any substitute for revelation, will zealously adopt the reasonings of his discourse, and rank its professions with the specious candor of Gibbon. They will observe that the noble lord's notices of revelation are not highly indicative of Christian zeal, and that he has manifested more readiness to attack its "friends," and betray the weak points in its evidence, than he has been successful in constructing the science by which he avers that it is to be upheld. In the close of his discourse the noble writer, in language less respectful than he would apply to the errors of an infidel *philosophe*, deprecates the fears of the "friends of revelation," that natural religion might be made a substitute for revelation. Can it be possible that a well-read philosopher should be igno-

rant that it has been the almost uniform weapon of infidel philosophy? Can the great luminary of the Glasgow weaver, and the cockney radical, be ignorant that the shallow creed which he has undertaken to consolidate into a science, is the actual apology for the Deism of that large and busy-minded tribe?

The annals of science exhibit a few great names remotely scattered upon its long roll. We can pass down ages from Aristotle, or Archimedes, to Galileo, Bacon, and Newton, selecting a small but illustrious catalogue of justly venerated names. But in this voluminous record, how numerous the list of pretenders to similar renown—how many the names, which were famous in their day, and forgotten with the ingenious inventions to which they were attached—the specious theory and the empirical system—the science based upon assumption—the reasoning deduced from mere words. If, instead of a vain endeavour to extend the argument of Boyle and Darham, of Newton and Paley, into a most *illusory and unprofitable science*, Lord Brougham had employed his splendid powers, his natural sagacity, his extensive acquirement and various taste, to an investigation into the moral and intellectual history of this vast and varied mass of minds—if he had applied himself to ascertain the curious and yet unexplored theory of such a waste of talent, and so much unprofitable and pernicious abuse of ingenuity—he would not only have added an important chapter to human knowledge, but he might have read a salutary lesson, useful to many, and most useful to himself.

He might have taught the world the importance of preserving, with anxious and stern caution, the foundations of right reason, instead of lending an illustrious sanction to its abuse. He would have applied, probably, an active and sagacious understanding to

* A Discourse of Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence and the Advantages of the Study. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. London: Knight, 1835.

detect, and be warned by the specious and finely-linked fallacies, by which men, as able as himself, have been led into error by following the track, which he has unconsciously exhumated from its rubbish, and disguised with a specious sprinkling of Baconian logic. The noble lord, we are steadily convinced, is above the low artifice of those eminent Deists who once used such arguments to undermine revelation, while they pretended to treat it with a respect *which their followers understood*. The noble lord professes to consider revelation as a corollary from the science which he believes himself to have discovered. And we give our respectful credit to the profession. We also admit that his lordship has not carried his theory into all its pernicious consequences.—But he has indicated the steps of a track which has too many attractions to be long untrodden: upon which Herbert, and Shaftesbury, and Tindal, and numerous other apostles of the same religion, have scattered the poison-flowers, the acorn, and deadly night-shade of their eloquence.

Of all subjects of human thought, natural theology has occupied the attention of reasoners the earliest, longest, and with the most scanty success. Its earliest exploit was to obscure, distort, and disguise into numberless absurd and idolatrous mockeries, that primitive revelation which God made of himself. And when, in the lapse of ages, this revelation was renewed in its ultimate form to mankind; the same instrumentality, again became the means of producing effects in form different, in principle the same. Disguised under whatever shape, the main object of this dark, profitless, and pernicious philosophy has been to administer, in some form, to the natural infidelity of man; either by lowering religion to the standard of his inclinations, or disguising it into the idolatry of his earthly passions: or by more directly assailing its authority, with arguments derived from the darkness—the narrowness and precipitate conjectures of human ignorance.

Such is the ancient comprehensive source, prolific of little but error, from which Lord Brougham would conjure forth a *new science*, by the application

of a word. With a felicity not unlike that of brother Peter, in Swift's Tale of a Tub, he has very plainly proved that the most visionary and conjectural reasonings upon facts imperfectly seen, capable of innumerable interpretations, and affording no certainty of result, are but a branch of *inductive science*. Without noticing, for the benefit of his less logical readers, that the real result of this vain argument is but to show that induction itself must derive all its certainty from the subject, the nature of the facts, and the manner of the application.

The task which we have undertaken is in some degree rendered difficult by the indistinctness with which the noble writer has enunciated the several steps of his entire argument, and the links by which they are connected. A neglect which so much hides the coherency of his sections, that we much doubt whether his argument is understood by most of its readers. For our own convenience and theirs, we shall state the outline of this argument, dropping such subsidiary points as are not essential to this general statement.

Lord Brougham commences by a complaint that Paley and Butler have neglected that important branch of natural theology which discovers or explains our "hopes from, and duties towards" the Deity. After some verbal discussion of the different senses in which the words theology and religion have been used, he prepares the way for his own investigation, by classing both as different branches of the same comprehensive science, under the general title of natural theology. The object of his discourse being simply to explain the nature of the evidence on which this science rests—"that its truths are discovered by induction, like the truths of *natural and moral philosophy*—that it is a branch of science *partaking the nature* (being of the same nature) of each of those great divisions of human knowledge, and not merely closely allied to them both."

The first step is an argument, *the purpose* of which is to reduce natural theology, and natural philosophy to one, in such a manner that *the same* laws of observation and rules of inference, may, in a similar manner, apply

to each.* Conceiving himself to have established this conclusion, the noble writer then extends it to the only portion of the subject where its consequence is to be guarded against, by an argument which does not occur in its proper order in his discourse, and of which he seems to be at some pains to insinuate, and at the same time conceal the direct application. It is this; the noble writer shews† that in *physical science*, the distinction which is presumed to exist between the investigation of facts, and the process used in "the explanation of other facts by means of the truths so ascertained, is by no means correct, and rests upon a fallacious analogy." From this it is quite apparent that natural theology being (virtually) a branch of physical science, the explanation of its facts in no way differs in method or rational evidence from the proofs which ascertain the facts so explained.‡ Lord Brougham having thus fixed the *science* and demolished the limits of natural religion, (for to this it comes at last) stops short. He leaves this awful structure to be reared by other hands. He commits religion itself to his disciples, in a spirit which reminds us of that cruel tribunal which once delivered up its victims to the stake, with an injunction of mercy; enjoining moderation and humility, and the fitting awe for such profound subjects. That nevertheless, a gleam may not be wanting to these secular officials of the true application of this theory, in his last section the noble writer forgets his prudent moderation, and openly assails the evidences of Revelation, for the purpose of shewing that it altogether fails without the aid of that science of which he has thus laid the foundations.

That all existing facts are but the portions of one vast system, immeasurable by limited conception, we believe. That, if all the necessary data be ascertained, every single truth in this broad scope, unmeasured save

by the eye of God, could be inferred by the strictest reason, and be but an inference along a chain of related theorems, such as to be fairly called a science; we entertain as little doubt one is, in truth, a consequence of the other. The mode of investigation can only have reference to the mind that investigates. To perfect knowledge, astronomy and morals, utterly distinct as they are, may perhaps be generalized into some comprehensive theorem, inconceivable to finite minds; and containing within itself all knowledge. Human Philosophy has nothing to do with such reductions. Until we shall be enabled to pursue to their origin, all the diverging ramifications of being, we must be content to depend on the precision with which we can define the limits of research; and separately pursue that which, to our perceptions, is quite different.

The first proposition of material importance to the argument of the "Discourse," is, that natural philosophy and theology§ rest upon the same species of evidence. The distinction between them, the noble lord admits to rest "upon some real foundation, for the speculations which compose these two branches, have certain common differences, and common resemblances." The argument by which his proposition is supported, is, the proof, "that the same *apparent* diversity of evidence exists in the different subjects, or departments of the branch which we have termed human science; and is but *apparent*."

Now, we have, at the outset, to complain of two sophisms, involved in this first step of so important an argument. First, the *branches* thus substituted are not departments of science, in the sense which his argument requires, and, secondly, the departments for which they are substituted are obtained by an arbitrary classification which involves a *petitio principii*. Let us state the first point.

* The reader is requested to keep this in view, as it is the principle upon which the error of the entire discourse is grounded.

† P. 170, 171.

‡ This argument is completed in the section on final causes.

§ We substitute the common language for that of his lordship, as we should otherwise be obliged to enter into a detail needless to our purpose.

"The careless inquirer into physical truth would certainly think he had seized on a sound principle of classification, if he should divide the object with which philosophy, natural and mental, is conversant, into two classes—those objects of which we know the existence by our consciousness; that is, external objects which we see, touch, taste, and smell, internal ideas which we conceive or remember, or emotions which we feel—and those objects of which we only know the existence by a process of reasoning, founded upon something originally presented by the senses or by consciousness. This superficial reasoner would range under the first of these heads the members of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom; the heavenly bodies; the mind—for we are supposing him to be so far capable of reflection, as to know that the proof of the mind's separate existence is, at the least, as short, plain, and direct, as that of the body, or of external objects. Under the second head he would range generally whatever objects of examination are not directly perceived by the senses, or felt by consciousness."

Now, we object that the classification which is thus put into the mouth of the "careless inquirer," for the purpose of the intended comparison, is not that which any but a very careless reasoner would have used for the purpose. For it simply amounts to a distinction between *all reasoning*, and *all the facts or data* of reasoning, on every subject whatever; the deductions of logical inference, are confused with the perceptions of sense or consciousness. Between these the noble lord discovers a similarity which has no relation whatever to the classification of *methods of reasoning*, or sciences; and *suppresses* the precise difference which destroys his comparison. The argument by which this egregious feat of logic is performed, is worth noting for its dexterity; it is somewhat elaborately shewn, that *the*

intimations of sensation are fallacious, until interpreted by a process of reasoning and by experience.* Every one is aware of the general fact, that our perception of external objects, is modified by experience; but every one also who reflects upon this experience must be aware that this habitual discipline of the senses has not been in any degree the effect of reasoning; but is much more similar in its progress to those unconscious adaptations which take place in the functions of animal life.

The alleged cases may, it is true, be referred to an intellectual process; but it is latent and unconscious; and so far from being a process of *logical ratiocination*, (which the purpose of the argument requires,) the observer is, in most instances incapable of stating the reasons by which the justness of the perception might be supported. The process *alleged* is the result of science, only; the *actual* process, takes place in infants, and in the brute creation. We admit the possible substitution of reasoning, but the case is not in point. Cheselden's operation is not to the purpose; in such a case the two classes of *mental operations* (not departments of science) become accidentally united.

As for the classification upon which the noble lord depends, we must now shew that it suppresses the only distinction which is of any practical value; and adopts one which, however true, is quite nugatory. Of the distinction between human and divine science the noble lord observes:

"Yet it is equally certain, that nothing but an imperfect knowledge of the subject, or a superficial attention to it, can permit us to think that there is any well-defined boundary which separates the two kinds of philosophy; that the methods of investigation are different in each; and that the kind of evidence varies by which the truths of the one and of the other

* We do not mean to deny the value of this investigation, if limited to its proper use; we merely object to the application—a *false analogy*. The relation between observation and inference is *not that between the classes of science*, with which they are attempted to be compared. The laws of strict reasoning, and those of our habitual modes of perception, have, probably, a common principle, which it would be profitable as well as curious to trace. But all our sensible applications of reasoning begin where observation ends; could we reach a step further back by any logical process, that step must become the first of the argument.

class are demonstrated. The error is far more extensive in its consequences than a mere inaccuracy of classification, for it materially impairs the force of the proofs upon which natural theology rests. The proposition which we would place in its stead is, that this science is strictly a branch of inductive philosophy, formed and supported by the same kind of reasoning upon which the physical and psychological sciences are founded."

Strange as it must appear, the noble lord here rests his argument upon the artifice of a false and arbitrary classification; which suppresses a distinction, unfavourable to his purpose, and essential to any practical division of sciences. His argument is the sophism of composition and division, by which he ranks together that which is dissimilar, and disjoins that which is similar. We may, at once, grant that *all knowledge derived by reasoning from facts*, may be considered as the result of *induction*, and still insist that both what he terms human science, and what he terms divine, each contain two branches of enquiry, severally to be ranked in the opposite class; if any regard is to be had to the essential differences, as to mode of investigation, *class of phenomena*, and even of the intellectual faculties they employ. The laws of physical nature, the proof of the existence of God on one side: on the other, the indications of his providence, and the investigations of moral and intellectual philosophy, whether relative to God or man: all of them inductive, are nevertheless widely to be distinguished by the difference of the actual phenomena from whence they are to be sought. All right reasoning is the same, and every truth equally true. But our means of acquiring information, and estimating its accuracy when acquired, widely different. That which is constant, from that which is occasional—the uniform from the irregular, the simple and unvarying from the complicated and changing. We could multiply distinctions, and in so doing point out various modifications of research, terminating in all the various degrees of probability. The return of a comet, after a revolution of the generations of man, can be estimated within a few hours; the actions of a man, equally the result of *causes*—equally the subject of reason-

ing, vaguely and uncertainly even for an hour. But the mode of observation, the precision of the data, and the law of action are different and on this difference depends the *consequential* value of the several reasonings. The noble lord may assume some elementary rule of abstract observation, which, in *point of fact*, has no existence—he may assume some superhuman eye and mind, observing and calculating the elements of the erratic orbit of man's minds; and tell us that by his compendious science, it must arrive by a rigid method to a precise result.

If the ordinary principle of classification, which we have pointed out, be understood, it will be apparent how little can be gained in clearness or certainty by distinctions which confuse it. The method of induction may be proved to be co-extensive with reasoning, but we must still be compelled to admit, that all probable inference is not equally certain, nor the ground of all the sciences equally defined, certain, and precise. We once heard some witty mountebank endeavour to settle a disputation by observing that all language might be resolved into the alphabet; with as much hopes of success may the metaphysician attempt to clear away difficulties, by the compendious expedient to which the noble lord has had recourse. The same impenetrable cloud of mystery rests upon the unrevealed portion of the divine system, although he should establish that the logical sounding-line, with which philosophy has ever groped with the same success, has not been hitherto called by its correct name. And when the noble lord shall have succeeded in raising the vague and conflicting—the never-ending and never-concluding search into final causes—into the dignity of a stricter science; we must still be thrown upon the actual means which the practical part of the world have ever used for the discovery of truth, and the fixing of assent. We shall be obliged to value each inference by the value of its premises—the certainty, distinctness, and definable character of its facts.

There are indeed, in such speculations as those which the noble lord has attempted to illustrate, causes of error, and of confidence in error, which are concealed by the enormous and ill-esti-

mated difficulty of such subjects. A difficulty which increases as the subject enlarges and ascends above the sphere of actual sense. The noble lord has been enabled by his own studies to appreciate the difficulties of that most comprehensive and subtle system of reasoning which has reached the remote and refined discoveries of the *mécanique céleste*. He is aware how much of labour, of life, they must have sunk—how many giant minds they must have employed—how rash would have been the hope to have made even the thorough comprehending of these, the amusement of a vacant hour in the evening of life. Again, his lordship is quite aware of the varied errors that have been committed by intellects of enormous power, during the progress of this elevated structure of human science; he is aware that these errors would, in many instances, have been rendered permanent portions of our knowledge, were it not that actual observation detected the errors of reason, and that one of the results of the most certain of all the sciences, is an inductive proof of the fact that reasoning, unless corrected from step to step by observation or experiment, has no security of deviating into innumerable false directions, from which there is absolutely no clue. The divine mind, and the nature of the human mind, have also from the beginning occupied the attention of inquisitive and curious philosophy, but with this remarkable difference, that while there has been less success, there has been more confidence; and, that, while in physical science men's confidence has diminished with the difficulty of the science, and the remoteness of the object, in these it has increased. The reason is this, and we earnestly recommend its consideration to the noble lord, that in metaphysical speculation there are few precise facts to correct the vagueness of verbal reasoning—of man's nature, few—of God's, none; the presumptuous theologian cannot be either rectified as he proceeds, or detected when he infers fallaciously. He may triumph in the profound obscurity he has wrapped about him, in proportion as its darkness is more objectless and more profound.

The principles of theology have been

the subject of three very distinct species of investigation, directed toward very different fields of search: the word of God, the phenomena of nature, and the argument from abstract notions, called the *a priori* argument. Of these, the *a priori* argument has been generally abandoned as quite untenable, by all recent writers of authority. The noble lord has, in his fourth section, discussed it with much good sense; we can only afford to say, that we concur in his view.

In his attempt to raise natural theology into an inductive science, Lord Brougham but follows many able recent writers. And if due caution had been observed, in scrupulously defining its limits, and thus placing a barrier against presumptuous speculation, upon a subject, in the investigation of which error is dangerous, and additional light not comparatively valuable, we should not have lifted our testimony against this most shallow and empirical of sciences. As the matter stands, we deny the science, while we concur in the proposition, that the proof of the first great fact, viz. the existence of an intelligent contriver and creator of the natural world, is an argument strictly inductive, and to be drawn with the completest force of inference from the facts of either moral or physical science.

The main intent of the noble lord is to erase the line of distinction between human science and what he terms divine. In his second section, in which he states the main argument for the existence of a deity; he also follows up his purpose by an effort to establish the identity of this argument with physics. We grant his position, p. 28, that the "two paths of investigation for a great part of the way, completely coincide." But he overlooks the fact that the mathematical argument which led to the physical conclusion, *ceases there*. And the psychological begins with the fact which it discovered. The conclusion of one is the datum for the other; and the reasonings are altogether different in kind. So much for the "common path." The great psychological inference of *design*, however attained, is a fact *sui generis*, deduced not from the reasonings of

mixed mathematics, (the actual reasoning of physics) but from certain inferences thus arrived at. It is *one* great truth, of which all the proof to be obtained from physics, is not merely a repetition of the same argument, leading to the same *single* inference; but *not leading a single step further*. The moral additions to this argument belong to a science wholly different in its principles, facts, and degree of assurance. The connection we do not deny in this more than in the other; the physical result was attained by mathematical reasoning on facts; the psychological, by a purely logical inference from the inferences *so obtained*; the moral conclusion is founded upon a wide induction of particulars, differently ascertained, and requiring much more complicated and less certain modes of inquiry.

In his second section, the noble lord states, and illustrates, by a variety of well selected examples, the argument from nature for the existence of God. It is not merely inductive, but the most perfect specimen of induction. The inductive argument is an analogy founded upon the law of reason, that like effects are to be attributed to like causes, so far as the phenomena admit; for instance, as design is *uniformly* traceable to mind, in one class of known instances; it is referred to mind in another class. We premise this statement because the noble lord, in his anxiety to enlarge the principle of induction, occasionally disguises it in his various deductions from this argument.

Within the entire compass of reasoning there is not an argument of more conclusive force than by which the existence of a first cause can be inferred from the phenomena of nature. It is in the strictest sense inductive, and perhaps the most perfect example to be found of this argument. The systematic combination of distinct parts and materials, the adaptation and mutual adjustment of systems, otherwise wholly distinct, so as to operate together to some common end, as for instance, the eye and light, the ear and sound, the solar system and the whole phenomena of animal and vegetable life: again, the several phenomena and mutual relations between these. Are all instances of that instrumentality which

is referred to intelligent design, from the precise analogy which arises from the fact already noticed, that such adaptations and adjustment are *universally traced to design* so far as we have any knowledge. Lord Brougham, who is particularly eloquent in the statement of the illustrations of this argument, is by no means so fortunate in his method of stating the inference, which he mostly draws in such a manner as partly to conceal the point which he is laboring to establish, namely, that it is a strict induction. This we must attribute to the double purpose of confusing this argument to first causes, with that leading to final causes. Of this, any one who attentively reads the statement at p. 44, must become aware; for instance:—

“We know that if some of our works were seen by others, who neither were aware of our having made them, nor of the intention with which we made them, they would be right should they, from seeing and examining them, both infer that we had made them, and conjecture why we had made them.”

Of these statements, we have perused, with much pleasure, the noble author's clear summary of the principles of the stability of the planetary system; and with still more gratification, his description of the process of the comparative anatomist's investigations of fossil remains.

From this last eloquent description, which reanimates to our conception the broken up and buried worlds of the past, we are compelled to make a brief citation for the ungrateful purpose of cavil; for this purpose we must allow him the advantage of his own words. Now the question is this:—

“There can be as little doubt that the investigation, in the strictest sense of the term, forms a branch of physical science, and that this branch sprang legitimately from the grand root of the whole,—induction; in a word, that the process of reasoning employed to investigate—the kind of evidence used to demonstrate its truths, is the modern analysis or induction taught by Bacon and practised by Newton. Now wherein, with reference to its nature and foundations, does it vary from the inquiries and illustrations of Natural Theology? When from examining a few bones, or it may be a single

fragment of a bone, we infer that, in the wilds where we found it, there lived and ranged, some thousands of years ago, an animal wholly different from any we ever saw, and from any of which any account, any tradition, written or oral, has reached us, nay, from any that ever was seen by any person of whose existence we ever heard, we assuredly are led to this remote conclusion, by a strict and rigorous process of reasoning; but, as certainly, we come through that process to the knowledge and belief of things unseen, both of us and of all men—things respecting which we have not, and cannot have, a single particle of evidence, either by sense or by testimony. Yet we harbour no doubt of the fact; we go farther, and not only implicitly believe the existence of this creature, for which we are forced to invent a name, but clothe it with attributes, till, reasoning step by step, we come at so accurate a notion of its form and habits, that we can represent the one, and describe the other, with unerring accuracy; picturing to ourselves how it looked, what it fed on, and how it continued its kind.

“Now, the question is this: What perceivable difference is there between the kind of investigations we have just been considering, and those of Natural Theology—except, indeed, that the latter are more sublime in themselves, and incomparably more interesting to us? Where is the logical precision of the arrangement, which would draw a broad line of demarcation between the two speculations, giving to the one the name and the rank of a science, and refusing it to the other, and affirming that the one rested upon induction, but not the other?”

Now be it observed; we say both rest upon induction; and add that the one is a science and the other not. It is not because the reasoning differs in principle, but because one is a system, implying a certain theory of appropriate principles, observations, methods of observation, and registered facts. The other is but a fact; the foundation of an* assumed science. The error

consists, in not noticing wherein consists the line between any science, and every other distinct from it—the chain of its inferences. Induction is the same, however applied; and simply a logical method.

We cannot too much praise the clearness and beauty of style with which the same inference is drawn from the constitution of the mind. The argument has recently been stated by several writers; but the noble lord has, to some extent, made it his own by the completeness of his details. That the mind is wonderfully constituted for the various individual and social purposes which it is actually observed to fulfil, is a fact easily ascertained from no very difficult inquiry into its observable constitution: the inference, that it was therefore designed for these purposes, is but a single step precisely parallel with, and of the same force as those derived from physics. The importance of the topics which remain to be noticed, must prevent our entering into this, further than may be required by its connexion with another speculation, to which the public is indebted for a very able and eloquent reply from Mr. Wallace.†

The proposition may be best stated in the words of the noble lord:—

“Such is the process of reasoning by which we infer the existence of design in the natural moral world. To this abstract argument an addition of great importance remains to be made. The whole reasoning proceeds necessarily upon the assumption that there exists a being or thing separate from, and independent of, matter, and conscious of its own existence, which we call *mind*. For the argument is—‘Had I to accomplish this purpose, I should have used some such means;’ or, ‘Had I used these means, I should have thought I was accomplishing some such purpose.’ Perceiving the adaptation of the means to the end, the inference is, that some being has acted as we should ourselves

* We do not here mean to deny such value as some able philosophers attach to systems of morals and of natural theology. We simply deny these, or any that can be similarly constructed, the authority of stricter sciences. The true value of such, (if they have any) is derived from the authoritative sanction of revealed religion.

† Observations on the Discourse of Natural Theology, by Henry Lord Brougham. By Thomas Wallace, Esq., LL.D. London: D. Ridgway and Sons, Piccadilly. 1835.

act, and with the same views. But when we so speak, and so reason, we are all the while referring to an intelligent principle of existence; we are referring to our mind, and not to our bodily frame. The agency which we refer from this reasoning is, therefore, a spiritual and immaterial agency—the working of something like our own mind—an intelligence like our own, though incomparably more powerful and more various. The being of whom we thus acquire a knowledge, and whose operations as well as existence we thus deduce from a process of inductive reasoning, must be a spirit, and wholly immaterial.*

In this statement the first thing that strikes the reader is the immense weight of inference which the noble writer lays upon the decision of a question so much and so unquestionably agitated by philosophical inquirers of every age. This sense is by no means diminished when, upon following the argument, it is not found to be either very new or very decidedly convincing. As there are, amongst religious persons, some habitual notions which we are not desirous to offend, we shall, before making any comment, state in a few words the precise length and breadth of our own philosophy on this topic.

We are strongly impressed with a habitual sense of the distinct nature and independent existence of the soul. For this we have, further, some strong reasons, but they do not amount to philosophical or logical proofs. We do not think that reason can decide the question; we do not believe its decision necessary to the truth of revelation, unless we find it asserted in Scripture; and if so, we consider the assertion to amount to a perfect proof.

As to the assertion of *immateriality*, we should modify this statement. If revelation affirms it, we believe; because we take the doctrine upon the affirmation of God, and are ready to admit, that numberless modes of being may exist beyond the scope of our perceptions or powers of conception. But we cannot discover the slightest shadow of proof for such a belief. If, within the range of being, there exists an immaterial essence, we think it must

be mind. We admit thought to be immaterial: but thought is not a thing; it is an operation. We know not, and we cannot conceive an immaterial form of being. To reason, the thought involves a contradiction; for all our faintest conceptions of being are so exclusively referred to material substance, that to remove it, is to annihilate the conception.

Upon a question so little tangible to mere reason, it might seem strange that the noble lord should have so far stated his whole argument. The induction by which he proves the being of God, does not require it; for this argument rests upon three known terms of the analogy, by which is implied the existence of a fourth. The works of art are the effect of intelligence, however constituted; and the same characters in the phenomena of nature are, by the *inductive rule*, referred also to intelligence. As to the actual constitution of either of these intelligences, nothing is implied. There is no reasonable ground to limit that agency which is thus implied to any particular modification of substance, or of non-substantiality.

Why, then, it may be asked, has the necessity of this step been affirmed by the noble lord? We can only conjecture. He desired to extend his theory to the proof of the immateriality of the Deity; and to effect this, he thought* it was absolutely necessary to preserve the exactness of his analogy, by proving the immateriality of his second term man. The logical necessity was, as we have shown, but seeming.

That the noble writer's proof fails, is shown by Mr. Wallace, who follows its separate steps with considerable acuteness and force of reasoning, but with a length of comment which our more restricted space, and much more extended purpose, does not permit us to follow; and the more so, as we cannot quit this topic without a few words to estimate the actual extent to which it is possible to attain any distinct knowledge upon it. For the logical scrutiny of the noble lord's statement, we refer to Mr. Wallace; and in doing so, we must, in justice to

* See the previous extract.

this gentleman, add a passing word on his "Observations." If ever any controversial essay deserved the high praise of exhibiting a fair, manly application of sound common sense and nice logical tact to the dissipation of subtle fallacy, the learned gentleman's commentary deserves it. As we perused his able and well-written essay, and recollected the age, the high professional reputation and laborious life of the writer, our thoughts reverted to his opening description of the Roman patriot, retiring from a life of honorable public duty to the calmer, but not less dignified studies of philosophic retreat; and it struck us forcibly, that the graceful compliment which applies to the noble person with whom he is about to break the lance of controversy, is, at least, as justly due to himself. The pleasing fancy has, perhaps, often been realized, but never more honorably than upon an occasion like the present.

The notion of an immaterial essence has arisen from a species of intellectual necessity; the impossibility of conceiving the supposed attributes of spirit as belonging to any modification of material substance. This difficulty, by a very evident process, led to the vague notion of immaterial being. Such a modification may exist in the nature of things; but still, the *notion* is perfectly gratuitous, whether referred to reason or revelation.

Reason cannot discover any distinct limit to the *possible* properties of material substance; nor can it become acquainted with mind, otherwise than by its acts, perceptible by consciousness. It is at once perceptible that these acts are perfectly different from the common properties of matter, *so far as they are known*; but it does not follow that matter is not invested with other properties of which we can have no perceptions. It is to be remarked, that the properties of mind are perceivable by a consciousness which does not extend beyond itself. Without sight we should be without a notion of the most glorious property of matter, which is actually known; so, without some modification of our spiritual being, we are, perhaps, similarly excluded from other still more wondrous properties. For any information to be

derived from reasoning, gravitation might be a mental action of material substance. There is, in the nature of things, no limit to the possible properties, extent, or subtilization of matter. The assumption, that matter must needs be uniformly resolvable into its component parts, is purely gratuitous, when the assertion is hazarded beyond the limit of our perceptions and means of experiment; and it is equally gratuitous to affirm that the *spiritual* substance must, if material, needs conform itself to all the changes of the *fleshy* substance. In the universal scale of adaptation, that which is designed to pass through the cycles of earthly change, is framed to change, fall to dust, and be renewed in other forms; that which is destined to remain, endures unimpaired amidst all change, though the microscope of physical research may vainly scrutinize the dust of mortality to find it.

Indeed, before we have recourse to the light of revelation, there is a strong probability, afforded by the contemplation of creation, of the material constitution of our future being. The universe is material—a provision, to our conceptions infinite, for material and organized existence. This fact does not, of course, lead to the conclusion that there may not be an unbodied interval between two states, in which we may for some time exist after a mode different from either the initial or the final mode. But it makes the supposition more gratuitous, as *it appears less conformable to any known scheme.*

Upon the question as to the essential nature of the soul, revelation is, we believe, silent, although the distinction which it makes between the *flesh* and the *spirit*, (if not referred to the idiom of popular language,) appear to favor the notion that they are things substantially distinct. Upon another topic which we have noticed, it is more explicit. The most express passages which occur on the subject, are those in the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, where the question is supposed, "With what body do they come?" The answer of St. Paul is the more observable, because it seems to imply a material principle in the parallel *which*

he assumes,* and still more because it is adapted to meet some of the real difficulties of the doctrine of resurrection. "Thou sowest not that body that shall be." Again, "There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial;" and, "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Here three things are implied: something *is raised* that has been *sown*. That thing is distinct from that which it has been sown with; and lastly, though called *spirit*, it is also, at the same time, called *body*.

Thus, then, the Scripture bears us company so far as Christian doctrine requires. To the objection suggested by the phenomena of decay, it offers distinctly the proof that these phenomena have their limit where the boundary of spiritual substance begins: and the liminary line thus suggested, is not altogether visionary; for on any assumption it will still be admitted, that mind is a substance, *sui generis*. The sternest materialist, too, cannot, on any plausible ground, deny that it is possible that there may exist some ultimate indecomposable portion of material substance, not to be resolved into separate elements. Upon this point there is absolutely no knowledge, and the possibilities are unlimited; and the only affirmation that can be made on sure ground is, that however constituted, whether an essence, or effluence, or invisible vapor, or impalpable atom, the soul is immortal; because we have the word of God that it is to survive the empire of the grave. So far are we with the noble lord, and to this extent we should gladly have availed ourselves of his philosophy. Many of his conclusions upon this subject, so far as he reasons, from the natural indications of "the mind and body running courses widely different:" as to the immortal nature of the mind, we frankly agree with. But, with this limitation to our consent, these indications amount not to proof; but simply exhibit pleasing confirmation of truth otherwise known, and perfectly independent of such confirmations.

As to the probable designs of Divine Providence, we have no other objec-

tion to offer to his lordship's commentary, but that, setting out in a spirit of religious humility, and assuming a tone of philosophic moderation, he gradually loses sight of both; and having seriously overstated the evidences of Natural Religion, and still more understated those of revelation, he leaves the truth of religion to be assailed at all points upon the authority of his lordship's *dicta*. We grant the moderation of the actual *authority* which he claims for natural religion; and we trust he is sincere in his implied acknowledgments of revelation. But we venture to predict to his lordship, that his professions will not receive the same credit from the numerous and motley academics who have so long looked up to his lordship as their *principium et fons*. His reasonings will be carried to their consequences, as such reasonings have ever been; and the accompanying caution will be attributed to the political reserve of which many eminent philosophers have left examples. But we disclaim all unworthy imputations; and simply looking to the fact, that by following the same course with this discourse of the noble lord's, numerous writers, and still more numerous thinkers, have reached two fallacious conclusions; one, the competency of human reason to supersede revealed religion; the other, the inconsistency of those *philosophical* discoveries with revelation.

As it is our desire to enter with some fulness upon this most momentous question, we must apologize for leaving untouched many lesser topics worthy of notice in the different sections of this discourse, in order to examine how far his lordship is warranted in the affirmation, that "our own highest destinies are involved in the results of the investigation."

The noble author clearly perceives the objections to which the extension of Natural Theology which he proposes is liable; but he presumes that it is to be remedied by the application of inductive reasoning. In tracing out the means of this application, he not only neglects to perceive the important fact, that he reasons away the entire value

* Verse 36, 37.

of this method, and wholly alters its character: but that, in point of fact, if his notions are to be received, the only consequence that can follow is, that the large class of theorists who have darkened this and every other subject of speculation with vain reasonings, have never, in reality, used any other method. Like the person who did not know that he had been speaking prose all his days, these metaphysical gentlemen were ignorant of their real strength: that they have ever been, or may, by a little such dexterity as the discourse overflows with, and metaphysics has ever had at will, be proved to be inductive reasoners.

Not the least of our charges is the undertone of misrepresentation which runs throughout. In his anxiety to break down all distinctions between causes and purposes, he has hazarded the strong argument from which is inferred the existence of a Creator, by a method of statement which confuses it with second causes. In like manner, in his very able view of the *a priori* argument, he cannot help confusing inductive reasoning with simple experience. If we admit that an idea not to be had "apart from experience," constitutes induction, Euclid becomes an inductive science; for we cannot, without experience, form the idea of a point, a line, or a distance; and it follows that theology is one and the same science with geometry. We should congratulate the noble lord upon this extension of his creed, which is the more charitable, as it must bring within the pale of religion many who can have no other pretension: but we regret to be obliged to suggest that the mode by which an idea is acquired, has nothing to do with the logical use which may be made of it. We fear that, in a needless anxiety to make all reasoning inductive, he has only illustrated the fact, that the force and certainty of inference does not depend altogether upon this universal argument, but—as we have already affirmed—upon the nature of the subject and the evidence of its facts.

The value of an induction depends upon the certainty of the facts; the distinctness with which they are defined and interpreted; and the precision of that analogy which subsists between the cases compared. The argument

which infers from this analogy is inductive still.

In all such reasoning the inference is but probable. The inductive *principle* is, that the laws of nature are uniform; and that therefore a known relation *may be assumed to be universal*. Different *classes of phenomena* offer more or less possibility of exception, and demand different methods of observation, as well as different laws of calculation. And in these different classes, as the laws become more constant, and the reasoning more uniform, the subject becomes nearer to the nature of a science.

Applying these considerations to the argument from final causes—and admitting its inductive character—it must still appear to be as restricted in its application and degree of assurance, as if we made no such admission. Not to lay too much stress on the reader's attention; instead of stating this distinction abstractly, we shall state a case: Suppose two pieces of unknown machinery to be found: the first inferences are, that they are both the result of intelligent design; this is the argument from an effect to a cause; and it is the more certain because founded on an analogy without *known* exception. The next inference is as to the *purpose* (or final cause), and from the identity of construction it is hastily inferred that the purpose of both is the same. A more intelligent observer, however, discovers *by chance*, that one of these machines was found in a watchmaker's work-shop; the other, in that of a person known as the inventor of some other species of automatic machinery. A new inference is immediately suggested. One has discovered a new construction for a timepiece; the other, perhaps of a carriage, or a loom, or perhaps of a chess-playing or a talking machine. Now, of these inferences, it must be observed, that the very first is in no way altered by the comparative uncertainty of the others. It owed its certainty to two facts, the constancy of the induction and its generality; whereas the others wanted both these properties. Such is the difference between the two methods, as exemplified in the same case. But further, there is a higher degree of certainty in favor of the watchmaker's purpose

than that of the projector. The first belongs to a numerous class all similarly occupied; the second is a person *sui generis*; his purposes are various and unlimited within our knowledge: we know not the full scope of his designs, and have no analogy—the induction fails, not because it is inapplicable in principle, but because, in fact, it cannot be applied. Some other means of investigation must be had recourse to: we must go and ask.

The argument from final causes is of the highest importance, whether we look to its use or its abuse. And it is that branch of human reason, the abuses of which are most insidious. The great foundation of error is the want of some precise scale of conclusive value. This may be supplied by distinguishing the modes of application of which it is capable; and the respective value of each. First, when the contrivance and effect are both to be seen, the inference is of the most perfect order of physical induction. Second, when apparent contrivance is observed, there is still an inductive argument, complete so far as to prove that there is *some* purpose; incomplete as to the actual purpose. In this latter case, its value is to govern conjecture; and it is to be estimated by the degree in which the possible purposes can be limited. In such an estimate there are some important considerations to be kept in view. The instance may be a case within the ascertained analogies of some known science which affords collateral guidance; or it may generally be found within the broader analogy of the laws of physical nature; or more uncertain still, it may be referred to the less uniform experience of human purposes; or, lastly, it may be referred to our knowledge of some Being whose existence can be proved, by reasonings which are also competent to prove that he must be very imperfectly and inadequately known. Such is the distinction which we humbly conceive to be too frequently confused by several writers, who attribute too much or too little weight to this method, by omitting to notice that it changes its nature as it is applied within or without the limits of ~~our~~ knowledge of first causes. It is to be

recollected, that the nature of physical experiment, is to reason from the uniformity or *uniform variation* of effects; and that however the immediate nature of observation may be varied, it is from this principle that in physics, the induction derives its main certainty. It is because, from a given cause there is a calculable result; or it is because, in the elimination of accidental causes, the sameness of some main cause can be experimentally tried. In metaphysics, there is no such principle of constant comparison. *Unconscious* of other minds, the reasoner sees others *only in effects*; and these complicated beyond the utmost powers of the most refined analysis; there is (it is true) a broad and loose analogy, sufficient for the experience of life, for the moralist and preacher. But all the metaphysical skill of ages has only served to make manifest how little it presents for the generalizations of strict science.

To the question actually under debate, although we are far from thinking it the most judicious way to meet it, we may apply the negative species of induction, already authorised by his lordship; and ask whether we have not a sufficient induction of facts to prove that no system of religion can be derived from the argument from final causes. For this we might enumerate the uniform failures of the philosopher. We might generally corroborate this argument, by noticing that the progress of knowledge so far from holding out any hope of perfecting such a method, has been rather to bring it into discredit, not merely by failures, but by defining the actual principles of human knowledge. We might still further entrench ourselves by accounting for any pretended instance to the contrary; and showing that the known uniformity of the physical laws of nature, is highly favorable to conjectures founded on certain ascertained principles. The arrangements of the external world, are known to be for certain purposes which are all of the same class, namely, physical effects; and therefore any discovered arrangement, not only ascertains that there is a purpose, but suggests what that purpose is likely to be. Still the noble lord is aware that the chances of a false conjecture are numerous in proportion to the compli-

cation of combined phenomena, the variation of the processes and the possible variety of purposes. It is to the simplicity and the ascertainable limitation of causes that, on the law of chances, one out of many conjectures may be right. Transfer all these considerations to moral science, in which both the first principle and final cause, cannot be specifically known, (without assumption, revelation, or the very inference to be drawn;) in which the variety of combination and the complication is so multifarious; about which the metaphysics of all times have not struck forth a single spark of clear and permanent light.

The knowledge of a life is insufficient to discover to the wisest man, with certainty, the final tendencies of his own character. The shrewdest reasoner is constantly deceived in estimating his own intents aright, not to talk of those of his acquaintances; he may believe himself a friend when he is plotting seduction; a patriot, while he is looking for power and place; a philosopher, while he is for his own special honor and glory, darkening those truths for which he pretends devotion. Again compare the tendencies of human desire, sentiment, and opinion in distant ages and countries. Look for the duties of man to his fellow, amid the clash of social conventions: look for his duties to his God among the collisions of national creeds. Lastly, look for the indications of the final intent of his Maker, in the awful contest between vice and virtue, piety and atheism; and setting revelation aside, question the inductive philosophy, what abyss of Hades or Tartarus has been prepared, to engulf in its dark abyss, a world so destitute of genuine goodness or disinterested piety; a world whose opinions of right, and whose altars—whose idolatries of wood and stone, of poetry and metaphysics can only be compared to the chaos of the poet of England:—

“Where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

We do not however, we repeat it, quarrel with the method; we admit, that had we possess on of that awful book, which contains the moral system, upon which the plans of the

Most High are ordered through all worlds, we might, with Cuvier, reach, by a similar species of induction, at the precise philosophy of this. It is to the data we object, because they are demonstrably insufficient. Certain data, we admit: they were insufficient for Plato; and if we admit that they are become somewhat more available in later times, it is because conjecture is guided by the positive light of revelation. The very sceptic is indebted to the Gospel for the knowledge which he would turn against it. The entire scheme of *operative* principles, upon the mind of civilised man, are so modified by the principles and by the knowledge derived from *revealed religion*, that the principles of the science, which the noble lord would erect, *must begin with it*, or contrive to eliminate it in such a manner, as to replace his induction where it was found by Chrysippus and Diogenes. He might then be allowed consistently, to construct a law conformable to the eternal fitness of things; or discover the compendious and elastic religion of human tendencies. But the theory of morals, to be collected from the civilised world, is Christian, when reduced to its principles, the law of opinion and the divine word: and any just reasoning must so derive it, by generalizing fairly. If this rule be rejected, the nature of man, in all ages modified by habit and convention, time, and place, admits of no precise analysis. The noble author's philosophy, when justly followed, must, in its *first few steps*, lead him to revelation, and he will there alone discover the system, that he hopes to discover by abstract speculation. It will then remain for his lordship to decide, whether to be content with what God has revealed, or fling aside the acknowledged record in order that he may have the honor to find one of his own.

Having entered so far upon this subject, we cannot leave it without guarding against the errors which are liable to be committed by such as take extreme views on either side. Natural theology has its abuse and its use.

Its abuse is frequent and most injurious; it has furnished Deism with its most specious weapons. The Deist, following pretty nearly that track which the noble lord has traced out,

has not only found that revealed religion is unnecessary, but fallacious. Having, by the light of unaided reason, discovered what he considers to be the attributes of God, he applies them as a test to the revelation which God has made of himself.

Its use, well marked though limited. To the mind, rightly instructed in the real knowledge of God, by his own revelation of himself, there is, throughout the moral and physical world, an exhaustless illustration as well as corroboration of this knowledge. As the natural philosopher interprets according to the known analogies of science; so the Christian interprets by the known analogy of Christian truth. He sees, on the firmament above and on the earth below, a writing which he has been taught to interpret. He has first read the book, which his God has written for his special instruction, and thus educated he surveys the same hand upon the ample volume of the world. The *philosopher*, on the contrary, looks for God in a book which he can hardly comprehend,—Nature; and untaught by the errors of ages, tries to find the purposes which lie behind a moral system, which he can only guess at: always *ignotum per ignotius*. But not content with this *perversion*, he resolves not to look to the light which has actually been provided for his imperfect vision, until he shall succeed in finding one for himself; until he shall have extracted from natural research that knowledge which it does not and never was designed to afford.

Lord Brougham, towards the end of his discourse, observes, that the friends of revealed religion have been frequently opposed to natural religion, and comments with some severity on the supposed mistake.

"The friends of revelation," says the discourse, "have been known, without due reflection, to contend, that by the light of unassisted reason, we can know absolutely nothing of God and a future state." All the knowledge of God, which has ever been derived from Nature, has been confined to the fact of his existence; of a future state, "absolutely" nothing. The ablest inquirers have only found uncertainty and mutual difference; and the most *plausible* arguments which have been

devised are not unsatisfactorily overthrown by the noble author himself.

If Tully has found no certainty; if Plato is hardly specious; if Paley has flung aside the question; if Butler has only discussed another subject under the name of religion; if Clarke has found an utter confutation in his lordship's page, how can he accuse the Christian of want of due reflection, if he rejects the illusory pretension of a philosophy which is *pernicious*, because, in truth, it sets itself up in the place of religion! It is not the point in dispute; and is only a sophistical evasion to say that Ray, Clarke, Durham, Keill, and Paley were advocates for natural theology. In some of these great men's writings, there is a cautious adherence to the limits within which the investigation is rational; in some, as his lordship is quite aware, an admixture of error with partial truth; in most, a just subordination, preserved between real knowledge and mere theory, the *inductive proofs of revelation* and the speculations of theology. But such is not the practical objection of the "friends of revelation."

It is not that the speculative theosophist *may be* an infidel or a Christian: but that a very large class, with whom no one is better acquainted than Lord Brougham, actually find an excuse for infidelity in those notions of natural religion which everyone can devise according to the precise measure of his own morality, out of a creed so vague to reason—so merely speculative in its data, and so arbitrary in the shape it may take, according to the notions or desires of the framer. Should the noble author, or any one *else*, ever happen to demonstrate, or by induction discover, a true, satisfactory, and self-consistent *natural religion*, we have no fear but that it will be found to harmonize with that gospel which *has* brought "life and immortality to light," because we shrewdly suspect they were to be brought to light in *no other way*; and we frankly acknowledge to his lordship that we should consider such a conformity its strongest proof, and the want of it the most decisive objection. And this leads us to the last of his lordship's points on this topic, viz. the assumption that natural religion is necessary to the proof of revelation. This we deny.

There is no doubt but that among the many proofs of Christianity a very strong proof can be derived from *the first truth*, that there is a God, by whom this world has been made. But this strong proof is feeble in comparison with the inductive arguments stated so well by Paley. Again, there is an argument of great power drawn from what Bishop Butler somewhat loosely calls natural religion—the analogy between the works and moral order of nature and the truths of revealed religion. But this analogy does not amount to absolute proof, nor was it ever intended as such: it is neither more or less than the most triumphant refutation of speculative infidelity that ever came from any writer on any subject.

We trust that Lord Brougham, who can well afford to be candid, will admit that the "friend of revelation" is not altogether without apology, if he protests against the attempt to prop the truth of Christianity upon so vague and unsettled a "science" as natural theology, even though illustrated by the learned labour of his lordship. And although we may admit that within the scope of real existence there is and must be some great system of Divine will and jurisprudence; yet we must continue to protest against the fatal practical error, of rejecting the "light of life" and immortality which God has given, until human wisdom shall succeed in discovering and rendering practically available—that which he has withheld.

The evidences of Christianity depend upon the inductive principle as much as any fact of physical science, but not in the manner in which the noble lord attempts to show. It is indeed an error in which his lordship participates with many respectable philosophers, to suppose the assumption of the first cause in any way involved (unless as an *inference*) in the reasonings of philosophy. The inductive argument commences with the known or assumed uniformity of the laws of nature. How this assumption might be abstractedly proved we are not concerned to know: we rely on it, from the necessity of things; for without such a reliance, all reason-

ing must cease. That mutual relation between phenomena, which consists in *constant and co-ordinate variation*, and is in a great variety of cases called the relation of causation, is thus the true ground of reasoning upon facts: practically the reasoner looks no further. The laws of nature may cease, or the metaphysical engineer may doubt their stability; but the argument ceases at such a point to have force or practical purpose. Human assent has its laws, and to these alone is it needful to modify the laws of reasoning. There is no assignable proof to which some theoretical objection cannot be devised, and for this reason the caviller cannot be content, and need not be regarded. We remark this the more especially here, as the noble lord having proved how feeble an analogy can content the speculative theorist, to establish the least experimental facts, at once turns upon the evidences of Scripture, (the firmest and most settled on the laws of human reasoning that ever has been found out of the pale of the stricter sciences,) to prove their inconclusiveness, unless by the assistance of that "dogmatic theology" which he has tried to erect.

Now we must insist, in opposition to this, that the proof of Christianity is commensurate with the ordinary laws of assent, and demands no reference to any abstract elements of ratiocination, different from those of testimony in general. It is enough that the *known and received* laws of inference are precisely and rigidly fulfilled, to satisfy those who are content to use their understandings so far sincerely: otherwise all moral proof must be impossible, as the supposition destroys the very foundation of all reasoning. Something must be granted that cannot be proved; and all that the evidence of revelation demands, is the inductive principle of the uniformity of the laws of nature.

The noble lord has offered two objections, one of which is new to us, the other as old as modern infidelity. We shall reply to both.

The noble lord observes, that "Revelation cannot be true if natural religion is false, and cannot be demonstrated

* We are indebted to Mr. Wallace for the phrase.

strictly by any evidence, without proving or assuming the latter." In this sentence there is such a confusion of distinct principles, that it would take more space to disentangle them than we can afford. But we here cite it merely as the enunciation of a proposition, and pass to the particular proof: for this his lordship grants the assumption of the facts of the Redeemer's history, the miracles and pretensions of divine mission; and then observes, that such testimony of this pretension is insufficient to establish it, as supernatural power "does not of necessity exclude fraud or malice, and that therefore these pretensions rest "only on the messenger's assertion. But the doctrines of the existence of a Deity, and of his attributes, which natural religion teaches, preclude the possibility of such ambiguities and remove all difficulties."

We fear this is something worse than the mere error of *ignotum per ignotius*; it is the groping into the uncertainties of crude speculation for that which is before our eyes. Had our Lord come to earth for the purpose of establishing a religion professedly sensual—tyrannical—favourable to pride—indifferent as to truth, meekness, humility, goodness, holiness, and the supremacy of the Creator—we might say with the stubborn Jew, "he hath a devil," or with Lord Brougham, who has rather strangely adopted their error, and passed over the obvious answer, "This messenger might have come from an evil as well as from a good being." One answer may serve for both—"If Satan also be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand?" (Luke, ii. 18.) The supernatural power of our Lord was proved by miracle; and, waving the argument that his *divine* power was proved by the *nature* of these miracles; his goodness, truth, and all the attributes which natural theology, on much less evidence, assigns to God, are proved by his precepts, doctrines, and the history of his life. The jealous authority of Rome acquitted him expressly of ambition or any other crime—"I find no fault in this man." Lord Brougham is a lawyer; let him carefully peruse the trial before Pilate; let him impartially weigh the accusation of the Jews, the solemn charge of the Roman judge—"I will wash my hands out of the blood of this just man, see ye to it"—the calm

and unimpassioned self-devotion of the victim, breathing the prayer of mercy on the cross, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do;" the voice of human nature itself speaking in the centurion—"Truly this was the Son of God"—and let his lordship then decide whether the feeble testimony of an obscure and unsettled logic (for such it is) could have been absolutely required to give conclusiveness to this impressive collection of facts. If the life and doctrines of our Lord are insufficient to prove the truth of his pretension, (first *admitted* to be preternatural,) we must tell Lord Brougham that he will find it a hard task to establish the divinity (in the implied sense) of the Creator of this world against the Manichean system, which is more justly to be maintained than any system his lordship can reason out, until he has recourse to revealed religion for the key which *reason has not found*. His lordship has yet a further task than the mere proof of a creator before he has done with the *atheist*; he must meet the enormous difficulties of the question of natural evil before he can, with logical accuracy, "exclude either fraud or malice" from his creed; he must prove that *unity of design* cannot result from a combination of *minds*; he must prove that wisdom is consistent with the assumption of a moral system full of error and obscurity unenlightened by revelation, or unaccounted for by the known fact that we "see but in part." In truth, natural theology cannot subsist but as a consequence of revelation, and has *no value* independent of it. It may, perhaps, form an elevating exercise to a philosophic mind; but it cannot in possibility throw the faintest gleam of light upon the tumultuous waters of the world. Virtues which the *actual belief* in revelation has but a very limited power to impress, which even prudential feeling is insufficient to guard, will scarcely be enforced *by logic*. Let the noble author search his own heart, and ask himself what his religion can effect.

A second objection of his lordship's (for as such he must state it) is as follows: "Were our whole knowledge of the Deity drawn from revelation, its foundation must become weaker and weaker as the distance in point of time increases from the actual interposi-

tion." This objection, which proceeds from a misconception of the law of probable reasoning, has frequently been resorted to. We cannot here afford sufficient space to rectify the logical error in principle. Fortunately a special answer will be sufficient for the noble lord's statement.

Time is altogether unconcerned in the evidence of revelation, as it actually stands upon the inductive laws of testimony* and the evidence of consequences. It must be here observed, that the objection actually applies as much (though not in the same way) to the actual time as to any subsequent time. All who have believed *without seeing* believe upon testimony alone. In the first place, the oral testimony fulfilled the general law of evidence, which is founded on the induction of facts which ascertains the probability of a certain given accord of witnesses. Of this question, the only real elements are, their number, character, possible designs, and the possibilities of illusion. This will be conceded in our favour by the noble lord; and the question becomes as to the *subsequent* evidence to *posterity*. Suppose, now, a historical fact, without written documents, and without monuments, consequence, and continuity of existence; and we would concur with the noble lord in resolving the question into *time*. The laws of documentary evidence are liable to varied objections and difficulties, which we are not called upon to discuss further than to say that even of these there may be a degree of number, variety, unbroken continuity of tradition and universality of unquestioned reception, such as to amount to sufficient proof; and that when forgery, up to a very ascertainable period, can be disproved, the law of printed and published evidence is from that time totally independent of time, it becomes maintainable by all authority, and defies rational doubt. We simply assert this as rather evident to common sense; but it is not the fact that Christianity relies on documentary evidence: it

relies on the existence of monuments: that is to say, doctrines and systems of belief, the whole body of religion and the entire frame of society, presenting effects for which (in probability) there can be found no other origin or cause; and last, the great argument of continuity. This argument we humbly offer to the consideration of the noble lord. "The whole history of Christianity implies, in each period, the precise events of that which went before it, until we are conducted to the beginning; with inevitable force of inference that this beginning cannot be any other than that pretended to by the Christian. The continued existence of Christianity may thus be found to present, of *itself*, the most unanswerable evidence."[†]

In fine, the "truths of revelation," we must contend against the noble lord, borrow no "proofs" from Natural Theology. The existence and attributes of God, even if *we were to admit* his lordship's theory, are not familiarly proved by every thing around us; and if they were, we must say that his lordship has wonderfully obscured this familiar proof. The great truth of religion was originally revealed; but nature never taught it. Nature taught idolatry and witchcraft. The record of the firmament was read amiss, and the Gentile world was convicted by the apostle of so misinterpreting it as to mistake the creature for the creator;‡ from which he proves the necessity of some other source of light by an argument which we humbly beg to recommend to the noble lord. "For that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them which believe."[§]

Lord Brougham has, we suspect, felt in this last chapter the weakness of his own reasons, a consciousness often manifested by the appearance of such feeble special pleading as is not otherwise usual with the noble lord. He quotes Mr. Locke in support of the use of reason; "he that takes away reason to make way for revelation,

* Here the noble lord abandons his own positions. Having overrated the certainty of the inductive method, to apply it to God he underrates or altogether rejects it to assail the testimony of man.

† Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief.

Fellowes, London.

‡ Romans, i. 20, 25.

§ Cor. i. 21.

puts out the light of both." There are many ways of putting out the light of reason: of these, his lordship has exemplified two, viz., *looking for it where it is not, and denying it where it is.*

If ever there were wanting a practical proof of the apostolic doctrine—"the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God"—it would be abundantly found in the whole class of writings to which this very clever book belongs. The vain, speculative search upon a field which the search of ages has proved to be barren. The uncertain, difficult, and circuitous path after that knowledge which is confessedly revealed—the attempt to prove the certain by the uncertain—to sanction, by that which must be for ever doubtful, that which is established on the simplest proofs, beyond the sophistry of all time to shake. These are con-

traditions which it would require more than Lord Brougham's philosophy to reconcile.

We have no feelings of unkindness or asperity towards the noble author; we rejoice to see his very considerable powers turned to so useful a purpose: and while we assure him that he must not expect to cultivate a field so new to his pen, without committing errors and finding opposition; yet we sincerely hope that he will be led on by the course which he has entered, to corrector and sounder views. If he would for a time lay aside the Natural Theology, and look to the actual evidences of revealed religion, we have so much trust in the clearness of his judgment as to predict, that he will relinquish the enormous notion, that Christianity stands in need of proof from speculative Theology.

The above article had been two days in the course of printing when we received another essay on the same subject.* It has not been in our power, therefore, to notice this little work as we should have desired; and we much regret it. We cannot, among our recollections of modern essay writers, recall a happier example of the soundest thinking, seasoned to the highest taste by pointed, but not poisoned wit, playful fancy, and elegant learning. On some points, too, the writer is preeminently happy in seizing at once upon the important point. We specify one instance for its infinite importance—the absurd inconsistency of those who, admitting Christianity to be the revealed truth of God, would still set its authority aside where it comes in contact with human reasoning. The nonsensical sophism—"philosophy deals with human evidence and its results,"—that discovers that to be false in a doubtful philosophy, which it calls true in a *certain* revelation, is exposed by a few clear and masterly observations. Upon the material question, the reader of this little essay will also find all that is, perhaps, to be said, well said. Our perusal has, of necessity, been glancing and cursory; but all that we have read is worth reading, either for its wit or truth; and we earnestly recommend it to our readers. The infidelity of the day has assumed philosophy for its menstruum; books of this kind convert the same dangerous medium into an antidote.

* *Metaphysic Rambles.* By Warner Christian Search. Milliken and Son, Dublin. Fellowes, London.

POST-SESSIONAL REFLECTIONS.

BY TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

DEAR ANTHONY—The Session is over, and the chatters have gone to chatter elsewhere—as to holding their peace, that is out of their nature—you might as well expect modesty and silence from a company of sparrows. But the doors of the House of Commons are

closed fast, and for some time to come we shall not be pestered with records of the deliberative wisdom of that assembly, matutinally calling for our disgust in all the newspapers. Every human creature had become exceedingly sick of this little long parliament.

In my sight it was the loathsome thing in nature. It seemed too contemptible to be hated, and too mischievous to be forgotten: but it is done with for the present, and even the Tail must be glad that it is, for did not they want to go home to assist in digging out the potatoes? To be sure they did, and a much more fit and wholesome employment it is for them than sitting twelve hours a day in the House of Commons, afraid even to go out now and then for a glass of gin, lest they should meet with the scowling eye, and the growling reproach of their tyrant Dan. My worthy neighbours, the hodmen in St. Giles's are much better off, except that they tumble off scaffolds now and then, and break their bones. Perhaps the Tail gentry may have something of that too, just before they die: when they do, they will be hurt past all surgery, I can promise them, and in England there will be an uncommon quantity of dry eyes at the catastrophe. I said every human creature was tired of the sitting of the house; but there are some creatures in the house who imitate humanity so abominably that I do not think they come within the class of human creatures. There are Roebuck, and Hume, and Buckingham, and Warburton, and Wakley, and Bowring, and Aglionby, for example, who would rather, I am sure, have the respectable house *always* sitting. While they are there they keep up a perpetual fizzing, and fuming, and spitting, like a bit of unsound wood thrown on the fire. They have a sensation of being of some consequence, once a day, as they march up the lobby, but parliament being prorogued their occupation is gone. They have to pay additionally for their lodgings, on account of being at home in the evening; and even their franks, which pass in a crowd, are shunned when there are but few members in town, as rather *dis-respectable* and notorious.

The session is ended, and what is to be said of it? Why this, that it is well it was no worse, but what has been done is mischief. It is melancholy to see people who ought to know better, going about, and chuckling with a silly air of triumph at the result in the affair of the

Corporation Bill.* Because the Lords manfully stood out against the radicals in the Commons, and, as they always will, beat them upon the points in which they had the unanimity and firmness to stand out, people forget that this bill is in every part a democratic bill, and that even as the Lords have passed it, it is another step in the revolution—ay, and a most important step. Such a measure ought not to have been passed by King, Lords, and Commons; for any man may discern, that with such republican forms of government in the towns, there never can be harmony and sympathy with King, Lords, and Commons. The operation of this bill will be to create a number of municipal revolutionary batteries throughout the kingdom, against the nobles, the church, and the throne. If the King's ministers were so stupid as not to see this, when they proposed the measure, they should be sent to some asylum for idiots; if they did see this, they deserve to be sent to the tower.

But how is it that this session also should have passed away without anything being done to turn back the tide of revolution? How is it that notwithstanding the great additional strength which the Conservative party gained by the general election in the beginning of the year, it has enabled us to gain so little for the Conservative cause—to do so little damage to the enemy? How is it, in fine, that with a majority of the English representatives on our side—with two-thirds of the nobility devotedly in our favour—with the universities—the churches—the greater part of the landlords, and the whole of the respectable part of the press ranged on our side: how is it that with such a force as this, a paltry despicable majority of some thirty nominees of Mr. O'Connell have been able to make such head against us, to thwart every attempt at rational legislation, and to overthrow the ancient corporations of England and Wales? Assuredly there has been something very wrong, or very defective in our generalship, that under such circumstances, such results should have taken place. I do not hesitate to say, that we have been lamentably deficient in courage, spirit, and activity, during

* We need not say that from this we totally dissent.

the past session. Our forces have not been marshalled as they should have been; their several duties have not been appropriated to each; nor has there been that cordial understanding and constant communication between the chiefs, and the body at large, which is necessary for keeping up a lively and general interest throughout the party. Our chiefs continue to act in opposition, as if they were ministers, and had all the responsibility of government upon their shoulders; while they who are really responsible, and enjoy the advantages appertaining to the position of responsibility, do not allow it to interfere in the least with their party views on political experiments. We confine ourselves merely to *defence*, and appear quite satisfied with doing that which ought to be the duty of the government side of the house. They are continually making assaults, not only upon our party, but even upon our personal interests. Why do we leave them thus unmolested to pursue their mischief?

It is true that the ministerial party is in the anomalous position of being at once the nominal support of the crown, and the actual enemy of every monarchical institution. It is true that being in this position—a position which no set of honest men could be in—it is necessary that the opposition should take care of the interests of the monarchy, which ministers have so basely deserted; but there is no reason that the man who deserts these interests, should be spared. The Conservative opposition has a double duty to perform—it should *preserve* as much as it can from the destructive rapacity of the revolutionary ministers, but it should also *assail them*. This has not been done. On the contrary, there is an absurd fashion prevails of helping them to a certain extent—of admitting that thus much, or thus, of what they propose, is needful or expedient. If a compliment can be paid them, our leaders fail not to avail themselves of the opportunity, and are ever ready to protest, how happy they are to give their opponents their support, when they possibly can. All this is perfectly sickening to honest men, who are disgusted with the palpable *profligacy* of the ministerial party, and *desire* to see that party always treated

as criminals, with whom it is disreputable to be on terms of courtesy.

What avails it that our leaders tell us to form registration societies, and to busy ourselves incessantly in laying the foundation of a strong numerical force in the House of Commons? We have increased that force, and what has it done for us? Look at the Whig-radical side of the house, and we not only find the members of the government proposing their destructive measures, and calling their supporters around them to explain what they mean to do, and to earnestly solicit their co-operation, but we also find the individual members of the party, each with his separate grievance to bring forward against the interests of our party, or against some individual connected with it. Is it because the Whig radicals are so pure, that we have no weapons of annoyance to use against them? Night after night we have Mr. Hume, or Mr. Harvey, or Mr. Warburton, or Mr. O'Connell, or Mr. Bulwer, or Mr. Wallace, coming forward with some attack upon a Conservative interest, or a Conservative individual; and the government leaders seldom fail to give them efficient support, for they know they shall want the support of these grievance-mongers in return. But this sort of warfare, which an opposition ought more particularly to attend to, is by our chiefs wholly neglected. They will not condescend to it themselves, and they look with a coldness, which amounts almost to disdain, upon any thing that any of their own party, save themselves, brings forward. This is miserable generalship. If any subordinate member of the Whig-radical party brings forward a grievance, his whole party back him up:—if any subordinate member of the Conservative party attempts the like, he finds himself with a minority of perhaps forty-seven, though he knows that the leaders of his party are all within ten minutes' walk of the house, and that had they taken the trouble to *issue* their request upon the subject, two hundred might easily have been brought to the opposition benches.

But why do the leaders themselves leave the ministers so completely at rest to concoct, and to carry forward, their iniquitous schemes? While Sir Robert Peel's ministry existed, did the

leaders of opposition content themselves with opposing his measures? Not at all. They kept him employed in endeavouring to meet their assaults. But it will be said, that they had a majority, and were, therefore, to take the part of assailants—let us then go farther back to the days of the old opposition. Did Fox, Ponsonby, Romilly, Whitbread, Tierney, Brougham, content themselves with merely resisting the measures of government? They did not—they were continually the assailants, and they had not a majority. And if ever there was a time in which an opposition *ought* to take the part of assailants, *this* is that time. Never was there so much opportunity—never more need, to expose the hypocrisy, the ignorance, the shameless profligacy of an administration. Why is it, that though a session has passed over since the infamous alliance between the ministry and O'Connell, there has been no resolution proposed to the house, expressive of disgust and apprehension at such a coalition? Why is there no parliamentary record of the indignation, and the loathing, with which that coalition has filled so large a portion of members of parliament, as well as of the people? It is true the resolution would not have been carried, but would a minority of three hundred upon such a resolution have been no blow—no check to the ministry? Could they have faced the country with a majority against the resolution, composed exclusively of O'Connell's abject nominees? Why was there not a resolution proposed expressive of the opinion of the Conservative party, upon the gross contempt of religion and the laws, exhibited in the fact of Roman Catholics voting against the support of the Established Church, after having solemnly sworn to do nothing to subvert it? Such a resolution manfully and eloquently brought forward, would have kindled a flame in England, that O'Connell and the ministry could not have stood against. Sir Robert Peel should have proposed such a resolution, for he well knows what was at all events the *intention* of the framers of that solemn obligation. He at least ought to have felt himself bound to do all that in him lay, to hinder the privileges granted by the Catholic Emancipation Act, from being converted into wea-

pons of destruction against the Established Church? Why were not the commissionership jobs sifted and exposed? Why was not the absurd budget-speech of Mr. Rice ridiculed in parliament, as well as in the newspapers? If I recollect rightly, our sagacious conservative oppositionists made its pompous tediousness, and absolute nothingness, the theme of their praises! This will never do. If our conservative leaders approve of the courses of the present ministry, they are wanting in conscientiousness and sincerity—they should go over to the ministry and to Mr. O'Connell at once—if, on the other hand, they think them, as politicians, profligate and dangerous, they should be on no other terms with them at any time, but those of open war. They should smite them in the face continually, and be ever seeking, and making opportunities to hold them up to the detestation and the scorn of all honest men. The oftener that they pushed on trials of strength, the better, for the oftener would the people of England perceive of what base materials the ministerial strength was composed.

But this could not be done, without frequent and cordial meetings of the whole party, to communicate designs, and to deliberate upon the best means of carrying them into effect. This is not to be managed by clubs, where coteries are formed, and exclusive dinners given, which fill the excluded with jealousy and vexation. There ought to be meetings called, and *frequent* meetings, of the whole conservative party having seats in parliament, and there, the leaders should communicate with their friends—should hear what they have to say, and assign to them their posts in the aggressive war against those who are betraying the interests of the monarchy, and giving up the church to destruction. It will never do that Sir Robert Peel shall wrap himself up in his virtue, and make his boast in the House of Commons, that he is speaking merely his individual opinion, and cannot answer for that of others. Considering the confidence he expects, and which as a leader he ought to have, it is not for him, unless he formally abandons his position of leader of a party, to throw his adherents aside, as it were, and

put his own individual opinion forth, as a thing of very prodigious consequence. I do not deny that it is so, but it is not becoming that *he* should, even indirectly, affirm it. His speech at Tamworth was excellent, but why was *such* a speech not delivered in the House of Commons? He comes to town, to assist in taking into consideration in the Commons, the amendments made by the Lords to the Corporations Bill. The moment he makes his appearance in the House, he is complimented in a *very particular* manner by the ministerial leader, and during the two or three evenings that he remained, he was as courteous, and as accommodating an oppositionist, as ever a minister had to deal withal. He hurries back to Tamworth to dine with his constituents, and in his travelling carriage, as he goes, he reads the insolent speech of Lord Melbourne reflecting upon the conduct of his administration; with this in his mind, he spoke his spirited speech at Tamworth, and showed how fully it is in his power to expose the

ministry, and the wretched supporters upon whom they rely—but why—why I must again, and again ask, was such useful work as this, not done in parliament?

One word more, and I have done with my scolding, which if it do no other good, will at least relieve me, for *I am* vexed that so little has been done with such cards as we have had in our hands. Why were such notices, as those respecting the House of Lords, by Hume, Roebuck, and O'Connell, allowed to pass without a single word of condemnation from those who are returned to parliament to be guardians of what remains of the constitution? After parliament was prorogued, it was found that Mr. Grove Price had given a notice for next session regarding them, and a very proper one, but was this enough from the Conservative party? I think not.

I remain, dear Anthony, yours in sorrow and in anger,

TERENCE O'RUARK.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BILL—IRISH CHURCH BILL—CENTENARY OF THE REFORMATION.

THE first session of the second reformed parliament has terminated—a session almost unparalleled in the length of its duration, and we believe we may add, in the importance of the proceedings which marked its course. There was no period, since the last parliament assembled, at which the most intense interest was not felt as to the aspect of political affairs. Scarcely a week passed over without the public mind being agitated with some strong political excitement. At one time we were menaced with the extinction of the House of Lords; at another, with the stopping of the supplies; the language of revolution was frequently and loudly employed, and those who had not learned to despise that language as bravado, might very naturally have expected that this eventful session would not have passed away without bearing some permanent trace of the progress of social disorganization. Many, perhaps, feared that its termination would hardly leave the peerage or the monarchy untouched.

The session, however, has terminated; the blusterings of St. Stephen's are suspended for a while, and still the ancient constitution of England remains, we cannot say unimpaired, but certainly not destroyed. The House of Commons have made two attempts to take into their own hands the supreme power of the state. They commenced the session by an invasion of the prerogative of the Crown; they ended it by an attack upon the privileges of the Lords. Had they succeeded in these attempts, the government of England would now be an oligarchy: but whatever degree of success may have attended the first, there can be little doubt that in the second they have been completely foiled. They may have succeeded in dismissing, without a trial or a charge, the ministers of their sovereign's choice; but they have failed, utterly failed, in the attempt to coerce the peers into submission to their will; and we confess that, whatever cause for alarm there might be in the events of the commencement of

the session, in those of its close we see every reason to hope that the perils which menaced our ancient constitution, have in a great degree, passed away, and that the returning good sense of the representatives of the people, and far more of the people themselves, will preserve that mixed form of government which has so long secured the liberties, and fostered the happiness of this great nation.

It is not our intention at present to review at any length the proceedings of the session: we have not space for a commentary which, to be instructive, should not be brief. At present we must only beg the attention of our readers to the course of conduct pursued by the ministry and by each house of parliament, with reference to those subjects upon which the much talked-of and much dreaded collision was to take place; we mean the Municipal Corporations and the Irish Church.

When the Corporation Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, we took occasion to lay before our readers our opinions as to its provisions. It will, perhaps, be recollected, that to its principle we gave our fullest assent, while at the same time we endeavoured to point out the evil of many of its provisions. The great principles of popular election and popular control we were most anxious to see carried into effect in the new municipal arrangement. Upon this basis alone we were persuaded that corporations could be framed so as to give satisfaction to the people; but, at the same time, we were desirous that the development of these principles should be attended with such practical precautions as might be calculated to secure good government for corporate towns. It was asserted, and not without reason, that abuses existed under the old system; it needed little to prove that the natural tendency of self-elected bodies is to such abuses; but, at the same time, we felt that giving power to the populace does not necessarily insure its proper exercise—that it sometimes may be necessary not to follow a multitude to do evil—and that it needed something more than the mere throwing of power into the hands of the lower orders, to secure either the impartial administration of justice or the honest application of public property.

The bill, as introduced into the lower house, made the extension of democratic power its chief object. In common with the great majority of the thinking people of the empire, we desired that this should be subordinate to another and a more reasonable object—the securing of good government in the towns.

We believe and trust that the bill, as it has become law, will conduce to the happiness of the people. It certainly is much more likely to do so than in the state in which it was originally introduced. The amendments of the Lords have been almost all improvements; and those points which they finally conceded, they were perhaps wrong in ever urging. The retaining the rights of existing aldermen was a project which they very properly abandoned. We are not quite so sure about the provision which gave town-clerks a life interest in their offices. We have very great apprehensions as to making any functionaries dependant upon the will of democratic communities. Abstractedly we think the arrangement of the Lords was better, but this was a point which it well became their lordships to concede.

Our readers are aware that the bill in its original shape took away the elective rights of freemen—rights which they held by a tenure solemnly guaranteed to them by the reform bill—that bill which was so often declared to be the final settlement of the franchise. This wholesale and iniquitous confiscation of the vested rights of the poor, was attempted without the shadow of excuse. And anxious as we are now to omit saying anything harsh of the originators of the bill, we cannot help declaring that the fraudulent secrecy with which the confiscating clause was introduced into this bill, casts an indelible stain upon the character of those who contrived it. They meditated injustice, and they must needs do it surreptitiously—they attempted in fact to delude the parliament, and smuggle in an enactment, of which the effect might escape observation—they added the baseness of cowardice to the guilt of spoliation; they attempted to accomplish gross injustice by a pitiful manœuvre; they thus left the memento of their own

condemnation, and they confessed by the very intrigue they employed, that they were conscious of the iniquity of their design. Thanks, however, to the carefulness of Sir William Follet, their plot was detected—thanks to the firmness of the peers, it was defeated.

Our readers may recollect our entering our protest against the provision of the bill which left to town councils, of whom the majority might belong to any of the multitudinous forms of dissent, the power of appointing to the livings which have been hitherto in the gift of the corporations. We certainly did think it just as unreasonable that Unitarians, and Johanna Southcotians, should have a voice in the nomination of our clergy, as we would to find a bishop of our church claiming the right to appoint the minister of a seceding chapel. The remedy which we suggested was to take away from the corporations the right of presentation, and give it to the bishops. By this arrangement no one would have been injured—the old corporators lose the property under any circumstances, the new ones never possessed it. The House of Lords limited the right of voting upon such questions to members of the Established Church. Lord John Russell declared, we believe, that this was a reenacting of the penal laws, or made some declaration equally absurd; and the matter was compromised by inserting a clause compelling corporations to sell their advowsons, and apply the proceeds to the purposes of the borough fund.

The enforcing of a qualification for town councillors is a most important point; this is a subject upon which we wish to say a few words—for we cannot but protest against the spirit of the qualification which Lord Lyndhurst originally proposed. It was, that the councillors should be elected from one sixth of the vote-payers who paid the highest vote. Now, with all respect for the noble and learned lord, we feel bound to declare, that in this provision there was insinuated a principle to which we trust the people of England never will agree—that relative wealth is the test of relative respectability. It is very right and fair to say that there is a certain standard of

property, the possession of which you require as a security before you admit a man into an office of trust; but it is quite another, and very different, to establish, that this standard shall be a relative one; and that the citizens who have most money, are to be deemed the most trustworthy. The one is but the adoption of a necessary precaution against paupers; the other is giving an unjust, an ungrounded, and an invidious preference to the rich. This provision was, however, very properly abandoned on the suggestion of the Earl of Devon—who has been lately raised from a clerk at the table to a peer; and whose talents and judgment do honor to his station—and the qualification has been finally settled at the possession of 1000*l.*, or the being rated at 30*l.* in the larger boroughs; and 500*l.*, or being rated at 15*l.* in the smaller.

While we thus feel ourselves bound to draw the plain and marked distinction between the very just principle which requires the possession of some property, as a qualification for office; and the invidious and dangerous principle, which would establish wealth as the criterion of the relative fitness of individuals for office—we yet feel persuaded that it was from no wish to adopt the latter, that Lord Lyndhurst shaped his amendment in its original form. We cannot but feel for the personal and political character of that noble lord the deepest respect—for his talents there is not, we believe, one educated person in the empire, who does not entertain the highest admiration. Unquestionably the first statesman—almost the first lawyer in the House of Lords—he occupies at this moment a position which any man might envy—and his conduct with regard to the bill we are discussing, has tended to raise him still higher in public estimation. Divesting his mind of all party bias, and forgetful of party interests, he exhibited in his conduct no less honesty than judgment. Never, perhaps, was there more true principle—more legislative wisdom—more firmness unmixt with obstinacy—more conciliation without bordering on compromise, exhibited by any body of men, than by the House of Lords in their management of the Corporation Reform Bill—and to Lord Lyndhurst belongs the proud

distinction of having been the guide and adviser of their conduct. Let the proceedings of the peers be carefully reviewed from the hour when the bill was first brought up from the Commons, to that in which it finally received the royal assent—and the history of those proceedings will present to the reflecting mind a splendid example of proud patriotism, and pure principle acting under the direction of the soundest judgment, and the most equitable temper. All prejudice appeared to have been cast aside—all party interests forgotten—equity seemed the only guide of their conduct—and the consciousness of rectitude of purpose, imparted to all their proceedings that calm and resolute dignity before which the insolent petulance of ministers and their supporters soon shrank powerless and rebuked.

Contrasted with Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Melbourne certainly appeared in a very unfavorable light. His obstinate and most preposterous opposition to the hearing of evidence at the bar of the House—his indecorous warmth—his foolish menaces to the House of consequences which have not followed—the utter ignorance which he manifested as to the details of the bill which he was so intemperately supporting—and his often repeated warnings to the peers, of the effects which their conduct would produce—warnings which with some strange infatuation he continued up to the very moment that proved their silliness; all combined to make the premier seem personally as contemptible as it is possible for any man holding his office to be. While the desertion of all the great leading Whig Lords, who left him night after night to divide the house, and find himself still in the same miserable minority of placemen and ministerial dependants, rendered the degradation of his situation more complete. To a proud man we can conceive no mortification more bitter than that which Lord Melbourne must have experienced in being compelled to recede from pretensions so lofty as those with which he set out, to concessions so humiliating as those with which he concluded. The truth is, that Lord Melbourne attempted to play the game of Lord Grey—he attempted to browbeat the Lords as his predecessor had done

upon the reform bill—and, as might be expected, his attempt was a miserable failure. He forgot, it is true, that the English people who had been against the Lords upon the former occasion, were with them now—but he still more forgot that he was not Lord Grey.

We have said that we augur well from the events of this session for the safety of the constitution. The Lords have nobly asserted their independence as a branch of the legislature; and the Commons and the ministers have reluctantly yielded to them. Every effort was made to put in motion the old machinery of popular excitement; the government papers teemed with the most violent and inflammatory tirades; the premier threatened in the House of Lords—the ministerial leaders swaggered in the House of Commons; official franks were sent down covering despatches to get up an agitation. Revolution was the cry—the supplies were to be stopped—the House of Peers voted a nuisance, unless they surrendered all the interests of the country to the uncontrolled directions of the O'Connell faction in the House of Commons—but the Peers were firm—they did their duty, and all went on as usual—the supplies were voted—the country acquiesced—the ministers truckled, and even the radicals of the lower House, with some grumbling and some violent abuse, yielded to the House of Lords, and acknowledged their undoubted right to exercise their own free and independent judgment.

This much then has been accomplished—we have got rid of the bugbear of collision—this formidable something will never again “frighten the isle from its propriety”—the collision has come, and it has passed away without any other result than this, that the House of Commons have yielded to the House of Lords.

We believe that this yielding was gall and wormwood to the ministers—but they were forced to it, and for the sake of office they submitted—they commenced with bullying, but they found it would not do—they changed their tone—the ministerial press no longer talked of coercing the House of Lords—the language now was for peace—the provisions that they had declared

most essential to their measure were destroyed—but they yielded and they kept their place, and the new profession of ministerial faith was thus made by Lord John Russell:—

“Sir, I know that with respect to any great measure of this kind, it is not possible in a mixed constitution like ours to carry into effect at once all those reforms which one may think necessary. If you have a government either of absolute monarchy or totally democratic, you may press measures such as they have been originally framed and introduced. Many years ago the King of Prussia issued an edict by which all corporate officers were to be elected by the householders. His Majesty had no difficulty in carrying that measure. In the same way, if our government was wholly a popular one, we should have little difficulty in carrying into effect any measures we might think proper to introduce. **WE LIVE UNDER A TEMPERED GOVERNMENT, AND MUST WISH TO SEE ALL REFORMS CARRIED INTO EFFECT CONSISTENTLY WITH OUR CONSTITUTION AS IT AT PRESENT EXISTS.** If we endeavour to obtain the advantages of such a tempered government, and no doubt they are great and many, we must yield something to the opinions of other branches of the legislature—if we endeavour to carry every measure through unchanged and unmutated, we cannot obtain it without subjecting every thing to obstacle and delay (hear, hear.) This is one of the consequences of the mixed government under which we live; and, on the contrary, if we are prepared to abandon that form of government, we may perhaps run into the other extreme.”

Were it not that we remember that there was a time when this same noble Lord was the eulogist of Gatton and Old Sarum, we would begin to think that we might calculate him among the Conservative party in the state; but we have had experience enough of Whigs to know that when men have no principle, their professions are not to be depended on.

This much, then, we may consider as a principle settled by the acknowledgment of all parties, that the House of Lords is an independent branch of the legislature, and as such its members are entitled to deliberate upon any

measure that is presented to them, and to exercise their discretion—subject only to that responsibility from which no human legislation is exempt, a responsibility to him “from whom all power is derived.” The absurdity of converting the House of Lords into a registering chamber for the decrees of the Commons, has been abandoned, and the very lowest and most profligate radicals of the Lower House—the Humcs, the Wakleys, and the O’Connells, were compelled—with a bad grace, it is true—but still they were compelled to acquiesce in the rights and privileges which the constitution has conferred upon the Peers. There was a little blustering which we can well forgive, and a little vulgar insolence, which we might well expect, but the concession was made; and when we recollect the swaggering menace by which it was preceded, we need not wonder if the soreness of humiliation made men angry—when we recollect who the men were, we cannot be surprised if their anger found its expression in low scurrility and indecent vituperation.

We confess that it would give us pleasure to believe that this recognition of the rights of the Lords proceeded, on the part of ministers, from principle. We would fain believe that there are some, even in the Melbourne cabinet, who have a respect for the ancient constitution of the country, and who would maintain the principles of that constitution, and it may have been the councils of these men that prevailed, and prevented their more desperate colleagues from placing themselves in the frantic attitude of leaders of the democracy against the constitution. But the conduct and language of others, leaves no doubt as to their feelings. The violence of the ministerial leaders in both houses, plainly proves, that they have recognised the constitution, because they dare not do otherwise—they cared for no principle, but they dreaded the good sense of the people of England—they bullied as long as they could, and they truckled when they could do nothing else. Such conduct, to say the least of it, was foolish. Common policy might have suggested to them, that if they found themselves compelled to submit, they might, at least, adopt such a tone

as would leave it in doubt whether their submission was the result of principle or necessity. Nothing can be more contemptible than the insolence of the caiff who is abusive even while he submits. To concede may be humiliation, but to concede with a bad temper is to make it a disgrace—it is to confess your inferiority, and at the same time to proclaim how sorely it galls you. No folly is greater than to employ the language of vituperation towards them to whom you yield—it is at once a confession of your weakness, and a display of your malignity—the one without the merit of candour, and the other without the excuse of an object. Even the quaintness of the old proverb censures the folly of the dog who “shows his teeth when he cannot bite;” no combination can be more lowering than the bully in the act of conceding, because there is no union we despise so much as that of impotence and rage.

The Irish Corporation Reform Bill has been rejected—for the present we are spared the infliction of the magistracy which it would have established in all our corporate towns. We shall not for this year, at least, see the “criminal usurping the place of the judge,” and the felon on the magisterial bench, deciding on the case of his less guilty brother felon at the bar.

The other measure upon which we were threatened with a collision, was the Irish Church Bill—upon this measure we have already recorded our opinion; but upon the state of the question, as regards Lords and Commons we desire to say a few words. The ministers framed a bill, in which they united two measures, as unconnected as it was possible for any two measures to be—the one for settling the collection of church property, the other for appropriating its revenues; they knew the distress in which their own wicked policy had plunged the clergy, and they attempt now to avail themselves of that distress, to force upon the Lords their measure of spoliation; the Lords rejected all those clauses of the bill which enacted that the revenues of the Irish Church should be taken away—they passed those clauses which contained the provisions by which ministers had themselves arranged, that church property

might be realised; but ministers get in a passion—they say, you must take these two measures, or you shall have neither—you must consent to the robbery of the church, or we will leave the clergy in destitution for another year; and that their designs might not by any possibility be mistaken, Lord Brougham, whose irresponsibility renders him a convenient mouthpiece, expressly employs this menace unrebuked by ministers, and, we regret to add, even by the opposition.

Now, such conduct appears to us to be a fouler iniquity than any that ever disgraced the annals of despotism—and, we care not who reads our declaration, when we say, that the minister who would dare to employ, or to sanction such a threat—who would presume thus to ally himself with the lawless proceedings of violence—and to make the enforcement of the just rights of any class of men dependent upon the compliance of the legislature with his will—has assumed an arbitrary power to which Britons never ought to submit—has set himself and his faction above the law, and has made an open and atrocious attack upon the constitution and liberties of his country.

Earnestly do we beg the attention of Britons, we care not to what party they belong, to the principles contained in this menace. We call upon those who honestly favoured the Irish Church Bill, as well as upon those who opposed it, seriously to reflect upon the power assumed by the minister, when he attempts thus to coerce the House of Lords. The clergy are now by law entitled to their tithes, just as much entitled as any man in the empire is to his property. A wicked and illegal conspiracy has withheld from them their just rights; will Lord Melbourne deny that it is illegal? We will point to the gaols that but a little while ago were filled with those whom his ministry persecuted as partners in that conspiracy—and now he says, “My enforcement of the law will be contingent on every thing going on as I choose—let my will be disobeyed, and the clergy shall not have their just rights; I have here a band of Irish insurgents ready to deprive them of their property, and deprived they shall be, unless parliament do as I please.” We will suppose Lord Mel-

bourne to walk up to the table of the House of Lords; we will suppose him to speak plainly, what he now covertly insinuates, and would not his language be such as this—"My Lords, you know that the Irish clergy are starving, because they cannot get their property; my lords, you also know that the duty of the executive is to support the rights of property—but I think proper not to do so—I think fit not to secure one penny to the clergy—I know very well that the Irish rebels will need less encouragement than this, to commence the war, and I am sure your lordships are very humane and kind, and so now here is the case—unless your lordships will just do as I choose, the clergy shall be left to misery for another year—not one penny of their incomes shall they get—and, perhaps too, if you should be very obstinate, some few of them may be murdered—I will take from their properties and lives the protection of the law; so my Lords, you have your choice." This would be the language of a heartless tyrant, and an unprincipled despot. Is it more than a free translation of the premier's hints?

Lord Melbourne employs the destitution of the Irish clergy as the means by which he hopes to coerce the House of Lords; he is trying an experiment, as it were, upon the humanity of the peers, and the endurance of the clergy.

We have read of the tyrant, who when he wanted to extract a secret from the father, ordered the son upon the rack, and slowly increased the torture as the father remained silent; thus does Lord Melbourne deal with the clergy and the peers: he metes out suffering after suffering to the clergy, and he threatens to continue to do so until the peers will give up the church.

It must be borne in mind that the measure of settlement was in no way whatever connected with, or dependent on, the measure of confiscation; it must also be borne in mind, that it is the duty of the King's ministers to secure the rights of the clergy. These two things must be recollected, that it may be fully understood what Lord Melbourne does, when he thus threatens the peers with the destitution of the clergy.

And what is the destitution of which politicians thus tamely speak, as if it were a matter of no moment beyond

the effects which it may have upon the interests of party? Alas! alas! we cannot raise the veil that hides the utter misery of many a respectable family, that would shrink from the exposure—we cannot paint the destitution of those who are brought from affluence to beggary—It may be conceived, but not described. Last month a man high in literary eminence, sketched for our pages a picture of that destitution in a single and solitary case—but the pen that had often painted the scenes of fiction with a power that thousands have recognised—here fell far short of the reality. To us his sketch was tame, for we had witnessed the reality. We have seen the sufferings of a virtuous family—the sufferings of which Lord Melbourne talks as if they were a thing of nought. If there be a man in the empire who is bound by every solemn obligation to defend the clergy, surely it is the premier—surely their sufferings should be more grievous to him than to the peers—and yet he points to them and says, "they shall continue until the peers do my bidding." We remember once to have known a savage father who was in the habit of barbarously ill-treating his child, that he might obtain money from a good-hearted person, who was in the habit of paying him to abstain from his brutality. Lord Melbourne seems to have taken the hint in his management of the church question; the principle he acts on is the same, to inflict misery upon the innocent—that he may practise extortion upon the humanity of the good.

We assert that it is the duty of the King's government to secure the rights of the clergy, so long as those rights belong to them by law. Let us turn to the King's coronation oath—an oath which the Whigs assert is binding upon the sovereign IN HIS EXECUTIVE CAPACITY; the King was asked by the archbishop:

"Will you, TO THE UTMOST OF YOUR POWER, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion established by law? and will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do, or shall appertain unto them, or any of them?"

And his Majesty answered in the sight of God and his people,

"ALL THIS I PROMISE TO DO," (and having laid his hand upon the *Holy Gospels*), "the things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me God"—(and his Majesty kissed the book.)

The Whig ministers have told us that this solemn oath is binding upon the King in his executive capacity—IN HIS EXECUTIVE CAPACITY THEN LET IT BE KEPT ; let the sovereign, as he has sworn, now "preserve unto the clergy of this realm the rights that do by law appertain unto them." Here there is no evasion—no escape ; let ministers read over the words of the oath binding the executive king—that oath has pledged the monarchy to the upholding of the rights of the church, and yet the minister of a king who has thus sworn threatens the peers with a suspension of those rights as the penalty of their disobedience ! Need we wonder if those, who thus disregard the conscience of their sovereign, are indifferent to the distress of his subjects ?

And here we will venture to make a suggestion, which we trust will not be lost sight of, and which we particularly recommend to the attention of our cotemporaries of the daily and weekly press, who have much more powerful facilities of urging and stimulating public spirit, than can belong to a writer in the pages of a monthly magazine. The Protestants of Ireland should now demand from their sovereign the fulfilment of his coronation oath ; this should be done speedily, and it should be done temperately and firmly ; addresses should be presented to the King from the Protestants of Ireland, setting forth in the simple language of truth, the destitution to which the teachers of the reformed religion have been reduced by the wrongful withholding of their just dues. We should plead the words of his Majesty's coronation oath ; we should respectfully, but firmly, remind him, that he has sworn before the King of kings, "to secure unto the clergy of this realm the rights which by law do appertain to them." We should tell him, that their rights are now withheld, and that the men who exercise the functions of his authority, have

threatened or said, that they shall continue to be withheld ; and then we should call upon our sovereign, in the name of that God to whom he swore, to fulfil the pledge of his solemn vow. Who can calculate the effect that might be produced by the united voice of hundreds of thousands thus pleading at the throne of their king, the promises which he made to us at the altar of his God ? The guilt of a king has been often regarded as the crime of a nation, and if the guilt of perjury is indeed to rest upon England's government ; if the monarchy of Britain is to be visited with the curse of a violated oath—let it not be at least without a loud and solemn protest ; if we desire that the king should remember his vows, let us prove to him that we have not forgotten them. And before we can believe that the coronation oath is an idle form, and that its obligations are a thing of nought with our sovereign, let us solemnly remind him of that oath, and respectfully plead those obligations.

We trust that this will not be lost sight of ; addresses to the king should be sent in from every parish, from every county. It needs but one active person in each district to prepare them, and once prepared, we will promise that they will be signed. A few simple words, and the fewer the better, will suffice to lay before his majesty the state of the clergy, and to remind him of the sanctions of his oath. Let the language be as firm as is consistent with respect ; let the plain truth be told, that his Majesty has sworn to secure the rights, which are now, with the implied sanction of his ministers, withheld, and the awful inference may be left to his Majesty's own conscience.

The session is now closed, and the measures which during its progress have been passed, are before the country ; it may be well to pause a moment upon the retrospect, and ask, "HOW MUCH HAPPIER IS THE COUNTRY NOW, THAN IT WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF SIR ROBERT PEEL HAD CONTINUED IN OFFICE ? How much did his removal promote the progress of improvement ? What useful measure has been carried in consequence of that removal ? It might be well to reverse the question, and ask in the way of progressive legislation, how much has the country lost ? The Corporation Bill is Sir

Robert Peel's; this has gained nothing by his dismissal. And where is the Dissenter's Marriage Bill? Where is the settlement of the Irish Church question? Where is the reform of the English church? Where is the commutation of tithes in England? Where the settlement of church rates? Where the law reforms? All these measures would have been brought to an advantageous settlement under Sir Robert Peel's government—but Sir Robert Peel was dismissed to forward them, that he might no longer be an obstacle to improvement; and now, at the close of the session, with a reforming ministry, all these questions are still adrift; and it turns out, by the only unerring test, experience, that the progress of reform has absolutely been impeded by the change of ministry. The Whig cabinet have not perfected a single measure which would not have been just as well, and much sooner carried, had Sir Robert Peel remained in office; they have left many indefinitely postponed, which, had he been permitted, would have, months ago, been finally arranged.

These, if we mistake not, are considerations upon which the country will dwell. Here is the plain test of the patriotism of those who thwarted the King's prerogative, and removed from office the minister of his choice. **HOW MUCH BETTER OFF IS THE COUNTRY NOW?** This is a test intelligible to the meanest capacity, and yet decisive to the greatest; it is a test which all their fine speeches cannot evade. The country has lost measures of substantial reform by the return of the reformers to office. Out upon the base pretence that disguised their faction, under the mask of patriotism! They sought place, and they have obtained it—they have done as little in the work of reform as they could—they have left as many questions unsettled as they could. Perhaps they wish to preserve grievances to be the staple of the trade of agitation—nothing can be more grievous to the professional agitators than the prospect of tranquillity—a contented people would be the grievance-monger's greatest bane. Were a few more questions settled, his trade would be literally starved to death; but the settlement of these questions the *reform*ing ministry have indefinitely

postponed; they wish the country to continue in a state of unquiet—that in the fever of excitement, men's minds may not have leisure to dwell upon the incompetency of those to whom the interests of the nation are entrusted.

We must draw our observations to a close—there are a few points not immediately connected with parliamentary affairs, to which this may, perhaps, be the fittest place to allude. But first, we once more congratulate the country on the stand that has been made by the peers—they have triumphantly asserted their rights, and asserted them with the full concurrence of the people. "Collision" will no more be the bugbear that it too long has been—we have learned to estimate that terrible thing at its true value—we shall no more hear the peers counselled in the accents of pretended friendship, to preserve their privileges in the gross, by abandoning them in detail; advice which has been well compared to the conduct of the Irish general who protected his fortress by giving up all that it had been built to defend; or, if we may be pardoned for adopting a more homely, although academic, illustration—when we were told that the peers should pass all the bills that were sent up to them, lest their right of rejecting them might be taken away, we could not help thinking of the sage expedient by which the eccentric Dr. Barrett proposed that the College lamps should be protected from the nocturnal attacks of the disorderly students; "Nothing simpler," said the doctor, "than to take them down and lock them up at night." We have read pages of counsel to the Lords, with respect to the conservation of their privileges, that seemed to us to be just as whimsically absurd.

We have said that there were a few points, not immediately connected with the subject of this paper, to which we are anxious to allude; perhaps we ought not, even so far as by speaking of it here we may seem to do, connect with politics, the approaching solemnities of "a day greatly to be remembered." Our readers are aware that the centenary of the translation of the Bible occurs in this year, and that it has been determined to celebrate its recurrence with all the Christian rejoicing that such an occasion is calculated to inspire. We will not so far

disguise our convictions, as not to acknowledge, that from this celebration we look for important political results, but the celebration itself is not political. And surely we are fallen on evil days—surely the spirit of infidelity has spread itself abroad, when there is found a party in the state who are ready to raise their voice against the proposed commemoration, on account of the political tendency it may have. Cannot Protestant England solemnly return her thanks to Almighty God for the blessing of his word, without seeming in this act of holy worship to raise a protest against the proceedings of her rulers? What then must these proceedings be? Is it not strange to find all the ministerial papers thus forced by the position which their patrons have assumed, to object to a celebration in which we might have expected every Protestant heartily to join? When we say that this solemn commemoration of the charter of our religious liberties, will have a political effect, we do so because there are few things which can act upon the mass of the people without exerting an influence upon them as members of the state. It will produce political consequences, just as any thing that can raise the tone of national morality—just as every thing that can quicken the attachment of the people to their religion—just as every thing that by making Englishmen more devoted to their country, and to the blessings they enjoy—makes them better subjects; in this sense, but in no other, do we look to the approaching celebration as calculated to produce important political results.

What would be said of a party who would have opposed the celebration of the jubilee which was held on King George the Third reaching the fiftieth year of his reign—and opposed it on account of its political effect? Would it not have been at once inferred that the designs of that party were such as would be thwarted by the spirit of loyalty which that solemnity might call forth? And what shall we think of the designs of those who now say that they dread the political effects of a commemoration only calcu-

lated to call forth a spirit of attachment to the Bible?

It may be instructive to watch the course which the journals that advocate ministers are forced to take upon many questions that seem far more of a religious than a political nature. Here we see them compelled to oppose the observance of an æra, that should be dear to every Protestant of every political bias. There is another matter in which they have been forced to become the apologists of popery, and that too on a subject in which we might have expected every lover of truth to join in the exposure of its iniquities. Why are the ministerial papers forced to become the advocates of Dens? Why are they compelled to take up all the bungling defences of Dr. Murray, and to employ all their ingenuity to evade the charges against popery? Surely there is something suspicious in the alliance. It is at least strange to see Protestant journalists labouring with all the earnestness of an interested advocacy to defend the character of popery.

We rejoice to perceive that the iniquities of Dens are not permitted to slumber in the oblivion to which some persons would fain consign them. Messrs. O'Sullivan and M'Ghee have been holding meetings in various parts of England and Scotland, and exhibiting to astonished multitudes of British Protestants the proofs of the real character of that church which is now ascendant here. This is well. Let the politicians of expediency say what they will, it is the Protestantism of the country that must save the country—and all the mischief that has been done, has been because statesmen have wanted courage to appeal to that Protestantism. It is not, however, yet too late; the spirit of Protestant England, ay, and of Protestant Scotland, may yet be roused, and the descendants of those who gloriously established their religious liberties at the revolution of 1688, may yet gloriously prove that they have not ceased to value the privileges which their fathers purchased with their blood. But we repeat, IT IS THE PROTESTANTISM OF THE COUNTRY THAT MUST SAVE THE COUNTRY.

DEATH OF DR. BRINKLEY.

It is with feelings of the deepest and most unaffected sorrow that we feel ourselves called to the painful task of recording in our page the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Brinkley, Lord Bishop of Cloyne. This melancholy event took place on Monday, the 14th September, at the house of John Litton, Esq. in this city. His Lordship had been for some time in a declining state of health. For the last few days he was perfectly conscious of his approaching end. He died in the full possession of his faculties, and with that calm serenity of mind which belongs only to the Christian's death-bed.

His Lordship's remains have been deposited with those of the Bishop of Ferns, in the cemetery of the University, with which, for five and thirty years, he had been connected as professor of astronomy. The usual ceremonies of an academic funeral were observed. A deputation from the Royal Irish Academy, of which his Lordship was president, attended his remains to the grave, bearing the mace of the corporation enveloped in crape. It is not, however, by any outward signs of mourning that an adequate expression can be given to the grief for this great man—grief that will be felt most acutely by those who knew him best. Never was there a man so singularly gifted with the power of attaching to himself all who came within the sphere of his influence. It was almost impossible to be in his society without loving him. Uniting with an intellect, the greatness of which is unquestioned, the most engaging gentleness of demeanor and the most perfect simplicity of mind, it was, perhaps, in the privacy of domestic life that he appeared to most advantage. His name, it is true, is identified with the most splendid discoveries of modern science; and the universal assent of the scientific world had accorded to him the reputation of the first mathematical genius of his age. But his memory will be more fondly cherished by those who remember the amiable traits of his more private character, and who, in the ordinary intercourse of life, have seen him not only as the great, but the good man—not more distinguished by the faculties of his intellect than by the more endearing qualities of the heart.

His Lordship was educated at Cambridge: he graduated there as senior wrangler, and was elected a Fellow of Caius College. In 1792 he was invited by the board of Trinity College to accept of the situation of Astronomer Royal of Ireland. This he continued to hold until the year 1826, when he was consecrated Bishop of Cloyne. He had previously been appointed, by Bishop Porter, to the living of Clontibbret; a preferment with which was associated the archdeaconry of Clogher.

It might, perhaps, have been sufficient simply to record upon this page the death of this great man. If we have ventured to add anything to the simple announcement of his decease, it is that we might find a melancholy pleasure in giving expression to our own feelings upon the occasion. We know not whether in his Lordship's death the cause of science or of religion has sustained the greater loss; we know not whether the public should most deplore the death of the first philosopher of the age, or lament the removal of a truly Christian bishop from the flock over whose spiritual concerns he presided with tenderness and care. Those, however, who have known his Lordship in private, will know well the character in which they will feel his loss. They will lament the kind and affectionate friend—the ready and prudent counsellor—the unassuming and pleasing associate—the man of mild and conciliatory manners, who, with capabilities of communicating instruction to any one, seemed ready to receive information from all. It is, after all, the virtues of social—the charities of domestic life, that lend the chief beauty to all human excellence. It is for the qualities that adorn private life that the memory of Dr. Brinkley will be most fondly cherished; and while the literature and the science of his country will mourn the loss of the eminent philosopher and scholar, there are many who will more deeply lament the sincere Christian, and the man of unaffected goodness of heart.

We have made no allusion to his Lordship's works; we do not intend these few sentences as a sketch of his life; we simply desire to pay the last poor tribute of affectionate respect to the memory of departed worth.

His Lordship died in the 69th year of his age.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from the Reverend Mark Bloxham, author of the *New Paradise Regained*, on the subject of a paper in our last number. It reached us too late for insertion in our present publication. We will publish it next month.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VI.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.*

WE have, in some late numbers, endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with the writings and character of Coleridge. We feel that each effort of this kind, however humble, must, if honestly directed to its purpose, be a beneficial one. We have not thought, nor in this class of papers do we in any case think, of doing service to a particular book: but if we have, "in our degree," made our readers acquainted with any of the great works of genius, or the men by whom they have been produced, we yet feel that our task has been but imperfectly done, if they do not seek for themselves fuller sources of information than we can supply. We can do little more than point out the paths which lead to the Delectable Mountains. We may, perhaps, seek to exhibit some flower that we have found in our lonesome and happy walks; we may tell of some snatches of melody which, to our ears, have a strange music of their own; we may—as we best can—tell our readers where the rich treasures are hidden, which, after all, each man must seek for himself: but we are well aware, that to enjoy all this, men must see with their own eyes, must hear with their own ears. When we tell them that Coleridge, and Montgomery, and Wordsworth are poets, we are not echoing the idle language of the magazines—we are not expressing an opinion formed within the hour, and valueless as the breath which forms the words in which it is uttered; we are giving utterance to a feeling the

growth of many years, and in which our spirit has had its nurture and its life. The great works of genius are our inheritance, not merely to be treasured as our title-deeds to respect among the nations, but to be enjoyed. Oh, what were literature, if it were what some persons seem to make of it—a mere lumber-room of scholarship of one kind or another! We would be ashamed of ourselves, if we had, in our reviews of Coleridge or of Wordsworth, selected for quotation those passages which, without being in any way characteristic of either writer, might be supposed chosen on account of the exigencies of the times in which we live. Let one portion of our work be sacred from all politics—let us, as the accident of our studies may direct, at one time make our readers acquainted with a Fenelon—at another, with a Luther, believing that the interests of mankind are best promoted by exhibiting what is most noble in humanity. Let us, when we read history, read it, remembering, that adverse factions were looking not at one, but at different objects—that in the same battle, "in adverse armies," perished Falkland and Hambden; remembering, that through their whole lives Milton and Jeremy Taylor were engaged in the vindication of opposed principles. Which of these men, had we the choice, would any of us, be his prejudices what they may, blot from the page of history? And if the works of these great men be read as they ought, which of us is there that does

* *Memoirs of the life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh.* Edited by his son, Robert Mackintosh, Esq., Fellow of New College, Oxford. 2 Volumes, London, Moxon, 1835.

not feel some reluctance in using them for party purposes? No! let us seek to contemplate the Great apart from our own prejudices. If we are unable to look upon them from that elevation which must give the point of view in which they will be beheld by the future philosopher and historian, let us, at least, avoid bringing to the examination our own biases and our own follies; let us read in the spirit of learners, not in that of advocates; let us feel that the names which are honored among the nations, belong, in truth, to us all—that in whatever way they conducted their warfare on earth, each triumph of principle was something gained for our common humanity. The works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Mackintosh, greatly as they may differ in their relative importance, variously as they may influence different minds, are yet such as our common England—we prefer the use of this name for our country, for every place is England where her language is spoken—cannot, while she is true to herself, “willingly let die.”

The volumes before us consist of extracts from the journals of Sir James Mackintosh—of letters written by him chiefly while in India—of extracts from the “*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*,” and from the “*Introductory Lecture on the Law of Nature and Nations*.” To these are added letters written to his son for the purpose of this publication, by Lord Jeffrey, by Sydney Smith, by Lord Abinger, and by Basil Montagu. The whole is connected by a slender thread of narrative, very unambitious, and in which his son, the writer of the work, avoids, as much as he can, exhibiting the relation in which he stands to his hero. For the coldness of the tone, in which he fears it will be thought he writes, it is stated, in explanation, that he had not determined to prefix his name to the work, till it was “so far advanced as to make a subsequent change to one more natural to the relationship then first avowed between the writer and his subject, scarcely worth while.”

We are sorry that the authorship was not, from the first, intended to be avowed; we could not, under any circumstances, have from a son of Mackintosh the neutral language of an indifferent observer. Absolute impar-

tiality, as it is called, is inconsistent with the duties of the biographer; the violation of truth in this, as in any case, is not to be contemplated; but much must in all cases be suppressed, not alone on account of its utter unimportance, but often because needless pain would be given by the communication.

On this account, in the biography of persons sufficiently important to have filled any space in the eye of the public, it is always of moment to know by whom such narratives are drawn up; because in the suppressions to which we allude, the characters of others are in some degree involved. As no such work can be regarded as relating the whole truth, the reader has a right to know by whom the selection is made. In these volumes, however, the part performed by Mr. Mackintosh is trifling. Sir James is, in truth, his own biographer. His life is one that presents but few incidents. With little ambition—at least with tastes too pure to be gratified by the ordinary objects of ambition—he early sought retirement. The leisure for his own favourite studies, that a life in India, but slightly interrupted by the cares of judicial duty, seemed to promise, appears to have been the chief inducement which led him to accept the recordership of Bombay. There, and every where, he sighed for some quiet professorship in which he might pursue his favorite metaphysical studies, and enjoy the delight of teaching; for the excitement of audiences crowding to his lectures, was a thing which he loved, and which was necessary to conquer his habitual indolence. He was not a man of genius, as it is called. That undefinable power, recognized and felt as something different in kind from any acquisition which man can make for himself, or from any faculty of the human mind, and which, though it has no means of manifesting itself except by the instrumentality of talents, is yet something altogether distinct from any combination of talents—could scarcely be called his, although he possessed above most men the distinctness of purpose—the sincerity and singleness of view which characterises the man of genius—which—in the case of Coleridge for instance—made all his talents and acquisitions

things wholly forgotten, and never entering into the estimate of any one who judged him aright. Never, however, does there seem to have been a better balanced mind than that which we have now to contemplate; and we have called our readers' attention to it because the virtues of Mackintosh are imitable—because there is no acquisition of his mind which does not seem within the reach of well-directed industry—because, not we trust undervaluing the importance of what he has done for the history of philosophy—we think the character exhibited in those private documents, a study of more value than that of any one of his works. The account of his family and of his early life, is given from a paper drawn up by himself. He was born at Aldourie, on the banks of Loch Ness, within a few miles of Inverness, in 1765. His father, who had served many years in the army, was, soon after Sir James's birth, obliged to join his regiment at Antigua, and continued away from his family, at that island and in Dublin, for eight or nine years. The boy was reared with great care and tenderness by his mother, at a small house called Clune.

“ ‘I can now,’ says Sir James, ‘at a distance of twenty years, and fifteen thousand miles, call before me with great distinctness, the prospect from the window of our little parlour, of the lake with its uninterrupted expanse of twenty-four miles, and its walls of perpendicular wooded rock; the road that leads down to the cottage, all its windings, all the smallest objects on each side of it; the little path where we walked ‘down the burn,’ and the turf seat where we rested, are more present to my fancy than any other objects in nature. My mother was not happy. My father, a subaltern and younger brother, found his pay not too much for his own expenses, and all the kindness of her family did not deliver her mind from the painful feeling of dependence. This, perhaps, contributed to the extreme affection which she felt for me. There is nothing which so much lightens the burden of receiving benefits as the pleasure of conferring them. I alone depended on her. She loved me with that fondness which we are naturally disposed to cherish for the companion of our poverty. The only infant in a family of several women, they rivalled

each other in kindness and indulgence towards me, and I think I can at this day discover in my character many of the effects of this early education.”—Vol. I., p. 2, 3.

In 1775 he was sent to school to Fortrose, and met in the house in which he lodged a disputatious usher, who, although no match in theology for his boarding mistress, as Sir James calls his landlady, was too much for his ten years' old pupil.

“I have (says Mackintosh,) a faint remembrance of the usher even quoting the Savoyard creed, and having heard of Clarke's scripture doctrine of the Trinity. This infant heresy was soon silenced by the emigration of the poor usher to Jamaica, where I believe he soon after died.”

The dangers of false doctrine were not removed with the offending usher, nor did Sir James unlearn the disputatious habit which he had acquired at Fortrose, or perhaps brought with him there; for we have never happened to meet a Scotchman of any age who was not disposed to wrangle; and if, as one of their divines humanely taught, hell be paved not with good intentions, but with infants' heads, we verily believe that the pious man's faith in this damnable doctrine must have been provoked by the young monks of the perverse and cross-grained clan of the M'Phersons, at war among themselves in the midst of the toys with which any other little devils would amuse themselves. Mackintosh was born a Scotchman, and was a debater from the first. The inextricable pedigrees of the clans were among his early studies; and genealogy was the favorite science of Mackenzie, an old gentleman at whose house Mackintosh was often “frequently and kindly entertained.” Genealogy, the most engaging of studies, led him to Scottish history, especially the parts in which the ancestors of this Mackenzie were actors. Theology, the cause or pretext of all the memorable events of the seventeenth century, was almost necessarily one of the studies of this amiable old man, whose pursuits are affectionately dwelt on; and Burnett's History was studied scarcely more than his work on the thirty-nine articles.

Mackintosh, in a memoir written twenty years after, tells of the delighted eagerness with which he read the commentary on the seventeenth article, in which Burnett states the opinions of Supralapsarians and Sublapsarians;—of those who are called by the familiar names of Remonstrants, or Arminians, or Universalists;—of Pelagians and Semipelagians;—of Perkins, and of Gomar, and Twisse—all engaged in the painful investigations which, we are told, occupied and baffled more subtle Spirits,

Of Providence, foreknowledge, will and fate—
Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.

The divine, who gives those opinions, and with great acuteness and candour, forbears, in his exposition of the article, to state his own. Mackenzie, however, did not fail to point out to his young friend the passage in the preface, in which Burnett tells his readers, with some solemnity, that he was of "the opinion of the Greek church, from which Saint Austin departed."

"I was," says Sir James, "so profoundly ignorant of what the Greek church was, that the mysterious magnificence of the phrase had an extraordinary effect on my imagination. My boarding mistress, the school-master, and the parson, were orthodox Calvinists. I became a warm advocate for free will, and before I was fourteen I was probably the boldest heretic in the county. About the same time, I read the old translation (called Dryden's) of Plutarch's Lives, and Echard's Roman History. I well remember that the perusal of the last led me into a ridiculous habit, from which I shall never be totally free. I used to fancy myself emperor of Constantinople. I distributed offices and provinces amongst my school-fellows. I loaded my favourites with dignity and power, and I often made the objects of my dislike feel the weight of my imperial resentment. I carried on the series of political events in solitude for several hours; I resumed them and continued them from day to day for months. Ever since I have been more prone to building castles in the air, than most others. My castle-building has always been of a singular kind. It was not the anticipation of a sanguine disposition, expecting extraordinary success in its pursuits. My disposition is not sanguine, and my visions

have generally regarded things as much unconnected with my ordinary pursuits, and as little to be expected, as the crown of Constantinople at the school of Fortrose. These fancies, indeed, have never amounted to conviction; or, in other words, they never influenced my actions; but I must confess that they have often been as steady and of regular recurrence as conviction itself, and that they have sometimes created a little faint expectation,—a state of mind in which my wonder that they should be realised would not be so great as it rationally ought to be. The indulgence of this dreaming propensity produces good and bad consequences. It produces indolence, improvidence, cheerfulness; a study is its favourite scene; and I have no doubt that many a man, surrounded by piles of folios, and apparently engaged in the most profound researches, is in reality often employed in distributing the offices and provinces of the empire of Constantinople."—Vol. I. pp. 5, 6.

Of his school life many incidents are preserved—all of them amusing—some not a little characteristic. We transcribe a few sentences of a letter of Major Pryse Gordon to Robert J. Mackintosh, relating to this period of Mackintosh's life:—

"The Rev. John Wood, a distant relation of mine, many years after, told me that *Jamie Mackintosh* was by far the cleverest boy he ever had under his eye; and that, before his thirteenth year, he discovered a singular love for politics. It was at the period when Fox and North made such brilliant harangues on the American war. *Jamie* adopted the cause of liberty, and called himself a *Whig!* and such was his influence among his school-fellows, that he prevailed on some of the elder ones, instead of playing at ball, and such out-of-door recreations, to join him in the school-room, during the hours of play, to assist at the debates, on the political events of the day, which they got from the rector's weekly newspaper, the *Aberdeen Journal*, the only gazette in the north at that time. This assembly was denominated '*the House of Commons*,' and the master's pulpit '*the tribune*,' from which the orators delivered their speeches. When Mackintosh mounted the rostrum, he harangued till his soprano voice failed. One day, he was Fox; another Burke, or some leading member of opposition; but when no one ventured to reply to his arguments, he would

change sides for the occasion, personate North, and endeavour to combat what he conceived the strongest parts in his own speech. A youth of his own age, John Mackenzie, of the house of Suddie, was his great chum, although they differed in politics, were sworn friends, and often rehearsed in the fields what they afterwards delivered from the pulpit; but Mackenzie, though also a clever boy, had no chance with his opponent. When I found out," continued Mr. Wood, "this singular amusement of boys, I had the curiosity to listen, when Jamie was on his legs. I was greatly surprised and delighted with his eloquence in his character of Fox, against some supposed or real measure of the prime minister. His voice, though feeble, was musical; and his arguments so forcible, that they would have done credit to many an adult. John Mackenzie, afterwards Major-General, a brave officer, was killed at Talavera."—p. 8.

In 1780 he went to college to Aberdeen. He was now fifteen. He tells us of having bought and read three or four books in his first winter at college, which few boys of fifteen would have found interesting. One was *Priestly's Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion*; another was *Beattie's Essay on Truth*; a third, of more important character, was *Warburton's Divine Legation*, which, says Sir James,

"Delighted me more than any book I had yet read, and perhaps tainted my mind with a fondness for the twilight of historical hypothesis, but certainly inspired me with that passion for investigating the history of opinions which has influenced my reading through life. I have often indulged my fancy at the expense of my understanding in looking around, when too clear a daylight did not prevent the mind from shaping and colouring objects at its pleasure. I have often felt a delightful sense of liberty in escaping from the narrow confines of reason, which I am disposed in part to attribute to a book which no boy or youth ever could have read without its making a deep impression on his mind. The luminous theory of hieroglyphics, as a stage in the progress of society, between picture-writing and alphabetic character, is perhaps the only addition made to the stock of knowledge in this extraordinary work; but the uncertain and probably false suppositions about the pantheism of the ancient philosophers, and the object of the mysteries (in reality, perhaps,

somewhat like the freemasonry of our own times) are well adapted to rouse and exercise the adventurous genius of youth. They must, I think, have contributed to form that propensity to theorise on the origin, progress, and decline of theories which I still very strongly feel."—p. 10, 11.

In the second year of his residence at Aberdeen he fell under the tuition of Dr. Dunbar, author of "Essays on the History of Mankind." Dunbar taught mathematics and natural and moral philosophy. Of mathematics and physics his pupil says his master knew but little, and in moral and political speculation he was one who rather declaimed than communicated elementary instruction. Sir James, however, tells us that "he felt and in his declamation inspired an ardour, which perhaps raised some of his pupils above the vulgar, and which might even be more important than positive knowledge." Sir James traces to Dunbar's example some of his own declamatory propensities. "But," he adds, "I shall ever be grateful to his memory for having contributed to breathe into my mind a strong spirit of liberty, which, of all moral sentiments, tends most to swell the breast with an animating and delightful consciousness of our own dignity, which again inspires moral heroism, and creates the exquisite enjoyments of self-honour and self-reverence."

At Aberdeen, but in a somewhat later period of his course, he first met with Robert Hall. It was at that period not unfrequent with the English dissenters to have their children who were intended for the ministry educated there. Both Mackintosh and Hall refer to this period of their life with delight, and each records the great influence which the society of the other had on his mind. Hall was the elder by a year or two, at an age when the difference of a few years is the difference between man and boy. They were inseparable: they lodged in the same house; both were disputatious; both students of Jonathan Edwards's book on Freewill. Hall was the great admirer and preacher of Edwards's doctrines. The American casuist's tangles had not so completely caught young Mackintosh, and in their debating societies Mackintosh was found defending less rigid doctrines. The

minds of Hall and Mackintosh were in many respects alike, and of this we hope to be able to furnish some curious illustrations, should we, as is our purpose, find time to call our readers' attention to the works of Hall; but at present we can only refer to the general character of both minds. There was the same love of truth, the same generosity of purpose and of conduct: both, we think, loved declamation for its own sake, and in this were deceived—for declamation is not oratory; yet both undoubtedly possessed the power of influencing great bodies of men—let us say, when calling to their aid the prepared sympathies of those whom they addressed. The auditor was pleased, and could not but be pleased, when he found his own passions, his own prejudices echoed; thoughts which he could recognise as the children of his own fancy were presented to him in the dress given by the great man who was good enough to adopt them and allow them to be called by his name: it mattered little whether the language of the orator was quite intelligible; the subject which was to be decorated was as familiar to the admiring crowds as poor Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy" was to its author before Dr. Parr translated it into Greek, to the great amazement of all Birmingham—and of about as much value as Doctor Parr's translation of Bloomfield's Poems, is the kind of declamation which was then valued at Aberdeen. Hall and Mackintosh were at this time, from their studies, called by their class-fellows "Plato and Herodotus"—so strange was a little Greek at Aberdeen; but moral and metaphysical investigations were their chief subjects of study and dispute. They would repair, we are told by Doctor Gregory, in his memoirs of Hall, to the seashore, or to the picturesque scenery on the banks of the Don, above the old town of Aberdeen, to discuss the subjects of the morning's reading. In this way they examined together almost every important position in Berkeley's *Minute Philosopher*, in Butler's *Analogy*, or in Edwards on the Will. Night after night they

disputed for the length of two sessions; and as might be expected, though it surprises Hall's biographer, were for this the better friends. Sir James describes himself as learning more in these discussions than from all the books he had ever read; and Hall was fond of reiterating through life his conviction that "his friend possessed an intellect more analogous to that of Bacon than any person of modern times." To us all this sounds not like insincerity, but like exaggeration. Hall, though he appears to have had a mind roaming naturally and joyously among its own range of subjects, had the unfortunate habit of seeking to express every thought of his in the strongest language he could invent. His strength of language did not, like that of our home imitators of the German sublime, arise from a blundering effort to render conceivable to other minds what must for ever remain unintelligible to their own. In Hall the very lowest notions of any subject are translated into such language as the goodhumoured satirist has given to the ghost of Johnson in the *Rejected Addresses*; and we are afraid that Sir James's admirers will not find it easy to persuade others that there is any great resemblance between him and Bacon, although such was the opinion of his distinguished Aberdeen class-fellow. It is marvellous to us how, while these Scottish-bred chiefs are for ever disputing, they regard nothing as the subject of reasonable doubt. No, no! they translate everything into aphorism, and then it rests an article of faith—a proposition to be sustained by thesis and syllogism, against all gainsayers. O ye sons of Scotland! and ye, their children of Belfast—and ye who, in the parish of Templemore,* are recorded by the Ordnance Surveyors of Ireland as reading each month 500 numbers of the *University Magazine*, beware how you flatter yourselves into the belief that because ye are positive ye are therefore Aristotles; think not, because ye have fought at the Diamond, that ye are altogether such as the mighty men of our Magazine. You are not: neither

* Ordnance survey of Templemore—without any question the most valuable work, on the statistics of a single parish, ever published. The survey, we are glad to know, proceeds with great rapidity. It is the most useful and magnificent undertaking ever engaged in by any nation.

was Mackintosh any thing at all like Bacon; nor was Robert Hall—though his is no inglorious a name in our literature—such a man as Jeremy Taylor.

Mackintosh's vacations were passed in making verses and love, and the circumstances of his family made him anxious for an early establishment in life. His utmost ambition, did not, he tells us, soar beyond a professorship at Aberdeen; and though some letters were written by influential persons to aid him in this object, it does not seem to have been pursued by him with any earnestness. We cannot but think that his life would, under such circumstances, have been a more happy and a more useful one than that to which his higher destinies called him. A person speculating on the fortunes of eminent men may reasonably regret that the humble offices which Mackintosh and Burke sought for themselves in early life were denied to them; for we can scarce bring ourselves to believe that the peaceful studies in which their own tastes would have led them to pass their lives would not have produced better fruit than can live in the climate to which they were removed. Burke giving up to party what belonged to mankind is scarcely an overstatement, and Mackintosh's name is destined to live in our literature by the fragments of works which his position in society interrupted and marred. When he gave up the plan of college life he had to look round him for the means of subsistence. His own inclination would have led him to the Scotch bar; but his means were unequal to the struggles of so expensive and uncertain a profession. To become a bookseller in London was his next hope; but capital was wanting for that; and so he lost the enjoyment of that paradise on earth, as he then thought "a life spent among books, and diversified by the society of men of genius." The deliberations ended in his going to Edinburgh to study medicine.

The names of the principal persons in the literary circles in Edinburgh in the year 1784 are mentioned. Mackintosh's age and circumstances were such as to give him little opportunity of often seeing them; and we gather that *McKenzie* and *Dr. Gregory* were at this time almost the only lions he was in the habit of seeing. "The elegant

genius of the former was too calm to make a due impression on the tumultuary mind of a disputatious boy; and," adds Sir James, "I soon contracted prejudices against the latter of the same nature with those which made me spurn the society and reject the almost paternal kindness of Doctor Cullen, to whom I had been very warmly recommended."

Mackintosh's residence at Edinburgh was in the dog-days of the Brunonian heresy in medicine. He had a fever—was recommended wine—drank it in large quantities—recovered—became, in consequence, a Brunonian—and, instead of studying medicine, joined a medical debating club; and was, of course, among Cullen's warmest assailants. We are not competent to form any opinion of the value of Brown's theories; but his own love of ardent spirits is said to have had no small influence in the formation of them. He delivered lectures on the anti-Cullenian system, which attracted great crowds. Each evening, previous to his lecture, he astonished his audience by taking fifty drops of the tincture of opium in a glass of whiskey, and repeated the dose four or five times in the course of the lecture. In this way he inflamed his imagination for a while, and declaimed with great animation. Brown mixed in all the worst dissipation of the students, and must have been the ruin of many of them. It is scarce worth while to delay our narrative by mentioning his fate. His habits of drunkenness became each day more confirmed; his theories, though deserving of more attention than the Cullenians would give them, were soon brought into disrepute by his intemperance, and by his presumptuous and confiding ignorance. Cullen struggled to make out means of support for him, but in vain. He migrated to London—ate opium—drank brandy—advertised lectures, and seemed to have secured an audience—but he came home one night drunk to his lodgings—took his customary dose of laudanum, and was found dead!

This was dangerous society for a clever boy, and Sir James felt it so. We transcribe another page from his memoirs:—

"In three months after my arrival in Edinburgh, before I could have distin-

guished bark from James's powder, or a pleurisy from a dropsy in the chamber of a sick patient, I discussed with the utmost fluency and confidence the most difficult questions in the science of medicine. We mimicked, or rather felt all the passions of an administration and opposition; and we debated the cure of a dysentery with as much factious violence as if our subject had been the rights of a people, or the fate of an empire. Any subject of division is, indeed, sufficient food for the sectarian and factious propensities of human nature. These debates might, no doubt, be laughed at by a spectator; but if he could look through the ridiculous exterior, he might see that they led to serious and excellent consequences. The exercise of the understanding was the same, on whatever subjects, or in whatever manner it was employed. Such debates were the only public examinations in which favour could have no place, and which never could degenerate into mere formality; they must always be severe and always just.

'I was soon admitted a member of the Speculative Society, which had general literature and science for its objects. It had been founded about twenty years before, and during that period, numbered among its members all the distinguished youth of Scotland, as well as many foreigners attracted to Edinburgh by the medical schools.

'When I became a member, the leaders were Charles Hope, now Lord Justice Clerk,* John Wilde, afterwards professor of civil law, and who has now, alas! survived his own fertile and richly endowed mind; Malcolm Laing the historian,

"The scourge of impostors and terror of quacks;"

Baron Constant de Rebecque, a Swiss of singular manners and powerful talents, and who made a transient appearance in the tempestuous atmosphere of the French Revolution;† Adam Gillies,† a brother of the historian, and a lawyer in great practice at Edinburgh; Lewis Grant, eldest son of Sir James Grant, then a youth of great promise, afterwards member of parliament for the county of Elgin, now in the most hopeless state of mental derangement; and Thomas Addis Emmett, who soon after quitted physic for law, and became distinguished at the

Irish bar. He was a member of the secret directory of united Irishmen. In 1801, when I last visited Scotland, he was a state prisoner in Fort George. He is now a barrister at New York.

'Hope had not much fancy, but he had sense and decision, and he was a speaker of weight and force.

'Emmett did not reason, but he was an eloquent declaimer, with the taste which may be called Irish, and which Grattan had then rendered so popular at Dublin. Wilde had no precision and no elegance; he copied too much the faults of Mr. Burke's manner. He was, however, full of imagination and knowledge, a most amusing speaker and delightful companion, and one of the most generous of men.

'My first speech was in the Speculative Society; it was against the slave trade, which Dr. Skene, a West Indian physician, attempted to defend. My first essay was on the religion of Ossian. I maintained, that a belief in the separate existence of heroes must always have prevailed for some time before hero-worship; that the greatest men must be long dead, believed to exist in another region, and considered as objects of reverence before they are raised to the rank of deities; that Ossian wrote at this stage in the progress of superstition; and that if Christianity had not been so soon introduced, his Trenmor and Fingal might have grown into the Saturn and Jupiter of the Caledonians. Constant complimented me for the ingenuity of the hypothesis, but said, that he believed Macpherson to have been afraid of inventing a religion for his Ossian."—Vol. I. pp. 25–28.

We must make room for his observations many a long year after on these declaiming societies and their effects:—

"'I am not ignorant of what Edinburgh then was. I may truly say, that it is not easy to conceive a university where industry was more general, where reading was more fashionable, where idleness and ignorance were more disreputable. Every mind was in a state of fermentation. The direction of mental activity will not indeed be universally approved. It certainly was very much,

* [1835.] Lord President of the Court of Session.

† This was, of course, written long before M. Constant laid the foundations of a more durable fame.

‡ Now a lord of session and justiciary.

though not exclusively pointed towards metaphysical inquiries. Accurate and applicable knowledge were deserted for speculations not susceptible of certainty, nor of any immediate reference to the purposes of life. Strength was exhausted in vain leaps to catch what is too high for our reach. Youth, the season of humble diligence, was often wasted in vast and fruitless projects. Speculators could not remain submissive learners. Those who will learn, must for a time trust their teachers, and believe in their superiority. But they who too early think for themselves, must sometimes think themselves wiser than their master, from whom they can no longer gain any thing valuable. Docility is thus often extinguished, when education is scarcely begun. It is vain to deny the reality of these inconveniences, and of other most serious dangers to the individual and to the community, from a speculative tendency (above all) too early impressed on the minds of youth."—Vol. I. p. 29.

We hurry over the rest of his Edinburgh life. He obtained his diploma at the usual time; and his thesis is said to have been better than was expected from a man so idle.

The excitement of debating clubs was, we think, injurious to him in every way. Notwithstanding the animation of such scenes, and although the mind exerts itself with increased activity under such influences; and the village Keans and Coates's of the political stage—those who are fitted by nature for the part, and their affected imitators—are formed by the opportunity thus given; and although we freely admit that there are few circumstances in which intellect is awakened that are not really and for ever beneficial to society,—yet there is much to deplore in those stimulants which lead young men of the highest promise (such are always most easily misled) from the acquisition of real knowledge into courting opportunities of display; which, while not less time is employed in intellectual exertion than if the studies were of a more sober kind, yet make the student habitually neglect such pursuits as cannot well be the subject of popular harangues, and, what perhaps is worse, tempt him by the strongest impulses of our nature to think rather of what will satisfy the minds of others than his

own, and in this way make him, in the very recesses of his heart, and almost unknown to himself, the mere advocate of a party. Every thing that distinguishes original thinking is gradually lost—every higher quality that requires more than publicity and praise dies away—every sentiment is accommodated to the taste and understanding of the expected audience, and the strength of expression is almost inversely as the feeling of the speaker. Hence in part the strange inconsistencies of men with "public lives;" hence, too, the otherwise inexplicable fact that those who at first dealt in the most violent declamation have almost always ended in losing all that was peculiar or striking in their style, and have become, as they advanced in life, the most commonplace of all men—knowing nothing—feeling nothing—loving nothing. But we are forgetting the limits within which our observations must be confined, and shall therefore say no more on this subject at present than just advert to the spirit of partizanship, thus almost unconsciously created, and its more direct injuries. The man may be an honest man, but is scarcely a fair reasoner, who does not present to his own mind the case of an adversary with as much strength as his mind dispassionately exercised upon the subject can give it. Now, at these meetings—call them debating clubs or what you will—does it ever occur that in any of the speeches on either side an attentive listener can point out anything like a fair statement of the case to which the speaker affects to reply?

In the spring of the following year (1788) he migrated to London. There is some inaccuracy of dates in this part of his son's narrative; for his marriage is represented as taking place on the 18th of February of the same year with a young lady whom he met at the house where he lodged. We think, both from the order in which some other incidents of Sir James's life are given, and from his son's account of the idleness and dissipation in which his first year in London was passed, that the editor of Sir James's *History of the Revolution* must be right in assigning the next year as the date of his marriage. The marriage surprised and offended the friends of

both parties; and yet—so little is it possible for others to estimate what are the constituents of happiness—there can scarce be a doubt that the short period of obscure struggle which followed this union was the happiest of Sir James's life. His support was obtained by contributions to the periodical press. A pamphlet on the regency question, occasioned by the malady which attacked George the Third, in which Mackintosh supported the analogy which Fox sought to establish between the existing circumstances and the natural demise of the crown, is the only work of his to which any distinct reference is given. He made some unsuccessful attempts to establish himself as a physician, first in Salisbury, then at Bath, and afterwards at Weymouth. In 1789 he visited the Netherlands in company with his wife, and for the greater part of the year resided in Brussels, where he made himself acquainted with foreign politics—information which, on his return to London, he turned to an immediate account. He returned to London early in 1790, without money or means of living. There must, we think, be some mistake in the statement given by a correspondent of the *Law Magazine*, on the authority of Parr, that "his wife being the sister of Peter and Daniel Stuart, the respective proprietors of the *Oracle* and *Morning Post*—the former a Pittite, the latter a Foxite paper—Mackintosh wrote leading articles for each of those journals, suited to their respective politics.*" The statement was probably one of Parr's monstrous exaggerations at a period of hostility with Sir James—for, though we are altogether ignorant of the author of the paper in the *Law Magazine*, it is impossible to read the article and not place the most entire reliance on the fidelity of his recollection. The notes to that article by the editor of the *Law Magazine* contain much interesting information.

In April, 1791, appeared his reply to Burke—a splendid work, and which even at this day cannot be read without our feeling that it deserved all the praise which it obtained. The publication of the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" at once brought its author into celebrity. His acquaintance was eagerly sought by

the leaders of the Whig party; "by Fox, Grey, Lauderdale, Erskine, Whitbread;" and soon after by one, whose praise not alone was of more value, but under the circumstances must have been *felt* of more value—by Burke himself. "The period of his composing it," says the biographer who has drawn up the account prefixed to Sir James's Fragment of the History of the Revolution, a narrative which seems to us of considerable value, though spoken of with some impatience by Mackintosh's son—"the period of composing it was probably the happiest of his life. His life was now passed in the solitude of his house at Ealing, without seeking or desiring any other enjoyment than the composition of his work and the society of his wife, to whom, by way of recreation, in the evening, he read what he had written during the day. The *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, accordingly, though not the most profound or learned of his productions, was never after equalled by him in vigour and fervor of thought, style, and dialectics."

We, of course, must decline any discussion of the topics of Mackintosh's work; but there is something in the honest letter of Mr. Wilde's, which his son gives, that compels us to make room for it:—

"With regard to your book, my dearest James, I had the first or second copy that was in Edinburgh. My opinion of it I need not tell you; as I prophesied it has happened. You are '*inter ignes luna minores*;' but I prefer sunshine, even to the moon playing in autumnal azure on the waters of Loughness. * * You know I never could conceal any part of my mind from such friends as you. I certainly did not like you the better for '*sottishness and prostitution on a throne*.' Let us reason the matter.

"Suppose all the calumnies against the King and Queen of France to be true, you will not certainly say that the slavery of France was owing to them. Let the *private* vices of this man and woman be what they might, they had nothing in them savage or tyrannical. France was enslaved long before, and by other hands. You deny the benevolence of the king of France. Be it so: but you allow yourself, and who will not allow, (Paine does it,) that concessions to liberty,

* Recollections of Sir James Mackintosh.

be it from weakness, as you say, have marked his whole reign. Amidst all the Queen's alleged gallantries, it was a happy thing for France that there was no mistress—the curse of former reigns. • • There were no public vices to call forth patriotic indignation. Why, then, should the English patriot, or the French patriot, descend from the cause of nations to private morals?

"You talk of Burke's 'sensibility being scared at the homely miseries of the vulgar.' I think his whole life has shown the contrary. As to myself, I have often felt myself moved at the sight of an old wife gathering cinders. Had I, in the year of famine, seen the poor Highlanders asking bread at your grandmother's door I would, with you, have divided with them my oaten or barley-cake.* But not to mention this, I am afraid it is an intellectual illusion, not an illusion of the heart, which leads to regret general miseries, which you do not witness. You will never persuade me that a man who can callously contemplate individual suffering, especially in high rank, which enhances the suffering in proportion, can feel for any other distress. If the sufferings of eminent individuals do not move us, we will never feel for the sufferings of a whole people. In feeling for a people, we always picture out individuals to our imagination. It is the eternal law of sympathy. A man would drown himself in a hoghead of wine; his feelings may be refined and elevated by a bottle.

"Cleopatra was certainly a more immoral woman than her worst enemies dare to pronounce the Queen of France. I never, however, read the picture given by Horace, of her magnanimity, without feeling my face flushed, and my eyes sparkling.

* *Ausa et facientem visere regiam*
Vultu sereno, fortis et asperas
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum
Corpore comblberet venenum,—

* *Deliberata morte ferocior :*
Sævis Libris scilicet invidens,
Privata deduci superbo
*Non humilis mulier triumpho.**

By the way, let it be remembered that the homely miseries of the vulgar, and all that rant, is likewise to be found in Paine."

For the next year or two, Mackintosh, who never liked the medical pro-

fession, and whose ambition was awakened by the brilliant success of his work, was engaged in keeping terms and in the preparatory studies for the bar. Some little property which became his on his father's death, he sold, and in this way got a few hundred pounds. In 1795, he was called to the bar—he now supported himself by writing in the periodical publications, and for the daily newspapers. We think that this—which, could the details be given with any approach to accuracy, would be far the most interesting period of his life—is treated with less attention than it deserves by his son. Some of his articles in the *Monthly Review* were pointed out—he reviewed Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works*—"Roscoe's Lorenzo de Medicis"—"Burke's Letter to the Duke of Bedford;" and also his "Thoughts on a Regicide Peace"—he reviewed "Erskine's View of the Causes and Consequences of the War." The reader who has not the opportunity of referring to the interminable series of the *Monthly Review*, will find extracts from these reviews, many of them written in Sir James's best style, in the notice of his life to which we have before referred.

The review of Burke's *Regicide Peace* led to an invitation to Beaconsfield, where Sir James passed a few days during the last Christmas of Burke's life. No mention is made of the visit in any of Sir James's journals; but they were days of which he often spoke as the most interesting of his life. In "the diary of a man of literature" (Mr. Green's) is the following record of a conversation with Sir James:—

"Passed the last Christmas [of Mr. Burke's life] with Burke at Beaconsfield, and described, in glowing terms, the astonishing effusions of his mind in conversation; perfectly free from all taint of affectation; would enter, with cordial glee, into the sports of children, rolling about with them on the carpet, and pouring out, in his gambols, the sublimest images, mingled with the most wretched puns; anticipated his approaching dissolution with due solemnity, but perfect composure; minutely and accurately in-

* Apparently alluding to an incident in his early life.

formed, to a wonderful exactness, with respect to every fact relative to the French revolution. Burke said of Fox, with a deep sigh, 'He is made to be loved.' Fox said of Burke, that Mackintosh would have praised him too highly, had that been possible, but that it was not in the power of man to do justice to his various and transcendent merits; declared he would set his hand to every part of the 'Preliminary Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations,' except the account of Liberty, a subject which he considered as purely practical, and incapable of strict definition.

"Of Gibbon, Mackintosh neatly remarked, that he might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it. Spoke highly of Johnson's prompt and vigorous powers in conversation; and, on this ground, of Boswell's 'Life' of him. Burke, he said, agreed with him, and affirmed that this work was a greater monument to Johnson's fame than all his writings put together. Condemned democracy as the most monstrous of all governments, because it is impossible at once to act and to control, and, consequently, the sovereign power, in such a constitution, must be left without any check whatever; regarded that form of government as best which placed the efficient sovereignty in the hands of the natural aristocracy of a country, subjecting them, in its exercise, to the control of the people at large. Descanted largely in praise of our plan of representation, by which, uncouth and anomalous as it may in many instances appear, and indeed, on that very account, such various and diversified interests became proxied in the House of Commons.* Our democracy, he acutely remarked, was powerful, but concealed, to prevent popular violence; our monarchy prominent and ostensible, to provoke perpetual jealousy."

In the following year Mackintosh lost his wife. We cannot but make room for a sentence from a letter of his written at the time:—

"I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually

corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments,) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous; but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardour. I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."—vol. 1, pp. 96-7.

Mackintosh was left a widower with three infant daughters. In the course of the next year he again married. In this year and the next he delivered his lectures on the law of nature and nations. Of these the introductory lecture alone was published. In his lectures the author of the *Findicia Gallicæ* exhibited more than the eloquence of that remarkable work; and with that eloquence he also exhibited, what is apparent in every one of his earlier works—the same spirit of *advocacy*. In both are found the same application and overstatement of such general principles as seem most applicable to the purpose immediately in hand; expressed with that kind of fervour which is evidence of the sincerity of the speaker, but the exaggeration of which ought to place

* This, it is scarcely necessary to remark, was then the orthodox opinion of almost all parties in parliament.

both speaker and hearer on their guard. The atrocities which had been acted in the interval by his clients might have well startled an advocate of firmer attachment to what was unreasonably called his party,* than Sir James Mackintosh ever felt or professed, and even in the earlier work it is not probable that he would have found much to regret, when he was led to think of the securities which states must provide for the education of their subjects, except perhaps his hazardous prediction—which late events however seem verifying—that “*church power, (unless some revolution, auspicious to priestcraft, should replunge Europe in ignorance) will not certainly survive the nineteenth century.*” We shall not so soon after having expressed our opinion on the question of the Established Church, (*see our first article on Coleridge,*) advert to the subject again; but we confess that even in these days of pressure from without, our fears for the very existence of the establishment, arise chiefly from faults and defects within the church, which it is monstrous should remain uncorrected. The abuse of patronage—we mean of that patronage which, being in the hands of private individuals, becomes a marketable commodity—is the greatest evil. It increases, to an extent of which the country is little aware, the probabilities—in the case of curates—of a life, all the best years of which are passed in the service of the public, being allowed to close in neglect, which could not be permitted, had the minister, whom we leave to starve, been the humblest servant in an office. We are far from thinking either that an equality of income, or any thing approaching to it among the clergy, would be desirable; far from thinking that even the service of half a life, in a particular parish, should be regarded as giving the parishioners the slightest claim of right to designate the individual, who has so served, as their future rector; but in earnest anxiety for the church, and for its continuing influence, we do ask, should such claims be altogether disregarded, and by every one? Is it possible that they can be

disregarded, and those to whom the destinies of the church are confided, be guiltless? We will not risque weakening the effect of what we say, by pointing to individual cases of grievance, although at the very moment in which we write, we know a case in which a clergyman served as curate in the same parish for nineteen years; when a vacancy occurred by the death of the rector, it was thought not unlikely that he might obtain the appointment; but it was found that the advowson, which was private property, had been some time before sold; and the new patron appointed *himself* to the vacant benefice. But we are forgetting Mackintosh and his prediction. Before the French church was destroyed by the revolutionists, it had become—though not utterly useless—yet in reference to the purposes for which it had been endowed, in all things faithless to its trust. The question is not now of its doctrine or its discipline; but a church, the endowments of which were made the means of providing for declared infidels, seems to have little claim on the sympathies which Burke sought successfully to awaken. The individual sufferers—many of them men, whose piety would have been an ornament to any community—were, to the honour of England, received among us with the most generous hospitality; but we will only ask our readers to call to mind the infidel writers for half a century before, and to mention a single person who did not, under one pretence or another, receive some part of the church property? Things have not, at any time, approached this state with us; but when we speculate on the destruction or the preservation of church property, it would be madness not to feel, in this our day, that no property is safe—call it that of the landlord or the church—from an examination of whether the trusts are fulfilled, which, either expressly or impliedly, are annexed to the possession of property. We live in the full conviction, that the lesson given and received by our peasantry, on the subject of church property, will not be applied to that description of

* To some Frenchmen who had complimented him at Paris on his “*Vindicia Gallicæ*,” he answered, “*Messieurs, vous m’avez si bien refuté.*”

property alone; but we shrink from the dangerous and perhaps wild office of political prediction.

The lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, was the result of Mackintosh's visit to Burke. Hazlitt, who attended the lectures, gives a good account of them. In the essay, in which he mentions the character of Sir James's eloquence, he accounts for his failure in the House of Commons, because he says Sir James's wish was to ascertain the truth on each subject which he discussed, and the House of Commons was no place for that.

"There was (says he) a greater degree of power, or of dashing and splendid effect, (we wish we could add, an equally humane and liberal spirit,) in the *Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations*, formerly delivered by Sir James (then Mr. Mackintosh, in Lincoln's-Inn Hall. He showed greater confidence; was more at home there than in the House of Commons. The effect was more electrical and instantaneous, and this elicited a prouder display of intellectual riches, and a more animated and imposing mode of delivery. He grew wanton with success. Dazzling others by the brilliancy of his acquirements, dazzled himself by the admiration they excited, he lost fear as well as prudence, dared everything, carried every thing before him. The Modern Philosophy, counterescarp, outworks, citadel, and all, fell without a blow, by "the whiff and wind of his fell doctrine," as if it had been a pack of cards. The volcano of the French Revolution was seen expiring in its own flames, like a bonfire made of straw: the principles of reform were scattered in all directions, like chaff before the keen northern blast. He laid about him like one inspired; nothing could withstand his envenomed tooth. Like some savage beast got into the garden of the fabled Hesperides, he made clear work of it, root and branch, with white, foaming tusks—

'Laid waste the borders, and o'erthrew the bowers.'

The havoc was amazing, the desolation was complete. As to our visionary sceptics and Utopian philosophers, they stood no chance with our lecturer: he did not 'carve them as a dish fit for the Gods, but hewed them as a carcase fit for hounds.' Poor Godwin, who had come, in the *bonhomme* and candour of his nature, to hear what new light had broken

in upon his old friend, was obliged to quit the field, and slunk away after an exulting taunt thrown out at 'such fanciful chimeras as a golden mountain or a perfect man.' Mr. Mackintosh had something of the air, much of the dexterity and self-possession, of a political and philosophical juggler; and an eager and admiring audience gaped and greedily swallowed the gilded bait of sophistry prepared for their credulity and wonder. Those of us who attended day after day, and were accustomed to have all our previous notions confounded and struck out of our hands by some metaphysical legerdemain, were at last at some loss to know *whether two and two made four*, till we had heard the lecturer's opinion on that head. He might have some mental reservation on the subject, some pointed ridicule to pour upon the common supposition, some learned authority to quote against it. To anticipate the line of argument he might pursue was evidently presumptuous and premature. One thing only appeared certain, that whatever opinion he chose to take up, he was able to make good either by the foils or the cudgels, by gross banter or nice distinctions, by a well-timed mixture of paradox and commonplace, by an appeal to vulgar prejudices or startling scepticism. It seemed to be equally his object, or the tendency of his discourses, to unsettle every principle of reason or of common sense, and to leave his audience at the mercy of the *dictum* of a lawyer, the nod of a minister, or the shout of a mob. To effect this purpose, he drew largely on the learning of antiquity, on modern literature, on history, poetry, and the belles-lettres, on the schoolmen, and on writers of novels, French, English, and Italian. In mixing up the sparkling julep, that by its potent operation was to scour away the dregs and feculence and peccant humours of the body politic, he seemed to stand with his back to the drawers in a metaphysical dispensary, and to take out of them whatever ingredients suited his purpose. In this way he had an antidote for every error, an answer to every folly. The writings of Burke, Hume, Berkeley, Paley, Lord Bacon, Jeremy Taylor, Grotius, Puffendorf, Cicero, Aristotle, Tacitus, Livy, Sully, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Thuanus, lay open beside him, and he could instantly lay his hand upon the passage, and quote them chapter and verse to the clearing up of all difficulties and the silencing of all opposers. Mr. Mackintosh's lectures were, after all, but

a kind of philosophical centos. They were profound, brilliant, new to his hearers; but the profundity, the brilliancy, the novelty, were not his own. He was like Doctor Pangloss, (not Voltaire's, but Coleman's,) who speaks only in quotations; and the pith, the marrow of Sir James's reasoning and rhetoric at that memorable period might be put within inverted commas. It, however, served his purpose, and the loud echo died away. We remember an excellent man and a sound critic* going to hear one of these elaborate effusions; and on his want of enthusiasm being accounted for from its not being one of the orator's brilliant days, he replied, 'he did not think a man of genius could speak for two hours without saying something by which he would have been electrified.'—*Hazlitt's Spirit of the Age*, pp. 215-19.

The success of Mackintosh at the bar was doubtful; it was greater, however, than has been allowed. We shall, before we close our notices of his life, give some extracts from a letter of Mr. Basil Montagu to the editor, which we have read with as much interest as any thing in the book, which gives an account of his first circuits, but shall, for the present, pass to the mention of his speech in the case of Peltier. It was his first remarkable speech. We have read it with greater admiration than any other of Mackintosh's works, and perhaps are confusing the recollections of the time in which we first read it; and when it is probable that the splendour of its style would make a greater impression on us than at present, then we say that no other line of defence would have the slightest chance of obtaining a verdict for the defendant. In fact, the libel could not have been successfully defended; and the wide extent of subjects which Mackintosh's defence embraced, gave Peltier his only chance of escape. There is no pleasing a convicted man. Peltier, who gave Mackintosh five guineas as his fee, and thought like others, that lawyers are overpaid, felt that his fine gold had utterly perished, and "in his broken English complained that the fellow had sacrificed him to show off in praise of Napoleon." Peltier was the hired agent of the Bourbons; his offence was publishing an ode in which the

assassination of Buonaparte was recommended. The question being once determined that the case was cognizable before our tribunals, and the fact of publication being fixed upon defendant, we cannot conceive any topics so likely to draw the attention of the jury from the true question which they had to determine, and which must have been determined against the defendant, as those on which Mackintosh insisted. The speech was translated into French by Madame de Stael.

In the *Law Magazine* are some anecdotes of Mackintosh which are amusing enough. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to expect to find them in the biography by his son: still they are worth preserving. The epigram, as we may call it, of Parr against Sir James, when the trial and conviction of Quigley, an Irish priest in the rebellion of 1798, was mentioned, has been often told; but it has so much odd pleasantry that it is worth repeating. We give it in the words of the *Law Magazine*, in an article supplied by an old pupil of Mackintosh, and to which the editor of the magazine, has added some entertaining notes. "Mackintosh, who had strongly repudiated the conduct of Quigley, was several times interrupted by Parr's saying emphatically, in the intervals of smoking—'He might have been worse.' At length he called on the doctor to explain how Quigley could have been worse. This was exactly what Parr wanted. Accordingly, having laid down his pipe, with deliberate composure he replied—"I'll tell you, Jemmy, Quigley was an Irishman—he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest—he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor—he might have been an apostate." The doctor then exultingly resumed his pipe, amid a roar of applause at this unexpected sally." Among the stories collected in the *Law Magazine*, is one which tells of his learning on circuit the addition of three children to his family. Mr. Adair, the author of *The Clubs of London*, is vouched for the narration. "He says that Mackintosh was on circuit when news of the birth of one of the children arrived; upon which the regular congratulations were of-

* The late Rev. Joseph Fawcett, of Walthamstow.

ferred, and the health of the lady duly toasted by the bar; that at the next assize town came news of the birth of a second child; whereupon the same ceremonies were renewed; and the happy parent had actually reached a third assize town before the full extent of the blessing was made known to himself and his professional friends, who, of course, had no objection to drink health and happiness to father, mother, and infant again."

We have found it impossible to compress into a single article, as we had at first intended, the incidents of Mackintosh's life. In the spring of 1809 he was appointed recorder of Bombay. The appointment was creditable to the government. It is referred *by his son* to the friendly intervention of Mr. Canning and the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, with Lord Sidmouth. By a well-informed writer in the *Quarterly Review*, it is stated that neither Canning nor Adam had the slightest share in the appointment—"that the favor was asked by

Mackintosh without intermediation, and granted by the minister without condition." Mackintosh's friends felt surprised at his accepting it, as he was then in the receipt of 1200*l.* a year by his profession, was admired and idolized in society, and brilliant prospects of the highest professional success were opening out to him; but he wished to escape a life of labor—he wished for leisure to cultivate the best powers of his mind. The same true taste and genuine good feeling which had in early life made him propose to himself the means of happiness in the humble quiet of a professorship at Aberdeen, were the influencing causes which separated him, at a time when an ambitious man would have undoubtedly remained at home, from the literary and political society of Europe. We think his choice was in all respects a wise one. His journals which he kept on his voyage to India, and during his residence there, form an interesting part of his son's volumes. But, for the present we conclude.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAP. XXI.

OFF ALGIERS.

"O God! it is a fearful thing,
To see the human soul take wing,
In any shape, in any mood.
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it in the breaking ocean,
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread:—
But THIS!——"

Prisoner of Chillon.

THE proceedings of our fleet during the last expedition to Algiers, are long since matters of history. Upon these, therefore, I do not mean at present to enter; and indeed if such were my purpose, I could do little more than repeat what has already appeared before the public in shapes more authentic than any my rambling narrative can pretend to. The event was one of too much importance to be overlooked by the indefatigable "chroniclers of the day," whose business it is to be ever

on the alert for the interesting and the attractive; and accordingly, in the numerous "Memoirs," "Residences," "Journals," and so forth, which have from time to time appeared, every detail of the blockade, from the exploits of "fighting Bod," (whom I beg, in passing, to accept of my best remembrances,) to the colour of the Dey's slipper, has been carefully recorded. In a political point of view, too, the subject has already been sufficiently lauded. Government has had its share

both of censure and applause; and though, like the humorist in the comedy, "I have my own ideas o' the matter," I shall not pause to state them, but proceed, without farther remark, to what more immediately concerned myself and my shipmates.

Although the season of the year at which we commenced operations was exceedingly unfavourable for blockading a port like Algiers, yet the arrangements of the admiral were made with so much sagacity and foresight, and such was the vigilant activity of the various commanders, that among the numerous attempts made to break the blockade, there was not a single instance of success. During the day, indeed, when our ships were cruising in shore, and in constant communication with each other, it was impossible for any vessel to elude our vigilance. It was during the night, when the squadron had taken an offing of from twelve to fourteen miles, that the attempt was usually made; and as darkness and distance were then equally against us, it required all our activity to prevent the blockade being broken.

On board the flag-ship I performed the duty of signal midshipman. This post was certainly no sinecure, as I had to be constantly on the watch to observe and report signals from whatever quarter they were made, and the slightest inattention on my part would justly have called forth the severest reprehension. While on duty, therefore, the glass, either by night or day, was seldom out of my hand. I was all anxiety to acquit myself at least creditably of the task allotted to me; and as it was impossible to tell from what quarter, or at what particular time any signal might be made, the utmost vigilance on my part was requisite.

One morning we were lying becalmed at no great distance from the shore, and as it chanced to be my watch as signal midshipman, I was, of course, at my post. But the brightest eye, aided by the best Dolland, would have availed me nothing on the present occasion. A heavy fog hung in one unbroken mass over the surface of the water—dense, white, motionless, impenetrable. Not a breath of air stirred; the vapour clung, as it were, to the

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ocean, veiling all around in the most utter obscurity. At length, as the sun advanced, its influence became apparent. Slowly the vapoury veil arose, like the curtain of a theatre which the skilful manager causes to be slowly lifted, in order to display with the greater effect his scenic illusions, and by degrees the face of the water became visible. The first object I descried was a vessel, the hull of which only was revealed, lying at about a cable's length a-head. Gradually as the cloud of fog ascended, the lower parts of her rigging were exposed, and in a few minutes her top spars emerged from the mist, leaving her entirely open to observation. She was a low, rakish-looking craft, and from the cut of her canvass I had no difficulty in recognizing her to be a French schooner. She had apparently been attempting to beat in within the Mote with the land breeze; but this having failed her, she was left in her present position.

For some time all of us had entertained very strong suspicions that the Dey, if he were not actually assisted by the French, was, at all events, countenanced by them, and encouraged to make as obstinate a resistance as possible. The admiral was therefore particularly anxious to cut off all communication between the shore and vessels belonging to the government of France; accordingly, as soon as the necessary reports had been made, one of our midshipmen was sent in a boat to board the schooner in question. In little more time, however, than was requisite to row the distance that divided the two vessels, and to return, our envoy again appeared on board.

"Well, Mr. —," said the captain, when the midshipman had reported himself, "you have certainly been very expeditious. What does the Frenchman say?"

"I don't know what he says, sir," replied the midshipman, somewhat abashed; "I can't get a single word of English out of him."

"He speaks French only then?" demanded the captain.

"Yes, sir; but he articulates so rapidly that I cannot make out a word he says."

"Pshaw!" said the admiral, who came up at the moment, "why didn't

you send some one who understands French?"

"I believe, sir," replied the captain, "that this youngster is the only one in the watch who is at all acquainted with the language."

At this juncture one of the officers happened to hint that I could speak French fluently; and having myself acknowledged an acquaintance with the language, I was immediately despatched on board the schooner.

Being arrived on board, I found her commander on the quarter-deck. For the rank he held, he might be termed a *very* young man, as he did not appear much to exceed twenty. His dress was arranged with an exactness almost approaching to foppery; his fingers adorned with rings, and his fine, light-coloured silken hair brushed and braided with the most scrupulous care. He certainly more resembled the elegant frequenter of a Parisian soireé than the commander of a vessel of war, and it required but a single glance at his open, inexperienced-looking countenance, with its delicate, untarnished complexion, to discover that he had not seen much service.

After the usual salutations, I came at once to the point, and told him, in the best way I could, that I was ordered to bring him on board the admiral with his despatches. At this intimation the Frenchman stared, and announced to me with some warmth, that I must be well aware that it was as much as his place was worth to part with his despatches. To this I replied that it was no business of mine, and that I could only repeat my orders.

"And I," said he, turning round on his heel; and throwing as much ferocity as he could into the mild expression of his fine drawing-room countenance—"I can only say that I won't obey them!"

"That, sir," I calmly replied, "is your affair. Shall I then, report to the admiral that you refuse to obey his summons?"

"Certainly, sir," said the officer; "I shall neither leave my vessel nor part with my papers under such circumstances;" after which decided reply, I immediately took my leave, the young Frenchman very politely bowing me ~~the~~ the side.

"I fear, sir," I said, as I was leaving the gangway, you will be detained here until the blockade is over, an event which will not probably occur for some time."

"Indeed!" said the Frenchman; "do you think this likely, sir?"

"There is not the slightest doubt of it," I replied. "The admiral is not a man to be trifled with or turned out of his course when he has made up his mind how to steer. Sir, I have the honor to wish you a good morning. Bear a hand there!"

"Stop, sir," cried the Frenchman, in no small alarm, when he saw me about to descend into the boat; "if I thought the admiral wished merely to examine the papers, and that I would be allowed to——"

"I make no conditions for the admiral, sir," I replied; my orders are to bring you and your papers on board; if you think proper to go, I am now ready to accompany you."

The unfortunate young commander knitted his brows, and folding his arms on his breast, paced about the deck for some time in a state of no very pleasant embarrassment. At length, without uttering a word, he descended to the cabin, and presently returning with his papers, he made me a very stiff bow, merely saying, in the coldest possible manner—"Monsieur je suis prêt."

As soon as we reached the flag-ship, my companion was received on the quarter-deck by the admiral, to whom he delivered his papers, observing that he was not aware that Algiers was in a state of blockade.

"As such, however," he continued, "I now find to be the case, I shall certainly return immediately to Marseilles with my despatches."

"When you are beyond the limits of the blockade, sir," replied the admiral, "you may return where you please; but as for your despatches, they must remain with me. Here, Mr. Lascelles; take these papers to the office, and desire my clerk to lock them carefully up, and send me a receipt for them."

It was in vain that the Frenchman represented the hardship of his case, and the disgrace that would attend him should he return to Marseilles

without his papers; the admiral was inexorable.

"All this, sir," said he, "you should have thought of before you came here. As it is, I have only to say, that when the blockade is at an end, your despatches shall be landed; in the meantime they must remain with me. You are now at liberty, sir, to return to your vessel, which I give you half an hour to carry out beyond our line."

"Mais, Monsieur,—" remonstrated the unlucky Frenchman.

"I have nothing more to say, sir," interrupted the admiral, pulling out his watch, "excepting that you had better make what use you can of the time I have allotted you."

Finding all remonstrance fruitless, the captain was at last obliged to depart, and within the given time, his schooner was seen standing out to sea. The poor fellow, I believe was afterwards broke for allowing himself to be cajoled out of his papers.

The blockade having now continued for some time, we were daily expecting the arrival from England of the squadron destined to bombard the town. The prospect of the approaching bombardment, indeed, occupied all our thoughts; and as we anticipated nothing less than certain victory, not to mention promotion and loads of prizemoney, the thoughts of this enabled us to endure with patience the monotony of our present duty.

One day, shortly before the arrival of the squadron, our blockading party had run in and anchored out of gun-shot of the batteries. A small cutter, which served as a tender to the flag-ship, and which had lately joined us with despatches from Marseilles, was at the time under weigh waiting to receive fresh instructions previous to her departure for Malta. As soon as these were prepared, a signal was made for the officer commanding her to come on board the flag-ship; a summons which he lost no time in obeying.

The cutter, in the meanwhile, which was thus left under the charge of a young midshipman, the only other officer on board, made a stretch in shore. The breeze being exceedingly light at the time, I watched her progress with some anxiety, as I could not help thinking she was continuing in this course too far. She, however,

still held on in the same direction for some time longer, and when she at last tacked to stretch off again, she found herself, as I had anticipated, baffled by a head ground-swell, which threw the wind completely out of her sails. What little breeze there was, entirely failing her, she was, after an ineffectual struggle, compelled to anchor where she was.

Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, after she had taken up this position, when a line of gun-boats, to the number of about twenty-three, were observed to issue from behind the Mole, and make for our unfortunate tender, apparently with the intention of cutting her off. Not a moment was to be lost. The ships of the blockading squadron were immediately ordered to get springs upon their cables, to be ready to cover her; and a number of boats were manned and armed, in order that we might be prepared to meet the enemy hand to hand, should this be found requisite as a last resource.

The gun-boats in the mean time advanced, each having a red flag flying at her bows, which serving as an excellent mark for our gunners, operations were forthwith commenced in such good earnest, that in a few minutes two of the boats were sunk. This was a signal for the batteries to retaliate, and they presently answered us with a very heavy fire; although from the distance that intervened their gun-shots were of little avail, and their shells invariably burst harmlessly in the air. The scene was beautiful. Not a cloud obscured the deep azure of the sky; the air was motionless and sultry. A canopy of white smoke hung over the town; thin and undefined along the line of the batteries, but rolling in dense masses over the tops of the houses that stood higher up the hill. The cannon in the embrasures vomited forth their fire; while high over our heads, the tiny wreaths of white smoke left behind by the exploded shells, had a peculiarly striking effect.

The cutter in the mean time was not idle. Indeed, she had the main brunt of the battle to bear; for the gun-boats, perceiving the advantage their flags afforded us as a mark, had caused them to be lowered; and having now nothing to direct our aim but the flash

of their guns, we could consequently do them little damage. The midshipman in command was a perfect boy, not more than thirteen or fourteen years of age, but he bore himself gallantly. The complement of men on board his little craft did not exceed eight, and she carried only four guns. These, in order that he might use them with more effect, he had got all over to one side, and continued to answer the fire of the gun-boats with a rapidity quite surprising, when the smallness of his crew is considered. But it was impossible that he could hold out long against such an host of assailants, and we were preparing to send off the boats to his assistance, when the breeze fortunately sprung up, and with no small satisfaction we saw him weigh his anchor. His sails presently filled, and we expected to see him bear up with all the speed he could from his dangerous situation. Such a course, however, though completely in his power, did not suit the temper of the gallant little commander. Instead of putting his helm up, and making the most of his way to a place of greater security, he stood right along the line of the boats, blazing away at them in most gallant style. Shot followed shot as rapidly as the small complement of his men and guns would permit, to the no small astonishment of the gun-boats; and when he had in this manner run down the whole of their long line, he bore up and ran quietly out, having sustained no farther damage than a whole or two in his jib and mainsail. For so young a boy, the conduct of little G—n—ble on this occasion, was, to say the least, extremely intrepid. He is now, I believe, a commander; and I trust he will excuse an old shipmate for recording this instance of his early prowess, which has, as far as I am aware, escaped the vigilance of the Panatists of the day.

At length the bombarding squadron arrived, and we were all in the highest spirits, with the anticipation of a little active service. In this, however, we were doomed to be disappointed; for scarcely had the squadron taken up its position, when the Dey, apparently not much liking the appearance of so formidable an armament, and retaining too, perhaps, some unpleasant recollec-

tion of Lord Exmouth and the Queen Charlotte, gave notice, by a flag of truce, that he was ready to listen to terms. An interview was accordingly arranged between the admiral and his Algerine Highness, which was to take place at the palace of the latter. As this was a mission of great importance, and promised to be not a little gratifying to the curiosity of those engaged in it, much interest was used with the admiral for the honour of forming part of his suite. For a poor youngster, like myself, however, there was no chance of such preferment; and I considered myself extremely fortunate in being appointed to take charge of the barge which was to convey the party on shore.

Accordingly on the morning of the day appointed for the interview, we left the ship in great state; and having arrived safely within the Mole, the admiral and his suite were landed, and I caused the barge to lie off on her oars to await their return. While in this situation the scene around us was certainly unique. We lay near the centre of an immense basin, as it were, of blue rippling water; on one side was the town, rising in amphitheatric beauty before us, the flat roofs of its houses, as they mounted one above another, on the slope of the hill, having exactly the appearance of some immense cyclopic staircase; on another side stretched the long line of the Mole batteries; on the third was the Mole itself, of whose gigantic dimensions the reader may form some idea, when he is reminded that thirty thousand Christian slaves were employed for three years in its construction; and through the fourth and last side, the only one in which there was any opening, a perspective glimpse was afforded of the sea, and the distant receding hills on the coast of Barbary. Here then, I was, in the very centre of the place which Tasso has designated the

Nido di ladri inflame ed empio;

and the prospect awakening all the romantic associations of Algerine history, I was soon back in imagination among the daring days of Haydin, Barbarossa, and Doria.

I was reclining under the awning in the stern-sheets, sometimes indulging

in these reminiscences, sometimes cursing the heat, which was intolerable, and sometimes sighing for a cigar, when we were unexpectedly hailed from the shore. I immediately gave orders to pull for the quay, where I found a negro slave rather neatly dressed in the Turkish fashion, awaiting our approach. Having no idea what his business could be, but supposing that he might probably be the bearer of some message from the admiral, I made signs for him to descend into the barge, which he had no sooner done than, after a most ungraceful salaam, he informed me in wretched mongrel Italian, that he had been sent by his master, who begged I would join him in a pipe and cup of coffee.

"And who or where is your master?" I replied, in the same language, which I spoke with nearly the same degree of purity as my sable companion.

"El Senor!" replied Blackie, making a pair of huge eyes at my ignorance in not knowing his master by instinct. "El Senor! Eccolo!" he continued, pointing up to the portico of a house which stood near the quay, and where I discovered a dusky-complexioned personage sitting smoking a long Turkish pipe; "Eccolo! El Ammiraglio del Porto, si!"

"Aha!" I replied; "the admiral of the Port! Say to your master that I accept his invitation, and shall join him presently;" and off bolted Blackie, evidently quite pleased at having executed his mission with so much address.

Having given strict injunctions to the crew not to leave the barge, and to wait at the quay till my return, I ascended to the Portico in question, where I found the admiral of the Port squatted on a square bit of carpet, a cup of coffee by his side, and a long amber-tipped pipe in his mouth. He was a thick-set, dapper-looking fellow, apparently about middle age; and the expression of his countenance, as far as it could be ascertained through his enormous mustache and grizzled beard, was certainly any thing but prepossessing. It seemed to convey at once a most unamiable mixture of conceit, cunning, cruelty, and cold-bloodedness; and indeed there was a

certain undefinable scowl about his eye which of itself seemed to indicate all these. He was dressed in a light-coloured frock of figured chintz; and a sky-blue embroidered waistcoat; a pair of loose Turkish-shaped white trousers and yellow slippers defended his lower extremities, and a red skull-cap with a top-knot or tassel of blue silk, adorned his head.

He received me with the usual salutation, and a slight inclination of the body, but without either rising or removing the pipe from his mouth, and requested me to seat myself on a bit of carpet which was spread on purpose at his side. A cup of coffee and long cherry-stick supplied with choice tobacco, were speedily supplied by the negro slave; and in a few minutes I found myself sitting cross-legged in regular Turkish fashion, and giving puff for puff with the great Admiral of the port of Algiers.

To afford any thing like an adequate idea of the conversation that passed between us would be impossible. The Admiral himself was the chief collocator, his principal topic being his own wonderful exploits by sea and land; and so marvellous were many of narratives with which he favoured me, that had they been true, he must have been a perfect Alexander for sagacity and prowess. As it was, however, I had no difficulty in setting him down as one of the most egregious bragadocios I had ever met; and I amused myself with playing with him at his own game, and trumping as it were his best tricks. The language in which he endeavoured to make himself understood was not the least ludicrous part of the entertainment. It consisted of a hideous jumble of bad French, and worse Italian, interlarded here and there with a word or two meant for English, and copiously seasoned all over with Turkish or Arabic. I shall never forget his ridiculous appearance, when getting animated in the description of some of his valorous deeds, he brandished his long pipe in the air, his eyes sparkling and his face flushed, and floundered away in his narrative through a maze of languages, not one of which he could be made to understand.

At length, having smoked and listened till my patience was fairly exhausted, I pulled out my watch as a

sort of prelude to taking leave. It happened that on my watch-ribbon I had a small brass runner, which was made in the form of a snake, and which I had purchased at Portsmouth for a shilling. This elegant ornament having attracted the notice of the Admiral of the Port, he begged to be allowed to inspect it more closely; and as he seemed to admire it exceedingly, I thought I could not do better than present it to him, which I accordingly did in as handsome a manner as I could. Such a flattering mark of attention on my part seemed to gratify him exceedingly; and having spoken something in Turkish, our black attendant disappeared into the house, and presently returned with a large-sized bottle of ottar of roses. This the worthy admiral urged me to accept, as a compensation for my valuable present; and it will readily be supposed that this was a sort of traffic into which I had no objection to enter. Indeed, as the liberality of mine host seemed to indicate that exchanges were to be the order of the day, I was willing to carry them a little farther, and began to contemplate the possibility of bartering my regulation sword for the admiral's Turkish sabre. This sabre, which appeared to be of great value, had attracted my attention from the very first; and on a closer examination I found it to be a "right Damascus," the hilt ornamented with precious stones, and the crimson velvet scabbard richly inlaid and worked with gold. The difference between the worth of this and my own miserable regulation spit was certainly considerable; but I thought that the man who could give a bottle of ottar of roses for what was little better than an old brass button, could not have any very perspicuous ideas on the subject of relative value. I accordingly opened the affair by stating that it was customary in England to exchange swords as a mark of friendship, and that, though I set considerable esteem on mine, which was of great value, yet I could not think of neglecting to pay this national compliment to a man who had shown me so much kindness.

"I, therefore, signor," I continued, in my mongrel French-Italian, "beg to present you with my sword, and ~~shall~~ be glad to have the honour of

wearing yours in return;" and having in the meantime unfastened the buckle, I took my sword by the point, and handed it over to him with much formality.

Here, however, I reckoned without my host; for it appeared the wily admiral knew the value of a Damascus blade as well as I did. He accordingly screwed his face into a most ungainly look of regret, and told me he was sorry he could not exchange swords, as his was a present from the Dey, who would certainly have his head taken off should he presume to part with it.

"I am sorry for this, on your account," I replied, "as you will lose the opportunity of possessing one of the best swords that ever graced a sailor's side. Look ye now, signor: pray unsheath that thing of yours, and only compare the shapes of the two weapons. Why, yours is quite useless for fighting, and with mine I could easily defend myself against a dozen such. You seem incredulous, signor. Pray stand up, and I shall explain what I mean. There, signor! Now, suppose this pillar of your portico a man armed with a sword such as yours. I would go at him thus"—and forthwith I commenced lunging carte and tierce at the pillar with all the grace and agility of an Angelo, springing from one side of the portico to the other, in order to display to the utmost effect the advantages of my weapon.

The scene was so extremely ludicrous, that having commenced it in frolic, I could not resist continuing it for the enjoyment of the joke. Round and round the portico I skipped, thrusting at every thing that came in my way; mine host, notwithstanding all his valour, evidently in no small trepidation, taking care to keep always opposite to me, with his eye fixed on mine, and his sword raised to the position of "prepare to guard;" while the terrified black slave, who doubtless thought I had gone mad, jumped aside with a loud squeak at every successive lunge I made. I was in this situation, my face flushed with exercise, my cocked-hat lying on the ground, and my naked sword performing all sorts of ludicrous girations round the head of my host, who was now reduced to a state of extreme terror, when who

should appear at the entrance of the portico but the admiral, who chanced to be passing at the time on his return from the palace. I shall never forget his look of amazement at thus catching me engaged, as he supposed, in single combat with a man of such importance as the Admiral of the Port. In an instant my sword was in its sheath; and the cordial manner in which I shook hands with my entertainer seemed in some measure to relieve the admiral's anxiety. However, he spoke not a word; so, snatching up my hat, I saluted him respectfully, and rushing down to the quay, was soon standing ready to receive my freight, in every sense of the phrase "as stiff as a midshipman."

As soon as we were outside the Mole, I explained the whole circumstance to the admiral, who, after reprimanding me for quitting the barge, could not help joining the rest of the party in a hearty laugh at the expense of his namesake of the port.

The Dey having, with no very good grace, acceded to the terms proposed by the admiral, our blockading duty at last ceased, and it was not long till we sailed for Malta, leaving, when we left Algiers, all our fondly cherished hopes of promotion, fame, and prize-money. During our passage to Malta we touched at Tunis; and though our stay there occupied only six-and-thirty hours, an event occurred which, even at this distance of time, I cannot look back upon without feelings almost approaching to horror.

We lay at anchor in the bay of Tunis. It was a lovely evening even for that lovely clime. A gentle aromatic breeze blew from the shore; the sun, which had considerably declined towards the west, cast a hue of bright purple over the beautifully outlined hills along the coast of Barbary; and the smooth mirrory surface of the sea reflected in a subdued tint the intensely deep blue of the firmament. The day had been scorchingly hot; and to breathe the cool evening wind, and gaze upon the gently rippled waters, was unspeakably refreshing. I have seldom seen the sea more irresistibly tempting; its tiny waves, sparkling in the oblique rays of the declining sun, broke round the sides of the ship, so gentle, so cool, so inviting, that we

almost fancied we could interpret their melodious murmurings into the words of Goethe's *Naiad*—

"Lures thee the nether-heaven not,
The wave-illumined blue;
Lures thee thine own fair image not,
Down mid eternal dew?"

It was, in one word, exactly the sort of evening that is usually chosen on board ship for allowing the crew to bathe; and accordingly all hands were turned up for this purpose. It was a busy scene. Eager to immerse themselves in the tempting element, the men were speedily stripped; and when the drum beat the appropriate signal there was one simultaneous plunge into the water. Here the gambols usual on such occasions were carried on with a hearty good will. The fresh coolness of the water having braced up the nerves which the mid-day heat had relaxed, all were in the highest spirits; swimming and diving matches were going on in every direction, and bets were nearly as rife as at Ascot or Newmarket. In these aquatic exercises one man, a marine named Wilson, bore away the palm from all the rest. He was a remarkably fine-looking, athletic young fellow; and it was quite a treat to see the masterly manner in which he "breasted the billows," leaving all competitors behind. Indeed, it almost seemed as if "the world of waters were his home;" and with his broad open chest, Herculean proportions, and fine expressive countenance, he wanted but a trident in his hand to have formed a complete personification of a youthful god of the ocean.

In order to prevent accidents, it was customary in the flag-ship, as I believe it is in most others, to regulate the time during which the crew shall remain in the water by the beat of drum. When the hands were turned up to bathe, no one was allowed to plunge overboard until the drum had beat; and when the second roll was heard, it was a signal for all to return on board. Accordingly, on the present occasion, as soon as the second roll had beaten, the sports were broken off, and every one made for the ship. I was among the first to arrive; and I was sitting on the gun-room stern-port, just preparing to resume my clothes, when I observed a man who had been farther out than the rest, making all speed to gain the

ship. There was no mistaking his lusty strokes and peculiar mode of swimming; it was Wilson, the marine. He might be still about an hundred yards astern of the ship, swimming strong and rapidly, when suddenly I observed him throw himself half out of the water, sink again, and commence to struggle violently. I did not wait to consider the probable cause of these movements in one who was so noted for his aquatic skill. Before the cry, "a man drowning," was out of the mouth of the signal-man who was stationed at the poop, I was again overboard; and the boat sent to pick him up had scarcely left the ship's side when I had arrived within a few strokes of the spot where he lay. The poor fellow still continued to struggle convulsively; his head thrown backwards, and his countenance considerably distorted. In my anxiety to save him, instead of keeping off, as I ought in prudence to have done, and catching him by the arm, I swam straight up to him. In an instant I was in his grasp. Before I could take any measures to save myself, his brawny arms were twined round my body, and pressed my breast against his, with such supernatural strength, as almost to deprive me of the power of respiration. To move in the slightest degree was impossible; I could not even find breath to call for assistance, and the water washed incessantly over my mouth in such a manner as almost to choke me.

Every one must have experienced, when suffering extreme pain, that a certain degree of relief is obtained by grasping firmly in the hands or arms any object, no matter what. An opportunity of bracing up the nerves and muscles to their extreme tension is thus afforded; and though indeed the pain itself is not alleviated, the power of endurance is increased. And thus I suppose it was with the unfortunate marine. While he held me in his muscular embrace, he ceased to struggle as he had previously done, and the features of his face became in some degree less distorted, though they still wore the expression of extreme anguish. Almost the only motion he made was an occasional convulsive start; after one of which he would continue to press me still more firmly than before, and I could distinctly feel,

against my naked bosom, the throbbing of his heart—now strong and rapid; now languid and intermitting.

The boat, which had put off to our assistance, was now rapidly approaching; two pulls of the oars would have brought it to our side. The poor fellow clasped me to his breast more closely than ever; he seemed to be in an agony of pain; his eyes started in their sockets, and the blue veins swelled upon his forehead. It was but for an instant. With a suddenness which I can compare to nothing but the snapping of an overstretched bow-string, his herculean gripe in an instant relaxed; I felt his heart give one dreadful, indescribable, convulsive quiver against my breast, and he sunk back among the water. That quiver of the heart! I shall never forget it! I knew not then, and I know not now the many intricate movements of the human mechanism—those convulsed pulsations, and trembling ebbings of the blood—which are said to betoken dissolution; but no sooner did I feel that dreadful quiver than I knew that it was death.

"He is dead!" I exclaimed, when I was lifted into the boat in a state of complete exhaustion.

"Impossible," said the officer in charge; "he has not been *three minutes* in the water, and you held him up manfully, my brave fellow!"

"It may be, sir," I replied; "*but he is dead!*"

"Nonsense!" said the officer; "it is merely exhaustion, and we shall bring him round presently. What reason have you to suppose him dead?"

"Sir, I FELT HIM DIE!"

As I anticipated, it proved on examination that the poor fellow had died in a fit. All attempts to resuscitate him were fruitless; and as we consigned his body to the deep, the somewhat unusual expression was on the lips of many—"He FELT him die!" Often, and often since then, when anything has occurred to trouble my sleep, I have fancied myself in the gripe of the dead marine, and have awakened in an agony, as I felt the dreadful quiver of his heart.

We sailed next evening with the land breeze for Malta; hoping that "the little military hot-house," as Lord Byron calls it, would afford us some recreation

to make up for the monotonous duties of the last four months. After a pleasant trip, we, accordingly, made this far-famed island; but had no opportunity of judging of its appearance from the sea, as it was towards sunset before we reached Gozzo, and quite dark when we ran into the harbour. In this, however, we were perhaps fortunate, as the harbour of Malta, at night, presents one of the most striking scenes I almost ever witnessed. On either side of the harbour, the ground rises high, and is covered with houses, from which, and from the streets, innumerable lights are seen shining brightly in the surrounding gloom, and reflected from the surface of the water beneath. As the night, on which we made our entrance, chanced to be more than usually dark, nothing but these lights was visible. The houses, the ramparts, the quays, the water of the harbour itself, all were hid in the most impenetrable obscurity; and the lights appearing to hang, like so many clusters of the stars, in middle air, produced a very extraordinary, nay almost magical effect. Add to this the incessant chiming of bells, with which our ears were saluted from every corner of the town—for the season had been long dry, and the honest Maltese were ringing night and day for rain—together with the monotonous indistinct hum which is always heard in the neighbourhood of populous cities, and some idea, though an imperfect one, may be formed of the harbour of Malta by night. The only scene I ever saw at all resembling it, is in the metropolis of Scotland; a city which seems to combine, within itself, the most striking beauties of many of the celebrated towns of Europe. Here, if the spectator, in a very dark night, take up his station between the old and the new towns, in what is called, I believe, the

North Loch, he may witness an effect very similar to that which I have attempted to describe as existing at Malta; with this difference, that at Edinburgh the ground does not rise so high as at Malta, and the lights of La Valetta have the appearance of hanging more immediately over the head of the spectator, than those of the new, or even of the old town.

As we run up towards our anchorage, there was something so extremely puzzling in the number and variety of lights by which we were surrounded, that it was in vain we endeavoured to form any idea of the extraordinary place into which we had got. Nay, even those of our messmates who had before visited Malta could not bring themselves to agree about the different localities; one maintaining that such and such a light was that of the Nix Mangiare Stairs, another, that it was that of the Harbour Master, and a third that it was that near the tomb of Old Balla.

When we got to our station, finding that it was just nine o'clock, the admiral gave orders to fire the evening gun; and so noiselessly had we made our approach, that this was the first intimation the ships in the harbour had of our arrival. Scarcely had the report of our gun rung through the city, when we were visited by a boat which came on purpose to inquire who had had the insolence to interfere with the commanding officer's privilege.* When the officer in charge, however, was informed that he was on board the Admiral, it may be supposed he did not proceed with his interrogatories.

After all was made snug for the night, we retired to our hammocks, determined to take advantage of the first blush of morning to gratify ourselves with a peep at the far-famed Malta.

* The senior officer in port always fires the morning and evening guns.

THE PRESENT IS NOT A CRISIS.

THE crisis of a fever is that stage of the complaint at which it is decided whether the *malady* will prove fatal, or the patient be restored to former health. It is that period during which

the family of the sufferer watch the serious and thoughtful countenance of the physician with an inquiring attention, as anxious as that with which the votary of superstition gazes on the

motionless features of the painted Madonna, when looking for some token that she has listened to the prayer. And when the physician looks up cheerfully, as he drops the hand of his patient, and returns the watch more briskly to its place, the first thrill of delight which shoots through the hearts of the reanimated circle, is soon succeeded by the timid inquiry, how soon may the sufferer be expected to throw off the effects of the disease. It is in this sense of the expression, that we say, the present state of the British empire is not a crisis; for we confidently hope, and trust, that that empire, nay, even the world at large, will never be restored to its former state—will never throw off the effects of the present and the past events. We tell our conservative friends that they need not flatter themselves with the hope that the present is a crisis which will pass over, or that the present is an alternative whether all is to be lost, or all so secured that they may relapse again into their former supineness.

Well would it be for the infidel Radical, or the latitudinarian Whig, if such were to be the result of the present struggle; but such a result is, we fearlessly assert, almost, if not altogether, impossible.

However conclusive the struggle may at present appear to be, between the conservative and revolutionary parties, the only two divisions whose existence as parties we acknowledge; it is not the result of a disease which has now attacked the empire, but of the remedy which is now applied, and has, though with less violence, for above forty years been applied to that latitudinarian lethargy which is the only foe this empire has ever had just reason to fear.

It is the natural disposition of man to judge of the present from the past; it is an instinct, if we may so speak, which has been given him for his preservation; but which, in order to be effectually useful, must be applied as well to past causes as to past events; and certainly although every day will present cases, where we cannot adduce direct, yet we can never find an instance where we may not fairly argue from circumstantial experience.

On this principle it is, that while

we think the present state of the British empire, and of all Europe, is a phenomenon unlike anything which is recorded in history; yet we are assured that an attentive observation of those points in which it agrees with former events, as well as of those in which it differs from all past experience, is the best and most successful mode of arriving at a probable conjecture, as to the result of events not yet matured to a conclusion.

The history of the world presents an immense variety of revolutions differing in their causes, circumstances, and events. These seem in general to have owed their origin to the enterprising ambition of individuals; to the temporary power and active zeal of a party; to some remarkable coincidence of events, bringing about results wholly unforeseen; or to some one accident which overset an unnatural or impotent form of government. To some one or more of these causes, acting on a particular state of national morals or opinions, revolutions in general may be traced; but in all these cases the acting body has been a minority.

Many revolutions have been produced, it is true, by the physical power of foreign nations; but these are not so well applicable to the subject we have at present before us, as those proceeding from the internal causes we have mentioned; and the phenomenon of revolutions produced by the moral influence of nations upon each other, is, we think, one of exclusively modern appearance.

It is certainly easy to point out several comparatively recent causes to which to attribute the present state of the British empire; but a little attention to the events of the last half century will suffice to show, if our view of the subject be correct, that this nation has been, if we may so speak, undergoing a system of preparation for the present events, which from its long continuance, as well as the singular adaptation of a series of events, to produce a particular and ultimate effect, would seem to denote a design on the part of Providence, that the result should be of an importance and permanence to which all past events, even the French revolutions themselves, should have been merely subservient and auxiliary.

It will, perhaps, be necessary, in the

illustration of our view of this most important subject, to notice briefly some of the chief causes which produced, and circumstances which attended, the great revolutions recorded in history, and to observe the principles on which governments have been formerly founded, and the means to which they owed their support. This may alarm the patience of our readers; as to go at any length into such complicated subjects, would occupy as many columns as we can devote pages. But our readers need not be alarmed; it is not our design to do more than notice these subjects as far as they directly tend to elucidate the proposition we have laid down, viz., that the present state of Europe, and of the British empire in particular, is not one, nor likely to be one, of a series of revolutions; but the finishing stroke of a great design, which these revolutions were, in their respective periods and circumstances, intended to promote.

Of the revolutions of the more ancient Asiatic empires, we have not such accurate or distinct records as of Europe; but those which have been handed down to us in history, appear to have originated, rather in the external force of other nations, or in the singular talents or ambition of individuals, than in any exertion on the part of the people themselves. These revolutions consequently effected in general only a change in the persons to whom power was committed, not any material alteration in the nature or limits of that power. What may have been the causes which have affixed the character of despotism on the governments of Asia, and of liberty on those of Europe, however useful and interesting such an inquiry would be, it is not our object here to examine. It is, however, worthy of remark, that while the arts subservient to luxury, and the more abstruse sciences were found in considerable perfection in Asia; yet we have few, if any, traces of the cultivation of classics, ethics, or the popular and practical sciences. Their improvements seem rather to have been the effect of hereditary and technical experience, than of active thought, or enterprising talent; and there exist few traces of the importing of discoveries from other countries. These facts may be said to have

been the results of despotism. Such they doubtless were; but were they not also its cause? The effect of a state of national education, if we may so speak, such as we have described, is to leave the mind entirely dependent, as the lawyers say, on precedents; consequently, to start a new principle, to propose a new system, or to originate an important alteration, was an idea quite as foreign to the minds of the subjects of an Asiatic empire, as the speed of the steam carriage to the capacity of a Kalmuck Tartar. Whether this state of things preceded or followed; whether it was the cause or the effect of despotism, it matters not to our design. Certain it is, that as far back as we are able to trace the history of those empires, we find the despotism of experience as absolute as that of government.

The nation, which, from its situation and circumstances, has exemplified this principle to the highest degree is China. Never having been subject to extensive or formidable attacks from without, entertaining as the fundamental principle of its constitution, that the son should follow the profession of his father; and possessing, at the earliest period of its history, nearly the same degree and diffusion of skill, information, and civilization, among its people, that we discover at this day, China has never suffered a revolution.

Of the history of the Nomades, or wandering tribes, we can trace but little; nor would it be of any important service to this enquiry to know more, as their petty revolutions were too much the effect of accident to serve as a guide to those of more settled government. Those parts of Asia immediately bordering upon Europe, were more or less influenced by European customs and opinions; but the great powers and divisions of Asia retain, to this day, much the same forms and principles of government that we find in the times of Xerxes or of Cyrus. So inherently fixed, indeed, do their ideas of government appear to be, that the conquests of Alexander and the Romans, although placing on their thrones European princes, and forcing upon their observation European sentiments and manners, yet seem to have produced no important or permanent effect.

In the little that is worth recording in the history of Africa, we find few, if any revolutions produced by any other means than that of external force ; we shall, therefore, proceed to take a cursory view, as far as it is requisite to our purpose, of the earlier revolutions of Europe, merely requesting our readers to bear in mind, that as we are only concerned with these events, so far they may throw some light on the present state of European political society, we shall only dwell on such of them as appear to have been the result of the internal operation of parties advocating particular principles.

Greece claims the first place amongst nations affording examples of political dissension, revolution, and civil war. Here we have numerous instances of the people destroying one form of government, and placing another in its room ; we have every system of social organization, from democracy to despotism, successively displayed. The states which were the scenes of these revolutions, however, were exceedingly small and highly civilized ; so, that in comparison with the first-class nations of Europe or America, they deserved rather the name of oligarchies than republics ; as, although, Athens, for instance, called itself for a long time a democracy, yet the *δῆμος*, or people themselves were so few, that they could act with as much concert as the American congress or British House of Commons ; and if a change in the form of government was proposed in the evening of one day, the new system might be quietly established before the noon of the next.

It will, we think, assist our design, to consider nations, with respect to revolutions, as divided into three classes ; first, those of very small extent, as the states of Greece, Italy, Asia Minor, Northern Africa, South America, &c. ; secondly, those of great extent, but deriving their name from, and governed by a metropolitan city or district, as Rome and Carthage ; and, thirdly, such empires as Great Britain, Holland, Spain, and Austria, in which no particular city or district possesses any greater share of influence than what naturally results from its extent or circumstances, and in which the destruction of any one part of the

empire would not infer the destruction of the whole.

In the first of these classes, revolutions are easily and frequently effected by the people ; in the second, they are also easy but not frequent, as they feel the danger of weakening their authority ; and a certain regularity of practice and principle is essential to the management of large dominions ; in the last class, great and sudden alterations in the form of government are comparatively rare.

Revolutions in the two first classes of states we have mentioned, can only afford a precedent for those in the last, when large nations have, either through ignorance or apathy, suffered themselves to be ruled by a small but active faction. The former motive accounts for most of the revolutions which took place before the discovery and diffusion of the art of printing ; the latter, for the most of those which have since occurred.

The revolution which branded itself with infamy, by the murder of Charles the First of England, was an instance of the success of a violent and consistent, but small faction, assuming the name and authority of a whole nation, in an age when information was thinly spread and slowly conveyed ; and when the people, not provided with the guide of experience, were acquainted with the disadvantages of no other system of government but that under which they lived. The government, also, at that period, was supported merely by prescription. It did not attempt to bring reason or philosophy to its aid ; it governed the nation on precisely the principles, when beginning to attain a commercial and literary eminence, which had been applied to the coercion of a multitude of military and chivalrous, but barbarously illiterate feudalists. Consequently, its authority was derived from principles, which, to shake, or even to examine, was to destroy ; and even the most trifling success of its opponents was a species of argument against that divine right, on which the monarchy, at that period, rested its defence. The people at large had little attachment to the sovereign, were scarcely acquainted with the history of their own or other nations, with the reasons

for preferring any one system of government to another ; or, indeed, with any political events beyond the circle of each man's immediate vicinity. It was comparatively easy, under these circumstances, for a handful of able and desperate men, calling to their aid, the name of religion, so to act on the passions of the multitude at hand, as to acquire a scarcely controllable power, ere the body of the nation was clearly aware either of their acts or their designs. The form of government had also been almost absolute, in which, consequently, the people possessed little share and less interest ; and the mere idea of change contained in it nothing formidable. Abuses were also exceedingly numerous and burthensome, and those institutions which had not been corrupted, were no longer suited to relieve the wants or protect the rights of a people, whom long peace had changed in a great degree from military to civil characters and pursuits. If we compare the numbers actively engaged in the struggles of that period, with the population of the empire, we shall, accordingly, find that the whole body of actual partizans, bore the most insignificant proportion to the multitude of indifferent and passive spectators.

The state of the French nation, at the commencement of the famous revolution, signalized by a similar national parricide, resembled, in most respects, that to which we have just alluded. It is true, that the people were not quite so ignorant ; but, on the other hand, that domination of a small party which was facilitated in England by this cause, was rendered as easy in France, by the fact, that the capital had been so long the ruler and representative of the nation, that any revolution which took place there, had as great an effect upon the provinces as would have been the case in ancient Rome herself. In France, also, the various classes were more distinct from each other ; there was no community of interest or feeling between property and birth ; no connection between wealth and power ; no possibility by which talent, virtue, or heroism could ascend from any one rank to that above it. In addition to these negative inducements to change, there were many positive grievances to which the law

of England has always been a stranger. The privileges of the "noblesse" were actual burthens inflicting poverty and suffering on those below them ; there was, in fact, one law for the great, another for the poor. In other respects, the circumstances of the two revolutions were not dissimilar. The purpose effected by puritanism in England, was performed by infidelity in France. The former avowed that it considered itself absolved from obedience to law, by reason of its superior sanctity ; the latter took the more concise course of denying the authority of the law altogether.

The revolutions of Holland, in the time of Philip the Second ; England, in that of James the Second ; and that which secured the independence of the United States of America, were quite of different character ; they were, in fact, of a nature purely conservative ; their motive was resistance to usurping innovation. Charles the Fifth, and his dark and gloomy son, had attempted to reduce Holland to the state of subjection to which they had subdued Spain. The Flemings fought in defence of their ancient constitution ; but they knew full well the vanity of an attempt to oppose to innovation a more negative resistance ; they felt there was no alternative but to submit wholly, and at once, to the tyranny of a despot, or to throw off altogether their allegiance to Spain. They waited till action became imperative, and then they acted with equal moderation and decision.

The exclusion of the popish descendants of James the Second, from the crown of England, scarcely deserves to be called a revolution ; since no change was made in the constitution or system of government. What it might have become, had James remained at his post and not abdicated the throne, is another question. As the events were, however, it was, with the exception of introducing the condition of Protestantism into the descent of the crown, of a character merely declaratory.

The establishment of the United States of America, as an independent nation, can never be cited as a precedent for an attempt to alter the constitution of any country already settled. America had been at first possessed by

England, merely for the purpose of a penal colony, which could not be expected to owe much gratitude for its compulsory population. Just at the period when it gained sufficient strength to secure independence, an imprudent and unjust attempt was made to impose upon it a share of the burdens of England. This innovation the Americans resisted, justly and with moderation; and we will do them the justice to say, that even after its proposition had excited their resentment, yet, had it been in a manly way withdrawn, the war which followed would have been, at least for that occasion, prevented. It was not only a necessary consequence of the growing power of America, that she should become independent of the mother country; but it was a consequence, which, if it had been wisely and candidly looked forward to by England, might have been rendered the greatest benefit to both countries. Had Great Britain reared the colony, if we may so speak, as a wise parent will educate a child, on the avowed understanding that she only claimed the services of the colony in return for the protection it required from her, and that she would be willing, as soon as it was able to support itself, to establish and to enable it to secure its independence, she might have implanted in it all the principles of the British constitution by degrees, and at length have placed one of her own royal family on the throne, and raised up to herself an ally, bound to her by an union as indissoluble as any union of nations can be. As it was, their parting was like that of a lion and his full grown cub, when the first quarrel over their prey has discovered to them that they are no longer safe companions for each other. Let us hope, however, that now that time has effaced the wounds inflicted in that contest, all the numerous natural reasons which would tend to unite the two countries in the bonds of friendship, will take effect for the advantage and improvement of both. But, in fact, the United States made a very slight alteration in their constitution; the monarchy, which they had lost by the war, they did not replace; an aristocracy they had not lasted long enough to possess; and the only remaining

member of the legislature they retained.

The direct effect of all revolutions is to weaken the reverence for government in general; but there can be little question that the monarchy is less injured in the abstract by the more desperate revolutions which disgrace the cause of democracy, and illustrate the evils of anarchy, than by those, which, begun in a just cause, effected with moderation, and ending in public advantage, throw a halo around the name of revolution, and furnish mankind with an excuse for disguising their native disposition to rebellion under the specious epithets of public spirited abhorrence of abuses, and patriotic love of liberty.

The effect of a revolution was, before the diffusion of literature, almost confined to the countries which were the scene and the subject of its operations: its example had little effect on other nations scarcely acquainted with and not interested in its politics. But as learning became more common, classical studies spread a "beau ideal" of ancient republics. Mankind, novices in reflection, and without experience, overlooked, in their admiration for the fine principles and glowing sentiments of the old republicans, the real and practical operations of those baseless theories, and were more willing to eulogise a system which gave birth to an Aristides or a Socrates than to reflect that the practical and natural operation of that system banished the one and murdered the other. The natural consequence of a taste for the dead languages was a desire to be acquainted with the living. Thus, the sentiments of the subjects of each country were communicated to the rest; and, preposterous as it may seem, at the very time when a citizen of the Swiss republic was writing an able work to prove the constitution of Great Britain the most perfect in the world, multitudes among the very natives of Great Britain were impatient to exchange that constitution for the democracy of Switzerland. Modern literature rendered travelling more easy, and induced men to think and converse concerning governments to which they owed no allegiance, and which they not only felt themselves entitled,

but even in some degree bound by patriotism, to criticise and censure. The first effect of a study of ethical sciences had a concurrent tendency with that we have noticed. Inquiries into the rights of man, the foundation of government, and the authority of laws, naturally induce the feeling of a right to judge, and therefore to condemn, the acts of government, and a supposition that to the acts so condemned it is not a duty to submit, while a compulsory submission produces a disapprobation of the nature of the government. The first system to incur this disapprobation, as it is the most active to enforce, and the most efficient to restrain, is monarchy.

The reformation in religion lent its aid to produce these effects, by destroying the habit of implicit obedience to mere antiquity, and by demonstrating that revelation itself appealed to reason for its confirmation, and as the test of its reality. Its principles were directly opposed to despotism in religion, and indirectly, therefore, to despotism in politics; while those who made those principles a pretext to encourage insubordination studiously closed their eyes against the fact that the reformation was, if rightly understood, at least as decidedly opposed to latitudinarianism or democracy, and that the doctrines which destroyed the authority of the papal see could not with any justice be wrested to divide that authority, as the spoils of a conquered enemy, among all the schismatics of Christendom, in shares proportioned to the extravagance of their tenets and the violence of their zeal.

All these causes, with many others similar and cotemporaneous, tended to diffuse over the world a disposition to inquire into first principles; the very novelty of which study, while it added to the zeal for its pursuit, encouraged a secret presumption that the result of the examination would be unfavourable to the merits of the government which restrained each man more or less from the full exercise of his will and pleasure.

But these effects, though the necessary, were not, at least to any violent extent, the immediate results of the revival of learning, which followed the discovery of the art of printing. The absurd disputations of

the schools, while they distorted and confounded the minds of men, diverted them from any practical application of their studies; and the constant wars which soon after harassed Europe turned aside attention from theories, and at the same time made men more sensible of the necessity of discipline and subordination. The events which chiefly attracted the attention of Europe at the first revival of learning, tended on the whole to repress the effects which would be naturally expected to result from the reformation and the other excitements to change which we have noticed. True it is, that Holland had rivetted the anxious and admiring gaze of Europe on its heroic and long-protracted struggle for civil and religious liberty, and had identified purity of worship with freedom of government; but at nearly the same period Europe presented a constellation of despotic monarchs as remarkable for illustrious qualities as for power. The splendid victories and consummate abilities of Charles the Fifth had almost reconciled mankind to the spectacle of the free and brave Spaniards, but lately formed into a nation, now reduced by the Inquisition to the most abject and hopeless slavery; while those who were revolted at his falsehood and disingenuity were captivated by the chivalrous heroism of his rival Francis, or awed into admiration by the wisdom, learning, and firmness of Elizabeth; and those who were tired of the warlike glory of these princes were charmed by the peaceful and literary character of James. The slight difference between the periods at which these monarchs attracted the gaze of Europe contributed, perhaps, more strongly, because for a longer period, to produce this effect. There was fresh in the recollection of each man an example of a monarch suited to his ideas of perfection; and the high fame, virtues, and influence of the house of Orange prevented even Holland from being commonly looked on as a republic. The cause of monarchy had also received a great addition of strength and glory from the recent consolidations of the empires of Europe. France had exhibited successive reunions to the crown of provinces which had long been independent. Arragon and Castile had been united by marriage, and Gra-

nada recovered by conquest, to the Spanish monarchy; and the Scotch and English crowns were placed by descent upon the same head. While all these changes, being rather revivals of ancient, than creations of new empires, were especially calculated to increase the reverence of men for a system of government which appeared to be so favoured by Providence. Europe had, moreover, scarcely recovered from the terrors of a Saracenic invasion, of which former experience had taught it to appreciate the frightful consequences; and of all the supporters of despotic power, none is equal in efficiency to the apprehension of external danger.

All these causes united, about the period of the first century of the restoration of learning, to throw a brilliancy on the character of European despotism, which even the cold-hearted barbarities of the double-dyed tyrant Philip, and the ferocious fanaticism of his bloody wife, were not able wholly to darken, and which contributed, more perhaps than any other cause, to retard the progress of revolution.

But though these causes might delay, they could not prevent the natural effects of the great change wrought in the minds of men by the general diffusion of learning and the establishment of religious liberty.

That revolution was in many respects necessary, the most cursory view of the state of Europe at that period will suffice to demonstrate.

That revolution was in many instances ill-judged in its commencement, ill-managed in its progress, disgraced by the means adopted to promote it, and rendered infamous by the ends to which it was perverted, is not more certain, as an historical fact, than natural as a moral consequence of entrusting power to the hands of those active demons who rise to the surface of public commotion. But it was not the less true that the governments which then ruled the nations of Europe were not in their structure or their principles calculated to improve, or competent to direct, a population on which the progress of individual improvement was rapidly performing, if we may be allowed the phrase, the process of *granulation*, and converting a dull and *shapeless mass* into an aggregate of

integral units. The reformation in religion had taken away the false and unsound foundation of tradition and human authority, on which popery had laboured to support Christianity; had replaced it on the rock of rational demonstration, and had established the great principle, that while the precepts of revelation are imperatively binding, the reality of that revelation is to be proved by reason. Religion and politics cannot and ought not to be separated; and if the authority of revelation submitted itself to be tried by reason, how much more necessary was it that earthly governments should be, in their foundations and principles, consistent with that test. The first consequence of the application of this test produced the destruction of despotism. The natural alternative was democracy. It required experience to show that this evil was greater than the former; but when this became, as it soon did, an admitted fact, men reverted to monarchy, which they attempted to limit so as to prevent the recurrence of former evils. This succession of experiments we find in the reigns of Charles the First and Second of England, and of Louis the Sixteenth and Eighteenth of France. In this, as in most other points, England led the way. It did not, however, rest here. In both countries an attempt was made by the succeeding sovereigns to regain lost authority. This was resisted, and another branch of the family placed on the abdicated throne. Here, however, an important distinction is to be observed.—In England all these events were brought about slowly. There was no capital city to dictate to the provinces: a much greater mass was to be moved: the interwoven interests of all ranks precluded that violence exhibited in France on the sudden removal of the superincumbent weight of royal authority which kept together classes of men united by no other bond. The result was such as might have been expected from the character and circumstances of the two nations. In both the monarchy had suffered a heavy blow; but in France it was the act of a sudden frenzy; the majority of the nation were astonished spectators of the extravagances of the capital; the minority thus excited were with

comparative ease reduced after the second revolution to nearly the same state which had succeeded the first; Louis Philippe, King of the French, was vested with a power tenfold more arbitrary than ever belonged to Charles the Tenth, King of France, and the only effect of revolution has been to make slavery the only means of peace. But in this country the change, its principles, its details, and its results, were all deliberate, all wise, moderate, and complete. Here, then, the monarchy was limited by fixed principles: it seemed, indeed, to be almost reduced to a shadow, and the events which signalized the close of the last century in France and in America were, to all appearance, calculated and designed to effect its final overthrow. That such was not, however, their result is now happily a matter of history; but ere we proceed to examine the causes to which this is to be attributed, we must mention a few general principles on which we found the view we are about to take of the present state of this empire.

Every one who has, even in the most hasty manner, reviewed the general history of Europe, must admit that England has been a singularly favoured country; that she has, in a wonderful manner, escaped most of the misfortunes which have harassed other nations; while her laws, institutions, and great principles of social order and government, are so numerous, so interwoven, and were so gradually formed and matured, that it is not only beyond the reach of the noblest human intellect to devise such a system from theory, but that it is scarcely possible by the study of a whole life to acquire a perfect knowledge of the mutual bearings, relations, and effects of all the parts of that great system, even when exhibited to our view in daily operation. In fact, the constitution of Great Britain is as visibly the work of a superior wisdom as her victories or her religion, and has been equally adapted to draw towards her as an example the attention of the civilized world. But her situation, the nature of her empire, and the scattered position of her colonies, have been all eminently calculated to render her the schoolmistress of the world. Her immense maritime power not only en-

abled her to spread her language, religion, manners, and laws, but actually rendered it necessary for the support of this power that she should plant colonies of various sizes in every part of the globe, most of which, while contributing to increase the power of the parent empire, were themselves preparing to become the centres of new empires, spreading still further the example they had received; for that this will be the final action of America, Australia, and our other chief colonies, no one can doubt who views the progress the former is already making towards a monarchical constitution. The cool, reserved, and deliberative character of the people gives a weight in the eyes of other nations to the political movements of England, which renders her still more eminently fitted to be the commodore of the nations of Europe. French vanity arrogated to itself this office, for which there probably does not exist a nation more essentially incompetent. The acts by which it sought and failed to establish this claim are sufficiently notorious. But we shall, in the course of our progress, find stronger reasons for the position we now wish to lay down as the basis of our opinions; viz. that as far as reason and history enable us to judge, Great Britain has been singularly marked out, prepared and destined by Providence to be, as it were, the monitor of the class of civilized nations, and to afford the first example of a government uniting popularity with strength, and founding the sovereignty of the laws upon the active not passive submission of the people. That no government essentially combining these qualities has hitherto existed on a large scale may be questioned; perhaps we are arrived at a period in the history of mankind when none other can be secure.

Our radical readers—and we know that we have many—may suppose from this sentiment that we are about to join their party. If so, we only request their attention a little further.

It is too well known by experience to need demonstration here, that despotism is the natural successor of democracy. It is therefore manifest, that sudden and violent revolutions can never, at least directly, tend to form a solid, limited monarchy. The first.

but not the sole object to be attained in removing a despotism, is to substitute a rational monarchy in its place. This can only be effected by causes which reduce the power of the sovereign by slow degrees, or by several successive stages. Thus we see the monarchy in England, when restored after the successful rebellion against Charles the First, was devoid of many of those powers which it had formerly possessed; and the subsequent abdication of James, the want of issue of Mary and of Anne, rendered it necessary at different times for the nation to interfere in confirming the royal dignity. These changes were so temperate and so wise, they left no room for reaction. The first object was now attained; the power of the sovereign was reduced to the proper level, and by such means as left no pretext for any future attempt to raise it again. The second object was yet, however, to be accomplished, and the causes which had effected this great change were to be restrained from further operation, when they had gone sufficiently far. In the mean time, space and opportunity were to be allowed for the rest of Europe to observe and follow the example placed before it. The form of government in England consequently remained, to all appearance, precisely the same for above a century; during which period literature was becoming more generally diffused, science more philosophically pursued, and information more rapidly conveyed throughout Europe. At length France made an attempt to imitate England; for there can be little doubt, that those who gave the first impulse to the French revolution were actuated by that design. But reason or moderation were not component parts of the French character; with them "sentiment," or a diseased delirium of the imagination, supplied the place of any other motive. As a nation they stand acquitted of bad designs, for they stand acquitted of acting from any design whatever. Their motive for war, or their inducement to peace—their reason for the establishment of a constitution, or their justification of the murder of a king, was simply, that the words made use of in proposing the act, had formed a high-sounding and rhapsodical sentence.

They were, moreover, under the in-

fluence of infidelity, a demon which added the blood-thirsty ferocity of the tiger to the sacrilegious appetite of the hyena, which united fever to mortification, and presented a compound of fanaticism without the excuse of zeal, and credulity devoid of the merit of belief. The French revolution, accordingly, instead of advancing the cause of liberty, afforded an appalling warning to Europe, that the sternest despotism of a Peter the Great was liberty itself when compared with the tender mercies of the hydra-headed Caligulas of a democracy.

The frenzy of French fanaticism was, however, in itself, of a contagious nature, and European society had now reached that degree of civilization which was requisite to enable the events of one country to influence the inhabitants of another. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the youth, and even the grey heads of Great Britain and the continent, prepared by the hollow sophisms and specious doctrines of the French infidel literature, should have been for a while so possessed by Utopian theories of government and chimerical fancies of the natural equality of mankind, that even the early horrors and crimes of the revolution were not able to awake them to a state of reason or reflection. These principles, if we can apply such a name to ravings incompetent to bear one hour's cool argument or rational investigation, had pervaded almost the whole of the continent. Here, however, as often before, England was destined to take the helm; and the victories of France, while they diffused her principles into every country over which she planted her ensigns, only rendered it necessary for her rival to follow her as far by land as she had formerly done by sea, and to resist alike her moral influence and her physical power. But how did England herself escape, or shake off the baneful infection? The answer to this question is of the greatest importance, and affords, perhaps, the strongest confirmation of the view we have taken of English history; for there can be little doubt that, if she had then followed the example of France, the cause of European liberty would have been crushed, at least for a time, perhaps for ever.

We have observed that monarchical power and principles in Great Britain had, for more than a century previous to that era, been on the decline. The natural tendency of the authority of the House of Commons was to increase; and while that body were moderate in their use of power, it was vain for the King or the Lords to offer any permanent resistance to their gradual encroachments. Nothing could restore the balance of the constitution, but such acts, on the part of the commons, as would disgrace themselves and separate the democracy from the people, and array the latter on the side of the king and the nobility. The levelling, or, as they were erroneously called, liberal doctrines which had crept into these countries, had found their way into the the most intimate bonds of social organization and moral principles. Their most visible effects were, perhaps, the least dangerous, as they were the most likely to carry with them their own refutation. Men began to converse on theories of government, and they found that, in an intellectual sense, they were, as individuals, aiming at a higher rank; they found that this rank was in every man's power to attain, and therefore became disposed to contrast it with the rank conferred by the constitution—first, to consider the latter inferior in value, and then to meditate on its total abolition. Had mankind been mere intellectual beings, this would have produced no harm, as, although they might have fancied the difference of ranks in the state useless, they could not have persuaded themselves that it was injurious, and would therefore have been contented to leave things as they were. Being, however, creatures replete with passions of every kind, strongly imbued with pride, envy, and that impatience of superiority which designated the distinguished personage whom Johnson denominated "the first Whig," they directly turned their new doctrines to the gratification and excuse of their favourite passion. The reverence for monarchy tottered—the respect for religion was undermined—the sages of an age were ridiculed by the wittings of an hour—filial piety itself declined, and was observed by Watts, the venerable bard of infant devotion, to be in his time greatly injured, and, as he prophesied, about to

be more nearly destroyed. As the evil spread, its effects became more complicated. The clergy were ashamed of piety, and affected to be sportsmen, farmers, nay, even libertines; the laity, while they professed one creed, prided themselves in denying it by practice, and fancied that they displayed a philosophical enlargement of mind by asserting that all creeds were much alike, that one was as good as another, and that, in fact, their religion, if they professed any, was the result, not of rational conviction, but of birth or accident. But, while they attacked the authority of others, they laboured vigorously to uphold their own, and promulgated the spurious principle that the authority of the prince is derived from, and therefore subject to, the subject. The same doctrine was soon extended to the laws, and the powers and offices of the great members of the government became confounded. The executive power fancied itself authorised to modulate the interpretation or suspend the execution of the law, by what it imagined an equitable jurisdiction; and the legislative body returned the compliment by conceiving itself entitled to interfere in the mode in which the former exercised this imaginary right. The consequences were such as might have been expected. Laws were more hastily framed when it was supposed that they need not be literally or strictly enforced; they became engines to be exerted only against those obnoxious to the party forming the ministry of the day, while, by a species of judicial retribution, the power which the executive had thus arrogated to itself became the means of rendering it more completely the slave of the House of Commons, who, of course, took upon themselves the right of calling the executive to account, either for executing or not executing the laws. The rights of the subject were prostrated—the reverence for the laws was destroyed—crime multiplied and flourished when punishment became arbitrary and uncertain—associations of unauthorized individuals assumed to themselves the functions of government—and the barriers of the constitution and the liberties of the people were reduced to the state of an uninclosed common; the magistrates could

no longer look to the laws as their rule of conduct, but were obliged, like the cadis of Asiatic, or the pachas of European despots, to receive their instructions, not from the printed statute, but from the ministerial letter.

Such has been the gradually progressing result of principles which were in their origin just, and applied to just and valuable purposes, but which, not having been with sufficient accuracy defined at their commencement, or rather having been only fortified on one side, were kept in active operation long after their proper work was accomplished, and thus employed to overthrow that very constitution, the establishment of which had been the object of their introduction. It is true, that their first supporters, the old Whigs, marked the line which separated the legitimate application of these principles from their corruption and abuse, with a precision and care worthy of those great and good men; they even seemed to guard, with a species of prophetic spirit, against the use to be hereafter made of their name, by a set of weak, mongrel politicians, who as little resemble their sound wisdom and cautious moderation, as their pure Protestant spirit and fervent piety. They marked out the line, but they could do no more. Theory may define a principle, but experience, bitter experience, can alone raise the bulwark that is to keep that line inviolate. England had experienced the evils of despotism—she had felt the horrors of democracy—but she had not yet groaned under the tyranny of a House of Commons which, with the semblance of a monarchical government, set at defiance the moral power of the nation, and supported its own existence, and maintained its minions in office by courting and inflaming the vilest passions of the most worthless rabble.

We have already observed that no sudden revolution can effect a radical change in the minds and habits of society. It is necessary that principles should be generally known and appreciated—that a succession of acts should be performed, under different circumstances and by various persons, which should be all unequivocally traced to *those principles*, and that time should be allowed to view them in all their

bearings and effects, ere they can with perfect safety be adopted, or be finally and irretrievably condemned.

Experience, and the whole character and circumstances of the age, precluded the idea of despotism—common sense forbid the notion of democracy; but the right medium, wherein the parts should be so balanced as to keep a permanent equipoise, was as yet a matter of theory unfortified by experience. England was to be the telegraph to communicate to the world the results of experimental discovery.

Let us return to history. As soon as the principles and theories we have described had become sufficiently matured and disseminated to enable them to maintain their hold so long as to render their overthrow a final and permanent lesson; but before they had produced such effects as to destroy the power which was to reduce them, we find a monarch placed on the British throne, whose leading characteristic was sound probity and undaunted firmness—a man in every way qualified by judgment to choose, and by sterling integrity to support able ministers. Had his talents been splendid, the result might have been attributed to them, and the lesson would have been left incomplete. Had his capacity been mean, he must have fallen a victim to the formidable array marshalled against him. As it was, that part of the preparation was complete; no man was ever more admirably calculated for the duty before him, and he was left long enough on the throne before the crisis came on, to enable him to know his ground, and to render his character intimately understood by his people. The accession of George the Third was the first symptom of *preparation* for the events of the present day. The successful revolt of America was the first signal of danger, and touched a chord that vibrated from one end of Europe to the other, and lighted the train that almost immediately exploded in the French revolution. Europe was prepared; and there was not a nation that was not charged with combustible material ready to communicate the flame. But never was the right arm of superior wisdom more clearly displayed than on this occasion. Abroad, the blaze was fanned by all the ablest, most literary, accom-

plished and showy philosophers of that or, perhaps, any former age; at home, the most splendid eloquence, the most brilliant wit, the most ingenious argument, were enthusiastically exerted in its favour. The host marshalled to resist and overwhelm this so formidable foe, consisted of an old man and a boy! George the Third and William Pitt were the instruments raised by Providence. The nation was in a fever; a minister was required who should possess, not splendid eloquence, nor playful wit, but that sagacity, that patience, foresight, discrimination and steadiness which was not found in the people. There was enough of all these qualities in Great Britain to counterpoise all the feverish delirium under which she laboured. There was enough; but it was all placed in the breast of a youth just emerged from boyhood. When his opponents "turned them about and saw him, they disdained him, for he was but a youth;" and when he offered them battle, they "cursed him by their gods." It was necessary that the English nation should have been imbued with the disease, in order to render them an example of the cure, and it was also necessary that they should be restrained from action till they were restored to reason. In spite of the frantic exertions of his enemies, the sovereign still retained his minister, and the minister still retained his temper and his purpose, until he felt that he could safely rely on the recovered sanity of his patient. He did not ask what public opinion was; far less did he seek an answer to that question in the yells of a profligate and ferocious faction. He formed a cool, clear judgment of what public opinion ought to be; and what it ought to be, he soon taught it to become. When the ability and firmness of Pitt had enabled the nation to be inactive spectators of the fiendish effects of democracy in France, and thus restored sufficient health to public feeling, to make more active remedies safe, the Irish rebellion, by bringing the danger nearer, gave a fresh spur to their recovery, and the dangerous ambition of Napoleon compelled them to apply their utmost strength against that nation and those principles which but a few years before they were ready to have joined heart

and hand in the career of destruction.

The war with France, while it brought the aid of all their ancient national feelings to the revival of right principles in England, and effectually cut them off by a species of "cordon sanitaire" from the importation of any further corruption from the continent, contributed in a high degree, by its arduous and gallant struggles, and glorious feats of skill and courage, as well as by its decisive event, to place England in a station so exalted, that the attention of all the civilized globe was riveted on her future conduct as a rule by which to regulate their own. Her literature and language also became fashionable, and she was, at the end of the war, every way more qualified for the purposes of example.

Had the present state of things in England been contemporaneous with the French revolution, or had that revolution not taken place, and England had not purchased that great body of experience, the posture of affairs would be indeed hopeless, and the mass of reckless, unprincipled, and profligate radicalism which is now marshalled against the conservative force of the empire, would be the unopposed arbiter of the lives and fortunes of Englishmen. But the lesson then taught was not thrown away. The attachment to monarchy was restored, the feeling of religion had revived, and the nation had resumed its former love for what were emphatically called British principles.

Great, however, as was this reaction, it was not adequate to meet the danger. A powerful mass of the people remained possessed by false principles, and few, if any, remembered that a monarchy, injudiciously limited, is as mischievous as, and must end in, a democracy. The enemies of peace and order now adopted another system. They felt that it was impossible longer to advocate democracy with success. They took the only course which remained. Religion had revived, through the alarm which the approach of danger had spread among the clergy, and the exhibition of the tenets and fruits of French infidelity. They were, therefore, compelled to disguise democracy under the appearance of monarchy, and to sepa-

rate politics from religion. This course was more effectual and more secure ; it calmed the jealousies of the supporters of the constitution—it deprived monarchy of the powerful aid of religion—and it prepared the means by which religion itself might be ultimately destroyed. Having acknowledged the propriety of a monarchy, they applied themselves to reduce it to a shadow ; having laid down the doctrine that religion had no relation to politics, they proceeded to draw a distinction between the theory of religion and its practice ; and in lieu of the no longer palatable assaults on its doctrines, contented themselves with undermining the means of its support.

The long peace under James the First, had given opportunity to the noxious humours of that age to mature and display their native venom ; and the general calm spread over the face of Europe after the field of Waterloo, produced the same result. The reptiles who had shrunk into their congenial darkness, while the glorious contest was arousing the true British attachment to the constitution, now crept forth and renewed their poisonous labours. Experience had warned them of the dangers they must avoid ; they learned that to undermine was more easy and more sure than to storm : they therefore talked of the beauty of the constitution, and of its liberal principles ; they lamented that all did not equally enjoy its advantages ; they proposed, not that the constitution should be changed, but that its blessings should be extended ; they carefully confounded liberty and power ; they studiously separated the parts of the constitution ; they protested against making religious tenets the ground of political enactments ; they asserted that a Papist would make as good a legislator as a Protestant ; and they implied that an infidel was as well qualified for a minister as a Christian. They did not now uphold that the king was a public nuisance ; but they maintained that the choice of his ministers, and the regulation of his acts, was vested in the House of Commons : they did not now avow that the people were absolved from obedience to any law they did not like ; but they acted on the principle, that it was the duty of the execu-

tive not to enforce any law which was displeasing to those against whom it was made : they no longer ventured to propose the total abolition of Christianity ; but they invented the Jesuitical distinction of spiritualities and temporalities ; and while they disclaimed all intention of interfering with the former, as indeed well they might—for how could they interfere with abstract doctrines ?—they directed their most desperate efforts to destroy the latter ; for they felt that their infidel objects would be much more effectually answered by removing the means by which Christianity was supported and taught, than by a contest with its principles, in which they were certain of a defeat. They also formed the holy alliance of Infidels, Socinians, Dissenters and Papists. All these felt, that when the common enemy, the Church of England, was destroyed, they must fight for the spoil ; but the two first knew that their objects would not interfere ; the third were content with the gratification of present hatred, and the prospect of future anarchy ; the Infidel, the Socinian, and the Dissenter, then stipulated for the enjoyment of the general ruin of all institutions, and the wreck of rights and property ; while the Papist was to receive for his share the reversion of the nation to superstitious delusion and spiritual darkness. In any case where the allies should interfere, it was arranged that infidelity should have the men and superstition the women ; and as a pattern for the details of this system, they referred to the United States of America.

The policy of this confederation was most judicious. They divided the empire into portions, in each of which they followed a different system for the same end, and employed the prejudices and ignorance of each against the rest ; they laboured to establish, that Ireland ought to be governed by a different policy from England, and that the church should be separated from the state ; they no longer openly advocated destruction ; they were content to effect it under the name of reform and improvement.

This is the new danger the constitution has been exposed to—a danger the more imminent, as its progress is more slow, and its instruments more

plausible—but it was necessary to the stability of religion and liberty, that they should undergo this trial. While nations were illiterate and uncultivated it was sufficient for the well-being of society that a small portion of the people should be acquainted with, and interested in, the administration of affairs; but as the whole mass became cultivated, and each member of it possessed, at it were, of a more distinct personal identity, while the wants and designs of each were rapidly and easily communicated to the rest, the task of restraint as it became more necessary, was also more difficult. A tribe of savages are governed by a chief alone;—a despotic monarchy governs by the intervention of a body of officers;—a limited monarchy by the assistance of laws and magistrates: but all these can only effect their objects when the subjects are in a state of comparative ignorance and inactivity. When this is removed by the general diffusion of learning, arts, and sciences, a new kind of power is rendered necessary to the support of government,—the moral influence of property. By this power we mean, that active, energetic support given to government, in restraining vice and crime, by a body of men acting, if we may so express it, as moral magistrates; acquainted with the real principles of their national constitution—firmly bigoted to those principles—using the whole power of their wealth, property, and talents, to repress any dissent from those principles—viewing their political influence as a religious trust, and their religious duty as a political protection. No less power than this, called as a permanent ally to government, can ever be sufficient to restrain the evil dispositions, and protect the rights and liberties of an educated and civilised people. Such a power as this could only be created by a long course of experience so complete, and of dangers so various and individual, as would suffice to root out for ever the disposition to indolence which accompanies wealth, and to impress upon the landed proprietor that his is as much an active profession as that of the barrister or the clergyman.

It is obvious that for such a state of

things to continue, the government must be carried on upon certain immutable principles, and the sickly, bankrupt doctrine of temporary expediency for ever exploded. It would be impossible for each measure to be discussed with every individual, and therefore the necessity of a fixed constitution in religion and politics is manifest.

The length and circumstances of this great struggle have developed all the great enemies to the constitution, and in it, to the rights and liberties of the empire. We have seen that at the period of the French revolution the people of Great Britain were by no means qualified to avert the threatened ruin. Let us briefly recite the order of events which succeeded. At this time the advance of civilization and modern literature had just reached that point when nations begin to exercise a direct and moral influence upon each other; when the inhabitants of each are generally acquainted with the leading principles and nature of their own and foreign constitutions; and when the habit of reasoning in matters connected with government and social organization had become so familiar to their minds, as to enable them to make a valuable use of every experience presented to them. It was now, therefore, sufficient that one nation should undergo the process of experiment for the benefit of all. Great Britain then received the poisoned cup of revolutionary principles. We have seen how she was preserved from destruction. We now appeal to such of our readers as with us remember and have watched the slow progress of events from that to the present period for the justice of the assertion, that up to the era of the French revolution the clergy of the empire had been sinking alike in personal character and public estimation, and that from that time to the present they have been steadily and progressively improving; while as a necessary consequence, a strong feeling of religion has begun to find its way into all classes of society. About the space of one generation has passed away; those who were then too old to learn have disappeared from the stage, and are succeeded by those who had been

reared up in the school of experience. The nation was placed in the midst of the furnace, and the mind of Pitt was created to preserve it from consumption: a race of men were thus educated to support the more complicated and treacherous dangers which were to follow. Accordingly we now find them thrown on themselves for support, in a way that bids fair to call out every latent energy of the conservative body: they are at length learning their duty as landlords, as legislators, and as citizens. It is remarkable that the galaxy of talent which adorned this empire at the first period we speak of, has passed away: the conservative body, with a few exceptions, have been driven for defence to the mere strength of principle; and the mean capacity of their antagonists has exhibited at the same time the facility of doing evil, and the undisguised deformity of that evil: facts and actions are laid before the public, without the misleading decorations of wit or elegance?

The spectacle of the French revolution suddenly checked a sudden phrenzy—the experience of the last twenty years has by degrees cured a deeply rooted disease.

None of our readers can, we hope, believe us so Utopian as to suppose, that any train of events, any progress of knowledge, or even the highest earthly perfection of Christianity, can bring the whole body of the people of any country, or even the numerical majority of them, to the state of which we speak. We merely give our opinion that the state of things we describe is designed to produce this salutary effect upon those possessed of the moral and physical influence of wealth, property, and power; to cure the nation of extremes; to show it that in avoiding despotism and bigotry, it must as zealously shun democracy and latitudinarianism; to mark the difference between toleration and encouragement; between liberty and power; and, above all things, to establish the principle, that religion cannot be separated from politics; that proportionate to the diffusion of knowledge without religion, will be the increase of vice and crime; and that

according as civilization is advanced, information spread, and communication facilitated, it becomes more necessary that the principles of the constitution in religion and politics should be clearly ascertained, and firmly adhered to; that the laws should be strictly enforced; and religious education cultivated.

Theoretically, this state of things was acknowledged at one period of our history to be the safeguard of the empire. In the annals of Great Britain we find three remarkable periods; the first, after civilization had begun to spread, was the union of despotism and popery; the next, of democracy and puritanism; the last, of limited monarchy and the church of England. The two first were in many respects similar, distinguished merely by the number of tyrants in the state, and popes in the church. The last was that beautiful pattern of a constitution laid down by the old Whigs at the Revolution. Those great men felt the imperative necessity of uniting politics with religion: when they opposed, or advocated, a great public measure, it was difficult to say whether their motives were derived, and their arguments adduced, more from the religious duty, or the political principle. But, as in the beautiful manufacture of porcelain, the colours which they painted on the constitution were yet to be burned in by the furnace of experience. It was necessary that radicalism should be let loose; that dissenterism should receive political encouragement: and that both should unite to confer power upon popery, ere the people of Great Britain could be taught the principles and the value of their constitution.

It was natural that men who felt themselves incalculably superior to their ancestors in the discoveries of science should expect a proportionate superiority in ethical morality—this was, however, an error. The resources of nature, and the mutual relative powers of natural substances, are almost infinite; and the advance of science only serves to discover more new and wonderful causes and effects: but in morality and religion the case is otherwise. True it is, that the more we investigate the subject, the more

we are surprised at its intricacy ; but we do not find ourselves more competent to judge of the workings of the human heart than our fathers were. We are apt to forget that in this case, the data, the experience, the subject itself, remain the same ; and, above all, revelation, already beyond the utmost limits that the most advanced march of intellect could ever hope to attain, has long since laid down the principles, and furnished all the knowledge that can be attained by man upon the subject.

In conclusion, we must address a few remarks to the present state of this kingdom. The Reformation has comparatively failed in Ireland : the causes of this we have elsewhere endeavoured to trace. There can, however, be no doubt in the mind of any one who will take the trouble to read our national history, and to make himself acquainted, not by theory, but practice, with our national character and circumstances, that this country has never been properly governed. England has acted not only unjustly, but, as in such cases usually follows, unwisely towards Ireland. No pains were taken to improve her people ; no endeavour was made at the same time to enforce the law with uniformity, and to render that law beneficial to the subject : they were alternately either subdued by force, or encouraged in sedition ; but no extensive or permanent endeavour was made by England to communicate to this kingdom the blessings of religious truth and social comfort. The versatile talent of the Irish character requires above all things a strict, steady, unyielding, uniformity in the administration of the law. In no part of the empire does the uncertainty of punishment produce so much mischief as in this country. Man will always consider rather the chance of escape than the probability of punishment ; but if there exists one class of mankind who possess this disposition in a higher degree than the rest, it is the Irish peasant. The English nation ought long since to have been as intimately acquainted with our national character, resources, wants, and circumstances, as their own ; and this knowledge would ere now have afforded them means of doubling

the wealth and power of the empire ; but that ignorance and crime, which resulted in a great degree from their own original mismanagement, was adopted as the excuse for neglecting the best interests of the kingdom. The government of this country has, therefore, been perpetually wavering. At one time an administration acquainted with the real state of things, but conceiving it rather their duty to retain, than to improve, contented itself with compelling submission to the laws. Again, some silly or designing ruler would adopt some Utopian notion of conciliation, and in a few months destroy, by injudicious encouragement, all the order and subordination which his predecessor had effected by the labour of as many years. But no one ever steadily and energetically applied themselves to overcome the ignorance and superstition, which were the root of the evil, by active and moral education.

But this was a state of things which would not survive the advance of civilization. The increased facilities of communication between the several kingdoms of the empire, and between the parts of the same kingdom, have rendered it impossible that the evils of one country should be any longer confined to its own shores. The act of union brought Irish interests before the notice of England ; the act of emancipation introduced Popish barbarism, falsehood, and treason into our English legislature. The first effect of the shock was the absurd and wicked attempt to obtain a temporary respite by throwing as a sop to the monster all that remained of English civilization in his native land. But the respite thus gained was too brief and partial to serve the purpose, or to prevent the people of England from being aroused to a sense of their error ; and they are at length learning that as it is no longer possible to retain a blissful ignorance of all that concerns Ireland, the only alternative must be so to civilize and improve the habits and purify the religion of her people, that they may become an ornament, instead of a disgrace, to the empire. That this will be the result of the present state of things, as regards this country, and that the fiery ordeal which has

raised her church to a height of purity perhaps unequalled by any establishment of any kind on the face of the globe will have the same purifying effect on her gentry and peasantry, we have little doubt. That the desperate and outrageous attacks now made on Irish Protestantism will ultimately, by arousing the landlords to a sense of their duty and their danger, be the destruction of Irish popery, appears now nearly certain. But the great question whether England shall benefit by this change, or be left to abide the consequence of her own profligate policy, must be decided by her future conduct. Not only is it not yet too late to do that which she ought to have done two centuries since, by taking active means to spread the reformation through this unhappy benighted population, but we fearlessly assert, that never in the history of Ireland has so fair an opportunity exhibited itself for the accomplishment of this design. The gentry are at length aroused, the peasantry who profess the popish superstition are already more than half converted by the progress of education and the extravagant conduct of her priests; and we feel assured we are not going beyond the fact when we assert that more than one-fourth of the nominal Irish papists are at present bound to their faith chiefly by the ties of political ambition, the consciousness of political patronage, and the prospect of political dominion. If discouraged and subdued, these men would leave a sinking ship; but while excited by the hope of power, they are, of all the followers of that church, the most desperate, the most unprincipled, and the most difficult to control.

We have stated, and endeavoured to prove, our opinion, that the present state of Great Britain is not a crisis, which will pass over and leave things as they were before; but that it is the

final lesson of experience, which is to root out those false, unsound, and baneful errors into which the people of this empire had fallen; to fix the bounds of toleration; to mark the distinction between superstitious bigotry and uncompromising religious principle; to explode the doctrine of expediency; to demonstrate the direct connexion between religious principles and political conduct; to display the natural disposition of infidelity, popery, and dissenterism, to unite together against truth; and, above all things, to impress upon all classes possessed of influence, that that influence is a sacred trust reposed in them for the benefit of society, for the promotion of true religion and sound policy.

We think that all the present sufferings of the empire under bigoted latitudinarianism and republican fanaticism are designed to produce the salutary effects we have described. We feel assured that the past history of Europe, and especially of this empire, affords tokens not few or trifling that the present era is one of such importance that the great events of the last two centuries have been ordered with a view to render more perfect the lesson now taught to the people of Great Britain. Such are our views; and our readers are at liberty to consider them as consolatory or the reverse. We must, however, draw their attention to one conclusion which will directly follow from our premises, if the truth of those premises be admitted; namely, that the more unwilling and slow the nation are to receive such a lesson, the more severe and protracted will be the means of their conversion, and that a period is approaching when such a conversion may be but a death-bed repentance. The experience has been afforded to them; but to profit by it, or to sink beneath it, must be their own act.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.*

WERE a list to be made of such bishops as at some period or other of their lives have been more or less distinguished by their poetical talents, it would be considerably more extensive, and would include a much greater number of celebrated names, than one would at first be inclined to anticipate. In the earlier ages, for instance, occur those of Gregory Nazianzen and Sidonius Apollinaris: and since the revival of literature, Italy can boast of her Vida, of Sadolet and Bembo, for they were bishops as well as cardinals, of

Pope Urban VIII, and of Fortiguerra, the lively author of Ricciardetto; France, of Cardinal de Polignac, subsequently an archbishop, and of Huet; Scotland, of Gawin Douglas, a host in himself; and England, of Archbishop Parker, and of Bishops Hall, Corbet, Kenn, King, Sprat, Lowth, Percy, Heber, and Mant: we enumerate the three last among the English prelates, because, though their sees were not in that country, they were born and educated in it.† An episcopal poet, Johan Nordahl Bruan,

* Frithiof's Saga: a Skandinavian Legend of Royal Love. Translated from the Swedish Poetic Version of Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio. With copious notes illustrative of ancient manners and northern mythology. By the Rev. William Strong, A. M., Chaplain in ordinary to His Majesty. London a. a., but 1835, pp. xxi, 320.

Frithiof's Saga, or the Legend of Frithiof, by Esaias Tegner. Translated from the Swedish. London. 1835. pp. 246.

† The term *boast* is scarcely applicable to all of the personages enumerated; but it certainly is to most of them. As to Vida—

“Immortal Vida: on whose honored brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow”—

he is too well known by his *Christias*, his *Ars Poetica*, and his *Bombyx*, &c., as well as by Pope's lines just quoted, to need further notice here. Sadolet, though his prose works are of most note, is entitled to a place in the list by his Latin poems, especially the two named *Curtius* and *Laocoon*: Bembo and Urban VIII cultivated both Latin and Italian poetry; and Fortiguerra gained no small credit by his Ricciardetto, which he published under the classically disguised name of *Carteromaco*. The history of this poem is singular enough. In conversation with some friends who were extolling the works of Berni, Pulci, and Ariosto, and observing that their verses, though apparently composed with great ease and fluency, must have cost them great labour, he maintained that that style of poetry was much easier than they thought, and, to prove it, engaged to write a canto of a poem in the same style against the following evening. This he actually performed, and with such success, that his friends requested him to continue and complete the work, which he did accordingly, to use his own words, “nel corso di pochi anni, ed a tempi rotti, ed avauzati alle occupazioni piu gravi.” Cardinal de Polignac is well known by his *Anti-Lucretius*; and Huet wrote various poems in Greek, Latin, and French, though indeed those in the last-mentioned language are not much to the credit of his poetical talents.

We now come to Gawin Douglas, whose translation of the *Eneid* with a prologue to each book, together with his *Palace of Honour*, entitle him to a high rank in the present list. Archbishop Parker translated the book of Psalms into verse, as did also Henry King, Bishop of Chichester; the latter wrote besides many occasional pieces of great beauty. The spirited satires of Hall, and the lively productions of the “generous, witty, and eloquent Corbet,” are well known. Kenn's poetry was of a religious cast, and is now but little read; while Sprat was thought worthy of admission among Johnson's Poets, although, in a kind of metaphorical conformity to his name, or, as Eschylus has it, *σκαρπηρ*, he was, as Southey says, “aptly named Sprat, as being one of the least among the poets.” Of the elegant and classical Lowth, the tasteful Percy, the pious Heber, and of a prelate still, we are happy to say, amongst us, the third episcopal author of a metrical version of the Psalms, and the minstrel of the *British Months*, it is unnecessary here to speak.

We might have added to the above list the name of Torrentius, Bishop of Ant-

Bishop of Bergen, contributed to Norway her famous national song; and we may now look to Sweden for an important addition to the list, in the person of Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Wexio, the author of the singular and beautiful poem at present before us.

Besides the above, there are two others who may here be mentioned as authors of compositions, which, though in prose, yet breathe the spirit of poetry in the invention and language. We allude to Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, who in his youth wrote the *Ethiopics*, or the *Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea*; and to the illustrious Archbishop of Cambray, whose *Telemaque*, while by some styled a political romance, as the other is an erotic romance, is by the majority of critics allowed to have a claim to the title of an epic poem, and has even been translated as such into English heroic verse. It is related of the former, though not on very credible authority, that he was required either to disavow the production of his early days, or to renounce his episcopal office; and it is well known that Fenelon was greatly censured by some for writing such a heathen work, and so unsuitable to a dignitary of the church, as they considered his *Telemaque* to be. We are not aware whether the good Bishop of Wexio has incurred any similar censures; but it is certain that he is greatly beloved in his own country, and his *Frithiof* is exceedingly popular both there and in the North of Europe in general. Nor are we surprised at this, as it displays the distinguishing excellencies of the two last mentioned authors, together with those of the only two, besides Vida, in the preceding list, who succeeded in the department of epic or romantic poetry: combining in itself the tenderness of Heliodorus, the vigour of Gawin Douglas, the vivacity

of Fortiguerra, and the pathos and elevated tone of feeling of Fenelon, together with a certain wild simplicity peculiar to the effusions of the Scandinavian muse.

Frithiof's Saga first appeared in a complete form in the year 1825; and the fifth edition, a copy of which is now before us, bears the date of 1831. It resembles in one respect the books printed in the early part of the sixteenth century, the title only being on the first page, while the printer's name, date, &c., are not given till at the end. The poem consists of twenty-four cantos, each in a different metre, which is strictly preserved throughout. Some of these are of a very singular, and to us uncommon, description: others, on the contrary, are old acquaintances. Thus we find blank verse, *ottava rima*, classical hexameters, and senarian iambics, interposed between various kinds of what may be styled ballad measures, together with a few that are peculiar to Scandinavian poetry. As the title infers, it relates the adventures of *Frithiof*, a hero who is supposed to have flourished in the eighth century, and whose exploits have descended to posterity in the *Saga* called after his name. We have not been able as yet to procure a copy of the old *Saga* itself, but as we have a digest of its contents, as well as of those of *Thorsten's Saga*, in the *Historia Rerum Norvegicarum* of Torfæus, which, we have reason to believe, exactly follows their steps in all that relates to our hero and his father, this matters but little. In fact, there is quite enough of the original legend given, to enable us to judge of the skill the poet has displayed in suppressing some incidents, and altering others, which, as they stood, would rather have shocked the more refined feelings of our days, and diminished some of the interest and moral effect of the fable.

werp, and afterwards Archbishop of Mechlin, as, though he is much better known as an ingenious critic, he wrote several Latin poems, some of which were considered to possess considerable merit. In those days, however, almost every scholar wrote a greater or less quantity of Latin verses, for they often did not deserve the name of poetry. There is yet a prelate of English birth, who, though possessed of a more essentially poetic genius than most of those above-mentioned, has left nothing save a few hymns, to enable us to judge how far those fine and beautiful conceptions, which even in the guise of prose breathe so much of the spirit, would be enhanced by the addition of the form of poetry: the reader need scarcely be informed that we mean the amiable, the learned, and the pious Jeremy Taylor.

Tegner's poem had not long appeared before it was translated into German by Mohnike, and afterwards by Amalie von Helwig, and by Schley. There are also two or three Danish versions, of which that by Foss, a Norwegian, is, we understand, considered the best. It was first introduced to the notice of English readers by the *Foreign Quarterly* (1828), in an able review of the Swedish original, in which mention was also made of Mohnike's translation. This was immediately followed by an admirable article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which an analysis was given of the whole poem, and several passages were translated with great spirit into English verse, though not, we believe, directly from the original, but from the German version of Madame Helwig. A hope was at the same time expressed that the notice might "perhaps have the effect of calling into so worthy a field, some master spirit, capable of trans-fusing into the 'Well of English undefiled' the singular and unhackneyed strains of the Northern Minstrel." Seven years, however, elapsed before the invitation was responded to, when, as if by numbers to compensate for the delay, no less than four individuals undertook the task, three in concert, and one, more courageous, or less pressed for time, single-handed; and as the last-mentioned personage was as little aware of the intention of the three partners in this literary enterprise as they were of his, and the versions appeared about the same time, each claims for itself the honour of being the first. The joint production, though bearing the name of London on the title-page, was printed in Paris, and is published anonymously, or at least, with the initials only of the parties appended to their respective portions of the work. The other, by the Rev. Mr. Strong, emanates from a London press; and, though twice the price of its rival, is, independently of its merits as a translation, worth the difference, on account of the very superior manner in which it is got up, with respect to printing and embellishments, &c., as well as of the much greater quantity of matter contained

in the notes. With respect to the text, notwithstanding an unfortunate propensity to a pedantic and grandiloquent style, which displays itself almost invariably in the prose, and not unfrequently even in the verse of Mr. Strong, his version is on the whole superior to that of his rivals, especially in point of faithfulness, and of greater resemblance to the original in the various measures employed. His knowledge too of the northern languages is evidently greater, and his acquaintance with their literature more extensive. On the other hand, the joint version, from its greater simplicity, has in some places the advantage; but is in many others too much in the ballad style, which at times approaches to flatness and childishness, to do justice to its archetype: the simplicity of Homer and of a doggerel ballad are two very different things. We observed, also, in glancing over it, passages in which the meaning of the original has been totally misunderstood; and the errors are of such a nature as to infer either extreme haste and carelessness, or a very slender knowledge of the Swedish language: but of this anon. At the same time, however, it is highly probable that this version will be the most popular, as it reads easily and fluently, unobscured by those Miltonic constructions and affectations of unusual and antiquated words, which abound in the other. In our analysis of the poem we shall take extracts indifferently from either, as it best suits our purpose.

The first canto, which is entitled "*Frithiof and Ingeborg*," contains an account of the childhood and youth of these personages, the hero and heroine of the tale. We learn afterwards that she was the daughter of Bele,* king of Sogne in Norway, and he the son of Thorsten Vikingason, a renowned warrior, the friend and companion in arms of the king. Brought up together in the country, under the care of Hilding, a friend of their parents, the result is only what was to be expected; and the development of their love with their years is beautifully described. Even here, however, we have a hint of the trials that await the lovers, as

* *Bele* is a dissyllable, as is also the name *Helge*, which occurs soon afterwards. *Björn*, on the other hand, is a monosyllable. Mr. Strong, however, in his version, makes *Bele* a monosyllable throughout.

Hilding, perceiving their mutual inclination, warns Frithiof that the daughter of king Bele is of too high rank for him, the son of a landowner, to aspire to. Frithiof, who early displays the dauntless and sanguine character that distinguishes him throughout, laughs at the caution, and replies, that valour is the best nobility, that the sword is a mighty wooer, and that he will contest the possession of his beloved, were it even with the god of thunder himself.

The next canto, "*King Bele and Thorsten Vikingsson*," presents a remarkable contrast in style and subject to the preceding, as it introduces the aged sires of the young lovers now arrived at the close of their pilgrimage, and relates the parting advice given by them to their respective sons, the two princes, the dark and superstitious Helge, and the gay and somewhat effeminate Halfdan, on the one part, and Frithiof, superior to them both, in mind as in stature, on the other.

"*Frithiof's Inheritance*," and the manner of his taking possession of it, is now described at large, it being first briefly stated that King Bele and his comrade were placed each in his own Barrow, on opposite sides of the bay of Sogne, according to their dying directions, and that the two princes succeeded conjointly to the throne. The following canto, however, "*Frithiof's Wooing*," represents him in a very different situation. We learn that he had been honoured by the company of the young kings and their fair sister, and hear of many a warm pressure of the hand softly returned, and many a fond allusion to the happy days of their childhood; but the guests have now departed, and he is left alone, and of course "high-proof melancholy." His friend Björn, (i. e. Bear,) a much more active and less stalking-horse kind of personage than the *fidus Achates* of Virgil, is greatly scandalized at this, and asks him whether he has not everything man could wish for—abundance of boar's-flesh and brown mead, with plenty of minstrels to boot, and complains that his courser is pawing in the stall, his falcon screaming for prey, and his ship Ellida tugging restlessly at her anchor, but all to no purpose. Stung by these remonstrances, Frithiof embarks in the magic vessel—

kind of northern Argo, possessing

sundry properties, which would be of great value even in these days of steamers, and, proceeding to the royal brothers, whom he finds on their father's barrow, engaged in administering justice, he asks of them Ingeborg for his bride, remarking that it was evidently their father's intention they should be united, from his suffering them to be brought up together. He is, however, contumeliously refused by Helge, who wonders at his presumption in aspiring to the hand of a maiden of royal blood, while he was only a landowner's son; and concludes by offering him a place in his household. Frithiof, of course, scorns the offer, and, drawing his renowned sword, Angurvadel, informs the haughty king that, were it not for the reverence due to the place, he would cut him down on the spot; and then, as a lesson for him not to come too near his sword another time, he cleaves asunder at one stroke his golden shield hanging on a bough hard by, and indignantly departs.

It is to be observed here, that Tegner, for what reason we know not, has suppressed a fact mentioned in the Saga, namely, that Thorsten was brother-in-law to King Bele, having married his sister Ingeborg. His father Viking, too, had been an earl; and he himself, though deprived by force of the possessions to which that dignity was attached, enjoyed the ample estate of Framnæs, which his bride had brought him as her dowry.—The Saga also states that Frithiof was much more wealthy than the kings, inasmuch that it would appear the refusal was more from jealousy than pride, he having a better title to their sister than his father had to their father's. Tegner styles Thorsten a *bonde*, which signifies a *peasant*, but he elsewhere calls him an *odalbonde*, which signifies the possessor of allodial land, i. e. land held in absolute independence, and exempt from all seigniorial rights. Vifil, who is mentioned in the third canto as the father of Viking, and consequently the grandfather of Thorsten, was an earl, and his wife was of royal birth. Their son Viking also married a king's daughter, and afterwards a princess, by whom he had Thorsten. We learn, too, from the same Saga (Thorsten's Saga) that when King Bele conquered the

Orkneys, he offered them as a feudal possession to Thorsten, with the title of earl; but the latter replied, that he preferred to live near his royal friend as a viceroy (*satrapa* is the word used by Torfæus) rather than remote from him as an earl. While on this subject, we may also observe that, according to the legend, Frithiof had a sister named Vefreya, whom Tegner, probably considering to be *une de trop*, has taken the liberty of annihilating.

The error in the joint version already alluded to occurs in this canto, which in that version commences thus:

The songs resound in Frithiof's hall,
The minstrels celebrate their lord;
Those songs now unregarded fall,
He smiles not at the banquet board.

The earth resumes her robe of green,
The vessels on the ocean fly;
Those charms by him are all unseen,
The moon alone attracts his eye.

The pensive youth is happy now,
For they, the brothers, Helge dark,
And Halfdan with his smiling brow,
Invite him to the royal park.

&c. &c. &c.

—Whereas the real meaning of the third stanza in the original is quite the reverse, as it runs thus—"Yet was he but now [i. e. lately] so happy and joyous, for he invited the merry King Halfdan and the dark Helge, and they brought with them their fair sister:" the state of melancholy in which he is represented in the two first stanzas being contrasted with the happiness he had just ceased to enjoy; and moreover he having been the host instead of the guest of the royal family.

The fifth canto, "*King Ring*," or, as Mr. Strong has given it, "*Hring*," "deeming it if not a more euphonous, still a more euphanous appellative than unaspirated *Ring*," opens with a description of the happy state of the dominions of that monarch, in consequence of the wisdom and piety for which he was preeminently distinguished. Being now a widower, he bethinks him that the daughter of the late King Bele would make him an excellent queen, in place of the one he had lost, and accordingly sends ambassadors to solicit her hand. These, after a three-days' drinking match, on

the fourth request an answer of the kings, that they may return home. Helge, deterred by unfavourable omens, refuses his consent; and Halfdan, to make matters worse, insults the monarch by calling him King Greybeard. This epithet Mr. Strong, thinking it too coarse, has changed into *hoar-kipped*. The rejected suitor, when informed by his ambassadors of the insult, drily replies, that King Greybeard will soon vindicate his honour; and accordingly, smiting his war shield, assembles an army, and prepares to invade Sogne; while Helge places his sister, for security, in the Temple of Balder. We now find our friend "*Frithiof playing chess*" with Björn, in his own hall at Framnæs, whither he had returned immediately after the exploit of the golden shield. Hilding, sent by the kings to inform him of the threatened invasion, and request his aid against it, enters while they are thus engaged, and is courteously received, but requested to wait till the game is finished. This, however, he does not attend to, but enters at once upon the subject of his mission. Frithiof makes him no direct answer, but continues to make remarks to Björn, apparently relating to his play, but at the same time having a covert allusion to the remonstrances of Hilding, who at last asks him is his fosterfather to depart unheard, because he does not choose to stop his game. Touched at this appeal, he starts up, takes Hilding's hand, and tells him he has already heard his determination, and that, as King Bele's sons had insulted him, he never would become their champion. The other confesses that he cannot blame his determination, and departs, hoping that Odin may direct all for the best.

The brother kings being now engaged in preparing to resist the threatened invasion, and Ingeborg being supposed to be sufficiently defended from all intrusion by the sanctity of her asylum, her daring lover, who little heeds such imaginary terrors, or persuades himself that a deity who had himself so fondly loved would not refuse to look with a gracious eye on the fond love of others, takes advantage of the opportunity thus offered of visiting her. Accordingly, in the seventh canto, "*Frithiof's Felicity*," we find him first soliloquising on the shore,

while impatiently awaiting the coming of night, that he may fly to his beloved, and then, under her friendly shade, enjoying a tender meeting, the pleasure of which is enhanced by their previous separation. The faithful Björn meanwhile keeps watch, till the approach of morn warns the lovers to part. Here the poet has very properly deviated from the Saga, which represents Frithiof, attended by eight followers, feasting in the temple with his mistress and a like number of hand-maidens, and particular mention is made of the goodness of the wine that sparkled on the festive board. It appears that Ingeborg had persuaded him to renew his proposal to her brothers, in the hope that now, in the time of their need, they may be more inclined to attend to it; for in the next canto, "*The Parting*," which is one of the longest and finest in the poem, we find her anxiously awaiting his return, to learn how he had sped, and in a soliloquy of great beauty expressing her fears that, however pure their affection, they had offended the deity by indulging it in his temple, and her determination to submit with

a firmness worthy of her birth to whatever may betide her. Frithiof now arrives, and informs her that he had found the kings and people assembled in diet on the barrow, and that his proposal has been gladly heard by the latter, and even by Halfdan, who prayed the gloomy tyrant to accede to it, but in vain, as he had replied that were he even inclined to overlook the disparity of rank, a sacrilegious person such as Frithiof was no fit mate for his sister; asked had he not dared to visit her in the sanctuary of Balder's Temple; and informed him that if he did not expiate his sacrilege by proceeding to the Orkneys, and getting from their earl, Angantyr, the tribute usually paid to King Bele, but withheld since his death, he would banish him for ever from his country, and pronounce him a *siding*, the greatest term of infamy that could be affixed to a man's name. He declares his resolution of departing that very day to fulfil the appointed task, and urges her to accompany him. Her answer is, "It may not be;" and he, in reply—but let them speak for themselves, as interpreted by Mr. Strong—

FRITHIOF.

Hear, hear, ere thou reply.

Methinks it 'scaped thy sapient brother's thought,
That this Angantyr was my father's friend,
Nor less than friend of Bele: what if he yield,
Benignant, my demand? grant he deny,
I bear an advocate, powerful, acute,
Persuasive; lo! suspended for the clutch:
That much-loved gold to Helgé straight dispatch,
And from his immolating knife release
The crown'd dissembler's victims, thus set free.
But wafted by Ellida's dragon wing,
Our course, my beauteous Ing'borg, shall be steer'd
O'er seas unknown; seeking some friendly strand
That opes its haven to poor outlawed love.
What binds me to the north? What to a land
Whose abject sons blanch if their Diar speak,
With their priest-king, would lay audacious hand
On my heart's shrine, the flower-cup of my life?
By Freya, no! the attempt shall yet be foil'd.
Let wretched thrall be fettered to the turf
His native clod, Frithiof will still be free;
Free as the mountain breeze. Some grains of dust
With reverend hand, borne from our father's graves,
Find ready stowage; 'tis the little all,
The last boon needed from our foster-soil.
Thou best beloved! there is a fairer sun
Than this which glimmers o'er the snow-clad rock;
There is a heaven more glowing far than here;

And from its clear expanse, divinely bright,
 Night stars look kindly on a faithful pair,
 In laurel-groves, fann'd by the summer gale.
 His vent'rous ship, Thorsten, my sire, had moor'd,
 In warlike cruise, on many a distant shore;
 And seated near the hearth, the wintry eve
 Would oft beguile with tales of Græcia's sea;
 Its scattered isles, groves in the glassy plain.
 A mighty race once tenanted its halls;
 In marble temples dwelt paternal gods;
 Now desolation reigns: o'er waste ascents
 Wild herbs grow rampant, and a flower peeps forth
 From runes, memorials of ancient lore.
 Tall columns, mimicking the sylvan grove,
 Display their foliage; so profusely winds
 The south its verdant tendrils. Amber grain,
 Bounteous to man, the earth spontaneous yields;
 Their leaves, with golden fruits, the trees illumine;
 And the vine's pendants sparkle in the sun,
 Swelling luxuriant as thy ruby lips.
 A little north, surpassing this rude home,
 There, 'midst the waves, my Ing'borg, let us rear;
 Fill the light temple-domes with constant love,
 Till deities, their long-forsaken fanes
 Revisit, to contemplate human bliss.
 When near our isle, floating with easy sail,
 No storms endanger there: his sunny course
 The mariner pursues, and from the waves
 Tinged with the evening glow, surveys the strand;
 His gaze shall mark, treading the temple porch,
 Another Freya—Aphrodité termed,
 If right I ween, in Græcia's classic phrase—
 Gold-waving tresses, wondering admire;
 And eyes, more brilliant than a southern sky.
 Like fairy Elves encircling Beauty's queen,
 Light forms anon shall skip the temple courts,
 Their cheeks north's drifted snow, yet richly set
 With all the roses of the blushing south.
 Ah! Ingeborg, how prompt, with what sweet smiles,
 Pure happiness invites two plighted hearts!
 It but remains t' accept the proffer'd hand;
 She leads benignant: here beneath the clouds
 Builds them a Vingolf, scarce surpassed above.
 Come, haste my love! each dilatory word
 Abstracts a moment from our sum of joy;
 All is prepared; her dusky eagle wings
 For instant flight, panting Ellida spreads,
 Winds favouring call us from these gloomy shores,
 Where Superstition holds her iron rule.
 Why this delay?

INGEBORG.

I may not follow thee.

FRITHIOF.

Not follow me!

INGEBORG.

Ah, happy Frithiof!

Thou followest no one, thine untrodden track
 Like beaked dragon ope; the pliant helm
 Obeys thy will, and, reckless of the storm,
 O'er raging billows holds its steady way.

How opposite my fate! bound by a power
Whose talon-grasp slips not its helpless prey,
Although it bleed. To sacrifice earth's hopes;
To mourn; in wasting sorrow pine away;
Is all the freedom royal birth bestows.

FRITHIOF.

Rests not thy freedom on thine own resolve?
Thy father sits entombed.

INGEMOND.

My father lives,
For Helgé claims his place: by his decree
This hand is doom'd; nor dare Bele's daughter stoop
To steal her happiness, tho' tendered thus.
O! what were woman, could she rashly burst
The band, which Providence in mercy wreathed,
To link a fragile being to the strong!
Her emblem the meek lily of the stream,
Rising and falling with the unstable flood:
O'er its pale flower a passing keel drives on,
Unmarked the rending of that brittle stem.
Tho' such its destiny, should undisturbed,
The root abide, firm-anchored in the sand,
Its beauty may revive; borrowing the hue
Of some bright sister-star, that gleams above;
Itself a star, upon the azure deep:
But once torn loose, it floats,—sport of the winds,—
A withered leaf, amidst the watery waste.
Thro' the past night—O 'twas a fearful night!—
As I awaited thy deferred approach,
Gloom's shadowy offspring, circumspective thoughts,
With lurid locks, continuous appall'd
My waking eyes; which burn'd, but could not weep:
Balder himself, the bloodless god, with looks
Terror-inspiring, view'd me as I knelt—
Last night, in solemn awe my fate was scan'd,
My wavering courage steel'd: here I abide
A passive victim, since a brother strikes.
Yet would I had not heard thee! whilst thy tongue
So sweetly fabled of those blessed isles,
Like ruddy eve, wrapped in perpetual bloom;
A flowery solitude of peace and love.
What heart can read its weakness? childhood's dreams,
Long hush'd, start up as waking into truth,
And in this ear soft whisper, with a sound,
Familiar as it were a sister's voice;
Persuasive as a lover's tender sigh.
I hear you not; O no! I hear you not;
Ye flatterers, still so winning, once so dear!
Ill might a daughter of the North endure
Such clime: her cheek too pallid for its rose,
Her feelings too uncoloured for its glow.
A Southern sun would scorch her panting soul;
And yearning for their home, these wishful eyes
Would gaze unclosing on the Polar star;
Like heav'nly sentinel keeping steadfast watch,
By Oden stationed, o'er a parent's tomb.
My noble Frithiof shall not thus the land,
That claims his duteous care, meanly desert;—
Shall not make shipwreck of his high renown.
For aught so paltry as a maiden's love.

A line of years unvarying, which the sun
 Spins from a changeless thread of kindred days;
 A sameness of existence, be it bright,
 Befits a woman only; but for man,—
 For soul like thine,—its calm were misery.
 Thy element the deep, when o'er its waves,
 With foaming couriers, drives the rolling storm;
 And whirl'd on deck, balanced 'twixt death and life,
 Thou bearest danger, 'fending honour's cause.
 For deeds unborn, which fame shall celebrate,
 The solitudes thou picturest were a grave;
 Soon with that rusting shield, thy nobler mind
 Would waste corroded. Thus it shall not be!
 My Frithiof's name I will not basely slich
 From Skaldic song;—will not ignobly quench
 A hero's glory dawning into day.
 Be wise, my Frithiof! to the Fates submit
 Let us succumb; tho' shipwrecked our fond hopes,
 Honour may yet be saved: 'tis all we can;
 Life's happiness, alas! already sinks.
 We must decide to part.

Frithiof endeavours to shake this resolution, and they proceed to argue in alternate verses, very much in the style of the ancient Grecian dramatists, until at last, indignant at her firmness,

he bids her an eternal farewell, addressing her at the same time as "King Helge's sister." Her exquisitely tender reply, commencing—

"O Frithiof, Frithiof! part we thus estranged?"

—and which we regret our limits do not permit us to extract, at once recalls

her lover to more suitable feelings. He exclaims—

"Bele's daughter, thou hast conquered! weep no more:
 Forgive mine anger; 'twas but frantic grief,
 Veiled, for a moment, in the garb of ire—
 Disguise too foreign to be long endured;"—

and declares that he will listen to her prudent counsel, and yield to fate; but that, while he parts with her for the present, he will not part with hope; and that he will return in the spring, his mission executed, and will then—not ask her again of her brother—but demand her of the nation assembled

in diet. Meanwhile he gives her, as a pledge of his love, his wondrous golden armlet, one of the family heir-looms; and then departs, promising her that a few moons will make a great change in their situation. Ingeborg, now left alone, utters the following soliloquy, which concludes the canto:—

INGEBORG.

How brisk, how confident! with reckless air,
 To Norna's breast presenting his good sword,
 Boldly he bids the angry goddess stay:
 Poor Frithiof! so: vain Angurvadel's edge
 To fate opposed; she mocks thy powerless rage.
 Thou little read'st my brother's murky heart!
 Unskilled thy mind, ingenuous, to explore
 The gloomy depths of his; the fiery hate
 Unquenchable, rankling his envious breast.
 The boon thou fondly crav'st were yet denied,
 Tho' 'twould redeem his precious crowns, his life;
 Would save from slaughter, misery more intense,
 Her, doom'd a quick or bleeding sacrifice
 To ancient Oden, or old hostile Hring.

Where'er I tempt, no glimpse of distant hope
Brightens my view; 'tis well it shines on thee !
To this sad heart be all the pangs confid',
And gracious gods protect thy happier way !
Here on thine armlet may be sadly told,
The slowly waning months of weary woe :
Two, four, six—ah ! tho' Frithiof then return,
When shall return his lackless Ingeborg ?

We must pass over "*Ingeborg's Lament*" for her lover's departure; "*Frithiof at Sea*," and struggling with a tempest raised by the incantations of Helge;* and "*Frithiof at the Court of Angantyr*," where he is most kindly received, and invited to spend the winter. The good earl, moreover, contrives to save his own credit and his guest's honour, by declaring himself bound by no feudal ties to the young kings, but at the same time giving Frithiof a weighty purse of gold, as a guest-offering, or pledge of welcome, with the intimation that he may make what use of it he pleases. This he does for the sake of his ancient friendship with his father. In fact, we learn from the Saga already alluded to in our remarks on the fourth canto, that when Thorsten refused the earldom of the Orkneys, it was given to Angantyr, a favourite comrade of his and King Bele's. On "*Frithiof's Return*," in the ensuing spring, he is doomed to suffer a most severe disappointment in the failure of all his sanguine hopes of happiness. He finds his paternal mansion at Framnæs burnt, and his land all wasted by Helge; and learns that the kings, being worsted by Hring, were obliged to purchase peace by the sacrifice of their sister, whom the aged monarch carried home as his bride. Frithiof bursts forth into a vehement exclamation against the inconstancy of woman, when Hilding, whose lot it was to be the messenger of woe, chides him for his hastiness, and in-

forms him that he has deeply wronged poor Ingeborg, as it was with a bleeding heart she had resigned him, considering it to be her duty to sacrifice herself for the welfare of the kingdom. He proceeds to relate how, on the nuptial morning, even during the performance of the ceremony, Helge, observing the armlet given by Frithiof on his sister, rudely snatched it from her arm, and placed it on that of the image of Balder, which had so incensed the aged narrator, that, but for her intreaties, he would have slain him on the spot. Frithiof declares his determination of seeking vengeance; and accordingly, in the next canto, "*Balder's Pyre*," we find him outthorowing even "Harold the Dauntless," in Walter Scott's poem so called.

The midnight sun on the mountain
rests,†

Its disk of a bloody hue :

It is not day, it is not night ;

But something between the two.

Now, type of the sun, fair Balder's Pyre

In his shrine doth brightly gleam ;

The red steel smokes with victim blood :

Hœder reigns o'er earth supreme.

And watching the sacred fire around,

See, the priestly circle stands !

Those wan old men, with their silver beards,

And knives in their bloody hands.

Helge is there ; and with pomp he fain

Would share in the holy rite :

But hark ! from the grove there bursts a
sound

As of arms upon the night !

* Torfæus, in his history already mentioned, compares this storm with the celebrated one in Virgil, but remarks that the conduct of the heroes was very different. "Verum longè fortius se gessisse Frithiofos perhibetur, quam Virgilianus ille Æneas, qui ingemens et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, lamentabili voce mortem in remedium vocabat; nam hic noster absque intermissione se sociosque fuis subito versibus recreavit, animavitque amasie dulcedinis, conviviorumque et chorearum Baldrshagensium memoriâ; inque mediis periculis, nave, quam fluctibus repletam vortices quovis memento absorpturi videbantur, exhausti, nulles laboribus pepercit, animo presenti et invicto."

† We must here, as Mr. Strong wittily says, make some allowance for poetic latitude, Sogne, where the scene is laid, being about five degrees too much to the south for a midnight sun to be visible at it.

"Björn! look well to the outer gate;
Thus our captives they remain;
And whosoever would come or go,
Cleave him, I say, in twain."

"Balder the fair! nay, never frown,
Nor such angry aspect wear!
That bracelet, upon your arm so brave,
By your leave has no business there."

The king turned pale, for too well he
knew
That voice, ere he saw the form:
'Tis Frithiof comes, with his soul on fire,
And speech like an autumn storm!

"'Twas not for thee, as I wot, in it
That Vaulunder's* skill was shown;
Force stole away that which love be-
stowed;
I come to reclaim mine own."

"Here! see the treasure you bade me
seek
In the Isles of the West—'tis thine;
And now for a combat of life and death
Between us at Balder's shrine;

Fierce was his grasp; but bracelet and
arm
Into one, as it were, had grown—
A fiercer still; lo! the god himself
On his blazing shrine is thrown!†

"With Buckler on back, with naked
breast,
And let none disturb the fight.
As king the first blow be thine—but
mark!
The next will be mine of right."

The flame how it cracks, as on cornice
and roof
It fastens its tooth of gold!
Pale as death stands Björn at the outer
gate,
As pale as his chieftain bold.

"Nay! cast not thy craven looks around,
In his corner the fox I hold;
Think, tyrant, on Framnæs' ashes! think
On thy sister with hair of gold."

"Fling wide the door, let the people pass,
No sentinel now need I;
For the temple burns—pour water, pour,
Till ocean itself be dry."

Thus spake he out with a hero's pride,
And straight from his girdle drew
The purse, which madly and fiercely then
In the face of the king he threw.

All efforts, however, to extinguish
the flames prove ineffectual; the temple
is burnt to the ground; and the sacred
grove belonging to it, being now
"parched and dry in its summer
drought," takes fire likewise, and is
speedily reduced to ashes.

From his mouth the blood is flowing fast,
A mist is before his eyes;
And sorely hurt, at the altar's foot
The Asas' proud kinsman lies.

The translation above given is from
the joint version, which we have pre-
ferred in this instance as being more
spirited than that of Mr. Strong, though
there are in it some passages in which
the sense of the original is either totally
misunderstood or most unwarrantably
departed from. For instance, in the
original, the third verse of the second
stanza says nothing whatever about red
steel, or victim blood either, but literally
runs thus—"But the flame is soon
spent," and "Then," says the fourth
verse, "Höder [the god of darkness,]
reigns over the world." Again, the

"What! canst thou not bear thine own
vile gold,
Thou basest of Nidings base?
Fear not! to strike such a wretch as thee,
Angurvadel would disgrace."

"Ha! back, ye priests! your knives re-
strain!
Pale sorcerers at dim moonlight!
Or, perchance, it may cost you dear; my
sword
Is athirst for blood tonight.

* Vaulunder was the Vulcan of the north.

† The poet has here, with great judgment, deviated from the *Saga*, which repre-
sents Frithiof as tearing the bracelet from the arm of Helge's wife while she is
engaged in anointing the image of Balder, which, in the struggle, falls into the
flames. Helge's wife had got it from Ingeborg, who gave it to her, by her husband's
desire, to return to Frithiof.

last verse of the last stanza but one, conveys exactly the opposite of the sense of the original, which is, "Frithiof blushes [or reddens for shame] to find himself trembling."

As may be anticipated after such an act, we next find "*Frithiof an exile*." He becomes a *Viking*,* or sea-rover—enacts a "*Viking-code*"—and at last arrives, in the course of his wanderings, at the sunny shores of Greece; the sight of which reminds him of his invitation to Ingeborg to accompany him there, and by a natural association of ideas, of the land where they had once been so happy together, and from which he has now been three years absent; wherefore, bailing the omen of the wind which blows towards the north, he directs his course thither again. We next find "*Frithiof and Byörn*" frozen up on the coast of Norway, and learn from a dialogue between them, that the former has grown weary of his wandering life, and is determined to endeavour to see his Ingeborg again, and take a final leave of her. Accordingly, "*Frithiof visits King Hring*" in disguise, is kindly received by that monarch, saves the lives of him and his consort in an "*Ice-journey*," and afterwards conquers the "*Temptation*" of slaying him while sleeping, with his head resting on his knee, after the fatigues of the chase. The monarch then tells him that his slumbers were only feigned, for the purpose of trying his honor, of which he is now satisfied, and that he had known who he was from the first; and concludes by inviting him to remain as his son till his death, which cannot be distant, after which he shall possess his kingdom and his queen. Frithiof replies that, pursued as he is by the wrath of an insulted deity, and proscribed both in his native country and in his own bosom, his only repose is on the stormy sea and in the din of

battle; and his only hope, that by an honorable death he may, perhaps, be purified from his guilt and reconciled to the gods. His departure, however, is delayed by "*King Hring's death*," self-inflicted to avoid the disgrace of a *straw death*, i. e. of dying quietly in one's bed, by sickness or the course of nature, and by the "*Election of a king*," during which the hero gives another proof of the nobleness of his character by declining the offered crown in favor of the rightful heir, the late king's son by his former wife, and contenting himself with accepting the office of his guardian. He likewise declines the hand of the widowed queen, which is tendered to him by the unanimous voice of the people, declaring that he must speed to Balder's Grove to have an interview with his Nornir, or destinies, and that the god who took, can alone restore his heart's bride. We must not omit to mention, that between the cantos of the "Death" and the "Election," there is another entitled "*Hring's Dirge*," in the singular style and alliterative metre of the ancient Scandinavian compositions of that description. We next find "*Frithiof at his Father's Grave*," or rather on his Barrow, surveying with a melancholy pleasure the well-known scenes around, and finding all unchanged save himself; but immediately, by a beautiful *epanorthosis*, including in the exception his native halls of Framnes, with the fair valleys adjacent, and the once proud fane of Balder, with its sacred grove. He then expostulates with the offended god, pleading that the burning of his shrine was unintentional, and implures his father's shade to teach him how to appease his wrath.

While thus engaged, he beholds with glad surprise a fairy vision of a gorgeous temple, a kind of *Fata Morgana*, hovering over the site of the former one, and triumphantly exclaims,

* *Viking* properly signifies a pirate, and is quite a distinct appellation from Seaking, which last was bestowed usually upon the younger sons of kings, who, not inheriting their fathers' territories, went out to seek their fortune on the sea. Mr. Turner, in his history of the Anglo-Saxons, erroneously supposes *Viking* to signify *king of the bay*; but the word is not *Vik-kongr*, which it would be in that case, but *Vik-ingr*, the last syllable being a suffix somewhat similar to our man in horseman, boatman, &c. Ihre, an excellent authority, derives it from *Vik*, a bay; or *Vig*, slaughter.

"I read your will, ye High Ones! from time's fount;
 Confess thy gracious sign, heroic Sire!
 A sacred pile again shall press the mount,
 Raised from their ashes nobler towers aspire.
 Glorious revenge! boon of no trivial count,
 Since deed of peace redeems intemperate fire!
 Once more, despair's sad victim hopes and lives,
 Appeased, the pallid deity forgives.

"Welcome, ye filing stars! ye train of night!
 Again, unawed, I greet your placid rays.
 Welcome, thou flaming beacon, boreal light!
 A burning fane, why seem'd thy friendly blaze?
 Rise, green paternal mound! Ye waves of white,
 Still with the fancy with your wondrous lays.
 Here let me sleep, shield-pillow'd, haply dream
 Of man atoned, atoned the Powers Supreme."

We now come to the last canto, "*The Expiation*," improperly, in our opinion, rendered "*The Reconciliation*" in both versions. The word *Försoningen* may, no doubt, be translated either way; but the context clearly shows that it is here employed in the former sense, and that it refers to the gods and not to Haldan, reconciliation with the latter being, in fact, only one of the

conditions of the Expiation or reconciliation on the part of the former; but we are here rather anticipating. The canto opens with a description of the new temple, and of the sacred dance and hymn therein performed by its twelve consecrated virgins. The effect of this ceremony on Frithiof is beautifully imagined:—

* Silent stood Frithiof, leaning on his sword,
 And gazed upon the dance: when lo! a host
 Of recollections from his early days
 Peered 'fore his brain; a jocund train were they,
 And innocent: with looks of gold, and eyes
 Of azure, beaming love, they bade him "Hail!"
 And like a bloody shade his Viking life
 With all its battles, its adventures all,
 Sank into night's abyss; and to himself
 A Bautastén† he seemed, with garlands crowned,
 Standing beside their grave; and as the song
 Continued, towards Valhalla rose in thought

* Mr. Strong's version of this canto, being, like the original, in senarian iambics, and therefore likely to appear uncouth to the generality of English readers, we have thought it better to take this and the following extract from the other version. The word *silent*, however, with which it commences, is a very poor rendering of the Swedish *förtjust*, which signifies *charmed*, or *fascinated*: entranced, or spell-bound, would have answered the metre equally well, and, besides being a more faithful version, would certainly have added more to the spirit of the picture. As a specimen of English iambic trimeters, we shall give the latter half of the same passage from Mr. Strong.

As rose the swelling hymn, rose his extatic soul,
 Soaring from grovelling scenes aloft to Valhalla's self;
 Till human vengeance, human ire vanished, dissolved.
 So from the cliff's stern bosom melts the icy mail,
 When May's sun glows; and soon, forgiveness in his breast,
 A sea of still, calm peace, and silent transport poured.
 It seemed as nature's heart pulsed concord on his own;
 As with fraternal arm he clasped in close embrace
 Heimskringla's orb; and here with all creation sealed
 In presence of the God, a covenant of love.

† Bautastén, a monumental stone.

His spirit, freed from all the lowly cares
Which haunt the valley of this earthly life :
And every sentiment of human hate
And human vengeance melted from his breast,
As the ice melts upon the mountain steep ;
When vernal zephyrs blow : a sea of joy
And peace his soul heroic overwhelmed.
He felt as if all nature's heart did beat
Against his own ; and in his fond embrace
The universe itself he fain would hold,
And peace restore 'mongst all created beings.

While his heart is thus softened, the high priest enters and addresses him in a long discourse. He begins with a summary of the Scandinavian Mythology, and an explanation of some of the mysteries contained in it, and then proceeds to set forth the nature of expiation and atonement ; declares that the absolute renunciation of all thoughts of hate and vengeance is the most acceptable sacrifice ; and, after some allusions to rumours he had heard of the nature of the Christian religion, and a prophecy that the day

will come when it will spread its "dove-pinions" over the mountains of the north, takes him to task for his hatred to King Bele's sons, informs him of the death of Helge, crushed by the fall of an idol, whose temple he had endeavoured to enter by force, and concludes by ordering him to offer his hand to Halfdan, the survivor, and thus sacrifice his wrath to the gods, else the rebuilding of the temple and his lecture will be of no avail. The poem then terminates thus :—

Now Halfdan entered by the gate of bronze ;
And with uncertain look, when he beheld
His formidable foe, he hesitated,
And silent stood. But Frithiof from his loins
His belt unbuckling, placed the corselet-hater,*
And gilded buckler at the altar's base ;
And, thus, unarmed, advanced to meet his foe.
"In such a strife, said he with friendly mien,
"He is the worthiest, who first presents
His hand in pledge of peace." King Halfdan blushed,
Drew off his glove of steel, and now two hands,
Long separated, clasped each other fast.
The pontiff then dissolved the ban, which o'er
The exiled man, the Varg i Vehm,† impended :
And while the ceremony he performed,
Fair Ingeborga suddenly advanced
In bridal garments, and in ermined mantle,
By white robed damsels followed ; and she shone
Preeminent amongst them, as the moon
Shines 'midst the stars on the blue vault of heaven.
Her beauteous eyes suffused with tears, upon
Her brother's breast she threw herself ; but he,
Raising her gently, placed her in the arms
Of her beloved and faithful Frithiof ;
And at the altar of the God of light
She gave her hand to him she held most dear,
The friend and comrade of her earliest youth.

We have, in this canto, another instance of Tegner's good taste. In the original legend, Frithiof marries Inge-

borg immediately after King Hring's death, and, her brothers having made war upon him to punish his presump-

* A Scandinavian epithet for a sword.

† *Varg i Vehm*, literally, a wolf in the sanctuary, a person excommunicated for sacrilege.

tion, slays Helge in single combat, deprives Hafdán, who surrenders, of his kingdom, and takes it to himself, making the other his viceroy.

Before we conclude, it is but justice to Mr. Strong to remark that his notes exhibit a great deal of research, and contain a considerable quantity of amusing information, and some interesting specimens of Danish and Swedish poetry. There are, to be sure, a few errata, which sometimes may prove rather perplexing; as, for instance, when we are informed that *Grön-sund* or Green-sound lies between the islands of Iceland, Moen, and Falster—Iceland being a misprint for

Zealand; but these detract but little from their merits. The notes to the joint version are comparatively few, and occasionally inaccurate, though, not, indeed, in matters of any greater moment, than the sex of a few of the Scandinavian deities, and such like matters. Perhaps, too, we should mention that Mr. Strong's version is inscribed to the Princess Victoria, "as a living impersonation" of the various excellent qualities and attributes, "ascribed by the fiction of the poet to the regal maiden of Norway," &c. &c. &c.; while the other is inscribed to that poet himself.

HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS—TENTH NIGHT.

"WHERE did I leave off, my prince," said the bard, addressing Art next night, as the captives closed their little circle round the fire.

"You left brother Virgil on his way to the Mac Gillmore's booth on Ben Madigan," replied O'Neill; "the lady has just sent to desire his attendance."

"Yes, my prince, I remember now it was so," replied Turlogh, "but I had been thinking of the pleasant days I used to spend about the same green hollows, and down upon the banks of the White Well, or round the crags and heathery back of the hill, 'till I had quite forgotten the adventures of both monk and outlaw in my own.—God be with the time, for it will never come again! They are scattered and sorely changed, now, that used to gather the wild strawberries with me in the Fairy Well Meadows—some under sorrow, and some dead. The tears are in my eyes when I think of these dewy slopes of daisies, and the bright faces that I have seen shining over them:—Oh! the light echoes of my brother's laughter among the hanging banks! the clear call of my sweet-voiced sister hiding in the hazel grove! Oh, for the heart that was in my bosom then, when I had no care nor foresight of trouble, but all the world, wherever I went, was a garden of wonder and romantic dreams!" The old man paused, and looked up, till the tears that were glistening under his eyelids had sunk back again to their source;

"yet, blessed be God," he then said, when his voice had recovered its firmness, "we still can fancy new fortunes for others, let our own dreams be read as crossly as they may."

"Ay, Turlogh," said Art, "I never thought that this could have been the doom of my youth;" and he cast a mournful glance round their prison walls; "but, thank Heaven, I can sometimes think myself on the open field still: let fate read our past dreams as she will; while fancy is free to take refuge in the future, I will dream on faster than she can overtake me."

"It is the last privilege of misfortune," said Henry; "God pity those in trouble who can look only to the present!"

"He is the best man who looks to all," said Hugh, "we could do little for ourselves in present peril, without considering the experience of the past, and the chances of the future."

"We are all agreed, then," cried Art; "we are sad now, thinking of our captivity; we were pleased last night, forgetting it in the recital of this good Franciscan's adventures among the outlaws of Chaneboy; 'tis likely we would be pleased again by hearing more of the same story; so we will meet our present peril of sadness by trying the cure that has been before successful."

"Well, argued, my prince," cried the bard; "and in obedience to so conclusive a sentence, I will proceed." He then took up his half-finished tale of

CORBY MAC GILLMORE—PART SECOND.

Brother Virgil was again divided between pious indignation and humane charity. The recent excitement under which he had imprecated the vengeance of his dishonoured saint upon the spoilers of his sanctuary, still filled his heart with angry agitation; but natural pity, and a certain sense of obligation, as well as of dependence, struggled powerfully in the better cause. Perhaps, too, there might have been another motive at work. There was, indeed, the pardonable pride of some self-sacrifice in a good cause; the gratifying thought that, humble as he hitherto had been among the members of a comparatively inefficient brotherhood, even he might yet be destined to the achievement of some good service to the church. "What,"—he could not help thinking, as he walked slowly down towards the booth of the wounded outlaw,—“what if I should indeed succeed in reclaiming some of these benighted outcasts?—Why, if I could but sow such seed among them as would yield a good harvest, even fifty years hence, it would surely be a blessed work. I would be the first to have ventured among them, or to have preached among them: no man could deny that. They have been the scandal of Christendom now for nigh three generations, and surely the man who wipes that blot off the character of the Church, would not be soon or easily forgotten, Holy and blessed Francis! to think what I might be yet! And it is neither impossible nor unlikely—many a man has been canonized for less; and, Oh! blessed Virgin, to think of poor Fergall Mac Naughten being one day *Sanctus Virgilius*!”—But, conscious of an unworthy ambition thus overcoming purer motives which he would fain have recognised alone at his heart, the good brother recalled his fancy from her flight, and sought to fix his mind solely on the course sanctioned by strict duty and disinterested zeal in the service of religion. But imagination, once let loose, was not easily to be withheld from the premeditated excursion. “Nay,” said brother Virgil, “this is a work of charity and love, which I would do, and which I would be bound to do, even though the world were never to know

that I had existed. If I saw a traveller who had fallen into a pit, would I not aid him out, in the wilderness as readily as in the gaze of a thousand men? And this miserable people, entrapped as they are in Satan's deepest pitfall, shall I make a merit of reaching out the Church's saving hand to them, because there are none to order or applaud the charitable service? My heart should rather be filled with gratitude for such an opportunity of doing my duty with voluntary good will, instead of being thus puffed up with vain dreams of honors that I can never gain by adequate deservings,—and Oh, that my humble efforts may be availing! Renowned or unknown, let my endeavours be but auspicious! What a blessed change these miserable men would find in! What a blessed sight it would be for me to see!—Already methinks I can see the repentant heathen casting away his bloody sword, to clasp the cross of his salvation; already I can hear the glad voice of thanksgiving ascending from the peaceful dwellings of man no more at strife, and no longer in trouble.—I see these wild woods, now the refuge of the wolf, yielding to the fair green fields of a civilized and prosperous people: the prayers of the faithful rising from many a spire half hidden among sheltering trees; the answering dews of heaven filling the sweet food on the stalks of an hundred corn fields. The hum of cheerful labour sounds from the populous city like the message of the summer beehive: ships come and go over the broad bosom of the waters with the breath of favoring heaven in their sails:—Blessed be God! see how the brown husbandman sets apart his tenth sheaf to the holy Francis!—how the grateful merchant solicits our smiling cellarer with the richest hog'shead of his safe-landed cargo!—well may the good prior, walking in his cool cloisters, exclaim to the attendant brotherhood, “*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*!”—“and who,” the smiling monk beside will ask, “who, under God, was the chosen instrument of this blessed change? “He was an humble brother of the order,” the prior will reply, “a poor servant of the blessed Francis, like ourselves. Fergall, the

son of Naughten," he will say, "was the man who first went forth into that howling wilderness. This fair country," he will tell them, "was then overrun with forests and morasses; these pleasant grazing parks of our cattle were the resort of wild and savage animals; these fruitful corn fields noting but a tangled growth of furze and tractless thickets; nettles and briars covered all the sunny slopes where our trim gardens now scent the dewy air with thyme and rosemary, and the heathen people who won their casual subsistence from the wild roots and crude berries of that thorny desert, were as rough and uncultivated as the inhospitable scenes amid which they lived. But the mild apostle of peace went forth among them, alone in the strength of truth, and the confidence of duty:—yes," he will say, "it was the humble Fergall, now known in our calendar as *Virgilius de Rupe*.—"

"The bantierna awaits you, *Gilly-Franciagh*," said some one plucking the good friar by the sleeve, and brother Virgil, awakening from his dream of pious ambition, perceived, with some confusion, that he had unconsciously stopped mid-way upon the path leading to the lady's habitation.—"I come, my friend, I come," he said, opening his eyes with some regret on the realities around him, while visions of chapels and altars to Saint Virgil of the Rock, and all the bright pictures of peace and plenty which he had been drawing a moment before, went floating away from before his imagination, like the scattered clouds of a bright sunset. It was Owen Grumagh who had interrupted his reverie; and the recollection of that rude heathen's late success in foiling his first efforts at converting him, considerably damped the ardor which these bright hopes had kindled. He accordingly took his way to the booth of the outlaw, much less zealously disposed for immediate controversy than on first receiving the lady's commands to attend her. The lady was sitting awaiting him in her own apartment. "Thanks to your charity, my father," she said, as the monk entered, "Mac Gillmore is now much easier than we could have hoped, and I have taken the first moment I could be spared from his side, to thank

you for the aid you have rendered us. I would, besides, entreat you to sit and talk with me; for it is long since I had the means of speaking with a priest before; and, holy father, lost as you think me in wickedness and ignorance, I am no heathen;—God forbid!"

"Daughter," said the Franciscan, taking his seat on a low boss of rushes by her side, "thine must be a strange history: I would fain hear it from the beginning, for, otherwise I could not judge how far thou hast sinned against thy soul in voluntarily dwelling so long among this heathenish people."

"I have sinned grievously in what I did; I confess it," said the lady, "yet, holy father, when you hear my story, you will not say that my fault has been solely without excuse. I will make haste and tell you all, for I know not when I may have such an opportunity again,—alas! many a time I have thought that I was to die unshriven like the poor pagans around me—but, blessed be God, who has sent you here at last! for I feel that if I had this burthen lifted from my heart, I could die contented,—what I never looked to do before today!"

"Proceed, then, my daughter," said the monk; "who wert thou before the Gillmore wedded thee? Where dwell thy people? Hast thou father or brother alive? Tell me all, freely, and trust me, we will find a remedy for thy distresses, and a certain pardon for thy faults."

"It is the worst to tell," said the lady, looking down in painful embarrassment; "but I will tell you at once: I am daughter of the Seneschal of Ards."

"God help thee!" exclaimed the benevolent man, clasping his hands together, in sudden agitation, "it is little wonder that thou art a wretched woman."

"You have heard, then, of our—our sad history?" she inquired, timidly raising her eyes to his face.

"Enough to make me shudder when I hear what thou hast now told me," he replied; "art thou not the sister of those two chieftains who were once imprisoned in these caverns?" The lady again cast down her eyes, and sank her head in silence before her questioner.

"Yes," he continued, "it is little wonder that thou art indeed most wretched. I have heard enough of their fate, and have seen enough of thy condition here, to feel strong compassion for thee; stronger, I fear, than thy faults and follies have deserved for—for a daughter of thy nation to fall away to the heathens, even so far as thou has done, is in itself a sin not easily forgiven."

"Father," said the lady, "when I left my people I had little knowledge of the wild race among whom I was coming."

"Then why not leave these pagan kindreds when thou wast better informed of their barbarity and ungodliness?" demanded brother Virgil.

The lady pressed her hand below her breast; "I had not been long with the Clan Gillmore," she said, "till I had other ties to bind me to them."

"Nay," said the Franciscan, "I would not have thee leave thy husband, if he be, as thou sayest, bound to thee in Christian wedlock; but I would have had thee separate him from his savage associates, and bring him back with thee to the bosom of the church, and the protection of the law."

"You know little of Hugh More," she replied, "if you think that the persuasion of either wife or child could make him desert the kindred: the poorest and meanest of the name is dearer to him than his own heart's blood."

"Then would I have had thee use thine influence with him and his people, for their conversion and instruction in civility and honest life;" said brother Virgil.

"I have tried, and failed," was the lady's answer.

"And Heaven only knows whether I may not fail also!" exclaimed the good monk, "for an ignorant and a blasphemous people they be to deal withal, and I little marvel at thine ill success amongst them."

"But surely Heaven will grant a better end to your labours than to mine:" said the lady, "for what could I expect who had neither learning nor holy calling, nor the gift of speech to tell their true condition to them, as you, my father, have done since you came hither."

"Alas!" cried the good brother, "I have done nothing! They are even as deaf adders to my words.—Of such brutish beings as the son of Rory, and the blacksmiths of the cave, I have

indeed no hope,—none: they are worse than the beasts: stocks and stones are intelligent in comparison with them:—but with the Gillmore himself, I do trust that I shall yet have some success. He seems of a more humane understanding than one might naturally look for from the savage life he leads; and I do marvel, in truth, that thou hast made no impression on such a mind; for he is of a discreet and reasonable judgment in many things, and I have observed in his conversation, certain glimpses, as it were, of a natural piety that bespeak a heart not altogether estranged from the love of charity and justice.—Still he is, notwithstanding all this, a very uninstructed pagan."

"O! if you knew him," cried the lady, with the animation of affectionate pride, "you would say that his are more than glimpses of natural piety. If you knew his wisdom in the government of his people, his valor in war, his tenderness and gentleness with his own, you would then feel how worthy he is indeed of all that can be done to save and succour him."

"I doubt it not, I doubt it not," said brother Virgil, carried away for a moment by the earnestness of the lady's manner: but, suddenly recollecting himself—"My God! what do I say?" he exclaimed; "I doubt not, indeed, that it would be a good deed to save him, firebrand though he is, from the burning; but when I remember what he has done, it is too much to ask me, who am myself unworthy, to assent to his worthiness of God's unpurchasable mercy."

"Let him be as unworthy as you will, only be the minister of that mercy to him, and I will be contented and thankful," said the lady with submissive gentleness.

The good brother did not need much submission to restore him to his natural benevolence. "Surely I will administer such help and consolation to him as in me lies," he said; "but, meanwhile, daughter, we can do nothing more for him till it pleases Heaven to carry his disease to a crisis. Proceed, then, and let me not again interrupt thee in thy story; for thine is a tale that I long to hear."

The lady, thus exhorted, drew her robe closer round her, and in a modest voice proceeded to tell her history.

"I have told you, holy father," she said, "that I am the unfortunate sister of the great Mac Seneschal. My father lived in a strong castle over Dundonald; you can see the hill from the door. May the Queen of Heaven pity me! Look which way I will, I behold nothing but the scenes of my shame or of my misery; for if I look up, there is the cave where Mac Gillmore kept my brother Raymond till his beard was grown over the collar of his hauberk; and if I look down, there are the fair hills of Ards and Castle-reagh, where I once roamed through the green woods and meadows, innocent and happy, as I once was, and as I am never to be again!" The lady paused, and wiped away a tear; then, with a heavy sigh, proceeded—"We were two brothers and myself, and we spent a happy childhood; but my mother died while we were all young, and my father was slain in an ambush by the wild Irish, while my brothers were still youths, and I a girl just rising into womanhood. Raymond and Alan were unlike in character as in their looks. Raymond was open and fiery, but kind and tender-hearted; Alan, black as his own brow, proud, revengeful and turbulent. They had both been wild hunters and rangers of the woods before my father's death; but when the kindred rose to avenge his murder, they took to the wars as if they had been bred to nothing but blood and plunder. Fierce and terrible warriors they grew, above all others of their age in Ulster. Many a creaght they plundered, many a strong castle they broke and burned, while their cheeks were yet beardless as my own. All the Irish of Kilwarlin and Claneboy stood in terror of them; for they scarce spent one day in twenty within their own walls, but were almost constantly in the field, burning and preying. The kindred had been bold and warlike in my father's time; but under Raymond and Alan they became quite as fierce and cruel as the barbarous clans they had to contend with. It used to shock my soul to hear the tales of slaughter and devastation which they would bring home with them from their ravages. I would urge mercy on Raymond, and sometimes for my sake he was merciful; but with Alan I never yet prevailed to save a grey hair

from the sword, or a widow's cow from the driving. I was glad when they left me alone, even while I shuddered to think of the work they went on. I could then forget the tumults and distresses of a life of violence in the quiet lawns and woods about our own castle; for there we were far removed from danger, and friends were at hand if danger had come nigh us. I was young, father; and worn as I am today with hardship and suffering, I was then not unworthy to be called the daughter of Margery Ghal Ni' Niel; my heart was new and eager, and I longed, as I roamed the green meadows, for some one better able to share its fresh affections than the maidens with whom I spent the idle mornings, wishing and wondering as we would sing the songs of true lovers, or listen to the strange tales of ladies and their knights. Well, father, one evening before sunset, as I sat alone in a haunt that I loved dearly—it was a mossy grotto in the bank of a little stream that ran hard by the bawn of the castle—I saw a strange hunter coming down the glen with his dogs. He carried a bow and a hunting-spear, and had a sheaf of arrows stuck in his belt, and his dogs were the goodliest I ever saw. But, father, he was himself, I thought, by far the goodliest man I ever saw, and by my troth I think so still; for, broken as he lies within, Mac Gillmore is still the best man of his name, and they are the tallest kindred of men in Ulster at this day. It was there I saw him first, father; but we did not speak that evening. He came back again the next night and spoke to me, and I staid talking with him till after sunset. I had no thought of harm in what I did; but I told no one when I came home, only hurried to my bed and thought myself almost happy at last. He came back again, evening after evening, and as often as he came I was there to meet him. He told me he was of the clan Rory—and true it was, for his mother's people were of the blood of Kilwarlin—and that he had not been with his kindred since the month before, but was on a hunting expedition, with ten comrades only, in the woods. I asked no more; for whatever he told me I was satisfied with it. A happy life I had, until we parted for that time; for he told

me one evening that he must follow the roe-deer into Dufferin, but promised to come back in four days. I came home that evening with a sadder heart than I can tell you. But I was doomed to have cause for worse trouble than the grief of a foolish girl longing after her lover's return. The kindred had been abroad for twenty days, and they came back that very night. They had been defeated in a great battle with the wild Irish, and had lost all their prisoners and a great prey of cattle at the fords. Raymond was wounded, and two of our fosterers killed, and Alan was wild with rage and grief. They were our old enemies, the clan Gillmore, that had set upon them; and, father, think what a story it was for me to hear, when they told me that Hugh Oge, the Gillmore's youngest son, who had headed his people in the battle, had been twice seen hunting within a mile of our castle only three days before! Alan had heard it from a ranger of the abbot of Bangor, who had met him in his beat. He described him as he had seen him in the fight—tall, dark, some three or four years his own elder, wearing a belt set with studs of silver, and swift of foot as a red deer. Who had seen him?—It was at the head of the glen the ranger said he met him.—Who had been in the glen of late? Had I seen any stranger there or in the wood?—He questioned me so fiercely that for a moment I thought he must have known all. But I denied it; I could not have confessed it after what I heard, though it had been known to all the clan; for I was now sure that my lover was no other than the young Mac Gillmore: and, father, I did not tell you at the time; but you will, I think, feel some compassion for me when I tell you now, that this kindred, this Muintir Gillmore—I will tell you presently, when this choking in the throat leaves me:—they were the same wild Irish of whom I told you; they were the same clan who slew the Seneschal. But, father, do not think that Hugh had any part in his death. No; bad as I am, you need not shudder at the suspicion that I am wedded to my father's murderer! Oh, no! Hugh was then in Dufferin, preying the Whites under their own walls of

Killileagh; but it was Adam Garv Mac Gillmore, the old chief, his father, who laid the ambush. The Seneschal had hanged two of the kindred, who were found hunting within his bounds, and Adam was sworn by sun and wind to revenge them. Three times they came down with the whole strength of the clan, and thrice we beat them off; but, after the oath he had sworn, Adam Garv would not rest till he had fulfilled it. So, hearing by a spy that the Seneschal was gone to Carrickfergus to meet his cousin, the prior of Muckamore, he laid an ambush of ten men in the wood beyond the fords of Lagan, and after lying in wait two nights and a day, accomplished his purpose. My father and his cousin were both slain by arrows as they rode at the head of their company; and so swift of foot were the Gillmores, that the mounted men at arms who guarded the seneschal, were unable to come up with them on the broken ground; so that Adam and his fosterers escaped. I had heard strange and dreadful reports of the Muintir Gillmore, as was natural among a family that had experienced such a loss at their hands. The two poor wretches whom my father had first put to death, were said to have been no better than pagans, having died without once calling on either God or the saints; and it was now affirmed that the whole clan were utter heathens. I had never thought of the clan Gillmore without a shudder; I had fancied them a race of such beings as I had heard of under the name of wild men of the woods; and, in truth, with regard to the kindred at large, my fancy did not much deceive me; but when I became certain that Hugh was of the clan, a wonderful change came over my mind. Sore, sore I strove against it; long I strove to cherish horror where my breast would admit love only; for horror of Hugh Oge my heart could not conceive. When I would try to paint him bloody, fierce, exulting over my dead kinsman, as I thought that duty should have shown him to my eyes, I could see nothing but the picture of the beautiful, swift, eagle-eyed young hunter: his eyes haunted me in the dark; his voice was sounding sweetly in my ears, though Alan should be raging against our father's murderer at my side. Night and day I strove

gled, though from the first I felt that love would triumph in the end; and at length love did triumph, and I found myself on the evening of the fourth day watching for the swift footsteps of him whom I dare scarcely trust myself to think of on the first. The kindred were again gone; Raymond was recovered, and had taken the field along with his brother. I was once more alone, and I could resist no longer; so I had stolen out to the head of the glen; trembling at the prospect of seeing my hopes fulfilled, yet satisfied that all my former horror had been prejudice, and that all my present weakness was the work of charity. He came. Oh, father, I cannot describe that meeting! He was wounded and bleeding, his dress torn and disordered; for he had travelled since mid-day through the wildest woods in Ulster. He had been wounded, he said, at first in a dispute with the hunters of Kinalcarty. Alas! he little thought what I knew when he said so. I was glad, father, that he was wounded, though Heaven knows how willingly I would have borne the pain for him; but I was glad to have the respite even of dressing my lover's wound before I would have to tell him that I knew him. I had done; but I could not say the word: Mac Gillmore saw my distress; he cast himself at my feet, he told me he had deceived me, that he too had come to confess, but that his heart at first had failed him also. I, too, confessed all; I know not what I said, but I did not reproach him. He was full of joy and gratitude; he told me that his kindred were gone from the pastures they had occupied, and out of reach of our arms; that they were satisfied with the recovery of their herds, and would prosecute the feud no farther, if allowed to remain in their new territory undisturbed. He told me, too, that he had spared Raymond's life, for my sake, at the fords; for that he had passed him when he was down in the fray, and bestowed the death-blow that might have rid his kindred of their cruellest enemy, upon another. He said he must join his clan at their place of muster before daybreak, but that he would have a token left for me when I should expect his return. And then he asked me would I go to the woods with him, and be a hunter's bride, if

he could find a territory of his own where we could live apart from his kindred, who were at feud with my people? I could not have said 'yes' that evening, for all the wealth of Ireland; I could only weep and pray for happier times: but I promised to meet him again; and when we parted, I felt more alone in the world than ever. I had refused to listen to his entreaties that I would go to the woods with him; but when left alone, I did little else than imagine pictures of the sylvan home he had promised me. You may be sure, father, that the woods were always green, and the glades for ever sunny in my dreams. There was no image there of leafless branches howling in the sleet, as I have heard them since, the length of many a dismal night; no thorny brakes, dripping with chill dews, were there; no picture of desert marshes, weltering in the noisome vapours of summer, or of sedgey river banks cutting the bare feet with their sharp blades in December. I had little thought of the life I was to lead then; and yet, father, hard as my lot has been, I have had such happiness as love could give; and if I could but see those I love brought to a knowledge of holiness and peace, I would be happier than many a lady who never walked the dew. Oh! on the bare earth let me lie while I live, if I could but see that blessed day!"

"Thou wilt see it yet, please God, my daughter," said the good Franciscan: "but go on, I pray thee, with this strange story of thine."

"From what I have told you," said the lady, "you will easily divine the rest. Hugh's token came to me in little more than a week after; and I met him in the wood where we had appointed. He told me he had left the kindred for my sake; that he had found vacant pastures in Claneboy, and built a hunting booth in a delightful valley for our home; that none but his two foster brothers and their wives would be with us, and that all the wood-rangers in Ulster might search for ever without finding our retreat. Horses were at hand, mantles and disguises prepared; and the priest, he told me, was waiting in the woods. He wrapped me in a mantle, and I was on horseback before him ere I well knew what I had done. I would

fain have had more time ; but Hugh said that my brothers were already on their march homeward, and that if Alan were once returned I need never hope to be allowed the chance of seeing him again. It was vain to lament ; and in all my shame, when I thought of my unmaidenlike conduct, and amid all my real grief at leaving my home and kindred behind me, I confess, father, that I was better satisfied in my heart than I would have been had Hugh yielded to my entreaties, and left me as I prayed he would. We rode through the woods till after midnight : what path we took I knew not, but after we had travelled a long way, we saw a light before us among the trees. Here there was a party of wilder-looking men than I had ever seen before, about a great fire. They seemed to have had as long a journey as ourselves, for their horses, where they stood tied to the trees around, were covered with foam and reeking in the strong fire-light. I thought he must be a friendly priest who had ridden so hard at that dead hour of night to such a spot, on such a service. But I was still more amazed to see that it was not a mere priest that was awaiting us. I knew him by his robes to be a dignitary of the church ; and, holy father, judge of my consternation when on approaching nearer, I beheld the Lord Abbot of Bangor, bareheaded, his dress torn, and his whole person exhibiting signs of violence, and evidently a prisoner. In reply to my exclamations of horror and amazement Hugh told me we could not get a priest's services otherwise ; for that his people were under the displeasure of the church, in consequence of the murder of the prior of Muckamore, and had to get such rites administered as best they might, and that had latterly been by strong hand only. It was then, for the first time, that I felt the bitterness of real remorse. Oh, what I would have given to have been back with my brothers ! But it was too late now. Hugh lifted me to the ground. There were women there who supported me. The Abbot was dragged forward : Owen Gumach on one side, and a fosterer of Mac Gillmore, who was since slain, on the other ; both

with drawn weapons and savage threatening aspects. The Abbot was so hoarse, from crying for assistance, that he could scarcely speak. He was so indignant at his ill-treatment, too, that violent denunciations interrupted every sentence. Mac Gillmore's people crowded round with looks of mischievous curiosity, as if they had never seen a churchman before, or thought his office ridiculous. The abbot's threats were met with rude laughter, and, if he refused to proceed with the directed service, blows forced him to go on. In vain I wept and supplicated. In vain I would have said 'no,' while my heart, full of grief and abhorrence as it was, said 'yes.' The words were wrung from the reluctant churchman, and an oath was forced from him at the dagger's point, that it was a true and binding marriage he had celebrated. Blessed be God, he did not know me ! and I know not what name they gave him for me. Had he known me then, I would have died rather than borne his reproaches ; but he knew who I was afterwards, as you shall hear, father. I can talk of that scene now with little emotion, for I have beheld others since that leave it few horrors ; but I was then long insensible after it was completed, and when I returned to consciousness again, the abbot and his fierce escort were gone, and I was alone with my bridegroom. Father, it is wonderful the power Mac Gillmore has had over me from the first moment he saw me to this day. My anger could never last before his caresses, and before his anger, thank God ! I never had to stand. The abbot had told me I was going among unchristened pagans, and that the man I was marrying was a heathen, who had neither God nor saint to pray to. I believed it all to be the natural invective of the insulted churchman ; not that Hugh ever told me he was a Christian, for I had never dreamt that it would be necessary to ask him the question, but that the violence he had done the abbot was so great as to make it natural for that enraged ecclesiastic to deny that he or his people could be such. In truth, father, after the shock was over, I was too happy in my new home, which we reached next night, to inquire whether the abbot spoke truly or not.

It was in the pleasantest season of the year, and we wanted for nothing that hearts contented in themselves could wish for. We were in the fastest country in Ireland: there was but one pass to it, and a single man could hold it against a hundred. Hugh spent his mornings in the field, hunting and fishing: at night he played on the harp, or sang to me, while his foster-brothers made their arrows, or prepared their fishing tackle. The wives of our fosterers were modest and kind-hearted, and as we were many a day's journey from a church I never asked to attend one. In truth, father, I forgot every thing in the novelty of my situation. I no longer remembered which was Sunday or which Monday; for all days of the year were high festivals with us; and if Hugh brought us game from the woods for twenty days together, I excused his supposed forgetfulness by remembering that it could not but be long since one leading such a life as his, could have received instructions from his clergy. It was sinful, I know, thus to forget my duties in my happiness; but, father, it was thoughtlessness more than conscious neglect. Winter came, and our hunting booth was strengthened and enlarged; a bawn was raised about it, and the kindred sent us a herd of fat cattle, with warm mantles and whatever else the season demanded. Winter passed as happily as summer, and my baby was born in the spring. But Hugh had been summoned away three days before. He had promised not to remain longer than a single day, yet he did not return for ten days after. Fears for him made me less anxious to have my boy baptized than I would have been had he been with me. In truth, I scarce thought of the infant's christening in apprehensions for his father's safety. At length he returned; but what a tale he had to tell me! The retreat of his people had been discovered, and my brothers, with the church vassals of Bangor, Muckamore and Carrickfergus, had spoiled them of their entire substance, burned their dwellings, and put more than one half of their whole number to the sword. Adam Mac Gillmore and his eldest son were amongst the slain, and on Hugh the chieftainship of the kindred

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had devolved. The remnant of the clan were to be with us that night, Hugh had scarce time to kiss his infant son before he was again summoned away to muster the little force of fighting men that remained, and make one last effort to recover some of their plundered herds. Weak as I was, I rose and assisted in preparing the best reception we could for the fugitives. I had never seen any of my husband's kindred, save those who lived along with us, and the wild horsemen who had been present at my wedding. I now no longer regarded them with abhorrence as the murderers of my father, I was eager to alleviate their sufferings as the victims of my people's revenge; so that I awaited their arrival anxiously: but, father, when the multitude of mourners, children, women, and old men, who were henceforth to be my kindred, appeared toiling slowly up the hill before our dwelling, I was in the first bitterness of my disappointment, base enough to reproach Hugh in my heart, for bringing me among such savage beings. But their wild aspects soon ceased to be the only cause of my shame, and, I confess, of my renewed abhorrence, for, after they had pitched their booths, and secured the few goods they had been able to preserve, some of the elder women came to my dwelling, to offer me such services as they had in their power to bestow. My infant was naturally the chief object of their attention; and they showed such tenderness about him as won my gratitude. It was kind and generous in those, who but a few minutes before had been bewailing their own dead, to sing as they did to the child of one, whose people had been such bitter enemies to them. But while they were nursing the infant, and trying to trace a likeness to his father on his little features, one of them asked me by what name I meant to call my son; and I will never forget the terror and sickness that fell upon me, when, on my replying that so soon as our present troubles were over I hoped to get a priest, and have him called for his father; she who had asked the question, looking as if she did not understand me, repeated the words—"A priest, bantierna, and what would you please to do with a priest?"

"To baptize any child," I answered.

more in the fulness of forgiveness than of sorrow. But it was little time I had for either reproach or condolence. The prey had been recovered, but not without burning the bawn in which the plunderers had taken shelter. The bawn was the courtyard of the church of Drum, and the hands and face of my husband were black with the smoke of sacrilege; for church and altar had both been reduced to ashes in the fray, and priests as well as laymen, had perished in the flames. The pastures of our retreat were insufficient to graze the recovered herds, and we must prepare to fly that very night into the more extensive fastnesses of Kilultagh. If we were not on the borders of our new place of refuge before sunset, all chance of escape from the multitude, now in pursuit of us, would be cut off. All was confusion and excitement, marshalling the herds and baggage horses; framing new litters for the wounded; packing up household goods, and strapping the children on their mothers' backs for the journey. Hugh had no time for anything but his duties to the kindred. He did not even wait to wash the marks of the conflict from his person. I was lifted into a litter, with my infant in my arms, and it was not till we were half an hour on our march, that he rode up beside me. Overwhelmed, as I was, with grief and astonishment, I could say little: he was in deep distress, yet still filled with indignation against the plunderers of the kindred, but he said that, although for my sake it went against his heart to lay the torch to a church door, there were now hundreds depending on him for their very existence, and that, sooner than let one of them suffer an hour's starvation, while the herds of which they had been plundered could be rescued by either fire or sword, he would see all the churches of Ireland in flames over the heads of their enemies. What could I say or do? Reproach was worse than useless. I had gone too far from the first moment I left my home with him, to turn back. I pressed my poor infant to my bosom, and submitted to the evils which I could not redress. Our new retreat was the wildest country I had yet seen. It was a far different home from the lovely valley I had left; but, for a while we had peace among its rocks and marshes, and, during this period of comparative security, I made

my efforts for Hugh's conversion, and, as I have told you, failed. You may wonder why I have not blamed him more for concealing his heathenish condition from me at first; but, in truth, I well believe his excuse, that, save the marriage ceremony, he knew of little else that I would desire, and knowing that he could, at any time, procure that service by force, as he did, he scarce thought of other obstacles at all. But, as I told you, father, although I might excite his wonder or his curiosity, by telling him of the sacred mysteries of our religion, I could never succeed in gaining from him any further regard for them than he already entertained for the lying legends of bards and rhymers. He offered me, indeed, at whatever risk, to bring a priest, by force, to christen the child, but I viewed the sin of the sacrilege as greater than the danger of the infant's remaining a little longer as he was, and would not consent. Four years passed, and the kindred continued unmolested in their deserts. I had, in a great measure, reconciled myself to the life we led, and would have been quite happy but for the thoughts of our godless estate, which I could never banish from my mind. One of Hugh's fosterers had ventured into the low country, and brought us word that it was given out among my people that I had fallen, by accident, into a pool of the river, and was drowned. This was pleasant news to me, for it had often caused me many a bitter tear to think what a stain it would be upon my kindred, if it were known that I had fled with a pagan, and still more, if it were believed, as I feared it would be, that I was that pagan's paramour. Thus, father, I have brought down my history to the time when I first settled into a reluctant acquiescence in the wretched fate I had brought on myself, and henceforth you are to view me as yielding, day by day, to the confirming power of custom, until I grew at length not only hopeless, but, I blush to say, careless of breaking through it. And now began the hardships and misfortunes which brought the kindred into the troubles that have pursued them without intermission for the last five years. A dry summer forced us to drive our herds to low land for the convenience of water. Some of the cattle strayed down farther, and were not recovered till they

had got upon the borders of Turlogh Moyle Mac Henry's country. Our fosterers who went after them were known to some of Turlogh's people: and they, holding of the prior of Muckamore, pursued them. They escaped by speed of foot, but our retreat was discovered, and in three days after, we were driven back into our old pastures by the church vassals of the valley. Our cattle took a murrain and died upon the mountain, and we were reduced to famine before the little corn we had was ready for the reaping-hook. Then the kindred broke loose from the heart of the hills in despair, and lifted a prey out of the grange lands of Naltcen. But there was no rest for their feet in Moylinny, for the Quins of Edenduffcarrick, and the O'Haras of the Glen, rose upon us, and we were forced back on this side of the Ollarva again. Here we held our own for a winter, and in the spring made good this post upon Benmadigan, which we account the fastest we have ever possessed; but the pasture is scanty, and we have to keep our main herds farther inland. And now, father, my sad history draws to the conclusion. You may be sure that, when the report of our being forced from our mountain retreat went abroad, my brothers were not backward in coming against us with the rest. But Mac Gillmore met them at the fords, where he had overthrown them before, and had the victory a second time, for they were taken by surprise at night, and both Raymond and Alan fell into our hands. I was with the main craeght in the interior, nor did I know that my brothers were prisoners until long after; for they were kept in the caves here under strong ward, and it was not till their ransom had been paid that what I am about now to tell you, happened. My youngest child—she was a little girl, father, the only girl we had—she is gone now with the rest, God be good to her innocent soul! for my Harry Dhas is the only one that sickness and hardship have left me—but, father, the child had fallen sick, and the doctor of the clan was with Mac Gillmore on Benmadigan. I would have sent for him, but that I knew he could ill be spared from the attendance of two of the kindred who were lying wounded in the caves. So I determined to take the child to him, myself, and, accordingly, I mounted a litter and came across the hills that

morning, with a guard of four fosterers. I had not been here for more than three months, and I was not expected, so that after passing the outer posts we came down upon the kindred unawares. It was just at the descent over the northern brow of the hill, down which Mac Gillmore brought you yesterday, that we met him and the heads of the clan coming up with two strangers. We met, face to face, on the narrow path, and they were so haggard, from their imprisonment, that at first I did not know my brothers, for they were sorely changed since I had seen them nine years before, in the pride of youth and manly beauty. Both their beards were grown span long, but Alan looked the sterner and paler. The first glance I had of them, and even before I recognized my brothers, I saw that there was something amiss; for Mac Gillmore signed impatiently and fiercely for my escort to turn back—what he had never done before, and I coming to meet him—and seemed to make an effort to withdraw their attention from me. But Raymond, the moment he beheld my face, sprang forward and grasped the reins of the leading horse. I knew him then, and screamed aloud, for he looked at me with a terrible countenance. "Depart in peace, Sirs," I then heard Mac Gillmore saying to them; "she is my wife." Then Raymond said he lied, and called me by one viler name than I deserved, and Mac Gillmore struck him a blow with the handle of his dagger in the face, but Alan ran up and held Raymond back, crying that all they wanted was to murder him, and said—words that I remember to this day—"Hold back, Raymond. Do not acknowledge her: she is dead—she is drowned—you know that this is no sister of ours." "That may do to tell at Dundonald," Raymond cried, "but if all the kindred stood present, I would not hold my hand from the pagan villain who has brought this blot upon our house," and, at the words, he tore himself out of Alan's grasp, and wrenching a sword from one of the clan, who stood beside, he rushed upon Mac Gillmore, who had barely time to draw his weapon before they were engaged in deadly combat. Alan and our fosterers ran in to part them, but Mac Gillmore cried that he would strike the first man dead who interfered, and when I fell among the rocks in

springing from the litter to rush between them, I could hear him over the clashing of their weapons calling to his people to let the Mac Seneschals go free, come what might; for they had thrown themselves upon Alan, and would have surely slain him had Mac Gillmore fallen. But, alas, alas! how could a worn and broken prisoner stand long before the keenest swordsman in Ulster, fresh from the field, and fighting on his own ground? When I fell, their swords had not crossed ten times, and when I rose, Raymond was a corpse upon the green sward at my feet. The love for my brother that had lain dead in my breast for nine long years was revived. I cast myself down beside him; I kissed his lips, and mourned over him with such a grief as I never felt before, except for my own child. Mac Gillmore stood a moment, and contemplated the work of his hands, then, in a low voice, bade his people form a bier of branches, and bear the dead man to his kindred, who awaited him at the remote outposts; and then, turning to Alan, he said, "Dhuine Wasail, depart in peace." "Not as, I will come again," said Alan, and I looked up as he spoke, and oh, father, the glance he cast at me was hard to bear, though he spoke not a word to me, but still addressed himself to Mac Gillmore. "Pagan," he said, "when I come again, we will have a fairer field," and turning sullenly away, he strode up the path.—I thought he would have spoken to me. I could not let him go thus. I rose and followed him: he would not hear me: I clasped his mantle; he turned and pushed me away. I would have again supplicated him to speak to me, though I scarce knew what I could have said to appease him, but Mac Gillmore came up, and lifting me like an infant, bore me back to the litter, where he placed the child in my arms, and I followed him to the cave in silence. From that day I have known no peace. The bleeding images of my brother and father are constantly before my eyes. In my dreams I think I see Alan coming: his words are ever in my ears. It is all the punishment of my sin and folly; but blessed be He who inflicts it, I have learned to bear His judgments with resignation."

Both sat silent for a few minutes after she had finished her sad narra-

tive, the lady awaiting the severe sentence which she felt her faults and errors had deserved, the kindly ecclesiastic pondering the gentlest mode of consolation for one afflicted with such numerous and unexampled misfortunes. "Daughter," at length he said, "it is a blessed thing that thou canst suffer so much without repining. I have heard many woeful histories, but thy griefs are without parallel. Yet thy sins have also been great, nor have these calamities fallen on thee unprovoked. Thou hast been in some measure an apostate from the faith, and, notwithstanding the wrongs done thy people by the church, I can call thine abetting of Mac Gillmore's feud little else than sacrilege. Thy marriage, too, was far from such a ceremony as ought to have satisfied a virtuous maiden, yet I would not on that account call thy child altogether illegitimate. But thou must no longer be the mother of a pagan. Bring me thy boy, and under God we will begin the blessed work by christening him."

The lady's countenance, which had been downcast and troubled as brother Virgil recapitulated the instances of her guilt or disgrace, suddenly grew bright with joyful emotion. "May Heaven reward you, holy and blessed man!" she exclaimed, rising with glad looks to seek the boy.

"Nay, daughter," said brother Virgil, "call me not by these titles, which belong to God's saints alone. I am but a poor servant of the blessed Francis, and such service as I can render thee is to be accounted to his praise and honour, not to mine."

"Glory be to his name," cried the lady, as Harry Oge, whom she had risen to seek, entered at the door, accompanied by his foster-father and tutor, Owen Grumagh.

"Glory be to his name, indeed," ejaculated brother Virgil; "he has sent the boy in good time; come hither, my son: thou art a fair boy, may Heaven bless thee! what is thy name?"

"Harry Oge Mac Hugh More Mac Adam, and I am of the clan Gillmore," replied the boy boldly.

"And who gave thee that name, my son?" asked the Franciscan.

"The kindred call me plain Harry; but the other is my name by right," was the boy's answer.

"And wouldst thou rather be called by that long name than by plain Harry?" asked brother Virgil.

"No;" replied the boy; "but if I were a Tierna More, and had conquered all my enemies, the bards would say, when they were asked who fought the great breach, or who drove the great prey, that it was Harry Oge Mac Hugh More Mac Adam, and then they would all know that I was not bleared Harry Mac Hugh Calvagh, nor limping Harry Mac Hugh Beg."

The good brother smiled, and, patting the boy's dark curly head, exclaimed, "Mayest thou indeed be famous among the bards, my son; but neither for fighting battles nor for driving preys."

"And what else would a man be famous for?" demanded the boy.

"My son," replied the good old monk, "some men have been famous for one thing, some for another. Olav Fola was famous for giving good laws to his people; Cormac Mac Cuillenan gained great honor for piety and holiness. Wouldst thou not rather be famous for doing good, as these renowned princes shall be to the end of time, than be known to the bards, as others are, for nothing but bloodthirstiness, and cruelty, and covetousness? Wouldst thou not rather be Harry Lamh Fosgaltagh, than Harry Lamh Dearg?"

"I would rather be Harry Lamh Laider than either," cried the boy; "for the strong hand rules all."

"Well, so as thou dost rule justly and mercifully, be Harry of the strong hand with God's blessing," cried brother Virgil; and now, bantierna, get me the water in a pure vessel, and we will be his sponsors ourselves for want of better."

"What are you going to do to the Tierna Oge, Gilly Francisagh?" demanded Owen, who had stood by, listening in silent pride to his pupil's ready answers; and now seemed to think it high time to interfere when he saw the monk busied in preparing the consecrated water—"are you going to put incantations on my foster son?"

"The holy man is going to christen my child, son of Rory," said the lady.

"What is that?" asked the boy, drawing back.

"My son," said the monk, "didst

thou not tell me that thy mother would never have gone to the wood with Mac Gillmore if they had not been wedded by a lord abbot?"

"Ay," said the boy; "and who says that they were not?"

"No one, my brave boy; but just as the bantierna would not have gone with thy father without being wedded; so no lady of the land would go with thee if she knew that thou hadst not been christened by a priest."

"What is it like?" said the boy, advancing a step, but still holding his foster-father by the hand.

"Nay, Harry," said the lady, "come to the holy man at once; he is only going to pronounce thy name, and give thee his blessing, as the priest did with me when I also was a child."

"And did the priest do it to my father too?" said Harry, still hanging back, although strongly tempted by the advantages held out by brother Virgil.

"No, my child," replied the lady; "your father was not so fortunate; but your grandfather, and all your people down to your grandfather's time, were duly baptized as became a Christian kindred—son of Rory, you know that what I say is true."

"It is true, indeed," said Owen; "I remember Adam Garv saying so himself, and, for a token, he would tell us that they had left his right hand unchristened, that it might hit the harder; but Adam would laugh when he would tell the story; for he was *kithague*, and struck sorest with his left."

"But we will christen thee, my son, both right and left, and hand and foot," said brother Virgil, holding out his hand to the boy.

But Harry and his tutor still hesitated. "You will put no charm upon me?" asked the one. "What you are going to do will not turn him against the kindred?" stipulated the other.

"What, son of Rory, think you I would consent to have the Tierna Oge turned against his people?" said the lady, indignantly.

The clansman, awed by an authority which had never been exerted in vain, yielded without dispute: "as the bantierna pleases," he said, leading his foster-son forward, and committing him into the hands of the Franciscan. The boy at first showed a somewhat

scornful impatience; but as the ceremony proceeded, he began to gaze with a gradually subdued wonder upon the earnest and solemn countenance of the priest. Then awe succeeded to wonder, and his eyes, he knew not why, filled with tears, as the pious man, looking upward, pronounced, amid mysterious words, those names which he had often heard his mother call on under sorrow and pain. He suffered the consecrated water to be sprinkled on his head, and the sacred symbol to be signed upon his forehead by the finger of the priest, without murmur or motion; and, after the benediction was completed and all the ceremony of his baptism over, he stood gazing on the countenance of his initiator in breathless and awestruck silence, till his delighted mother, casting her arms about his neck, covered his glistening face with kisses, and welcomed him with a thousand blessings into the church of his fathers. Owen Grumagh had looked on with equal wonder, but not with equal reverence. He took his foster-son by the hand, when his mother had ceased to cover him with her caresses, and shaking off the drops that still hung among his thick hair, he asked him: "Harry a vic machree, what was it they were doing to you? Was your fair head not wet enough with the rain this morning, when you were walking the dews before the lazy Gilly was out of his bed, that he should throw cold water in your face now, as if you were a woman in a faint?"

"Hush, Owen," said the boy, speaking low; "it did not hurt me."

"It were not well for him if it had," said Owen; "but come now, avic, it is time to go and shoot at the target."

At the same moment the lady was summoned to attend Mac Gillmore, and the monk, promising to remain within call, in case his services should be needed, accompanied his catechumen, with his tutor, to the field. The shooting ground was a smooth stripe of green sward, stretching along the foot of the rocks to one of those fantastic knolls which have been described as rising like the waves of an agitated sea, around the base of the cliff. This verdant hillock formed the butt, and the target of wood was erected about midway up its green

acclivity. The youths of the clan were divided into companies according to their age; and when brother Virgil came forth, those among whom Harry Oge was to be included, were just taking their position a little nearer the mark than the elder band who had preceded them. Whether it was by chance, or that he was more emulous in the presence of a stranger, or that the boy's mind was really elevated by the consciousness of some high privilege conferred upon him in the mysterious ceremony he had undergone, Harry Oge not only surpassed all his fellows in archery, but bore himself with so eminently graceful and elate an air, as attracted the attention of all present. "By the broad stone," cried Hugh Calvagh, "I thought my Harry was half a head taller than the Tierna Oge; but, somehow, the son of Hugh More looks as tall as he when they are asunder; though when they stand together you can easily see the difference."

"I never saw a vouchaleen of his age make such shooting as he is making today," said Hugh Beg; "my Harry, Baccagh though he be, shot ring for ring with him yesterday; but you see he cannot touch his worst mark today."

"Something has surely come over him," said a third speaker, as the boys, after finishing their bow exercise, started in the footrace that followed: "See how he heads the whole flight. Tieg Gasta, that we thought the fastest of his company is half a pike's length behind him. There, foot of Finn! how he cleared the ditch; and, see, he runs as light as a fawn, and the rest are panting like slot-hounds on a summer day. Surely some one has put a charm upon him. Son of Rory, what have you been doing to the Tierna Oge?"

"Ask the Gilly Francisagh," said Owen; "for, by the hand of my body, I think it was an incantation he put upon him, after all."

"Servant of Francis," said the clansman, going up to brother Virgil, where he stood gazing with quiet pleasure on the animated scene, "have you a spell for the palsy? I would give you a milking goat, with her two kids, if you would put the charm upon my father's

he has been bedrid since last Lammas floods."

"Friend," replied the Franciscan; "I have neither spell nor charm; I leave such sorceries to dealers in the black art."

"And what is it that you have done to the Tierna Oge?" demanded the clansman, "for he is not like the same boy he was; though a comely and an active vouchaleen he has been ever and always."

"Ay, Gilly Francisagh, what did you do to him?" asked another, and the same question was repeated by several standing round, so that brother Virgil suddenly found himself the centre of a group prepared to receive all that he had desired to tell them, but which he had half despaired of their attending to. Much pleased by so favourable an opportunity, he took his stand upon a detached mass of rock that lay beside, and, thus elevated in the midst of his auditory, he addressed them: "My friends and brethren, for all men are brothers in the sight of God, you have asked me whether I have dealt with your chieftain's son by such enchantments as are commonly used by sorcerers and wizards—God forbid. The people of my faith abhor all dealing in magic. The success of spells and incantations cometh of the devil, who is the father of the black art: him we reject, and all his works we abominate; but, brethren, if the sacrament which I have administered to the son of your chieftain make him stronger of hand, or swifter of foot, or fairer of face, as ye seem to think that it hath done, the success thereof most manifestly cometh of God, in whose name I have baptized him. In his name I am ready to baptize you all; but look not that a like wonder shall be shown on each as hath been manifested in this lovely and chosen boy; for, by baptizing you, I but prepare you for the knowledge of these things, which if you believe not, that baptism is of no avail. Behold in what a condition ye are for want of that knowledge which I would thus prepare you to receive. Other kindreds of men possess fixed dwellings on their own lands, each one his home secured him by law, which none dare violate; but you are wanderers and outcasts, houseless and lawless, dwelling only where the weakness of enemies stands

you instead of the good will of friends.

Where other men enjoy that security of protection which gives them time and confidence to till the earth for its fruits, to have white bread and sweet wine at will, to clothe themselves in warm and seemly garments, to travel for pleasure or on their necessary occasions through fair countries, and beautiful cities, seeing all the wonders and delights of the world without danger and without hardship, you, my hapless brothers, knowing not the moment when you must fly from before your enemies have to leave the earth untilled, the arts of industry unpractised, the sweets of life untasted; clad in the skins of beasts you must hide your heads in desert and inhospitable forests; afraid to venture beyond the bounds of a dismal wilderness, you sigh to hear of the blossoming orchards; the yellow waving corn fields; the stately cities; the luxurious palaces and delicious gardens which lie in the forbidden land without. You are separated from mankind; a single kindred in the midst of innumerable nations, all in the enjoyment of blessings which you can never share but by returning to the world that you have abandoned. But how can you return? Brethren, I will tell you. The same bond which keeps the numberless kindreds of men who compose this great and goodly world whereof I speak, from sundering from one another, and falling into even such wildness as your own, can also bind you with the rest. That bond is neither the relationship of blood, for the kindred of whom I speak draw their descent from far distant continents; nor the tie of common country, for they inhabit various lands; nor the likeness of their countenances, for they are of divers feature and colour; nor the understanding of one another's language, for they speak in a hundred different tongues; nor the resemblance of the laws by which they are governed, for some are ruled by senates, and some by kings, and some by elected chieftains; and yet the bond is strong enough to bind them all, and without it no other tie could bind them. It is their belief in one God, my brethren, that unites the nations; their worship of that God, as prescribed by one church, that gives the unchanging stability to that union; and the

enactment of laws in accordance with the holy precepts of one Gospel by which that God has revealed himself and established that church, which completes the mystic bond of their society, and the glorious work of their salvation. It is this knowledge of God that ye want; it is this knowledge of God that I offer to you; but to know God as he has revealed himself to his children, you must hearken to the church whose messenger I am; and to prepare you for receiving her instructions aright, I am ready, under God, to administer this holy sacrament of baptism to as many of you as are willing, with honest hearts, to receive it."

When brother Virgil concluded, there was a stir among the crowd, and considerable interest seemed to have been excited by his discourse, for the people whispered earnestly together, and there was no motion made by any to depart. At length one clansman stood forward, and asked—"Gilly Francisagh, if we do this, are you sure that Mac Gillmore will not be displeased?"

"It was to teach you these things that he invited me hither," replied brother Virgil.

"And if we do all as you desire," asked another, "how soon might we look to be settled in the country of the gardens and corn fields? Could we get down do you think before the harvest?"

"Alas, my friend," said the good monk, "sheep who have strayed so far can scarce hope to be taken back at once into the fold; but if thou wilt believe in God as I shall tell thee, I will promise thee a better reward than ever human husbandmen reaped off the face of earth."

"What is that?" demanded several voices.

"Even life eternal, joy and glory before God in heaven for ever!" exclaimed brother Virgil.

It grieved the good man much, to perceive that the more precious promise had the less effect. They heard him with wonder, but without emotion. "How can we have joy and glory if we are dead?" said one; "But does he not say that we will live for ever," cried another; "I do not understand

him," said a third, "but I would be satisfied with what he offered first."

"I see my error," exclaimed brother Virgil; "I have told you only of the worldly ills you suffer, I have painted only the worldly blessings you have lost; but there are blessings to be sought and evils to be dreaded in another world of which I have not yet told you; but, if ye have ears to hear, listen to me proclaiming them before you now;" and with the fervor of a sincere heart the pious man proceeded, after announcing to them the immortality of the soul, to pourtray in vivid colours the opposite condition of the faithful and of the unbelieving after death. The pagans stood astonished, incredulity yielding to hope on the one hand, and to alarm on the other. The preacher saw his success; he heightened his pictures to the excited imaginations of his hearers; he made every man the spectator of his own possible condition through eternity; then returning to themselves, he represented, as it were by the reflection of that supernatural light, the earthly heaven and hell of virtuous or sinful bosoms; all felt the truth brought home to their own hearts; some stared like detected and confounded criminals; others, resenting the allusions which each considered separately directed to himself, stood with looks of indignation and irresolute defiance; one or two were melted into tears, and there were none, however young, indifferent. Even Owen Grumagh was touched, but far from satisfied: "How do you know all this, Gilly Francisagh," he said, in a pause of the good monk's discourse.

"God has empowered the church to teach us his will, and the church declares it," replied brother Virgil; "the church declares it, and the very ground we stand upon bears witness to the signs and wonders that accompanied her message of it to this ungrateful land."

"How is that?" demanded several voices.

Brother Virgil, in reply, pointed out the localities of many of the miraculous events related in the lives of Patrick, Bridget, and Columba, all visible from the spot where they stood. This appeal had more than its effect. "It is true, it is true," cried Hugh

Calvagh, when the monk related to them how Patrick raised the tide to wash away the sabbath-breaker's building on the hill of Drumbo. "It is true," cried the too enthusiastic believer; "for Fin Mac Coule built up the same fort in one night after, and you may see his finger-stone hard by in the ring of Ballylessan to this day."

"Nay, nay," said the Franciscan; "thou art confounding thy profane legends with the acts of the saints"—and, extricating himself as quickly as he could from the unprofitable question, he proceeded as has been said, notwithstanding many interruptions equally frivolous, to inculcate the grand truths which found their evidence in every heart, till at the conclusion of his address such an impression had been made on the whole multitude, that, when two women and a man pressed forward and offered themselves for baptism, there was a general hum of approval among all present. The triumphant monk, with tears of joy in his eyes, prepared to celebrate the ceremony without delay, for he was well aware of the effect of example, and he already indulged no ill-founded expectations that if he could effect the baptism of one or two, he might ultimately succeed in making converts of the whole clan. "Bring me water in a pure vessel," he cried, "and let those who aspire to the knowledge of the true God stand forth!" The three who had offered themselves immediately advanced into the circle which the crowd now formed before him: their example was contagious; first one, and then another, stepped forth, amid loud acclamations, and took their places by their sides; then there was a confused movement among the mass of the crowd, the people impelled backwards and forwards with an irresolute motion, like the eddying swell and retreat of waves upon the shore, until at last, breaking their ranks in a tumultuous burst of enthusiasm, the whole munter Gillmore rushed forward to the feet of their exhorter, and, with one voice, cried aloud to be baptized. Never did the bosom of an apostle glow with more intense and pure delight than now, in the first joy of his unexpected success, thrilled through the heart of the pious Virgil. "Glory be to God!" he exclaimed, extending

his hands to heaven over the heads of the multitude; "blessed be the day and hour that sees this glorious and heavenly sight! blessed be the eyes that behold it, and the tongue that tells it, and the feet that bear the tidings of it, and blessed for ever be He who hath formed those hands to do his holy will in perfecting and proving the bliss it promises! Nay, nay," he said, as a pitcher of water was placed before him on the rock; "out of no vessel made by hands will I celebrate this sublime sacrament of a nation's redemption. Come to the running waters, where the fountain will not weary in giving us its clear element, that faint yet still that best earthly image of the purity of God's nature and of the inexhaustible abundance of God's love."

He descended from the rock as he spoke, and, taking Harry Oge, who stood beside, by the hand, bade him lead him to the spring. The boy obeyed, with silent reverence, the crowd thronging round or rushing forward, and eagerly contending who should be first to gain a place upon the brink of the little well. All the booths, save that of the chieftain, were deserted; old and young, seized with an equal enthusiasm, poured down the face of the hill, and, but for the interference of Owen Grumach, who either regarded the Franciscan with contempt, as the propounder of unintelligible mysteries, or with resentment, as having indulged in some denunciations which seemed to have been levelled peculiarly at him, the very sentinels and outposts would have left their stations and joined the general concourse. To contemplate such a scene without emotions of pride was not to be expected from the human heart of the good Virgil. It could not be but that some fragments of the dispersed visions of the morning would flit involuntarily before his eyes as he viewed the approaching completion of this, the greatest and most important act in his imaginary drama. The chapel and altars, and the page of the red-lettered calendar, bearing Virgilius de Rupe conspicuous among the names of saints and martyrs, did, it is true, occasionally intervene between the mind's eye of the worthy man and his loftier objects of contemplation;

but if the divine will sometimes use human instruments, the service of angels is not exacted from them. And now, after descending the romantic steep, they were arrived at the fountain, a limpid well about half-a-mile down the hill, lying so smooth and pellucid in its white bed of limestone, that, but for the noise of its waters where they fell babbling over the natural terrace out of the green esplanade of which they had sprung, a moment before, one would scarcely have suspected the presence of the translucent and almost invisible element. Here, in the bright sunshine, with a blue sky overhead, and a verdant amphitheatre around, the assembled outcasts stood awaiting the mysterious rite that was to readmit them to the society of mankind. It was a strange and touching scene; the good monk in the midst, kneeling on the margin, his venerable figure distinctly rendered back by the liquid mirror beneath, as, with elevated hands, he consecrated the desert waters to man's dearest service; the front rank of the expectant multitude sitting on the grass around, those behind them kneeling, and the remote spectators on tiptoe, straining their necks to catch a glimpse of his mysterious proceedings; then the black cliffs peeping over the sunny slope behind them; and the thick tree-tops extending from the base of the grassy terrace where they were assembled, in one matted and impassable wilderness, down to the water's edge below—all formed a picture not unworthy of the novel and important occasion, and it was little wonder if brother Virgil, when he called forth his first catechumen, felt his breast distended with emotions, such as he could, to some extent, blamelessly compare with those of earlier apostles. "It was thus that Patrick stood by Tubbermore, and baptized the heathen of Laharna," he unconsciously said to himself, "it was thus that Dunstan in a single day made three thousand inheritors of life eternal, and gained a crown of glory for his own brows for ever. John thus in Jordan"—but before he had time either to complete the audacious comparison, or to perceive its sinfulness, he was interrupted by the approach of a messenger, who was seen coming down the hill at the

top of his speed, and heard shouting, while still at a distance, "To arms, kindred! to arms! Alan Duff is upon us!"

All rose in consternation. The cry on all hands was that the enemy was coming. The catechumen, who was kneeling at the moment under the hands of brother Virgil, started to his feet, and, looking wildly round, demanded "Where?" then, receiving no reply to his question in the tumult, drew his skene, and darted off towards the encampment, whither all were already hurrying in furious haste and disorder. It was like the dispersion of a cloud before the wind. Brother Virgil had stooped to lift the water in his palm, surrounded by a whole clan, silent, reverent, full of newly-awakened hopes, and eager to receive a peaceful sacrament; the drops were still falling from his fingers, and he stood alone, while up the hill before him rushed, with deafening clamour and vociferation, a frenzied multitude of men and women, driven by fright, anger, despair, revenge, and savage love of conflict. All were gone but Harry Oge, and he had run a stone's-throw before he thought of turning to lead his father's physician back again. "We must make haste," he said, taking brother Virgil's hand in his; "for if Alan Duff be come, we are like to have a sore fight."

But the monk moved not; his amazement had given way to unmixed affliction: he stood as a man might who sees his whole wealth swept away by a whirlwind. His wealth had been the hope of doing good, and one moment had beggared him. They were gone, and who could tell when war and outlawry would let them back again, or whether death might not keep them away once and for ever? Gone with them were Calendar and Crown—Tubber More would still have the pre-eminence among Antrim's fountains—Dunstan need no longer dread a rival. "But I have provoked the judgment," cried poor Virgil, in the bitterness of his heart; "did I not compare myself to John the Baptist, and what less punishment could pride so impious deserve?"

"Father," said the boy, pulling him by the hand, when he saw that he gave no attention to his warning, "come

away, or the kindred may leave us behind. Donagh Ghasta, that brought the news, told me that if we cannot keep the hills by strong hand, we must take the road before sunset, for the night paths are wondrous hard to tread, and the cattle could not keep them in the dark."

"It is well for the cattle that God created them the brute animals they are," said brother Virgil, his mind still engrossed in the contemplation of his misfortune.

"Ay, but, father," cried the boy, in increased distress, "you'll find the Clan Savage wickeder cattle to deal with than any bulls you ever saw; and if you come not now they will catch us before we can get to the kindred, and us sure as they do, Black Alan will kill us both!"

"What of Black Alan, my son?" said the Franciscan, scarce yet comprehending the nature of the danger which had left him so suddenly deserted; "did they say that Black Alan Savage was coming?"

"Man, man!" exclaimed the boy, impatient with an ignorance which was to him incomprehensible, "do you not know that the black Mac Seneschal has fired the woods beyond Carrick Mac Art, and that if the wind doesn't fall he will have a passage into our strength before an hour!"

"Holy and blessed Francis!" exclaimed the monk, setting his face to the hill with such speed as his dress would permit. "Holy and blessed Francis! what will become of the poor lady and the sick chief?"

"They will carry MacGillmore on a litter, if need be," said the boy, running lightly beside, "and my mother has travelled the road often before."

"Good, Good," said brother Virgil, the steep ascent preventing his using many words.

"Now," said the boy, pointing to the left, as they rose into a more extensive prospect of the south side of the hill, "look past the foot of the high rock between you and the slack of the black mountain beyond: don't you see a thin blue smoke driving towards us? That's where the Clan Savage are: they are burning their road before them. Donagh says he saw it from the Carrick top, and that the whole wood is in a blaze; though

it lies so low, we can only see some of the smoke of it from here."

The weary Franciscan by this time could only utter an ejaculation of assent as his youthful guide pointed out the indications of their danger. He was spent and out of breath, for the hill was smooth and the grass slippery, and the ascent so steep, that at last he was fairly forced to stop and breathe himself. This was rather a drawback on the reverence with which Harry Oge had regarded him. The flush upon Harry's cheek might have been heightened by the excitement of approaching danger, but he would have coursed the hill round and not have drawn a shorter breath than when he started. He would fain have been in the camp, too, with his people at such a time; yet he scarce liked to leave the poor monk without guidance, although now within a little distance of shelter. "Father," he said, "if you had been bred with us you would not be so scant of breath. Owen Grumach makes us run up and down the hill every morning before meat; some of us can sing, too, going at the top of our speed. I'll tell you what: I'll run and get some of the kindred to help you, and I'll come back with them myself:" so saying, and without waiting for a reply, the courageous boy ran on, carolling, in a clear sweet voice, though, perhaps, as much to keep his courage up as to display it—

Through the Abbey parks of Bangor
The dewlapped heifers roam,
And we'll stand the Abbot's anger
But we'll drive a colpack home;
We'll bide the Abbot's battle,
But this we still shall say,
Clan-na Christha breeds the cattle,
ClanGillmore drives the prey!

"Holy and blessed Francis!" exclaimed the wearied monk, as he stood panting on the steep, while his only catechumen unconsciously gave this characteristic promise of an unregenerated life; "holy and blessed Francis! he is as wild a freebooter already in his heart as if he had neither been crossed nor christened! But surely he is a beauteous and a brave boy, and I must not desert either him or his people, and they in this trouble:" so saying, the good brother turned once more to the ascent of the mountain.

He had not proceeded more than a few steps when Harry Oge, accompanied by two fosterers, appeared over the nearest eminence coming to his assistance. The clansmen had been dispatched the moment their absence was perceived to bring both to the camp without delay, as the progress of the flames in the wood threatened very soon to give the clan Savage an entrance to the Mac Gillmore's hitherto impregnable retreat. As yet, however, the danger was not immediate, for the wood through which the passage was thus opening lay at a considerable distance from the encampment, and the broken ground between offered many obstacles to the advance of an army, even after they should

have cut or burned their way through the forest. In the encampment all was hurry and alarm; yet much had already been effected in the way of preparation: the cattle were marshalled in herds upon the pathway leading to the top and back of the hill, ready to be driven off at a moment's notice. The baggage horses were tethered to stakes in front of the booths; guards were duly stationed on all the commanding points, and the flower of the kindred had marched under Owen Grumach to await the irruption of their enemies, and give them battle below.

"We stop here for tonight," said Turlogh—"tomorrow we will conclude."

MISS MARTINEAU'S TRACTS.

WE confess that we have seldom derived much pleasure or profit from that class of books which their authors announce as at once instructive and amusing, nor perhaps are we singular in this. Many people, besides ourselves, instinctively turn away from books which make this double promise. So far are such books from instructing or amusing us, that if we were to judge of their object from their contents, not from their title-pages, we should conclude that they were written expressly "to tire the patience and mislead the sense."

In this age, when the division of labour has been carried to such an extent, we might have supposed that books, like other productions of human industry, would be made, each to serve some one particular purpose, to do only one thing, but to do that one thing very well. We should not indeed consider it desirable, that a philosophical work should be dry and irksome to the reader. On the contrary, one of the greatest recommendations it can possess is, that it should be as interesting and attractive as the nature of the subject will permit. But we do think that the interest should be excited for the information intended to be conveyed, not for something altogether foreign from it; for what requires to be remembered, not for what may be as well forgotten; for the truth

taught in the work, not for the fiction which is mixed with it. The pleasure felt in the perusal of a scientific book should be produced by the elegance of its style; by the natural and easy order in which the parts are disposed; by the beauty and importance of the facts which it communicates; by the striking nature and intimate connexion of the truths which it unfolds, and by the clearness and simplicity of the arguments which establish them. These are pleasures of the highest nature which any work addressed to the understanding can inspire, and the perception of them tends to improve the mind, and to give it at once an interest in philosophical pursuits, and a greater capacity for conducting them.

But the pleasure (if any) which is afforded by "instructive and amusing stories," is altogether different from this. These profess to teach an abstruse science, while you are reading an agreeable tale. Here we think that the intended amusement and instruction are not consistent with each other. Few people will read a novel more readily for having the thread of the narrative frequently broken by long philosophical or scientific disquisitions. Neither will they feel pleased, when engaged and interested in some philosophical discussion, at being called away at the arbitrary will and pleasure of the novelist, to weep for the woes

of some imaginary heroine, or to rejoice at her unexpected deliverance from the perils with which she was environed.

This would probably be the case, even if the novel and the philosophy were both good in their kind. But this is too favourable a view of the matter, for the philosopher will not be likely to write an interesting novel, and the novelist will be apt to write very puerile philosophy. In short, as scientific instruction and the entertainment afforded by fiction, require a different state of mind in the reader, and a different character of mind in the author, we do not think it a desirable thing that any attempt should be made to unite them in the same work.

But all this argument does not alter the fact, which is, that those "amusing and instructive" volumes are frequently very popular, and have a very extended sale and circulation. This is an age of men, wise in their own conceit, who wish to have the credit of possessing learning, but will not take the pains necessary to acquire it. Accordingly as the alphabet is taught in cakes and gingerbread, so the first rudiments of science are turned into toys and games of sport; and the further progress is sought in novels and romances.

Among the numerous works of this class which have lately appeared, none have been so remarkable for their success as Miss Martineau's illustrations of political economy; but notwithstanding her success, we remain fully persuaded that political economy is not a science capable of being taught by tales. The perusal of Miss Martineau's tales rather confirms our opinion on this point, than gives us any reason to distrust it; and a short account of her writings will prove that political economy is not distinguished from every other science by a capability of being illustrated by fictitious narratives.

The manner in which her design originated, is perfectly in accordance with our opinion. In a letter written to the French translator of her works, she informs the public that she commenced her career as an authoress, by publishing a few remarks addressed to the working classes, to show the impolicy of strikes, and turns out. After-

wards, on reading the well-known "Conversations on Political Economy," she says that she found out, to her great amazement, that she had unconsciously been writing political economy. She then offered her services to the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," to write tales in illustration of the principal doctrines of that science. They rejected her offer; and accordingly she wrote and published them on her own account. They were eminently successful as a commercial speculation, but in every other point of view she has, we think, as signally failed. The booksellers may congratulate the fair authoress on her success—the critic must lament her failure—which is however sufficiently accounted for by the nature of the original design.

In this account of her initiation, we may observe that what she first attempted to teach, were not doctrines of political economy, so much as rules of prudence, to direct the conduct of individuals in certain situations; and it is precisely to inculcate such rules that examples and illustrations can be used with most effect. The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and is always unwilling to learn how weak it is; but we readily credit the wickedness or weakness of another; and, since the parable of Nathan, it is ever found that the readiest way, in which our misconduct can be displayed to ourselves, is to show a similar instance committed by some other person. Without hesitation, we admit the villainy or folly of such conduct in others, and cannot afterwards deny the application to ourselves. It is thus that Miss Edgeworth has succeeded so well in exposing the dangers of procrastination; or in persuading us to examine whether what we complain of as bad luck, may not be attributable to our imprudence.

Still we think that this method of conveying instruction should only be employed to impress upon the minds of children such rules of conduct as are indisputably true, and therefore require no argument to confirm them. For, considered as a kind of proof, this mode of instructing by fictitious examples is liable to this fatal objection, that it can, with equal facility, be turned to the support of falsehood. Some authoress, with the talents of Miss Edge-

worth or Miss Martineau, may write a tale to show the utility of procrastination, and introduce a hero whose fortunate adventures are always to be attributed to his habit of putting off until tomorrow every thing which ought to be done today. Or for the purpose of showing that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, she may contrast one personage incessantly blundering upon good fortune, with another, whose consummate wisdom is the cause of his being involved in inextricable calamities. As sincere lovers of truth, we cannot approve of a mode of proof which has a tendency to obliterate all distinctions between truth and falsehood. And it is to establish those propositions which Miss Martineau admits to be most furiously controverted that she resorts to this suspicious kind of argument.

The incidents appealed to, as illustrations or examples of any disputed doctrine, ought either be such as are known to be true, or else they should be so natural that every one will at once perceive and admit their probability.

But if they do not thus appeal to the preexisting knowledge of the reader, or to his common sense, they require to be supported by external evidence. If the author gives no authority except his own, we require that he should confine himself to truth in his work throughout, that is, that he should write a history, not a tale. He would be most unreasonable to expect that we should acquiesce in a theory because we found it conformable to the not very probable incidents contained in a professedly fictitious narrative. For this reason, we do not think the cause of science has gained much by transferring such a circumstance as Mr. Gaubion's successful vindication from a charge of smuggling, from Mr. Huskisson's speech, to a tale of fiction. In the former it had weight, as Mr. Huskisson would refer to proofs in support of his statement. It can serve no purpose in a tale. It does not illustrate any thing, and being unsupported by evidence it proves no position. In this instance, indeed, as in many others, Miss Martineau seems to have become aware of the impracticability of her undertaking, and to

have given up even the attempt to illustrate the doctrines of political economy. She began by a successful attempt to develop the progress of industry, by the instance of a number of people thrown in a strange country entirely on their own resources. It has been said that her intention was to proceed methodically to exemplify the progress of society from its first rudiments to its present state, showing at the same time examples of the mode of operation of the different institutions which advanced or retarded this progress. But this design, if she ever conceived it, was very soon abandoned, and under the pressure of the self-imposed necessity of a monthly publication, she took up each subject as it occurred to her, without method or connection.

In general she takes a remarkably one-sided view of questions admitting at least of some doubt, as in most of her illustrations of taxation. If a law may, in a single instance, possibly operate to the prejudice of an innocent individual, an opponent of the law may fairly, in argument, bring forward that instance, and show its unfairness, and the weight of his argument will be determined by the probability of its occurrence. But the novelist can insert as many as he pleases into his tales, and Miss Martineau, in her inveteracy against the excise, has availed herself extensively of this prerogative. A female gathers sloe leaves under the hedges and sells them as tea, without knowing there is harm in doing so, or intending any fraud; and in the same manner all the family engaged in different trades, under the superintendence of the excise, commit *innocent* and *accidental* breaches of the revenue laws. And all the time, these people are represented as being persons who would be willing, under a system of direct taxation, to contribute their fair quota towards defraying the expenses of the state, without fraud or evasion. The fair inference from such examples, given by an author professedly writing to instruct, is, that the adulterator of tea is in general a person innocent of any fraudulent design; and that the breaches of the revenue laws are generally committed accidentally without any fraudulent intention; and that if a

system of direct taxation were introduced, the necessary sums would be paid without inconvenience to the contributors, and without encountering resistance, fraud, or evasion. If these things would not generally take place, is it fair for a person, professing to instruct us, to mention, not the general rules, but the exceptions, as the facts that should guide us in forming our opinions? We have witnessed many revenue trials, and we can safely say that we never saw any person convicted for any breach of the revenue laws which we believed to have been accidental.

For laws in general, Miss Martineau seems to entertain very little respect, and she lays it down to be no dishonor to evade, and no crime to break those of which she happens to disapprove. An excise law in particular, is, in her estimation, fair game. The person who violates or evades it, is, in her opinion, merely doing an innocent act which the legislature has unwisely and unjustly prohibited. In this we cannot agree with her. The contraband trader or manufacturer, besides the system of violence or perjury by which he frustrates the laws, is guilty of a double fraud; a fraud on the public, and a fraud on his rivals, and fair competitors in trade. Miss Martineau contends that the distiller, who privately makes spirits, for which he pays no duty, is not guilty of any moral offence, and may probably be a sincerely honest man in the most extended sense of the term. To this, as we have said, we cannot assent. A duty upon spirits is a tax upon the consumers, falling upon each in proportion to the quantity he consumes. No part of it falls upon the distiller, he is merely the person appointed to collect the tax. He is required to pay it in the first instance, and in return he receives it with a profit from those to whom he sells his spirits. If he receives the tax on that portion which he smuggles by not paying it over, he defrauds the revenue, and to that amount creates the necessity of imposing additional burthens upon his fellow citizens, to raise the sums which are necessary for the public service. If he does not receive the full amount of the tax from the purchasers, he is underselling his

rivals in the market, by means of the frauds he is practising on the revenue. Is there nothing in this to shock the conscience of an honest man? or can we believe that the man who would act in this manner without scruple, would, under a system of direct taxation, declare his liabilities without reserve, and without fraud or delay, contribute his fair proportion to the service of the state?

This is not the only instance in which Miss Martineau has shown herself destitute of that caution which would become one who professes to be a guide to the blind. Her whole works betray an ardent imagination and very moderate degree of judgment. Her enthusiastic love for her favourite science, and her disgust at those prejudices which usurped the name of common sense, and opposed the progress of truth and reason, has, in too many instances, led her far beyond the compass of her understanding. *Credo Quia impossibile est* appears to be her maxim. Her daring disregard of vulgar errors has caused her in every instance, to code as far as possible from popular opinions. Instead of meeting those prejudices, and stripping them of the title they had usurped, she boldly threw off all allegiance to common sense itself. Paradox is her favorite; incredibility (we suppose on the principle that every demand creates a supply) only operates as an incentive to arouse and call into action a sufficient degree of credulity; and once having received any proposition as a doctrine of political economy, she scorns all reference to the arguments by which it was originally proved, or to the qualifications with which it was accompanied.

A confidence in the proofs on which any science rests, will indeed prevent our recurring to them in consequence of any doubt of their truth or force arising in our mind. But this reference is occasionally useful, and even necessary, in order to guard against mistakes and misinterpretations, and in order to prevent the generality of the terms in which any proposition may happen to be conveyed, from leading us to assume its truth in a sense in which it was never proved. This sophism (we believe logicians call it *amphibolia*) is continually besetting us when we prove

general principles, and then endeavour to draw deductions from them; such deductions are more safely drawn from the same proofs from which the general principles themselves were derived.

Dangerous and deceitful as is the process of reasoning by ascent and descent, still, as it may lead to the wildest paradoxes, it has many attractions for Miss Martineau's imagination. If we examine, we shall find that she interprets every proposition in such a manner as to remove it as far as possible from the confines of common sense, as if this made it more scientific. She generally neglects those exceptions and qualifications, accompanied by which, the original inventors proposed their doctrines; nay more, in her zeal for paradox, she frequently gives, as an example of a proposition, the very case which the original framer of it mentioned as an exception. We have not room to enumerate all the instances in which her zeal has thus outstript her discretion: we shall merely refer the reader to a few, and his own industry will enable him to find more in every volume.

For instance, the late Mr. Malthus's doctrines on population are very generally known, and few people are disposed to think that he has not carried them far enough. But Miss Martineau was determined to outmalthus Malthus, and accordingly, in her "weal and woe at Garveloch," she makes the person whom she paints as a model of prudence and propriety, send word to his intended bride that he will not marry her, because, although his means and her's are amply sufficient to support a family, and to secure them from all dread or possibility of want; yet he fears, from the inconsiderateness of his neighbours, that the population will increase too rapidly, and therefore he breaks his engagement with the object of his affections, and resolves to dedicate himself to a single life, to counteract, so far, the tendency of the population to increase in an alarming ratio.

We believe that Miss Martineau is the first who advocated this extent of Malthusianism, which, by way of improving the condition of mankind, would consign the task of peopling the world to the spendthrift and the improvident. It is not enough, according to her doctrines, that the man

who is about to marry should inquire into the tastes, habits, education and general circumstances of his intended wife, and find that they are so well adapted to his own as to create a rational hope of happiness; it is not enough that he should also see a fair prospect of his being able to support his family in comfort and respectability according to his station in life; but he must also inquire how many marriages have lately taken place in the vicinity, and what likelihood there is of those marriages adding to the population of the place, and what increase of population the country can afford to maintain; of course he ought also to keep a sharp look out among the young men and maidens of his acquaintance, and interrogate them carefully to learn how many of their flirtations are likely to lead to matrimony. When these delicate investigations have been concluded, he may consult the most approved of anti-matrimonial tables, and make his calculations, and according to the result of these, he will keep or abandon his engagements with his beloved.

Assenting as we do, in a great measure, to the doctrines of Mr. Malthus on this subject, we still think that it had been better for the cause of truth that he had never written, or, at least, had never been commented upon. An injudicious marriage is merely an act of imprudence, of which, like other acts of imprudence, the consequences fall principally, if not entirely, upon the actors themselves; and those nearly connected with them, and society in general, suffers very little from them. The increase of population is a matter about which political economy need not concern itself, and with which legislation need not, and therefore ought not, to interfere.

Let the ordinary labourer, able to work and in full employment, marry if he is so inclined. He is able to support and bring up his family, if he does not meet with some extraordinary calamity; and against this, no foresight on the subject of matrimony can make any provision. If a large and increasing family sometimes makes him feel the pressure of poverty, and compels him to forego some of those comforts which we should desire him to possess; how often, to balance this, is the partner

and companion of his toils found to be his guardian angel to incite him to a course of prudence and industry, and to dissuade him from crime. One thing must be set off against another. No sum that the labourer is likely to save while single, can add much to the comforts of his married life, even if he were not, during his period of prudent celibacy, less likely to save money than to acquire habits—perhaps irreclaimable—of indolence and profligacy.

We suspect that the Malthusian dread of a superabundant population, has arisen, in a great measure, from this natural mistake among philosophic writers. They look to *themselves*, and thence form their judgment of *others placed in far different circumstances*. It may be said, indeed, that the highest and the lowest classes may disregard the admonitions of Mr. Malthus, or rather of his hypermalthusian followers, and proceed as recklessly to stock the world as if the present was only the third generation from Adam. The wife's tender care, and the change in the habits of the man, which her presence and advice may occasion, will save as much as will repay the difference in expense between a married and a single life. Those who are born to opulence need not, and in general do not, save money: their establishment is ready for the reception of a wife; and whether they marry at twenty-one or at forty-one, their circumstances are pretty much the same. Labourers, too, cannot save much money. To a man in this rank, a wife adds no expense, except the mere food and clothes for the babies; and the man who defers marriage will not be richer, but will probably be, from his habits, less able to earn a provision for his family. For early marriages among the poor there is also this argument, that the elder children, at least, may be able to do something for the family before the health and strength of the parents begin to decline. All that long and painful years of toil, and parsimony, and constrained celibacy, might enable an Irish labourer to hoard, would not be sufficient to support his orphan infant for two years. But the case is different with the middle classes, and especially with professional men and the cultivators of literature. These, in general, look for-

ward to higher fortune than their present condition. Their character and acquirements place them in a station rather above their wealth; and those with whom they associate on terms of equality, are generally their superiors in wealth. Marriage would produce the necessity of a great and expensive change in their establishments to introduce their wives into that society which they had hitherto kept themselves. But their ability to support a wife and family is likely to increase every year, as age may, and generally does, increase the value of their labour; and they may reasonably hope that, if not hurried unexpectedly away, they will leave their families at least a decent competence by a little prudent delay in their marriages. Besides, their education and habits of mental activity give them a certain degree of strength to resist those temptations against which, in other cases, the gentle influence of a wife is the most efficient preservative. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that literary men, in their writings upon political economy, should have been such determined celibatarians, as to them the benefits of marriage are diminished, and its inconveniences considerably increased, by their circumstances and education. It is something, therefore, for Miss Martineau that she should have contrived to push the doctrine to a length to which none of them ever dreamt of extending it.

Another reproach which the followers of common sense use against political economy is, that it maintains the harmlessness of absenteeism. This doctrine, however, even when carried to the fullest extent, is not paradoxical enough for Miss Martineau; and she hints, "that an absentee will, ere long, be honored as a benefactor to his country." (Ireland, 102.) In her arguments, however, she gets a little involved, and tries to extricate herself by using the word "bustle" for "employment." She admits "that the residence of a landlord may affect the locality where his capital resides, and that a man, by sitting down in any place, may create a good deal of bustle there, but that some other class of persons will have less to do than when he was abroad." (p. 100.) Does not this admit the benefit of a resident gentry in rearing employment? "The locality is

affected" by his residence; and may not the producers, who will, in consequence, have less to do, be the residents of Paris or Brussels? If Mr. Tracy lives in Ireland, and wants to have his house regulated, and papered, and painted, and repaired, and his clothes made, and his provisions dressed, and his gardens and gravel walks kept in order, and all the numerous personal services which a man requires, and for which he is compelled to pay, he spends so much of his revenue in giving food and clothes, or the means of purchasing them, to the persons who supply those wants. If he lives in England, he has the same wants, which must be supplied by Englishmen, who, of course, must be paid. How is this payment made? Goods from Ireland must be exported to that amount. So far there is encouragement given to production; but the consumption of the Irish servants and labourers whom the absentee would have employed had he remained at home, is diminished to the same amount. Thus the consumption of Irish commodities is neither increased nor diminished; the only difference is, that part of the consumption is transferred from Irishmen to Englishmen.

Really the advocates of absenteeism appear altogether to mistake the question, and to imagine that the complaints are made by food calling for mouths to eat it, and not by mouths calling for food to fill them. Paddy complains that he has nothing to eat, though so much food is raised in the country—Miss Martineau tells him to have no concern about the matter, for all that food will certainly be eaten somewhere, and will still be a consumption of Irish produce.

The moral effects of residence and absenteeism are still more strikingly different: but with this the political economist in general says he is not concerned, even where the moral differences are productive of most important results. How different is their mode of dealing with the poor-laws, where the moral consequences are ever in their mouths.

The theory of rent is another subject upon which the doctrines of the economists are exceedingly startling to the uninitiated. Of this theory Miss

Martineau is a zealous advocate, and as a friend she seems disposed to take liberties with it, which in an enemy might be deemed unfair. The vulgar think that rent is determined by the demand and supply for the produce of the soil, and that competition among landlords and tenants settles the amount. This loose and unintelligible doctrine is repudiated by the economists, who hold that rent is produced by the varying fertility of the soil. That the best land only is, at first, cultivated, and that as long as the produce of land of this best quality is sufficient to satisfy the wants of the population, rent will not exist. But when population increases, and inferior soils must be cultivated, the superior soils will be worth a rent equal to the difference between their produce and that of the superior soils. Rent, therefore, they say, is *produced* by the necessity of resorting to inferior soils, and is *measured* by the difference between the produce yielded by the same capital by other soils, and by the worst soils to which *that necessity compels the population to resort for subsistence*. To this proposition, with all the qualifications which the economists have gradually added to it, we are disposed to yield assent. But Miss Martineau will admit none of those qualifications, nor state the proposition in any manner to which common sense can submit. According to her, it is the actual cultivating of inferior lands, not the necessity of such cultivation to produce the required supply, that causes rent; and therefore any person, by merely tilling a few fields of very bad land, may increase the rents of all the farms in the country. Indeed this consequence is one of the *facts* which she states to illustrate the doctrine of rent. In *Ella of Garveloch*, she represents Ronald as regretting that, by tilling certain bad land, he had raised the rent of his sister Ella's farm. And a settler in America is prevented from taking in some bad land by the reflection that such a proceeding would raise the rent of that which he already had. In this tale Miss Martineau occasionally lays it down, that this increase of rent is not injurious to the farmer, since it is preceded or accompanied by an increase of prices that makes the land worth so much more rent. But

his opinions on this point are by no means steady; for in the same tale, page 73, she observes, that "the time for Forbes to grow rich, was before he paid rent at all—when he kept all the produce himself;" and in "For each and for all," page 75, mention is made of a man who is annoyed by the complaints of his neighbours, on account of his having cultivated some inferior lands, and thus raised rents and lowered profits through the country. We question if any of its opponents has done so much to raise a prejudice against the modern theory of rent as Miss Martineau. Those who take the doctrine from her writings, must imagine that it is absurdly inconsistent with the reality of things. They know that no such considerations occur as she mentions, when a lease is about to be made—that there are no such marked gradations of soil as she describes—that there is no possibility of distinguishing them merely by the amounts of produce they yield, since lands of different kinds yield different sorts of produce, and require different modes of cultivation, that vicinity to roads, markets, &c. are not capable of having their value thus measured and appreciated. The thing is done by the higgling of the market, that is, by competition, which Miss Martineau declares has nothing to do with the matter. She produces Angus, coming from America, where he had resided less than five years, and makes him tell how "Keith came with his axe, and cleared some land, for which he paid no rent; and how afterwards Angus advised Forbes to lay out his increased capital on his old land, which he did, and went on, growing rich, and laid out more and more capital on his land, though each time it brought him in a smaller proportional return, and thus went on improving for a long time, until at length he stopped, finding that he would not be repaid for a further outlay, and, in order to dispose of his capital, he agrees with the proprietor to advance part of the capital to make a good road. This is accordingly done, and all parties find the advantage of it. Keith began to prosper now, though he had to pay rent, and to see it raised from time to time." (p. 74.) Who does not see in this account that such events could not have happened in that period?

Everyone is disposed to reject a theory which he finds resting upon facts such as he never witnessed, although he may have been placed in such a position that he could not have failed to see them if they ever had existence. No person is so unwilling to adopt the modern theory of rent as the practical agriculturalist, because its supporters so often commence by assuming a variety of facts, every one of which he knows to be false.

A similar love of paradox makes Miss Martineau assert, in "French wines and politics," that in a famine the wages of labour rise in proportion to the price of food; and in the famine which she used to illustrate this proposition, she represents the price of food through the country to be so great, that three heads of cabbages are worth a very handsome diamond pin. Against this error, Ricardo, whose doctrines respecting the influence of the price of food upon the wages of labour Miss Martineau appears to wish to follow, expressly warns his followers.

It was a doctrine of Mr. Ricardo's that paper money or bank-notes not convertible into specie would not necessarily suffer any depreciation if the quantity issued was kept within proper limits: he even thought that by reducing the quantity issued its value might rise to any assignable amount. We do not object to this doctrine, with this qualification, that there should be some purposes, such as the payment of taxes, the discharge of existing engagements, &c. for which the use of this paper money is sufficient or necessary, otherwise it will not have any value. Miss Martineau, however, neglects all qualifications, and to illustrate the nature of currency, the value of which she supposes, by some strange confusion of ideas, to be at once completely arbitrary, and yet to depend upon the relation between the demand and the supply, she gives the following instances in "The Charmed Sea." She supposes a party of unfortunate Poles banished to the wilds of Siberia, who, being too poor to have gold or silver money, make use of skins of various kinds to serve the purposes of exchange. A party of travelling merchants rob them of all their skins, except five clipped and worn mouse-skins, which is all the purchase-money

they are able to bring to the next market. The consequence of this is, that those mouse-skins rise very much in value, and circulate very rapidly, and are sought for with great avidity. A little girl, accordingly, purchases with her mouse-skin from a strange merchant a perfect pair of pattens, of the finest wickerwork, a large package of tea which had just crossed the frontier, pepper enough to last the winter, and a vigorous young rein-deer. (Be it observed that this rein-deer was killed the following night, and its hide converted into money the value of many mouse-skins.) Now, who does not see that it is perfectly impossible that any temporary scarcity could give such value to a little piece of skin, of no utility to the wandering merchant who purchased it at so high a price? Can any greater proof be given of the unsoundness of a principle than the possibility of drawing such a conclusion from it?

Most of the errors of Miss Martineau which we have just enumerated are rather the blunders of a child who has forgotten or misunderstood what it has read, than any original fancies of her own. They are dangerous only so far as they may lead the reader to quit in disgust a science which, as Miss M. tells him, will lead to such absurdities. She is more dangerous when her enthusiasm leads her to adopt and propagate the "wild speculations" of modern philosophy about the perfectibility of man, and the progression of human society, and the sufficiency of reason and a knowledge of our temporal interests to keep us in the right way. She thinks that the time will come when every house will have alabaster lamps and damask curtains, provided people take due care to limit their numbers.

We are not certain that Miss Martineau's plan may not partly have led her to commit those blunders. We have said that the use of fictitious examples is a fallacious mode of proving, and a dangerous mode of teaching doubtful propositions, and Miss Martineau's tales may be referred to in corroboration of our assertion. She found it as easy to create examples to illustrate false as true propositions. As a novelist, only that she is deficient in humour, she would be inferior to few

of the existing generation. But that very imagination which makes her fictions so agreeable, and which procured them such an extensive circulation, has led her to give credit to the most absurd doctrines. She adopts a test which cannot fail to mislead her. If an opinion is to be examined, her imagination instantly suggests incidents to illustrate and support it, and its accordance with these operates upon the imagination like an actual proof. The qualifications naturally sought for in those incidents is that they should be striking, or at least interesting, and that they should possess that kind of probability which is required in a tale of fiction: that is to say, they must not be so improbable, so inconsistent with the principles of human feelings, that the reader would feel "this is not natural; no testimony would induce me to credit this." But the incidents which illustrate political economy, and by reference to which only can its truth be tested, are the events which are every day taking place in the world. The subjects upon which its principles operate are the general mass of mankind, such as they are, with all their faults and follies, and mixed good and evil, not those interesting or remarkable characters which the novelist endeavours to describe. In short, of the infinite varieties of human character and conduct, those which are most striking are most suited to the novelist, those which are most common demand the most attention from the political economist.

Indeed, so ill-judged was Miss Martineau's plan, that she quickly found the impossibility of adhering to it. Many of her tales dogmatically assert her doctrines without attempting to illustrate them. Thus in "For each and for all," a peer, of talents and consideration, marries an actress, and the "happy couple" *naturally* spend the honeymoon in conversations upon political economy. Not a single principle is taught in any other manner than by those conversations. It is evident that the same story would equally serve to illustrate algebra and chemistry. The difficulty is evaded, but the proposed task is unaccomplished, if the science is taught not by examples or illustrations, but by conversations, or rather long speeches. Her stories frequently only serve the

purpose of introducing two or three characters, who converse together, and explain Miss Martineau's opinions.

The method of instructing by conversation has this advantage over the regular didactic mode, that it enables the writer in a lively manner to state the several objections to his doctrines as they might naturally arise in the minds of different individuals. The several characters who sustain the conversation give the author a convenient opportunity of displaying all the sides of a question. But Miss Martineau does not avail herself of this advantage: she prefers the privilege of suppressing her opponent's arguments. Thus in "*Brooke and Brookefarm*," Miss Martineau enlarges on the advantages of large farms, and enclosing commons; she mentions all the outcries and vulgar prejudices that are raised against such measures, but does not even allude to the arguments and facts brought forward by the ablest men in their favour. Her speakers agree so well, that the speech of one might as well come from another. She frequently neglects even the style of conversation, and merely splits an essay into a number of speeches, by inserting proper names at suitable intervals. Thus, in the same tale, she introduces whole pages from Young's *Tour in France* in favour of large farms, without making the slightest change, except prefixing the names of different speakers to different parts of it. We cannot comprehend how a dialogue constructed in this manner can be more intelligible or attractive to the reader than the original essay which is thus dressed up. The author, however, saves much time and labour by this plan, as nothing more is necessary than to give the printer an essay or speech upon any subject, and direct him to reprint it in the form of a dialogue, by introducing occasionally at the beginning of sentences such phrases as, "Yes, said Tommy, and, &c." or, "Besides, said Harry, &c."

The person who engages in the impracticable task of teaching a science by means of amusing tales will scarcely avoid falling into these two deviations from his original plan: first, he will

neglect the connexion between the tale and the doctrines to be taught and convey instruction merely by dialogue; next, as he advances, he will depart from the style proper to dialogue, and will put essays or declamations into the mouths of his speakers, as in Miss Martineau's latter tales, in which each speaker always delivers a speech of one or two pages in length. This is returning to the natural didactic method, to which no objection can be offered; we only think that it ought to be adopted openly, and not called a tale.

For the present we take leave of Miss Martineau in her character of political economist, and we trust that she will not be tempted to write any more upon that subject. Our remarks upon her doctrines have not been dictated by any hostile feeling, and we shall be unfeignedly glad to hear of her entering a path in literature, in which she may confidently anticipate success. We expect, at some period not very remote from the present, to derive much pleasure from the perusal of "a novel by Miss Martineau." One warning only we feel it right to give her upon this point, and we hope it will be taken in good part, and not be unheeded. The public taste of the present day will not bear the indelicacies which too frequently pollute her pages. In some of her illustrations she has accomplished a task which in our opinion a female ought not to have undertaken. She has not shrunk from the most disgusting parts of the investigation of the effects of the English system of poor laws. On the contrary, she has dwelt upon them too long, and recurred to them too frequently. This, however, as it is done with some useful object, is not so reprehensible as those instances in which she makes indelicate allusions for the mere purpose of making her dramatic personæ speak in character. It is surely possible to depict the greatest ruffians with sufficient vividness and accuracy without repeating any thing which can shock the reader's delicacy. We shall not dwell upon this subject, trusting that what we have said will suffice to prevent a repetition of the offence.

RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS—NO. V.

By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Wild Sports of the West," &c.

"She's at rest—and so am I!"—*Mother Goose.*

ON entering Rome, gloomy and dirty streets, splendid palaces, with dung heaps built against them, ugly churches without number, and a population squalid and beggarly in the extreme, are the first objects which meet a stranger's eye. And was this expanse of ruined buildings the once-famed mistress of the world? Were one inclined to moralize on the vicissitudes of "things below," here would be a fitting place. There one would learn that time spares neither man nor the noblest of his works—that a common grave awaits the founder and the city; and in proportion to the pride and pomp of human greatness, the fall will only be the more marked and miserable!

"Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day.
The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and
Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And by the steep, barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climbed the Capitol: far and
wide

Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins! Who shall trace the void?"

Childe Harold.

We were not many hours in Rome until we visited Saint Peter's. Having entered "the eternal city" by the Porta Angelica, we passed in front of the church, and our curiosity was too strongly excited to allow any delay before we inspected the interior of this "wonder of the world." Provided with a cicerone and a guide-book, we crossed the Tiber by the bridge of San Angelo, and turning to the left up a narrow and filthy street, entered the Grand Piazza. Much as the stranger may be prepared to admire, his imagination will fall infinitely short of the scene that presents itself. A splendid colonnade, with quadruple columns, forms a semicircular sweep, and nearly incloses the vast area. In the centre stands the Egyptian obelisk of red granite, between two exquisite fountains, which throw their waters to a

height of forty feet. Under a covered portico, surmounted by equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne, we entered by the middle door. Suddenly the curtain was withdrawn, and the interior burst upon us with a magnificent beauty, that even a poet's fancy could not create.

To describe Saint Peter's is impossible. On every side the richest marbles present themselves, so elaborately beautiful, that the eye can hardly rest upon any individual effort of the chisel sufficiently long to find out half its charms. The mosaic work is so exquisite, that it seems for a time to have been produced by the pencil; while through lofty arches chapels, and tombs, and altars, crowd upon the gaze, and offer a coup d'œil that produces a mingled feeling of astonishment and delight.

And yet on this grand and wondrous display my companion looked with indifference! I gazed around with rapturous surprise, as, advancing up the nave, the altar in our front, by a curious optical illusion, appeared receding as we approached it. Passing the bronze image of the patron saint, once the Jupiter of the Capitol, our guide, while enumerating its beauties, directed our attention to the toes, which, as he averred, were polished by the kisses of the faithful. Mr. McDermott, with an irreverence that startled the cicerone, observed that "were feet to be saluted, there were ankles before him that he would prefer to every saint's in the calendar"—and he pointed to a kneeling devotee. Although my excellent friend did not speak the purest Tuscan, the lady appeared to understand the compliment; and, lifting her dark and sparkling eyes from her rosary, requited it with a gracious smile, while, shocked at the desperate impiety that would compare sinful flesh with sainted bronze, the guide, like a true Catholic, crossed himself devoutly, as he muttered a jobation against our heretical unbelief.

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The Capitol!—what recollections

are associated with the name! Through filth and wretchedness and ruins we reached its base, and by a lofty flight of marble stairs mounted to the church of *Aro Cœlia*, situated on the eastern summit of the hill, where the temple of Jupiter once stood.

Here an infinity of objects command the traveller's notice. Paintings, sculpture, and numerous remnants of antiquity are abundantly collected in the museums adjoining the Senator's house. On none of these, however, did Mr. McDermott vouchsafe his observation: all his attention was bestowed upon the equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, which occupies the centre of the piazza. The guide was extravagant in his admiration while my companion declared that the emperor was seated on a brood mare! A fiery altercation ensued, and often was my judgment appealed to. The cicerone eulogised the head and neck, and the Hibernian denounced the belly. Without being skilful in horseflesh, I must admit that justice lay with Mr. McDermott, for the abdominal proportions of the steed are preposterous. The figure of the emperor, however, is nobly designed, and redeems the partial deformity of his charger.

Our last visit was to the Pantheon; by far the best preserved temple of ancient Rome. The inscriptions in front of the building intimate its having been erected by M. Agrippa twenty-six years before the Christian era. The Pantheon is celebrated for the beauty of its proportions. It is ornamented with sixteen columns formed from single blocks of oriental granite, each fourteen feet in circumference, and nearly forty in height. There are no windows in the building, light being admitted through a circular opening in the roof. This matchless temple is now used as a church, and dedicated to the Virgin and holy martyrs. Around the walls are many busts of striking beauty, displaying a curious variety of likenesses; for sculptors and monks, painters and cardinals are all intermingled there.

We happened to be present while mass was being celebrated. The priest was excessively ill-looking, and his audience consisted of a dozen of the shabbiest paupers that Rome itself could produce. How we drew down

upon us the ire of his reverence, I could never discover; but attracted by his noise and gesticulation, we soon discovered that his discourse was directed to ourselves; and, to judge from the manner of the orator, his remarks were any thing but complimentary. The ruffian auditory began to grin at us, and the guide hinted that it would be prudent to beat a retreat. But Mac was obstinate in remaining, and swore sturdily that he would not quit the Pantheon for the Pope! The storm momentarily lowered; the priest anathematized awfully; and my companion responded in an unknown tongue. The mutterings of the banditti that surrounded the preacher alarmed me, and I joined our cicerone in urging my companion to retire. He did so reluctantly. "What the devil were you afraid of?" was his first remark, when we were safe outside the walls. "Do you think I cared for his curses, if he bellowed till he was black in the face? Was I not called out in the chapel at home? my name indeed was not mentioned; but Father Murphy described me to a hair. Ah, if you only understood Irish; for one blessing we got, the old mountebank had three!" Indeed I believe it was the case; for during the maledictory struggle, Mr. Mac Dermott's volatility was astonishing.

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As a set-off against the anathemas of the monk of the Pantheon, we have received the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff, and returned to our hotel, delighted with the urbanity and gentleness of a most interesting old man. Having reached the palace, we found that our arrival was most opportune, for the pope was descending the stairs, to enter his carriage, which was waiting at the door; and we were just in time to gain the end of the hall before he made his appearance. A servant politely directed us to kneel, and pointed out the best and most convenient situation to observe the person of his holiness, and obtain his blessing. A buzz announced the pope's entrance; down we popped upon our knees, as a little figure, "clothed in purple and fine linen," advanced with great dignity.

Pius the VII appeared to have passed his eightieth year, but was still a

well-looking old man. He was dressed in a cream-coloured gown, lined with crimson, and bound round his middle by a sash. His hat was crimson silk, its broad brim looped up at the sides. Scarlet breeches and stockings, with shoes of the same colour, and trimmed with gold fringe, completed his costume.

Perceiving that we were English, he advanced towards us, while we bowed our heads, and received his benediction. The ceremony was scarcely over, when our risibility was excited by a great overfed, thick-winded devotee, waddling after his holiness upon his hands and knees, and kissing his toe devoutly. This piety was of course requited with a benison, and he was made happy. Accompanied by a number of gentlemen, the pope proceeded to his carriage; we joined the train; and as he drove off, he returned our salutation with marked urbanity.

Even this quiet scene could not pass over without my mercurial companion involving us in a scrape. As we were leaving the palace, a genteel looking attendant came forward and intimated that he was a domestic of the pontiff. The best and most appropriate reply was to hand him a few pauls; a second, with a graceful bow, assured us that he was also of the household; another subsidy was presented; a third and a fourth succeeded; but when the fifth laid claim to our consideration, Mr. Mac Dermott's irascible temperature was directly in a blaze, and pushing the applicant aside, he consigned the whole establishment, in one fell swoop, to pandemonium! Fortunately his English was as unintelligible to the footman, as his Irish had been to the monk; and I ended the argument by removing my refractory companion.

A visit to St. John Latern concluded our perambulations over "the eternal city." This church was erected by Constantine, and as an object of interest to the traveller, is considered only second to St. Peter's. It stands near the Porta Giovanni, and many have been the casualties it has undergone; overthrown by an earthquake—rebuilt—burnt down—reconstructed and enlarged. In it the Corsino chapel is erected, where, in

a beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, the ashes of Clement XII. are deposited. The curious in relics would be highly gratified at the interesting collection exhibited to the faithful on Holy Thursday. A more miscellaneous assortment never delighted a devotee. Here are the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; a lock of the Virgin's hair; part of her petticoat; a robe of Christ; some of his blood in a bottle; the table on which the last supper was laid out; splinters of the ark of the covenant; the rods of Moses and Aaron; and the identical pillar on which the cock perched who crowed when Peter denied his Master!! But these are of small account compared with the holy staircase opposite the church, by which our Saviour descended from the judgment-seat of Pilate. None are permitted to ascend except upon their knees, and to *descend* is totally prohibited. If the task of mounting be troublesome, verily the reward is great; for an indulgence of three thousand years is granted to the operator. At the top of the staircase is the "Holy of Holies"—and a most uninviting place it looks. I recommended Mr. Mac Dermott to liberate himself from the load of his sins, as he never could effect it on easier conditions; but with heretical obstinacy he rejected my advice, and chose the other staircase.

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My tutelage is ended—"thanks to the gods!"—Mr. Mac Dermott no longer honors Rome with his presence—and a new era has opened in his history.

Breakfast was over, and I had unclosed an English newspaper when a visitor was announced and admitted. The first look assured me that it was our quondam fellow-traveller, Mr. Selwyn. On being seated, I remarked that he was greatly agitated, while my excellent companion was not exactly on a bed of roses. After a few commonplace observations, and a long pause, the old gentleman turned to my worthy disciple.

"I am come, Mr. Mac Dermott, on any thing but an agreeable errand; yet parental duty renders this visit indispensable. My daughter has placed this letter in my hand; and it is only necessary for me to add, that, from a

perusal of its contents, Marianne and I request that you will forget we ever met."

So the murder was out, and Mr. Mac involved in another escapade.

"I will not question your intentions, sir," the old man continued; "I will judge them charitably—and only inquire, was it wise or honorable to win the affections of an artless girl, whom, from your own admission, you never could have made a wife? Were it not impertinent, I would ask in what that difficulty consisted? Were it poverty, I had the means to remove it."

My pupil shook his head, and Mr. Selwyn proceeded.

"Your rank I know not, but presume that you are what the parlance of the world calls a gentleman. I, sir, am the child of honest parents, and have realized independence with an unblemished reputation. Of Marianne I speak not; no tongue could ever pronounce dishonor of her."

Poor Mac Dermott was deeply affected.

"Mr. Selwyn," he said, in broken tones, "I am incapable, even in thought, of injuring the only woman I ever loved or ever shall love. We must part. I will leave Rome this evening; I will fly from her whom I idolize—her whom I would give a world to call mine."

Mr. Selwyn was affected, and I almost became a driveller; for there was a sincerity in Mac's sorrow that none could witness with indifference. To conceal my feelings I caught up

the paper, and glanced my eye over the columns of "*The Times*," while my unhappy disciple continued.

"Yea, sir, a barrier divides me from your daughter. Alas! I am already married."

"*Married!*"

"Ay, sir, in a moment of madness; to save a father from ruin, I obtained the means by sacrificing myself."

"From my soul I pity you," said Mr. Selwyn. "But my daughter's peace of mind must not be periled by a continued intimacy: it would be dangerous—indelicate. We part, sir. My poor Marianne sends you her best wishes—"

"Stop! stop!" I exclaimed, as my eye fell upon a paragraph that astonished me. Again I read it silently. "It is true, by H——n!" I ejaculated.

"True! What is true?"

I handed Mr. Selwyn the newspaper, and he read the passage I pointed out.

"Died suddenly, at her residence in Great Russell-street, Sarah, relict of the late Arthur Mac Dermott, Esq., of Kiltycormack House, county of Roscommon."

And what was the result?

Pshaw, reader, surely you can guess it!

"You don't mean marriage, I hope?"

I do. Within ten days Marianne Selwyn, in the English chapel, plighted her vows to my friend Arthur; and the Irish papers declared the heir of Kiltycormack was not *dead*, but *married*.

THE BELGIC REVOLUTION OF 1830.*

WE take the first opportunity which the important political events more nearly concerning us admitted, to call the attention of our readers to the Belgic Revolution. It is like nothing else of which history has left us any record. It is not the resistance of a people to a long established government, which had grown, in process of time, tyrannical or corrupt, and to which

they might have been stimulated by considerations of early liberty or glory. It is not the revolt of a people from a foreign yoke by which they were grievously burdened, and their interests, commercial and manufacturing, cruelly sacrificed to those of their more favoured fellow-subjects. For hundreds of years the Belgic people were the vassals of Austria, of Spain, or of France; and their

* The Belgic Revolution of 1830, by Charles White. In Two volumes. London: Whittaker, Ave-Maria-Lane. 1835.

liberties were never so extensive as, nor did their commerce or manufactures ever flourish more than during the period of their subjection to the king of the Netherlands; and yet, all things considered, their revolution was one of those events upon which wise men might have calculated from the very first, and which there were not wanting those who confidently predicted.

Belgium is interesting from ancient recollections. Cæsar's account of it is familiar to every classical reader, although the character which he gives of the people* would scarcely be admitted to be a just one by the modern French; or, if just when he wrote, it would, perhaps, be asserted that the race has since become strangely altered; not, however, more than the Greeks and the Italians, whose ancient and modern national characteristics present in many respects a striking contrast.

A people, for many centuries superstitiously devoted to the religion of Rome, and ground down under the iron rule of a succession of foreign masters, suffering alternately under despotism and anarchy, the tyranny of the autocrat and the tyranny of the mob, could not be expected to maintain that erect position by which they were originally distinguished. But yet, the Belgians never lost that consciousness of national identity which served to combine them as a people, and to form a kind of ground-work for national independence. It is true, the facility with which they were transferred from one great power to another, from Austria to Spain, from Spain to France, and from France to Holland, gave them, in the eyes of the potentates of Europe, the appearance of counters upon the great chess-table of European politics, to be disposed of according to the exigencies of the game, as chance or skill alternately favoured the various royal gamblers. But although this might be a just view of their position, as long as kings were every thing and the people nothing, it could not be admitted when that was no longer the case, and when the progress of public opinion had compelled even the most despotic sovereigns

to pay a marked attention to popular predilections.

Now, it was just when the change in public feeling was becoming most perceptible, that the union took place, under the auspices of the allied sovereigns, between Belgium and Holland; and that a constitution was framed, in which it was contemplated that both portions of the union should enjoy equal political advantages. Possibly no people in Europe were less fitted than the Dutch to blend with such a people as the Belgians, so that both might become of one heart and of one mind. There was not only diversity of habit and opposition of character, but a variance in their religious creeds, amounting to positive moral antipathy; and although this might be subdued and kept under, by a system which restricted the political privileges of the Belgians, (to which, however, in the present circumstances of Europe, they could not very long be constrained to submit,) it was only quickened and brought more prominently into play by the working of that liberal system of government into a partnership of which they had been promoted.

The Dutch were tardy and methodical; the Belgians were versatile and vivacious. The one were slow to feel that as a grievance to others which they felt to be an advantage to themselves; the others were quick to resent, as a national indignity, whatever plainly made for the prosperity or the consideration of their neighbours. Thus there was, from the commencement, a principle of repulsion between the elements of this ill-omened union, which clearly indicated that it could not last, and which the expansive force of public opinion was every day ripening to its dissolution.

When the kingdom of the Netherlands was created, by the fiat of the conquerors at Waterloo, it was contemplated chiefly with a view to its utility as a barrier kingdom. Old experience had taught them the necessity of curbing the ambition of France; and if nothing but geographical position was to be considered, scarcely any arrangement could be better than that which was actually adopted. But

* Speaking of the Gauls, he says—"Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ."

the moral causes which weakened the internal government of the Netherlands, more than counterbalanced its strength as a frontier; and while it thus continued divided, as it were, against itself, but little of formidable opposition need be apprehended by its powerful neighbour. These were not foreseen by the allies, who proceeded to negotiate a union between these two countries, in just the same spirit that a state marriage might be contracted, and who relied upon the wisdom and the vigour of the king of Holland to consolidate his new dominions, which were given to him much more from general than from personal considerations, and which, if they served to increase his power, served in a still greater degree to increase his anxious responsibility.

For when Belgium became united to Holland, by an act of the confederated potentates in the spring of 1814, it was not for the purpose of aggrandizing the latter power that this extension of territory was conceded. To have united Belgium to Prussia, would have given, it was thought, too great a predominance to that power, and embittered the jealousies, while it approximated the frontiers of France and that kingdom. To divide the provinces between the neighbouring powers would have been inconsistent with the assurances of the allied sovereigns, and have given a dangerous extension to French territory, which it was a leading object with the conference to circumscribe within its legitimate limits. It but remained, therefore, to erect Belgium into an independent neutral state; and the Arch Duke Charles, as if presentient of coming evils, having declined the proffered sovereignty, it was resolved that Holland "should receive an augmentation of territory;"* and accordingly, the ill-assorted union, which has since been so productive of discontent and of disaster, was accomplished. Belgium became incorporated with Holland; and if treaties could have effected the reconciliation of differences, which were inseparable from the religion, the habits, and the

character of the respective people, their union would have been "ultimate and complete;" "so that the two countries should only form one state, to be governed by the constitution already established in Holland, to be modified by common accord."

But the will of potentates and legislators is not always the fiat of nature. They cannot, morally or politically, any more than physically, blend or amalgamate things that are essentially heterogeneous. Against the repulsive elements, which existed so obviously in the people of Holland and Belgium, which must for ever have prevented national cordiality, they made no provision. It was unwisely thought that a sense of interest would, on the part of the Belgians, overcome religious aversion and hereditary antipathy, while too little account was taken of the probable abuse of that large accession of popular liberty which was now, for the first time, conferred upon a suddenly emancipated and insatiable population. The lesson which might be learned from the story of Don Quixotte and the Galley-slaves was not sufficiently present to the minds of Lord Castlereagh and his associates, or they would have eschewed an arrangement which could only terminate in rendering the distrust and aversion between these countries wider and more irreconcilable than it was before.

When the arrangement was completed which subjected Belgium to Holland, or rather, we should have written, which *shackled* Holland with Belgium, the domestic policy of England was well calculated to produce an unfavourable effect upon the mind of the distinguished statesman to whom her share in these important negotiations was entrusted. Lord Castlereagh had long been the advocate of what was called Catholic emancipation, and there is nothing exaggerated in the notion that he was desirous of furnishing a practical proof of the compatibility between the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, and the fullest enjoyment of constitutional privileges under a Protestant govern-

* Sixth Article of the Treaty of Paris, 30th May, 1814.

† Act of Acceptance of the Protocol of the London Conference, signed at the Hague, 21st July, 1814.

ment. If he could successfully point to Holland and Belgium, and say, see how beautifully these people get on together—how little of jealousy or bigotry has found its way into their deliberations, from the time that, with equal rights, they assembled together in a common chamber, he was of opinion that a material point would be gained in advocating his favourite measure, and that the promotion of this Roman Catholic people into an incorporation with that Protestant state, would be but the precursor to the removal of the civil disabilities which at that time, it was the fashion to say, paralysed the energies of the Catholics of Ireland.

This *we know*, that at a subsequent period, precisely that use was made of the incorporation of Holland and Belgium. Mr. Galy Knight, at present, we believe, a sound conservative, wrote a pamphlet which was quoted both in the Houses of Lords and Commons, in which he advocated Catholic emancipation, chiefly from what he had observed of the working of what he was pleased to call a similar measure in the case of the countries last mentioned. It was needless to reply that that case was but an experiment—that time was as yet wanting to see how far it might or might not succeed—that even then symptoms might be discerned which boded any thing rather than the permanence of the newly-formed union—and that we ought to be very sure, indeed, of the grounds upon which we proceeded before we risked an unsettlement of the ancient foundations of our domestic policy, from a desire to comply with the requisition of a party who had ever evinced an implacable hostility to our ancient institutions. Liberalism was then the rage; and liberalism has ever been remarkable for a neglect of observation as well as for a contempt of experience. Lord Castlereagh did not live until the seeds of dismemberment which he had sown upon the continent produced their natural fruits. He had presided over the marriage of the match and the gunpowder, (indeed he gave the bride away,) and died without ever suspecting such a thing as the possibility of an explosion. He lived not even to witness the consummation of his favorite measure of domestic policy, or to exult

in the degree in which it had been facilitated by his continental arrangements. Had he been spared, it is our belief that much would have been done to ward off, or to mitigate the evils which were the consequences of the principles which he adopted. But he gave the impulse which others by whom he was succeeded could neither control nor moderate; and it is not Holland alone that has reason to rue the measures taken, with a view to a final settlement of difficult and complicated questions of foreign and domestic policy, and to say,

“*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*”

Wisdom, *after* events, we are told, is cheap; but it is strange that the difference of religion, of language, of habits, and of character, which so widely discriminated the Belgians from the Dutch, should have never suggested to the great European arbitrators and diplomatists, that the union which they were bent upon effecting was one of which nature had forbidden the banns. The following observations of the author of the work before us are exceedingly well founded:—

“Independent of the allies disdaining to consult the feelings of the Belgic people, they appear to have lost sight of the moral history of the Netherlands, and to have forgotten those deep-rooted hatreds, jealousies and dissensions, both religious and political, that had divided the two people since the time of Philip the Second. In their eagerness to consummate their work, they overlooked all the discordant elements and jarring interests of which it was framed, and proclaimed ‘fusion,’ as if national fusions were to be obtained by the mere diplomatic transfer of one people to the dominion of another.

“‘It is well, (says a Dutch author,) for the Almighty to say, ‘Let there be light;’ but when men attempt to ape the language of the Divinity, they expose themselves to produce the blackest darkness where they hoped to shed floods of light.’

“Only one of two things could have produced this desirable fusion—that is, that either one or other of the two nations should have renounced its principles and prejudices to embrace those of the other; or that both, forgetting those commercial rivalries, differences of religion, habits, interest, tradition and language, which render them absolute anti-

peas, should have met half way, and endeavored to carry all self-interest in their mutual exchanges for the general good.

But this conclusion could not be expected from Holland. Its independence as the tendency of her national character, the treaty of Paris actually asserted that Belgium was given to her as an extension of territory. This promise was apparently acted upon in many instances by the government, as if the matter had been made over in fee to the few, and as if Belgium was intended to serve as a mere corollary to Holland. On the other hand, who is there who had studied the Belgian character, and considered the preponderating influence of the clergy, the bigotry of the people, the jealous pride of the aristocracy, or the numerical superiority of the population, that could await concession from them, without sufficient guarantees being given in return? And, without concessions on the one side or the other, all prospect of fusion, or even co-existence, was utterly hopeless. In this matter the numerical disproportion was an invincible obstacle: for history may offer various instances of the gradual amalgamation of inferior with superior bodies, but it is against all reason and precedent to anticipate success when the proportions are reversed. This disproportion produced another evil that will be shown presently.

"It is not, therefore, too much to affirm that the allies founded their conclusion on false premises—that being impelled by an over eagerness to re-establish the equilibrium, and to erect a barrier, they placed too great confidence in the wisdom and influence of the King of the Netherlands; in the security of the restored dynasty in France; in the reciprocal pliancy of the people whom they were resolved to unite; and in the philanthropic but deceptive hope, that time, mutual conciliation, and prudent government, would soften the long existing differences that separated the two nations, and so temper down their animosities as to guarantee the security of an edifice, which the powers looked upon as a model of diplomatic skill."

One element of confusion the writer overlooks, and it is that without which all the others which he enumerates could scarcely have produced the results, which it is the object of his history to detail; that is, the mischief which must always arise from confer-

ring constitutional liberty on those who are unfitted to receive it. Our modern patriots, when they contend for "the cause of liberty all over the globe," never take into account that it can only be a blessing to those who are qualified to use it aright, and that it may prove a curse, and not a blessing, where it only gives a license to passion and prejudice, at the expense of interest and reason. Holland was too free a country, its king too paternal, its government too mild, for conceding with safety an equality of participation in all constitutional rights and privileges, to a proud, a mercurial, a bigoted, and an ignorant people. And had the Belgians been transferred to the Prussians and not to the Dutch, a much more permanent incorporation would have been made, although the precise object which the allies had in view, and in which they so miserably failed, might not have been completely answered.

At the period of the union, the population of Belgium was 3,337,000; that of Holland, 2,046,000; if, therefore, the deputies were proportioned to the population respectively, the former should have 63, and the latter 42. But this would be to place the interests of Holland entirely at the mercy of Belgium; and, as it was contended that the colonies, who acknowledged the mother country, and submitted to its by-laws, must be taken into account in any estimate of its numerical strength, it was finally arranged that an equal number of deputies should be sent from each portion of the union, thus, as the Belgians complained, giving to the minority an equality in the national representation.

It was far easier to foresee than to provide against the frequent and angry collisions, which must, of necessity, arise between parties thus equally divided. In reality, the political partnership to which the Belgians were called was a vast improvement in their previous condition. They now had some voice in the legislature, where they before had none. But the comparative inconvenience of their new position outweighed, in their apprehension, its positive advantages. It was not enough that they had plenty of bread, while their co-partners, the Dutch, had bread and butter. Nor

was it unreasonable that, while any such apparent disparity existed, they should seek to have it removed. And, had the simple removal of any specific grievance been the object on which they were bent, and had this object been pursued in a constitutional manner, there can be very little doubt that they would have ultimately, and in no long time, succeeded. But the grievances of which they complained were not so much the *causes* as the *pretexts* of the discontent which they exhibited; and however they might have been redressed, their removal would never have obviated national jealousy and religious exasperation. While, therefore, we agree with our author in seeing much to lament in the conduct of the Dutch government, we utterly dissent from him in the opinion, that, by any management, the union could be preserved. The materials of which it was composed were too heterogeneous ever effectually to amalgamate; and, although by vigour and discretion, it might have been continued for some time longer, yet it would have been something like the clay and the brass in the image of Nebuchadnezzar, a union of *adhesion* rather than of *incorporation*, of which all that was certain was that it could not endure.

Let it not be thought that we underestimate the difficulties which the allied sovereigns had to overcome, when the task was imposed upon them, of remedying the disorganization of Europe. No such thing. Those difficulties were great; and much was done to surmount them. The sovereigns have been accused of despotic predilections; but never was any accusation more unjust. They erred, and most grievously erred, in leaning too much to popular liberty. There were only two occasions on which they were called upon to frame new constitutions, and they gave a constitution to France which led to the revolution of the barricades;—and to Belgium, by which the authority of the reigning sovereign was speedily set at naught, and the peace of Europe endangered.

The reader has seen that the very constitution of the representative body was calculated to engender discord; much more, when it is considered, that the deputies from the respective portions of the union spoke a different language.

But even this, although a source of real difficulty, was rather a pretext for discontent, than in itself a grievance; for, had there been any disposition for mutual accommodation, the matter might have been easily adjusted. There were few of the deputies from Holland who could not speak French, and few of those from Belgium who could not speak Dutch; as was frequently exemplified in those ludicrous collisions which took place in their house of assembly, where the Belgic deputy was obliged to translate the speech which he had delivered in French into Dutch, for the benefit of the Hollanders; while the latter was under the necessity of translating his speeches into French, for the benefit, or rather the gratification of the Belgians. It was impossible that matters could go on smoothly, or, indeed, that any business could be satisfactorily done, by a body thus at variance respecting the very medium in which they were to hold their communications. One would almost think that the contrivance of this precious system were under the impression that the building of the tower of Babel was aided, and not prevented, by the confusion of tongues; for they even improved upon that notable device; as, in the case of the tower of Babel, the workmen would understand each other, but could not; here the deputies *could* understand each other, but *would* not.

It is not, however, to be denied, that a very great degree of inconvenience must have been experienced from the imposition of the Dutch language, both in their houses of assembly and their courts of justice, upon the Belgic people.

“The affinity of the Dutch and Flemish idioms, which spring from a common root, might have palliated the experiment, as a mere experiment, in the Flanders and vicinity of Antwerp; but to inflict, as a *sine qua non*, upon the Walloons, South Brabanters, and inhabitants of Hainault, a language so diametrically opposed to that universally employed by the middling and upper classes, was an exclusive and vexatious measure, that was sorely felt by every father of a family throughout the country.

“Upon the rising generation the hardships may have been less severe; for, by force of study, from early youth, a cer-

tain degree of proficiency might be acquired in the Dutch idiom. But every philologist is aware of the difficulty, indeed, impracticability, of ever attaining that absolute and intimate knowledge of a foreign language, that can enable a man to cope successfully in abstruse argument with a native professor of another country. Still more so when he is required to elucidate the subtleties and the chicaneries of law, or to combat finely-drawn definitions and technicalities, the success of which so often depends on the just application of a word; and, above all, on the avoidance of any expression that may tend to throw ridicule on a speaker."

There were some taxes which pressed heavily on the Belgians, although they were, perhaps, more than compensated by important commercial advantages; and some arrangement respecting the pre-existing debt of Holland, (the responsibility of which, with inflexible good faith, was assumed by the reigning sovereign,) to which the Belgians might naturally object, as not having been parties to the contraction of it, but which, when they and the Dutch were united together "for better for worse," could scarcely be avoided. Undoubtedly, the most powerful ingredient in the cauldron of their discontent, and without which the others would never have worked any great mischief, was their bigoted attachment to the church of Rome, and their marked and sensitive jealousy of every measure which had even the remotest appearance of a tendency to disturb their religious belief, or interfering with their ecclesiastical communities. Of this we have a remarkable instance in the violent opposition which was made to that part of the constitutional oath, in which they were required to swear that they would "observe and maintain the fundamental law of the kingdom, and not deviate, or allow any deviation from it;" and to the following articles of the fundamental law concerning religion:—

"190. Liberty of religious opinion is guaranteed to all.

"191. Equal religious protection is accorded to all religious communions that exist in the kingdom.

"192. All the king's subjects, without distinction of religious belief, enjoy the same civil and political rights, and are eligible to all dignities, &c. &c.

"193. The public exercise of all religions is permitted, unless it shall trouble public order or tranquillity."

We perfectly agree with Mr. White in thinking that these articles were drawn up in a spirit of perfect equity and tolerance; "and if strictly adhered to, were essentially calculated to satisfy all parties. They might have been deemed dangerous, and in opposition to the doctrines of a creed that admits of no competition, and which holds up the ministers of all other faiths, as the mercenary organs of a damnable heresy. But the Catholics were surely not entitled to claim unrestricted liberty for themselves, and to deny the same leave to others; that is, in the hypothesis of equal protection being impartially afforded to all."

But, Mr. White is the apologist of the Belgians; and, although thus constrained to admit their unreasonableness, he proceeds in some measure to justify it, upon the ground that good faith would not be observed towards them by the Dutch, and that in resisting this fundamental law, they were only providing against future evils by anticipation. But, not to mention that such prophetic powers can scarcely be conceded to them, by any who do not believe in second sight, would it not be much more prudent as well as just and reasonable, either to fix upon some grievance which might truly be considered such, or to wait until such time as Dutch cupidity or monopoly manifested itself in a manner injurious to their interests, than to make conditions, so very fair and equitable as those which appear in the above recited articles, the ground of their opposition to the government? Even their apologists allow that their opposition to these articles had a most ungracious appearance; and that scarcely any plausibility could reconcile it with the professions of liberality which were put forward on their behalf. And no candid inquirer can fail to see in it a new manifestation of that arrogant spirit which has always characterised the church of Rome, and which circumstances alone are wanting to render, in every country where she has obtained an influence, as intolerable as it is insolent and revolting.

Another instance of the quickness of the Belgians to discover cause for

offence in trifles, was their complaint, "that the national schools were erected in a style of architecture usually employed in reformed temples." When we find matters of this kind made grounds of quarrel, we can be at no loss to discover the spirit by which the Belgians were actuated from the first, and our only cause for astonishment would be, if *any* conciliatory measures on the part of the King of Holland could possibly have averted that final rupture which ended in the dismemberment of his kingdom.

But the king was *not* conciliatory ; neither were his measures of that vigorous kind that might crush opposition. He instituted a series of prosecutions against the press, that were alike vexatious and unavailing. Had he not interfered at all, it is quite possible that the peccant humours, having found a vent, would not have generated that violent distemper that proved so fatal ; or, had he interfered in a different manner, the disease might have been early repressed. By the prosecutions which were instituted, while the national feeling was aroused, the seditious leaders were not silenced ; and the government only procured odium for itself, without a cessation, or even a remission of hostility on the part of its determined and vigorous assailants.

The opposition consisted of two sections,—the high Catholic, and the liberal party. The enmity of the first "proceeded less from any immediate repugnance to the general system of the Netherlands' administration, than from their aversion to certain partial measures that tended," in their estimation, "to curtail the free exercise and study of the Roman creed." "The other party was composed of liberals of all denominations, whose grand object was, to secure a strict execution of the fundamental law, and an abridgment of Dutch preponderance."

It was, of course, an object with the Dutch statesmen to keep these parties as widely as possible asunder. But their measures for that purpose utterly failed : and this was not because they hated each other *less*, but because they hated the Dutch *more*. The leaders on both sides, therefore, made common cause, until those who were considered their most formidable enemies were defeated ; and by this

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"union," it cannot be doubted that Dutch ascendancy was overthrown. That object having been accomplished, it remains very doubtful how long they will continue to act in concert. Indeed, we fully subscribe to Mr. White's opinion, that "it is hardly possible to suppose that elements so divergent should long be cemented by the same bond. Having specific objects in view, both liberals and Catholics sought each other's aid. But the ultra liberals, without whose co-operation there could have been no union, now declare themselves to have been duped, and that, come what may, all future re-amalgamation is impossible."

The prosecutions of De Potter, Tielemans, and others, who might, without the least exaggeration, be denominated most worthless and wicked incendiaries, only served to precipitate the government upon a course of policy that proved most fatal. The charges brought against these men were, in the words of Mr. White, "of such a nature as would have led to their condemnation by any impartial jury in Europe or America. Indeed the trial of M. Tielemans presented certain features that seemed to legitimize the severest reprisals on the part of the government. But the remedy in these cases was worse than the evils, for it did but increase the sedition it sought to stifle, and disseminate more readily the doctrines it sought to curb."

Another evil remains to be noticed, and one which the government realized for itself. In its earnest desire that the Netherlands should become "the classic soil of liberty," "as well as with a view of attracting foreign skill and industry, the utmost encouragement was offered to strangers of all classes to settle on its hospitable and fertile soil. Thus Brussels became the rendezvous, the representative assembly of all the discontented spirits in Europe, Regicide conventionalists, exiled Napoleonists, proscribed constitutionalists, persecuted carbonari, oppressed Poles, disgraced Russians, radical English, and visionary German students, indiscriminately flocked to the metropolis of Brabant. There, allying themselves with such as might be regarded as the most disaffected portion of society, they not only gave full scope to their animadversions on their own governments,

but largely contributed to inflame and excite the imaginations of the natives against that of the Netherlands."

Nor was this all that contributed to fan the discontent of the Belgians into a flame.

"In order to give greater extension to the book trade, and to promote the various branches of industry dependant on this kind of commerce, foreign and native booksellers were encouraged to establish themselves in Brussels; and a system of literary piracy was carried on to an immense extent. Cheap editions of almost every work published in France and elsewhere were reprinted, and thus a multitude of pamphlets were disseminated through the country, containing doctrines most hostile to neighbouring governments, and essentially calculated to prejudice the government against the ruling administration. Here again the ministry were under the necessity of permitting the existence of this evil, or of placing restrictions on a trade which shed a lustre on the metropolis, and added to the general commercial prosperity of the state."

The ministers, finding the existing law and *arrêtés* insufficient to curb the licentiousness of the press, thought it expedient to have recourse to stronger measures, and a Bill was brought in for that purpose, which is stigmatized by Mr. White, as "being of a nature as vague and arbitrary as to give it all the appearance of a most despotic gagging bill!" These words were written before the measures at present in force against the press of France, under the constitutional regime of Louis Philippe, were made known; so that it is possible our author is, by this time, somewhat more enlightened. The excesses of which the king of the Netherlands had to complain were fully as bad as any by which the French press was disgraced; and had his measures been as rigorous as those of the sovereign of the barricades, they would, probably, have been as successful. But this is not the only instance in which the preventive wisdom of a revolutionary despot has put the more moderate and timid councils of legitimate and constitutional monarchs to shame. Philippe has boldly put his heel upon the head of the serpent. By one consummate stroke of despotism, he, as it were, ratifies and consecrates his usurpation. They, indeed, "scotch the snake," but

so far from killing it, they may consider themselves very fortunate if it does not kill them.

With a view to sounding the public feeling, the king made a tour through his dominions, and was met, almost at every step, by petitions, which proved the discontented and refractory spirit of the people. During his sojourn at Liege, an incident occurred which is worthy of being related, as it is strikingly illustrative of the inflamed state of the public mind at that period. A petition was presented to the king which was more than usually replete with slander and sedition, and, in a hasty moment, the irritation of the monarch overcame his good sense, and he exclaimed, "It is infamous!" The expression spread from mouth to mouth, and what was intended for one, was transferred to all the petitioners. Thenceforth infamy became honorable, and some of the most influential and enterprising "unionists," immediately proposed, that an association should be formed, to be styled "The Order of Infamy." A committee was, accordingly, appointed to draw up rules and regulations, and take such other measures as might most speedily effect their object. In a few days the number of members that enrolled themselves for Flanders exceeded one hundred, and when the revolution broke out, "the order had extensive ramifications in different parts of the country."

The Irish reader will be reminded by this, of the faction of the "Caravans" in the county of Tipperary. The rope by which their leader was hanged became a symbol of honour and of triumph, and gave them their future designation. Southey wittily called them "the knights of the hempen collar."

Such was the state of feeling in Belgium, when the ordinances of Polignac and his infatuated colleagues produced the eventful "three days" in Paris, which ended with the triumph of the barricades. The Dutch government are censured for a culpable supineness on this occasion, and they certainly were not sufficiently observant of the "signs of the times."

"Although no overt demonstration," says Mr. White, "took place in the capital, or provinces, for many days subsequent to this event, still there existed a vague and gloomy ebullition, a craving after

movement and change, a sinister murmuring and wavering of the public mind, and an indefinable irritation that foreboded approaching convulsion. The acts of government were canvassed with undisguised acrimony by both old and young; the words country, liberty, and oppression, were repeated by the very children in the streets. De Potter and his companions were held up as demi-gods, and Van Maanen and his colleagues as odious tyrants. The press, both provincial and metropolitan, redoubled their vigilance, and the *Courrier des Pays Bas*, the great organ of the revolution, redoubled its efforts, and launched forth a series of daring articles, that even astounded the most liberal readers."

It was not long before more decisive manifestations of revolutionary feeling were made, which ought undoubtedly to have put the government upon their guard, and produced such an application of its power, as might, at that period, have crushed the insurgents. The populace at Brussels, inflamed by a theatrical representation, rushed to the destruction of the houses of those whom they considered most opposed to their liberties. Libri Bagnano, the editor of the *National*, which had uniformly espoused the royal cause, was peculiarly obnoxious. The infuriate multitude rushed to the office of his journal, and were proceeding in their work of destruction, when the cry "to his lodgings! to Libri Bagnano's, down with the felon!" directed their attention, and turned their wrath into a new channel.

"The rebels, now augmented to a most formidable and overwhelming body instantly obeyed this call, and rushed with maddening fury, and the most outrageous shouts of 'Down with the Von Maanen!' 'Long live De Potter!' towards the Polymathick library, the residence of the detested editor. In less time than is requisite to write the words, locks, bolts, doors and windows, yielded to the assailants, and the whole dwelling, from the garret to the cellar, was invaded by the multitude. Whilst some were occupied in devastating the property, others, in a furious state of excitement or inebriation, sought for Liberty, whose life would have inevitably fallen a sacrifice to their fury, had he not fortunately made his escape, at the first signal of the approaching tumult."

During this scene of violence and outrage, both the civic and military

authorities seemed to have been paralyzed. Nothing would have been more easy than, by a few simple and well-concerted movements, to have effectually repressed the insurgents, and that without much shedding of blood. But the utter disconcertion into which they were thrown, proves how little the government of Holland were apprised of the state of public feeling, or how badly they provided against the dangers that so visibly impended. Their consciousness of power might, in part at least, have been the cause of this. It lulled them into a sense of false security, which, to the insurgents, had both the appearance and the effect of an abdication of their functions; and the latter proceeded in their course of guilty violence with an audacity that increased precisely in the proportion that they experienced little resistance. Having completed the destruction of the house of the obnoxious editor, they proceeded to that of the minister of justice, the doors of which having been forced,

"The rioters rushed with loud cries through the apartments; some breaking and demolishing every thing within their reach, whilst others cast out of the windows, or dragged every portable article to the centre of the square, where a pile was made, and the whole committed to the flames. A cry of "fire the tyrant's house!" having been raised, fifty excited wretches seized burning brands, and darting into the edifice, dense columns of smoke, and a burst of flame, soon announced to the city their successful act of incendiarism. Still the military authorities did not interfere. A few gendarmes, whose barracks were hard by, alone attempted to remonstrate; but they were instantly driven back, and advised, for their own sakes, to remain neuter. The firemen from the town-hall likewise hastened with their engines to the spot, but so intent was the populace on the work of destruction, that they prevented all attempts to quench the flame, and bade the firemen confine their efforts to the preservation of the neighbouring building.

"In the mean time, another band, headed by a foreign adventurer, hurried to the abode of the police director, who appeared to be so little prepared for such an attack, that his wife and children were first aroused from their slumbers by the yells and thunders of the mob, as they assailed the house. Though no absolute violence was offered to the inmates, their terror may be imagined

for the work of devastation instantly commenced. Hangings, paintings, books, porcelain, plate—in short, every article of furniture was torn down, or utterly demolished; and, although the principal object of the people was certainly not to rob, jewellery and plate of considerable value were carried off. Finding nothing more within the building whereon to vent their rage, the rioters dragged the carriages to the grand square, and there committed them to the flames, *under the very eyes of the public authorities, and military guard.* But neither one nor the other moved a hand to the rescue."

All this is very extraordinary. That a wise and a vigorous government and a brave and a well-disciplined soldiery, should have suffered matters to proceed to this extremity, without resorting to the only measures that could be properly protective, seems scarcely to admit of any explanation that would exempt them from the reproach of temporary infatuation. An incident is related of General Wauthier, that would almost appear incredible, and yet it is too true. Whilst standing at the head of his troops, an individual advanced, offered the most violent abuse, and placing his hand on the General's coat, actually tore away the cross of the Belgic legion, which decorated his bosom! When such an outrage was borne with patience by the General, what must have been the feelings of his troops? When it could be practised with impunity, how greatly must it not have contributed to increase the boldness of the insurgents?

The tidings of these disturbances having spread, it was rumoured that troops were advancing upon the city; and the Parisian barricades suggested a ready mode of offering to them a vigorous resistance. A deputation waited upon General Bylandt, urging him to use his influence to stop the progress of the troops, as, without force, it was determined they should not enter; and he, desirous of sparing the effusion of blood, acceded to the request, and moreover agreed that the troops forming the garrison should remain passive, until the return of a deputation which the citizens were about to despatch to the Hague; they, on the other hand, solemnly engaging to respect the neutrality of the soldiers, and to maintain the peace of the city. This was the first decided line of demarcation which was drawn

between the rebels and their sovereign. Thenceforth they were at war against the very principle upon which the monarchy was built, and they could not retract their demands without compromise, nor could the sovereign accede to them without degradation. What was before discontent, which might be appeased, was now rebellion, which must be triumphant if it was not extinguished. The king clearly saw this; and had he been as prompt in action as he was wise in council, all would speedily have been well. He never for a moment lost sight of the principles upon which it became him to act, but he never seemed aware of the necessity of acting upon them with the vigour which the case required. Nothing but the last extremity could, in his mind, justify the employment of military force against those whom he still regarded as his subjects; and his tranquil and benignant temperament never suffered him to believe that that extremity had arrived, until, in fact, the limit had been passed, within which popular resistance might have been easily subdued. There is no doubt that had he been less humane, he would have been more successful;—so that the insurgents may be said to have been indebted to the scruples and hesitation of a constitutional sovereign, for the prosperous issue of a struggle which ended in their national independence.

The Dutch cabinet, we believe, entertained the expectation that the great monarchies of Europe would interfere on their behalf, and never suffer the dismemberment of the barrier kingdom, which had been erected chiefly with a view to curb French ambition; and that they would, accordingly, be powerfully assisted, if any assistance was required in the progress of the insurrection. The ministers of the king were therefore resolute in advising him not to yield to the demands of the rebels, at least until complete submission on their part made it manifest that his compliance was not the effect of fear. And this advice fell in completely with his own view of duty and of honor. His own personal feelings he could at any moment have sacrificed. He would have found it no difficult matter to descend from his throne, and take his place as a private citizen, if the good of his people required it. But he could not, whilst he reigned, consent

to compromise the royal authority by any act of timidity or baseness, and he rightly judged that it would be nothing less to comply with the urgent solicitations of the Prince of Orange, who earnestly, and even importunately, pressed for an accommodation with the insurgents.

Mr. White lauds the wisdom of the prince in saying, "Trust not to our allies, or to Great Britain. In the present state of public feeling throughout Europe it is neither the policy nor the interest of the one or the other to interfere in our favour. If we throw down the glove, we must confide in our own good swords alone; for England, having acknowledged the revolution of July, will not risk a general war to put down that of August. Let precautionary measures be ordered; let us show that we are determined to maintain the rights vested in us by the allies; but let us avoid all acts that may increase the evil we desire to suppress. Let us shun civil war, until this partial insurrection (for at present it is nothing more) shall have assumed such a positive revolutionary character as will leave us no other alternative but to endeavour to preserve by the sword that which we cannot maintain by conciliatory measures."

The plain answer to this is, that matters had at that time assumed that decided revolutionary character which would have left the King of Holland without excuse in halting between two opinions. In one of his principal cities his authority was openly despised: his troops were compelled to observe an ignominious neutrality; and a deputation were on their way to the Hague, not to solicit forgiveness, or to supplicate indulgence, but to propose terms of accommodation, which he could not listen to without a virtual abdication of his royal functions. It is strange that, in such circumstances, a scion of the house of Orange should have counselled submission to the dictation of a mob. Besides, he well knew that no foreign aid was necessary to enable the King to crush the insurgents. The means were abundantly at hand by which they might be reduced to reason; and nothing but a degree of credulity and supineness, for which his anxious apologist can find no excuse,

prevented the prince himself, at an after period, from arresting, by a single blow, the career of the heroes of the Belgic revolution.

It was, certainly, most ill-judged to place the prince at the head of the troops who were sent to Brussels, when that city was in the hands of armed insurgents. His valour was undoubted, but the complexion of his political opinions was more than calculated to render it of no avail. He condescended to parley with a deputation of the citizens, who appeared in his presence with the insignia of rebellion, and at their instance he checked the forward movement of the military, who were burning to avenge the insult which had been offered to their king. The insurgents were thus greatly encouraged: the object of the deputation was completely answered; delay was procured, during which the revolutionary fervour was sure to increase, and the means by which an effective opposition might be made to the royal forces be considerably augmented. It was arranged between the prince and the deputies that he should, on the next day enter the city, attended only by his personal staff. We will extract the account which Mr. White gives of that interesting event, as it is strikingly characteristic of the boldness of the prince, and also presents a faithful picture of the spirit which animated the insurgents:—

"Soon after midday his Royal Highness was perceived approaching the Lankenbridge, attended by four officers of his own suite, and a small escort of light horse. It was an anxious moment for the prince and those around him, some of whom, up to the last instant, had earnestly implored him to revoke his decision, and not to throw himself into the hands of men whose sole object was to ensnare and retain him as a hostage; for he had received hints that such was the intention of the rebels! 'Besides,' added they, 'although the chiefs may guarantee your safety, how can they answer for the conduct of a rabble, who, within the last few days, have given such deplorable evidence of their reckless fury? It requires but one parricidal hand to pull the trigger, and we, your Royal Highness's faithful servants, and not the rebel chiefs, will be held responsible to the King and the nation.' 'Fear not,' rejoined the

prince; 'that Providence which has so often watched over me in the hour of peril will not abandon me. That star which through centuries has shone upon the house of Nassau will not now withdraw its light. I shall enter without mistrust, and implicitly confide on the loyalty of the citizens. They may be rebellious, but they are not cold-blooded assassins. I never wilfully wronged any man. I go there for the general welfare. They will not be ungrateful. The greater the peril, the more eminent the glory; and were I to purchase the restoration of peace by the sacrifice of my life, my fall would not be less honourable than if I met death on the field of battle.'

"As his Royal Highness approached the bridge, he dismissed his escort of cavalry, and was respectfully received by the staff of the Burglier Guard, to whom he addressed himself in an animated, conciliatory manner, the men presenting arms, and the drums beating the salute. As he rode down the line, a silence peculiarly impressive reigned around; for it had been wisely recommended to the burghers not to proffer any cries of loyalty, lest they might give rise to opposition, and call forth exclamations of an offensive nature. For, although the vast majority were well-disposed, it was impossible to answer for the whole, and still less for the vast multitude of idle spectators that lined the roads and filled the adjoining plains.

"Upon reaching the Lanken gate, and perceiving the dense masses of armed men that filled the streets, a momentary paleness overspread the prince's countenance, and he betrayed symptoms of deep emotion, not unmingled with distrust. After a moment's pause, he turned to the persons near him, and expressed a desire to ascend the Boulevards, and thus to proceed to his palace by the *Rue Royale*. But this was objected to, because the line of burghers was drawn up in the direction of the Theatre, and they, as well as the populace, awaited his passage. Looking around, and finding himself completely in the power of the surrounding masses, his Royal Highness suppressed his own feelings, and merely saying to Van der Smissen, Duval, Plaisant, and others, who walked by his side, 'Gentlemen, I confide in you,' he assented, with a smile, to their demands.

"This proceeding on the part of the people was not without its object, fears being entertained by them that if the

prince was permitted to ascend the Boulevards he would put spurs to his horse, and thus gain the palace, where the royal troops had been concentrated, before they could even reach the centre of the city. They well knew his ardour and intrepidity, and apprehended that he might harangue the soldiers, animate them by his example, and commence offensive operations within the walls, whilst the troops from Vilvorde and Asseche should advance on the Flanders and the Schaerbeck gates, and thus taking the citizens between their fires, force them to submission or flight. It must be borne in mind that at this time there was not the slightest symptom of disaffection amongst the military; officers and men were prepared and anxious to do their duty, until the subsequent repulse demoralized and disheartened the whole of the troops, both Dutch and Belgians.

"Upon penetrating further into the city, the prince was evidently astounded at the formidable preparations made to oppose the public entry. The streets, especially where they opened on the Boulevards, were intersected with deep trenches, barricadoes, and chevaux-de-frize, so as to render it nearly impossible to pass from one to the other without clambering over various obstacles, or passing through narrow intervals, that scarcely admitted the passing of a horse. These defensive works, the result of one night's labour, showed what might be done were a longer time allowed for preparation. They were proofs of the danger of attempting to penetrate into a city thus fortified, especially with cavalry. The lesson was, however, thrown away.

"As the cavalcade advanced, the same silence was observed. There were no greetings, no hurrahs! no symptoms of loyalty and devotion. There was a buzzing hum, a rushing to and fro, but no acclamations. No flowers were strewed in the streets, no handkerchiefs waved from the windows. Every eye, every countenance seemed to frown upon him;

'No man cried, "God save him!"'

No Joyful tongue gave him his welcome home."

Although his clenched jaw and expanded nostril more than once bespoke the intensity of his feelings, and a momentary tear did glitter in his eye, he suppressed the emotions of his heart, and maintaining a gallant bearing, stopped here and there to address some persons of his acquaintance, praising some for their good conduct, assuring others that if it de-

pended on his exertions their grievances should be speedily redressed.

"On reaching the *Marche aux Herbes*, his Royal Highness expressed a desire to proceed direct to his palace; but, independent of the immense crowd that filled the Rue de la Madeleine, impassable barricades completely barred the passage. As some discussion took place as to the route to be followed, the populace became extremely clamorous, and with loud shouts exclaimed, 'To the Palace of the people!—to the Hotel d' Ville!' whilst an athletic and fierce-looking man, armed with a pike, sprung forward, and brandishing his weapon above the head of the prince's horse, roared out, 'Vive la liberte!—to the Town Hall!' Turning to M. Plaisant, who stood at the prince's stirrup, his Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Cursed liberty, that will not allow a man to go directly to his own house!' The multitude now becoming still more clamorous, and the persons near the prince feeling anxious for their illustrious charge, M. Plaisant whispered to him, 'Quicken your pace, sir, in God's name: it will be more prudent to proceed, to the Town Hall.'

"Upon reaching the front of the building, on the peristyle of which the regency was assembled, the prince reined in his horse, and the immense crowd having formed a circle around him, he harangued them in a strain of deep feeling and moderation. He appealed to their loyalty and love of order, and promised to devote himself to their welfare; he told them, although there was no occasion for arming, the troops being come as brethren, not as enemies, that he himself, as colonel general of the communal guard, was glad to see himself surrounded by armed citizens. On concluding, he raised his hat, and shouted 'Vive le roi!' But these talismanic words, so effective in ordinary times, had lost their charm: they were either feebly re-echoed, or drowned by vociferous shouts of 'Vive la liberte! A bas Van Maanen!' whilst even the more popular cry of 'Vive la prince!' was accompanied by no enthusiastic marks of devotion.

"It was here that an accident occurred that might have led to most unpleasant consequences. The horse rode by the prince, a beautiful but vicious animal, became frightened and irritated by the pressure of the crowd on his flanks. It had already bitten more than one person, and had kicked Baron Van der Smissen so severely as to disable him from further

duty. An individual having incautiously placed his hand on the fiery creature's crupper, it instantly lashed out, and struck him so severely, as to awaken apprehensions of his life.

"The populace, concluding the man to have been killed, broke forth into loud vociferations. Some cried—'Bayonet the vicious brute! Alight! alight! and walk with us!' whilst others roared out, 'On foot, on foot! we are not to be trampled beneath Dutch hoofs.' In the mean while the prince called to his groom, sprung from the animal he rode to the back of that of his attendant, and said, 'if the man is injured, I will give him a pension of five hundred florins; the horse shall be destroyed.' But from the menacing attitude of the crowd, or from some sudden impulse, his Royal Highness had scarcely uttered these words ere he put his horse into a trot, and, having reached the narrow street leading from the Grande Palace to the Palace of Justice, broke into a gallop, followed by his staff and a few mounted burghers.

"His progress was not unattended with peril. Being compelled to urge his charger over one of the barricades, neither his personal attendants or escort could follow, so that he arrived suddenly and alone in the square of the Palace of Justice. Here, from ignorance or malice, an armed burgher rushed at him with a fixed bayonet, and the consequence might have been fatal, had not another citizen sprung forward, and turned the weapon. Loud and insulting language was now uttered by some of the bystand-ing rabble; and being joined at length by his suite, and an opening being made in the barricades that barred every issue, the prince proceeded rapidly to his palace, where he arrived in no ordinary state of excitement and displeasure at what had passed."

We have thought it right to present the reader with this passage at full length, as it may be considered an epitome of the conduct and the spirit exhibited on both sides in this revolutionary contest. On the part of the populace, all was firm and consistent. They met the royal mediator in the spirit of men determined not to retract one iota of their demands; and the frowning barricades and chevaux de frize but too plainly intimated how resolute they were in the defence of what they conceived to be their liberties. The gallant bearing of the prince

did not misbecome the race from which he sprung; but his generous committal of himself to the custody of armed bands, in rebellion against the royal authority, was a fatal betrayal of the government which had conferred upon him his high command, and proved how utterly unfit he was for the discharge of the duties with which he had been entrusted. The insurgents did not fail to take every advantage of his presence; and finally he was with much difficulty suffered to take his leave, having almost pledged himself to obtain for them at the Hague conditions which he might have well known his royal father would sooner die than comply with.

The prince would seem to have looked upon an administrative separation between the two countries as desirable, and to have shaped his course with a view to the securing for himself those "golden opinions" which might enable him to enter upon the office of viceroy with éclat and advantage. If that were his view in the course which he pursued, never were measures more entirely calculated to defeat his object.

Indeed, when the prince consented to become the advocate of the Belgians with his father, for an administrative separation, he felt conscious that some such construction might be put upon his conduct, and he had recourse to a curious device in order to protect himself against it. This was, to procure from the leading members of the insurgents a paper testifying to his good conduct and intimate knowledge of the real state of affairs, and the perfect conformity of his opinions with those of the Belgian people. Upon this, Mr. White well observes, that "the history of revolutions scarcely furnishes a more singular paradox than that of the heir of the crown being under the necessity of applying to his father's revolted subjects, in order to obtain a certificate that might enable him to gain greater credence with that father, and exculpate him from all sinister intentions."

His proclamation upon quitting Brussels was fraught with the most helpless imbecility. "The burgher guard," he writes, "engages, *on its honor*, not to suffer any change of dynasty." Not to suffer! Was not

that a plain declaration that the dynasty already existed but on sufferance? *On its honor!* Was not that equivalent to saying that its oath was no longer binding, if, indeed, the words were not used in mockery of the solemn engagement by which the subject ratifies his allegiance? On the whole, the prince's conduct was a curious compound of presumption, weakness, vanity and ambition.

Meanwhile the revolt spread through all the other Belgic provinces. The same rude energy marked the conduct of the populace, while the conduct of those who should have espoused the cause of the government, was characterised by the same unaccountable remissness or infatuation.

"Had the Netherlands' government," Mr. White observes, "possessed that enlightened perspicacity, that profound knowledge of the internal workings of popular feeling throughout Europe, previously ascribed to its diplomatists—had its statesmen been as remarkable for their penetration as regarded the *future*, as they were preeminent for the logical acumen and ability with which they debated the *past*, they must have felt assured that no medium, no compromise was possible with the people at home, and that no assistance was probable from sovereigns abroad. Only one of two alternatives, therefore, remained: they should either have granted all, nay, more than all that was demanded, and thus placing themselves at the head of the movement, have carried the people with them; or, boldly seizing rebellion by the forelock, they should have trampled it under foot ere it had time to reach maturity. Had they selected the first, the nation would have clung with ardour to the dynasty, and the liberals of Europe would have gone with them; had they chosen the second, all governments would have applauded; for then the outbreking was universally execrated as a mere wanton, unjustifiable revolt."

We are of opinion that the latter part of the alternative was that which could alone have been safely adopted; and for this reason, *because* the revolt was altogether unjustifiable. Had it proceeded from grievances which admitted of no other mode of redress, the case would have been different, and concession might have produced tranquillity. But being, as it was,

wanton and unprovoked, the rebellious spirit of the people would only have been increased by indulgence, and an administrative separation would have been but the precursor to an entire and speedy dissolution of the union.

No contrast ever was more striking than that now exhibited between the two divisions of these ill-assorted kingdoms. If the fires of sedition were spreading through Belgium, the flame of loyalty, which always burned brightly and steadily in Holland, blazed forth with an augmented brilliancy, as if the Dutch were desirous of compensating, by the intensity of their enthusiastic devotion, for the failure of Belgic allegiance. And this renders it more difficult to account for the supineness of the cabinet. "No more parleys or negotiations, unless supported by cannon! War to the rebels—war to the knife!" This was the language which resounded throughout Holland, and which found an echo in the bosom of almost every individual of its population—except the highest. His paternal feelings not only blinded his sagacity, but stifled his resentment; and while the insurgents were collecting and concentrating their masses—and while the implements of sedition, both moral and physical, were hourly accumulating, so that each succeeding day brought with it an accession of confidence and determination, the good king still indulged hopes that they would be accessible to reason, and that the weapons of war might be rendered unnecessary by cogent argument and gentle expostulation.

He was, indeed, placed in a very critical position, not only as related to the ultra-loyalty of one part of his subjects, and the ultra-disloyalty of the other, but also as he stood related to the other powers of Europe. The treaty of Vienna formed the basis upon which his kingdom was erected, and any infringement of the provisions of that treaty might be considered to involve a forfeiture of his claim to the protection of the other great powers; and, in point of fact, when those claims were urged at a subsequent period, they were resisted, upon the ground that he himself gave the *initiative* to an administrative separation. By his want of vigour, therefore, or rather we should say, by his reluctance to have recourse to the "*summum jus*,"

he disheartened his friends, he strengthened his enemies, and furnished the great powers with an excuse for abandoning him in the hour of his necessity.

The Prince of Orange having, as might be anticipated, failed in his attempt to persuade the king to comply with the requisition of the people of Brussels, lost credit with both parties, and by the one was considered treacherous, by the other unfaithful. Prince Frederick was now entrusted with the command of an overwhelming force, which, had it been properly employed, would soon have brought the insurgents to reason. But he, also, was dilatory in his measures, and was less disposed to try the effect of arms than of negotiation. In this unhappy disposition he was confirmed by emissaries from the town, who brought him the deceitful assurance that the bulk of the people were devotedly loyal, and only awaited the presence of an overpowering force in order to manifest their fidelity to the king. It is strange that, after all that occurred, he could have suffered himself to be thus imposed on. Yet so it was. Day after day his camp was visited by emissaries who thus misrepresented the state of feeling in Brussels; and up to the very moment that his troops were falling around him, from murderous discharges from the houses and the barricades, his royal highness continued to labour under this delusion.

A soldier would have seen, to use Mr. White's words, "that he had but one of two plans to pursue, namely, either to withdraw his troops to the adjacent heights, to place them on positions at half gun-shot, to throw up batteries, and thence to bombard the town, unless so many thousand stand of arms and a given number of hostages were sent to him at a prescribed hour, or, by closely investing all the avenues of the city, and preventing all egress or ingress, thus to reduce it to starvation."

We quite agree with our author, that if motives of humanity prevented the former, it is very difficult indeed to account for the prince's not selecting the less sanguinary, but not less certain means of investment.

"In the mean time, the situation of the royal troops was most distressing,

Hemmed in on every side, harassed by an incessant, plunging fire from the windows, roofs, and chimney-tops, which they could return with little effect—confined to the park and palaces, without orders to advance or permission to retire, they were uselessly exposed during four days to all the demoralizing effects of their fatal and false position. They held the key of the city; but it lay rusting in their hands, or rather it was turned upon themselves. Night after night closed in, and not an inch was gained; day after day dawned, and Prince Frederick, turning his eye to St. Gudule, and vainly expecting to see the Orange banner floating from its towers, persisted in maintaining his ground, and pursuing the same ineffectual and dangerous system. Though resolved to restrict himself to the defensive, he neglected the commonest precautions for the safety of his people. Not a single attempt was made by day or night to obtain possession of any of the adjacent buildings whence his soldiers were so severely galled. Neither epaulments, trenches, or breast-works were thrown up to protect his skirmishers or artillerymen, who were compelled to employ the carcasses of their dead horses for the purpose. His brave gunners, though death was inevitable, manfully stood to their pieces in the open streets, and were killed one after another at pistol distance, until at length some of the guns ceased firing, having lost all their people, even the last officer; and yet it is notorious that at nightfall the greater part of the defenders abandoned their posts—that scarcely a single sentinel remained near the barricades—that all firing ceased—and that a handful of resolute men, well led on, might at any moment have dashed forward, and carried all the adjacent edifices with the bayonet."

But while the defenders did more than could be imagined in repelling the attack, the assailants did nothing that might have been expected. Prince Frederick, having subjected his men to this cruel butchery for four days;—and, having accomplished nothing but their destruction or their degradation, (as far as it was possible that brave and loyal men could have been

degraded by ignominious defeat,) gave the order for the total evacuation of the city. The joy with which this event was regarded by the people of Brussels, is thus described by Mr. White :—

"On the 27th of September, Brussels, from being a scene of the wildest confusion and terror, was suddenly converted into a theatre of the most unbounded exultation. Yells, shouts, psalms of victory resounded from its remotest allies; the mournful booming of the tocsin, now swelled into a peal of rejoicing, bidding them repose in safety; the fugitives that had sought security in the provinces, returned to their abodes. All peril being past, De Potter, the ephemeral god of popular adoration, prepared to return home to enjoy the first honors of the ovation. The incredible intelligence of the discomfiture of the royal legions, with all its exaggerated accompaniments, was conveyed with lightning speed to the provinces, where the canker of disaffection and demoralization spread like wild-fire through all ranks and classes. That which yesterday was a mere disjointed, local revolt, now rode triumphant on the blood-stained bayonets of the populace, a robust and general revolution. The nation was triumphant beyond its most sanguine hopes. The victory was essentially popular; for it was the undivided work of the people, gained, as they gain their daily bread, by the sweat of their brow. The fabric raised at so much cost and labour by the congress of Vienna, stood tottering on the brink of a precipice. Europe looked on aghast, and wept; but not a hand dared to move to prop the crumbling edifice. The force of events, more powerful than the will of cabinets, pronounced the fiat of destruction, and set defiance to alliances. The doom of the dynasty was sealed."

Thus ends Mr. White's first volume. In our next we will take up the other, and trace the progress of those events which have transformed the barrier kingdom into an outpost of France, and confounded the calculations of the diplomatists of Europe.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL AND THE CORPORATION OF CORK.

WE have not much space to devote to comment upon the recent proceedings of the Privy Council with respect to the corporation of Cork. It is well, however, that these extraordinary proceedings should be put upon record, as they furnish a remarkable instance of the justice, the constitutional principles—ay, and the capabilities, of those to whom is entrusted the government of Ireland.

Our readers are aware that the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, in the exercise of a power which had long been dormant, withheld their approbation from the gentlemen elected by the corporation of Cork to fill the office of mayor and sheriffs of that city. The whole proceedings of the Council in this matter present, we do not hesitate to say, the most extraordinary compound of arbitrary caprice and of legal blunders. They appear equally ignorant of the nature of the power which was entrusted to them, and regardless of the principles of equity that should guide its application. We shall first briefly detail what they did do, and then we shall refer to the authority under which they professed to act.

On the fifth of July the freemen of Cork proceeded to elect, according to their ancient charter, a mayor and sheriffs. To the former office they elected Mr. Deane, and to be sheriffs they nominated Messrs. Ballard and Rogers. Agreeably to a provision of the "New Rules" made by the Lord Lieutenant in council in the year 1672, the names of the gentlemen so elected were immediately forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant for approval. A memorial was also forwarded by some of the inhabitants of Cork, praying that the Council would withhold their approbation, alleging, we believe, as the ground of such prayer, that the mayor and one of the sheriffs belonged to the Orange Association. In the end of September, *and not till then*, the Privy Council proceeded to take the matter into consideration. Mr. Deane, who was in waiting, was called in, and was asked if he would avow himself an Orangeman. He answered, that he would. The agent for the memorialists was

called in, and asked if he was ready with any evidence to substantiate the allegations of the memorial. *He answered that he was not*, upon which the Lord Lieutenant and Council came to one of the most extraordinary decisions that ever disgraced a judicial body. They determined to withhold their approbation, because there was no evidence to warrant them in doing so. Our readers should distinctly understand that the withholding of their approbation is equivalent to rejection, and forces the corporation to a new election. Thus, then, the Council refused to confirm the election of the freemen of Cork because there was no evidence to show that it had been an improper one: and they desired their clerk to frame a document to this effect, while at the same time they declared that they gave no opinion on the matter contained in the memorial.

Fully to comprehend the utter absurdity of this unjust and tyrannical resolution, it will be necessary to refer to the authority under which they acted.

In the year 1662 an act of the Irish parliament was passed "for the better execution of his Majesty's gracious declaration for the settlement of his kingdom of Ireland, and satisfaction of the several interests of adventurers, soldiers, and others his subjects there." By one of the clauses of this act a power was given to the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council to make rules for the regulation of corporations in Ireland, and such rules were declared to possess the authority of an act of parliament. In accordance with this provision the Lord Lieutenant and Council formed what have since been called "the New Rules." These rules differ for different corporations. On the 23d of September, 1672, they formed the rules which regulate the corporations of "Cork, Waterford, Kinsale, Youghal, Cashel, Clonmel, Athlone, Londonderry, Carrickfergus, Coleraine, Strabane, Charlemont, Trim, Dundalk, Kilkenny, Wexford, and Ross." The first of these rules is as follows:—

"That upon all elections to be hereafter made after the last day of December

next, of any person or persons to serve in any of the offices of Chief Magistrate, or Magistrates, Recorder, Sheriffs, or Town Clerk of any of the said several cities, walled towns, or corporations, the names of the persons so elected to serve in the said several offices shall be by the said corporations forthwith after such election presented to the Lord Lieutenant, or other Chief Governor or Governors, and the Privy Council of this kingdom, to be approved of by them; and the said persons so elected for any of the said offices shall be incapable of serving in the said several offices unless they shall be respectively approved of by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council, by order under their hands; and in case the persons, or any of them, whose names shall be so presented shall not be approved of within ten days after their names shall be so presented—then and in such case the said corporation shall from time to time proceed to a new election of fit persons for the said respective offices for which the persons so presented shall not be so approved of, and shall in like manner present their names until they have chosen such persons for the said respective offices as shall be approved of as aforesaid."

And then follows a regulation most important to the present case, that all elections to these offices should take place at a period of three months previous to the usual time of their entering on the duties :—

"To the end that there may be sufficient time between such their election and their entering upon the execution of their said respective offices for the obtaining of the approbation of the Lord Lieutenant and Council, and for the making of new elections in the places of such who shall not be approved of."

This is the authority which makes it necessary for corporate officers to obtain the approval of the Lord Lieutenant and Council. It will be observed that the Council are never empowered or required directly to refuse the officers: the withholding of their approbation for ten days is sufficient to compel the corporation to a new election. When, therefore, the Privy Council withheld their approbation from the Mayor and Sheriffs of *Cork*, they did all that they could do—they complied with the prayer of

the memorialists, and this they alleged in their document that they did—because they had no evidence to authorize them to do so!! and at the same time they asserted that they gave no opinion on the matters contained in the memorial!!!

Upon what, then, in the name of common sense, did they pronounce an opinion? They have put, as far as they could, a stigma upon the characters of honourable and respectable men; in their judicial capacity they pronounced them unfit to hold the office of magistrates in their native city; and they issue at the same time a document declaring that they have no reason whatever for this wanton attack upon private right and public privilege; they declare that they have no motive to assign beyond their own caprice, and they beg that it may be distinctly understood that their only pretext is

Sic volo sic jubeo stat pro ratione voluntas.

The only thing that could justify the Council in withholding their approbation is proof that the persons elected were "unfit." What constitutes "unfitness" is also a matter that may admit of discussion. But in the present case this is a question into which we need not enter. No proof was offered—allegations were made; but even the slender support of these allegations their own document dashes aside—they declare that they give no opinion upon the matters alleged against the officers elect—they separate, by a most extraordinary process, their judicial decision from their judicial opinion—they take from the former every thing that might conceal its injustice, every pretext upon which it might rest, and they leave it an abstract, naked, unsupported act of arbitrary power.

The Privy Council is a judicial body—this is a maxim which no lawyer will dispute—it is supposed to be governed by the same rules and principles which regulate other courts of justice—and it is as emanating from a judicial body that we must regard the document which announces the withholding of their approbation. It is not the firman of an eastern divan, with whom their will is law, and with whom suspicion may supply the place of evidence—it is a judicial

document issued by a British court of justice bound by certain rules, and supposed to pronounce its decisions according to certain principles. Regarding the transactions only by the light which this document affords us, we say that this decision is as arbitrary as any that ever was pronounced by "the Lords meeting in the starred chamber." They have declared that they had no evidence whatever to authorise their proceeding—they have then done gross injustice to the gentleman elected in pronouncing him unfit—they have wantonly insulted the freemen of Cork in negating their choice. It is certainly the first time that we have heard the maxim laid down by any court, that because a party are not prepared with any evidence, they are entitled to a decision in their favour. Such, however, is the only reason that the Privy Council have assigned for their decision in favour of Messrs. Feagan and Hayes against the citizens of Cork.

To Mr. Deane, the injustice has been great. He was chosen by his fellow-citizens to the office which is naturally and justly the highest object of civic ambition—from the possession of that office the tyranny of the Privy Council has thrust him down. The rules of the corporation precluded his reelection, and he is now a private citizen—if the mayoralty of Cork be an honor worthy of being sought, surely the decision, which, without cause or reason, deprives an individual of that honor, is a wrong.

Surely the natural and equitable course for the Privy Council to have pursued, would be upon finding the memorialists unprepared to sustain their allegations, not to come to the preposterous resolution of therefore deciding in their favour, but to declare that as no reason was offered to induce them to interrupt the usual course of things, they would not be justified in withholding their approbation. In this case, as in all others, honesty would have been the best policy—their decision would have been both in accordance with equity and law—and they would not have exposed themselves to the contempt of having issued a document such as that upon which we comment—a docu-

ment which we protest we cannot conceive how any one who has read the "new rules" could frame—a document to which we do not believe the dullest and most incompetent barrister, even among the recent *élèves* of the Whigs, would sign his name—a document of which Mr. Justice Perrin might be ashamed, and of which Mr. Deputy Remembrancer Hudson could expose the absurdity.

This we say merely upon the evidence contained in this precious document itself. But let us return to the rule which we have quoted, and let us see how far the spirit of that rule has been conformed to. It is by that rule expressly provided, that an interval of three months shall elapse between the election of corporate officers, and their entering on their offices—for the express purpose of giving time for the obtaining of the approval of the council, and of a new election in case that approval shall be withheld. Mr. Deane is elected on the fifth of July, the return is forwarded "forthwith." Unless the approval was to be as *usage has now established it*, a mere matter of form, the Council should immediately have adjudicated upon it, and not defeated the provisions of the rule by deferring the consideration until the last possible moment. If the routine of long prescription was to be broken through—if a power, lying in abeyance from the time it was granted, was now to be reasserted, the full provisions of the rule should have been complied with—the return should have been taken into consideration as soon as forwarded—and the ten days, which the rule allows before the withholding of approval shall be considered final, should have been devoted to sifting the matters alleged in the memorial. All this, it is true, would have cost "their lordships of the starred chamber" some trouble. It would have brought my Lord Plunkett from his studies of Ovid at Old Connaught, and drawn his Lordship of Kildare from his ecclesiastical avocations at Glasnevin. It was much less troublesome to decide without examining—it was much easier for their high mightinesses to insult without reason a respectable citizen—to deprive him of the just prize of an honourable am-

bition. There are men to whom nothing is so pleasing as the exercise of arbitrary power—nothing so troublesome as to be obliged to find reason or justice for their acts.

But this is not all—their subsequent proceedings still more effectually set the stamp of absurdity on these—the freemen of Cork hold a new election—they return Mr. Besnard as mayor, and the same gentlemen as sheriffs—a memorial is presented against this new return by the same individuals as before—their agent is again called in and asked if he is ready with evidence—he answers that he is not—upon which the Council issue another document, in which they say that as the memorialists are not prepared with any evidence, they must approve of the return. This certainly was the just course—but why was it not followed in the first instance? It certainly is strange that the Council assigned the very same reason for their disapproval of Mr. Deane, and their approval of Mr. Besnard—namely, that they had no evidence against either.

We have sufficient in the documents furnished by the Privy Council themselves to condemn their proceedings as arbitrary and absurd; but we do not scruple to say, that the Privy Council do not possess an arbitrary power of rejection; as a judicial body, they are bound by rules of equity and justice; and, were the position important, we could, we think, maintain it, that they have not the power of withholding their approbation, unless they can prove that the officer elected has been legally convicted of a misdemeanor. In the present case, however, this is immaterial. Their lordships have furnished the grounds of their own condemnation. Whatever be the extent of their power, they confess that they have exercised it in the most arbitrary manner.

It was unfortunate that the rules of the corporation prevented the reelection of Mr. Deane—unfortunate as respects the assertion of the rights of the freemen of Cork, which were violated in his person. We cannot say that it is unfortunate as regards himself. It is true, that he has been deprived of that which has been, no doubt, the object of his fair ambition—

an office to which he might almost be said to have an hereditary claim—to which, we believe, upon more than one occasion his ancestors had been advanced. But among a generous people the victim of arbitrary power is almost always sure of meeting with a sympathy that more than atones for the injury of oppression. The wrong that has been done him is a public wrong, and he will be regarded as a public sufferer. He has, too, received this proud testimony to his character, that when the malice of his enemies sought occasion against him, the worst they could allege is, that he is an Orangeman; they could find no other accusation than that he belonged to an association of loyalty and religion—a crime in which he has as his partners the most distinguished and the most virtuous in the land. He has carried with him into private life, not only the respect of his fellow-citizens, but a proud proof of their esteem—their high and honorable testimony to his integrity and worth. The freemen of Cork, who, in their corporate capacity, have presented him with the most laudatory addresses, are, perhaps, the most respectable body of freemen in the empire; and with their recorded approbation, and the still higher testimony of his own conscience, he may well disregard the efforts of arbitrary power. Moral worth can well afford to dispense with those outward insignia, that confer on its possessor no additional title to respect. The honors of a virtuous man are far higher than any that can be bestowed by the voice of the multitude, or taken away by the fiat of a Privy Council; and rectitude and independence give to their possessor a dignity which no magistracy could confer, and from which no tyrant can debar.

*Virtus repulse nescia sordibus
Intaminata fulget horribus
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ—*

The Privy Council have done their worst; they have deprived Mr. Deane of the honor of the mayoralty—they cannot take from him the respect and esteem of his fellow-citizens; and in the possession of that esteem, and in the consciousness that he deserves it, he will enjoy far more solid, and far more

lasting gratification than he could have found even in the high office of which he has been deprived. All that conferred real honor on that office, Mr. Deane possesses—the confidence and respect of those who are best acquainted with him. These are honors that will not pass away with a year of office, or be laid aside with a mace; they are honors that the decision of a Plunkett can never tarnish; an upright character is a blessing that the titled and the pensioned renegade may envy, but never can take away; and its possessor has this consolation, that that character will never be injured by a steady adherence to principle, no matter what that adherence may cost.

Consul non unius anni
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili.

One word more and we have done. It is possible for Lord Mulgrave to find for his conduct the pretext that he dared not openly to put forward, and to have rejected Mr. Deane because he was an Orangeman. We tell Lord Mulgrave, that, if so, this was an insult to every individual whose name is enrolled among the members of the Orange body; and his Lordship knows that that list contains hundreds of names in every sense of the word more respectable than his own. But where was his abhorrence of political associations when he was preceded through the streets of our city by the lodges of Ribandmen and Trades' Unionists, parading ostentatiously the emblems of murder and sedition? Where was it when he invited to his table as his political friend—for in no other character could Daniel O'Connell be the associate of the Viceroy—the president of one of those noisy conventions that shed their moral pestilence through our city—those demoralizing “unions” that debauch our artizans and make traitors and ruffians of our once industrious workmen? On the same page on which we write the rejection of Mr. Deane, let us also record the fact, that Daniel O'Connell, the foul slanderer of all that is great and good in the land—the ten times convicted liar—the once convicted preacher of sedition—was entertained under the roof of the house that is still called in

mockery his Majesty's castle of Dublin. We have not, we confess, patience while we write. “Still reeking with the foul steam of treasonable agitation,” (if we may borrow the strong language of the *Times*,) the man who called the King's brother “a white-whiskered liar with the foul and unmanly falsehood still warm upon his fetid breath—is a guest at the table at which presides the man who calls himself the representative of the King. To what a state of slavery—yes, slavery—is the monarch of England reduced—at the feet of the vilest faction that ever disgraced a country—whenever the feelings of his natural affection, of his personal pride, are outraged—and under his roof, in his castle, there sits at his board the wretch who called his brother “a white-whiskered liar?” How long is this tyranny to last? How long is THE REIGN OF RUFFIANISM to continue? How long shall every generous feeling of the nation be outraged, and every thing that is respectable be trampled on and insulted?

We have hitherto, we confess, been inclined, perhaps in the spirit of the charity that “hopeth all things,” to believe Lord Mulgrave possessed of the principles and feelings of a gentleman; but by his entertainment of Mr. O'Connell he has made it impossible for us any longer to continue in this belief. Those acts, which might be supposed to be incident to his political mission, and which might be the result of his political instructions, we could not but condemn in the Viceroy—but from the Viceroy, even for the sake of literature, we were anxious to separate the man. We saw places conferred upon the basest and most incompetent candidates that could be found—men little better than idiots made assistant barristers, because they happened to have done service to the cause of sedition. We saw compliments interchanged between the king's representative and the most vulgar and the most insolent of the hierarchs of treason. At all these things we were indignant; but still, we can honestly say, we endeavoured to separate Lord Mulgrave—the man whose accomplishments were exquisite enough for the coxcomb, and whose punctilious refinement approached the affected delicacy of the “petit maitre”—we separated, we

say, his personal character from the dirty occupations in which his appointment as the cat's-paw of O'Connell involved him. It is true, there was something revolting to the feelings of a gentleman in accepting of such a situation; but party feelings may have induced his Lordship to accept of the disgusting, office and we made every allowance for his peculiar position. But the most liberal allowance will not furnish the shadow of excuse for the act upon which we comment. He insulted his sovereign by the invitation, and in thus insulting his master, by a necessary consequence, he degraded himself. It is impossible any longer to separate the man from his politics. Lord Mulgrave has identified his own personal character with all the blackguardism of the faction—and we wish him joy of the association. Can it be, that feeling himself lowered by the office in which he is placed, he has become indifferent to character? Can it be that in the sickening knowledge of his true position every feeling of self-respect has died; and that in the consciousness of degradation Lord Mulgrave has become mean?

The gross and vulgar insolence—the foul and beastly personalities of O'Connell's speech—have excited the

disgust of the empire. Even the most radical prints assailed the cowardly reviler who called the King's brother a "white whiskered liar," and the hero of Waterloo a "stunted corporal." There is but one solitary spot where anything that even by courtesy can be called respectable is to be found, to which the universal feeling of execration has not penetrated. While men of all parties are giving utterance to their deep disgust at the atrocious expressions; while the common consent of mankind is stigmatising the wretch who used them as unfit for the society of any honourable man—that individual is feasted as the chosen guest of the Lord Lieutenant.

But these things will produce their effect. The rabid violence, the imperious insolence, the ill disguised treason of O'Connell, are arousing the people over whom he holds dictatorship. All men see that he is the master of the ministry, and the murmur is swelling to a tone of thunder that proclaims—"we will not have this man to rule over us;" and it is with a full conviction that our question will speedily be answered by the voice of an outraged and indignant nation that we ask again, "HOW LONG IS THE REIGN OF RUFFIANISM TO LAST?"

DUBLIN

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DECEMBER, 1835.

VOL. VI.

THE BELGIC REVOLUTION OF 1830.*—PART SECOND.

THE retirement of Prince Frederick left the insurgents in Brussels quite triumphant, and from that moment the royal cause might be said to have been abandoned. By the events which occurred the troops were dispirited and demoralized; and the disconcertion arising from military disaster, and from want of confidence in their leaders, exposed them to the inroads of revolutionary principle, by which, in many instances, the loyalty which they had manifested in the commencement of the contest was rapidly supplanted.

Nor are we to be surprised that a spirit of defection should have manifested itself, under such circumstances, amongst the Belgic forces, when we consider the manner in which they were organized and quartered. Of 90,000 men, recruited by ballot, on a system resembling the Prussian Landwehr rather than the French conscription, more than two-thirds were constantly on furlough without pay. They consisted of unmarried men, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three; and one-fifth of the whole was renewed annually. The infantry regiments remained stationary in the same districts for many years. Indeed, Mr. White informs us that the major part had not changed their quarters from their first formation, in 1816, down to the summer of 1830.

The usual consequences should have been foreseen. The *esprit du corps* was superseded by local attachments; and the pursuits and the habits which must have been indulged in and contracted by a lengthened sojourn, approaching so nearly to the condition of domestic life, must have materially

impaired the vigour and the vigilance, and seriously encroached upon the independence and the self-possession, which are essential to the efficiency of the soldier.

There were, besides, other causes, which had their full effect in undermining their allegiance. The garrisons of the various Belgic towns were recruited from the surrounding cantons,

“The men were connected, by ties of parentage and early intercourse, with the inhabitants and neighbouring peasantry. They had relatives and friends amongst the people, from whom two-thirds were only separated during the brief period of annual exercise. They also spoke the provincial dialect, and were thus more easily persuaded that it would be a grievous crime towards God and their country to shed the blood of their fellow-citizens. Independent of the just discontent felt by all ranks at the obnoxious system of Dutch partiality, no arts, no arguments, were left untried, to inculcate the doctrine of revolt, either by the priests or revolutionary agents. Threats of excommunication and menaces of various kinds were employed to convert the loyal, whilst bribery and cajolery were unsparingly exerted to hurry the disaffected from their allegiance. Even the government and municipal funds were appropriated for the purposes of subornation, credit being subsequently given to the different functionaries for the sums thus disbursed.

“The militia, of whom two-thirds resided during eleven months with their families, fully participated in the general sentiment of hostility to the Dutch government. When ordered to join their battalions at the moment of the revolution, for the express purpose of combating

* The Belgic Revolution of 1830, by Charles White, Esq. In Two volumes. London: Whittaker and Co., Ave-Maria-Lane.

that revolution, their hearts were already embittered against those whom they were required to serve. The ordinary repugnance of the recruits for service was aggravated by their hatred to the cause for which they quitted their homes. In bidding adieu to these homes, they felt that, if they were to do their duty, they should probably be called on to immolate the objects of their affection at the command of foreign chiefs whom they detested, and for the support of a government for which they entertained no sympathy. To expect that such men should suddenly forget all the ties that bound them to the people, and willingly take up arms to smite their own flesh and blood, was to expect too much of human nature: it was a premium and encouragement to desertion. Indeed, great numbers deemed it more simple to avoid the alternative, by not joining their regiments, preferring to risk the punishment inflicted on refractory conscripts, rather than to raise their weapons against their families, or to desert their colours when once enrolled."

The *de facto* government of Brussels now proceeded to exercise their functions with great energy and determination. They issued a decree that justice should be administered in their name in all the tribunals throughout Belgium. They published a spirit-stirring appeal, calling upon the troops to abandon the Dutch standard, and liberating them from their oath of allegiance; and, in consequence of the inability of the commercial body in Brussels to meet their pecuniary engagements, they issued an order that the payment of all bills due on the city should be postponed for twenty-five days. This last measure argued a maturity to revolutionary tactics, for which it would be difficult to account, if we did not know that Brussels contained at that period a vast gathering of individuals whose lives had been passed in civil disturbance of one kind or another, and who were, perhaps, at that very moment, the most systematic and inveterate revolutionists in Europe—men, than whom it would be very difficult indeed to find those who were more

"Fit for treasons, stratagems, or spoils."

Their next act was an invitation to "Louis De Potter, and all other Belgians, to return to their native country." These worthies, we may be sure, lost time in obeying this summons, and

their presence gave an additional stimulus to the movements and the measures of the exulting insurgents.

De Potter was immediately associated with the provisional government; and such was his immense popularity at that period, that he was immediately regarded as its chief. Three fundamental questions were propounded, the ultimate solution of which was reserved for the national congress; namely—Shall Belgium erect herself into an independent state? What form of government shall she adopt? Shall she separate herself entirely from the house of Orange?

With respect to the first question—that of national independence—but little, if any, difference of opinion prevailed. Not so with respect to the second and the third. De Potter strongly contended for a republic, and was therefore utterly averse to all connexion with the house of Nassau. M. Gendebien, a democrat, warmly recommended a reunion with France; while M. Van de Weyer, and the remainder of the provisional government, who advocated independence on a monarchical basis, would have been well contented with the Prince of Orange as their king, provided the severance between Holland and Belgium was complete, and his elevation to the throne of the newly-created state involved no subjection to their former masters.

To France the bait was sufficiently tempting, and a weaker man than Louis Philippe might have been attracted by it. But *he* knew that the incorporation of Belgium into his dominions could not have been effected without exciting the jealousy of every other European power, and he wisely declined an accession of territory, the securing of which would, at all events, have cost him more than it was worth, and for the maintenance of which he must have risked the safety of his crown and the integrity of his kingdom.

In advocating a republic, De Potter stood almost alone. It was by no means the policy of France to encourage republican notions at this period; and, in a country so predominantly popish, the monarchical sentiment was sure to prevail. Besides, there were many who even then early shrewdly suspected the great demagogue of aiming

at supreme power; and, accordingly, by a combination of parties, to whom he was personally, or by reason of his principles, obnoxious, his schemes were counteracted; not more than thirteen out of two hundred members, who were afterwards assembled in a national congress, having been induced to favour his views.

The principal question was thus practically decided. The form of government was to be monarchical, and every security was to be taken by which the independence of the country might be guaranteed. Respecting the choice of their future sovereign, nothing was as yet determined. Many still looked to the Prince of Orange, as an individual eminently fitted for that arduous post, not only by his personal qualities, but because of the approbation with which a decision in his favour would be regarded by the other powers of Europe. Nor did the prince himself abandon his hopes of elevation to the throne, until events took place, which ought at least to have satisfied him that the perils attendant on such a position were fully equal to its glory.

And now it was that the proceedings at the Hague furnished a pretext to the allied powers to abandon the cause of the King of the Netherlands, and even to take part against him with his revolted subjects. Upon the news of Prince Frederick's repulse, an event alike dismal and unexpected, the cabinet were thrown into great embarrassment, and a commission was appointed to compile a project of organization, "based on a separation," and a revision of the fundamental law. The Prince of Orange received temporary powers to act as governor of the southern provinces, and the ministers at foreign courts were directed to demand the strict execution of the treaty of Vienna. The concessions implied in the deputation of the prince were treated by the triumphant rebels with haughty scorn; while the allied powers, who had predetermined the new course which they were resolved to take, affected to regard them as such a departure from fundamental arrangement, as not only justified them in declining a strict compliance with the demands of the King, but even in lending their countenance to those by whom his authority had been rejected.

We confess that we have neither

time nor temper for entering into any lengthened discussion respecting the evasions and the subterfuges of the high and mighty contracting parties to the treaty of Vienna, who were now about to undo the work of their hands, by dismembering the kingdom which they had created. Far more dignified would it have been to plead at once the necessity of the case, than thus to insult the embarrassed monarch by *special* pleading respecting concessions which they well knew were reluctantly extorted. But we do regret that the King of Holland was led to suppose that such concessions were at that particular moment required, as they only served to add fuel to the flame which already raged in Belgium, and which might still, by a proper vigour, have been repressed, and as they did certainly serve as an excuse for that species of mediatorial interference by which this injured sovereign might literally be said to have been swindled out of more than half of his kingdom.

Nor was the King more happy in the choice of his representative. The conduct of the Prince of Orange had already been such as should have satisfied his royal father of his utter unfitness to act in a mediatorial capacity between him and his revolted subjects. Having failed to satisfy the wishes, or even to lull the suspicions, of the Belgians, by the powers which he possessed, or the protestations which he made, he came to the resolution of heading the revolt and renouncing his allegiance. A traitor is at all times loathsome; but when a son rises in rebellion against a father, that father's only fault being that he was too partial and too indulgent, even traitors themselves cry out shame. So it was in this case. The Belgians, in our opinion, stand redeemed, in some measure, by the fact that, in such circumstances, they would not have the prince to rule over them. Even as he had spurned the paternal rule, so he was himself spurned in return; and the only reward which he reaped for his treachery was the scorn and derision of those for whose behoof it was ostensibly practised. Mr. White has satisfied us of his moral disqualification for being the historian of these transactions, by the timid and mincing manner in which he just ventures "to hint a fault, and

hesitate dislike," of a proceeding which he should have branded with a burning indignation. But the following will show that the Prince did not altogether escape the due reward of his deeds.

"The Prince's decision (Mr. White observes) was not only tardy and incomplete, but it was attended by two striking defects. For whilst it far outstepped all bounds as regarded the king, it fell short of the exigencies of the patriots; it thus excited to the utmost the dissatisfaction of the one, and failed to captivate the good will of the other. Overwhelmed with choler and indignation, the former instantly revoked the powers accorded to his son, and gave public vent to his feelings in a message addressed to the States' General, on the 20th of October. The latter assuming the democratic tone of the first French revolution, declared that William of Orange, having recognized the national independence, had placed himself under the necessity of choosing either to become a Belgic or Dutch subject. If he determined for the latter, he would find himself in frequent hostility with the Belgic people. If he selected the former, he must go through the forms of naturalization, acknowledge the government, submit to the laws, and consider himself on a level with any other Belgic citizen! No medium was allowed to be possible. It was further agreed, that by recognizing Belgic independence, and the legality of a nocturnal congress, 'William of Nassau,' (the Prince of Orange,) had admitted the nullity of his own rights and those of his family."

We know nothing comparable to this but the case of a villain in the county of Tipperary who accused an innocent man of being an accomplice with him in a certain murder. The man was acquitted upon the clearest evidence; but the perjured informer was indicted, and his own evidence was made available against himself. When the verdict of guilty was given in, we never witnessed so much satisfaction in a court of justice, for every one seemed to see in it the finger of God; as, "in the snare which he had laid for others was he himself taken," and

"Nec lex æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

"Disheartened," Mr. White proceeds, "by the ill success of his efforts, alarmed by the menaces and reproaches of his
and moved by the sullen murmurs

of Chasse and the Dutch generals, repentance quickly followed, and the Prince was as eager to recede as he had been anxious to advance. Consequently, after an ineffectual effort to conclude an armistice, a proposition haughtily replied to by the provisional government, who demanded the preliminary evacuation of Maestricht, Antwerp, Fermonde, and Venloo, and the retreat of all the royal troops beyond the Moerdijk; after seeing every attempt or proposition for conciliation disdainfully rejected by the Belgians, and his authority disputed by Chasse, who placed Antwerp in a state of siege on the 24th; after liberating from their oaths a number of Belgian officers who, having tendered their resignation and refused to fight against their countrymen, had been placed under arrest; after witnessing the inundation of the Polders, and the still more dangerous overflowing of the revolutionary spirit in the hitherto loyal city of Antwerp, the Prince embarked for Rotterdam on the night of the 25th, and abandoning all hope of conciliation, with a bleeding heart bade adieu to the Belgic provinces in a short but touching address."

What an interesting culprit! How deeply to be commiserated for his unsuccessful treason! "In a short, but touching address!" Really, Mr. White, this is rather too bad. The Prince may have seen his error, and may have sincerely repented of it, in which case he may hope to be forgiven. But to waste our sympathy upon him merely because he sorrowed, not for his crime, but for its ill success, would be "a helping him on with his wrap-rascal," from which we pray to be excused. That Mr. White should have undertaken such an office we unfeignedly regret; for he writes on other occasions like one from whom better things might be expected.

We return to the progress of the revolution. The insurgents, encouraged as they had been by so much unexpected success, did not long confine themselves to the defensive. They now, in their turn, became the assailants, and pursued their attacks with a vigour and an ability which, had it been exerted in a better cause, would not have been undeserving of admiration. By a combined movement Antwerp was attacked, and, owing to the unaccountable remissness of Chasse, who had the command of it, was carried by a coup-de-main.

"Following up their success, the volun-

teers eagerly rushed after the flying foe to the very foot of the citadel glacis; and thus, in less than two hours, this important and splendid fortress, which might have resisted the attack of a regular army of fifty thousand men from without, and which had a garrison and fleet sufficient to have repressed any popular movement within, was irrevocably wrested from the crown. On this occasion General Chasse committed one of those grievous errors so necessary to be avoided, in the event of popular tumults. In lieu of concentrating his masses and withdrawing his small detachments—a precaution most essential in times when the barricades of the people are the great instruments of popular triumph—in lieu of keeping his reserves ready to move in dense columns, so as to sweep the streets and ramparts, he divided them into small parties and patrols, and left the gates with little more than the ordinary number of men, and thus subjected his people to be harassed, demoralized, and annihilated in detail."

This criticism is just, and we respect it the more because it comes from one who, on other occasions, does justice to the moral and military qualifications of this distinguished general, who was certainly overruled by his destiny in thus yielding an easy victory to an insurgent rabble, whom his resources were abundantly sufficient to have enabled him to scatter before the wind. He was now confined to the citadel, and the authorities proceeded to lay at the feet of the rebel generals the keys of the city, which, however, the latter spurned, claiming for themselves and their followers the honor of an assault. As an opinion prevailed that Chasse might take advantage of his position in the citadel for the destruction of the city, no time was lost in negotiating an armistice, by which that apprehension was removed; and an order from the provisional government authorized M. Van der Herreweghe "to take possession of the city and the citadel of Antwerp, and to see it occupied in the name of the Belgic people."

This was certainly a striking exemplification of the maxim, that fortune favors the bold. We fully subscribe to Mr. White's opinion, that

"The history of civil wars can scarcely

furnish an official instrument parallel in audacity to those few lines. That such a fortress as Antwerp, having a numerous and chosen garrison under experienced and brave commanders, with a powerful and devoted fleet, moored at musket-shot from its open quays—a fortress immediately under the guns of that celebrated citadel which Alva had purposely raised to overawe the people; having a large portion of its respectable burghers and communal guard attached to the government, and being in itself of such paramount military and political importance as to render its preservation a matter of vital necessity; that such a fortress should be abandoned almost without a struggle, is sufficiently incomprehensible; but that the patriot government should anticipate such triumph, and actually empower its delegate 'to take possession of' the citadel, is certainly not one of the least singular and daring episodes of the revolution. Yet the general commanding has been held up to Europe as a model of firmness and military skill! Had General Chasse's talents or energy borne any proportion to his reputation, Antwerp, and perhaps all Belgium, would have now owned the dominion of Holland."

It must be owned that all this is too true. Chasse was lulled into a false security, and the very strength of the place contributed to his delusion. He knew that it was proof against all ordinary attacks, and he laughed to scorn the desultory assaults of tumultuary and undisciplined insurgents; until he was made to feel what revolutionary vigor and promptitude could accomplish, by the actual success of an attack seemingly alike desperate and daring. It was then too late to rally his troops, and he was condemned to an inactive contemplation, from his inaccessible retreat, of the movements and the rejoicings of the triumphant invaders.

But, while we deplore the remissness of this brave general before the assault upon the city, for his forbearance while cooped up in the citadel, we give him due honor. By the loss of reputation which he must have been conscious of having sustained, his feelings must have been sorely wounded; and this soreness could not have been lessened by the various insults and outrages to which his troops were exposed, when, under the guarantee of a truce, all hostilities were suspended. Nothing would have been easier than for Chasse to have

retaliated by turning the guns of the citadel upon the city, and speedily reducing it to a heap of ruins. Indeed many hesitated not to say that he only waited an excuse so to do, as the exigencies of Dutch commerce seemed to require such a sacrifice; and he might then, at one blow, satisfy the requirements of national monopoly and personal vengeance. But no such thoughts or feelings found place either in the head or the heart of Chasse. The armistice had been violated—and violated, Mr. White acknowledges, by the insurgents; and “although a heavy musketry fire had been kept up for some time, not a single cannon was discharged until Kassel, the commander of the assailing artillery, had brought up a six-pounder and began to batter the arsenal gate.” To endure this any longer without making reprisals would be madness. Chasse, justly indignant at the infraction of the truce, ordered two or three guns to be fired from the ravelins and bastion facing the arsenal. But this was not sufficient; the attack still continued, and might have proceeded to an extent that would have endangered the security of his position, had he not hauled down his white flag and given the signal for action agreed upon with the fleet, consisting of eight vessels of war, and presenting a broadside of ninety guns.

“An awful and simultaneous roar of artillery now fell on the ears of the affrighted inhabitants. In an instant the citadel, fleet, and forts hurled forth their converging thunder. Showers of shells, bombs and carcasses were heard cracking, bursting and bellowing around the venerable towers of St. Michael, the uproar of their explosion being multiplied by the echoes of the cathedral. Walls, roofs, and floors fell crushed beneath the resistless weight of projectiles, which sought their victims in the very cellars, confounding mangled bodies and ruined edifices in one mutilated and confused heap. Ere long, dark columns of smoke and jets of flame were seen to rise. The arsenal and entrepot were fired; the obscurity of the night soon gave way to a red and glaring lustre that converted the dark vault of heaven into a fiery canopy, whose lurid reflection announced the fearful catastrophe to the distance of many leagues.

“The terror and stupefaction of the inhabitants baffles all description. Some

concealed themselves in their vaults and cellars; others rushed wildly through the streets, shrieking and bewildered; such as had horses or vehicles, no matter of what kind, seized their valuables and hastily fled into the country; others, alone intent on saving life, darted through the gates on foot, and sought refuge in the neighbouring fields; old men, pregnant women, and young children, rich and poor, the hale and the sick, were seen flying in frantic disorder. The flames having gained the prison, there was no time to remove its inmates. The doors were therefore thrown open, and nearly two hundred convicts were let loose, but none had the heart to plunder. Terror, confusion, and despair reigned paramount. Weeping women and children clung for succour to men, who could afford them no relief or consolation. Some died of fright, others lost their senses; groans, screams, and prayers were heard between the pauses of the thunder, intermingled with maledictions on the destroyer, and curses on the revolution. In a few hours, however, all those that had power to move, or were not transfixed with terror, had fled into the country. The roads were covered with fugitives of all ages and sexes, who with tearful eyes turned to gaze on their devoted homes. The darkness of the night, awfully relieved by the red glare of the flames—the hissing and roaring of the destructive element—the thunder of the cannon—the rattling of shot and falling of timbers—the frantic screams of women and children—and the groans of the wounded and dying—all united to fix an impression of horror on the mind not to be effaced by time or space.”

This terrible lesson was not wholly thrown away. The insurgents were soon brought to their senses. After various attempts to reach the citadel, which were baffled by the intensity of the fire, a deputation of four persons at length succeeded in gaining the advanced post, and a suspension of arms until daylight was solicited, a hope being expressed that it might then be possible to renew the negotiation, “which had been apparently interrupted through the error of a few drunken men.” To this Chasse agreed, threatening that upon the slightest aggression, he would recommence firing. A preliminary truce was then agreed on; and, two days after, a more formal armistice for five days

was concluded, which, "though never strictly adhered to on either side, formed the basis of the subsequent diplomatic negotiations, until the surrender of the citadel."

We cannot but think that Chasse should have followed up his success, and compelled, as he easily might, the evacuation of the town. He possessed both the power and the right to do so, the insurgents themselves having provoked the attack, by a want of good faith in the observance of their engagements. But the same unaccountable remissness, which characterised all the former efforts of the government, was here also deplorably manifest; and, while every thing was done which could add bitterness to the rage, nothing was done which circumscribed the power, or curbed, in any effectual manner, the insolence of the assailants.

"Had Chasse, (Mr. White tells us,) even after the expiration of the bombardment, peremptorily demanded the evacuation and submission of the city, as the *sine qua non* to further concessions, he might have imposed his own terms. The terrible lesson the populace had received had rendered them sensible of the imminence of those perils, and the delegates of the provisional government would have paused ere they persisted in sacrificing the second city of Belgium to the obstinacy of a few desperate men; but Chasse, unfortunately let slip the golden opportunity, and thus paved the way to the subsequent downfall of the citadel."

Against the charge of having been actuated by any jealous or vindictive feeling, the General stands fully vindicated. It was against the arsenal and entrepot that the fire was chiefly directed, and the whole of these vast buildings, together with the venerable church of St. Michael's, were consumed. But,

"Had it been his intention to annihilate the whole, instead of a part, he could speedily have effected his object. Had the range of his howitzers and mortars been diverged—had the ships not elevated their guns—in short, had his projectiles been scattered over the town, in lieu of being concentrated in one part, it is indisputable that, ere the expiration of seven hours, the whole of Antwerp might have been involved in a blaze of destruction."

If we must condemn the stratagetic conduct, it is well that that condemnation can be made available for the defence of the moral character of this distinguished chief. If he erred, it was as a soldier, not as a man; and when we consider the provocation he received, and the power which he possessed, our censure of his military errors will, perhaps, be mitigated by our acknowledgment of his clemency and moderation.

An application having been made by the King of Holland to the allied powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna, for assistance to reduce his revolted subjects to their allegiance, he received from them but little encouragement. The barricades had already given a new revolutionary sovereign to France, who could have but little sympathy for the troubles of the legitimate sovereign of the Netherlands. And in England, the Wellington administration was at that moment tottering to its fall, and had already, by acknowledging the King of the French, given a kind of pledge that they would oppose no serious obstacle to the progress of revolution. Mr. White tells us that a reform mania had at that time taken possession of the people, and that it was by reason of its prevalence the Duke found it so difficult to carry on his administration. In this we trust he is only mistaken. The difficulties which the Duke experienced arose from his concessions to the Roman Catholics, which alienated the best of his supporters in both houses of parliament. Their disgust at his supposed dishonesty gave rise to a temporary coalition with the Whigs, which rendered that almost extinguished faction very powerful. The business of the government could not be carried on, upon the principles on which alone the Duke of Wellington would consent to conduct it: and thus, by a disastrous combination between wounded friends and furious enemies, he was driven from the helm of affairs, and the destinies of England were entrusted to the guidance of the destructive administration.

Then it was that a desperate ministry made the people drunk by popular excitement, as their only chance of maintaining their ill-gotten power; and that a slumbering demon was thus aroused, which never ceased to agitate the

country, until it overthrew the constitution. Mr. White ought to have known, and was, indeed, inexcusable in not having known, that at no former period were the people of England more quiet upon the subject of parliamentary reform, than at the very time when the ministry convulsed the nation, by proposing the sweeping changes which have since become the law of the land. These changes were not forced upon them by the madness of the multitude, but the multitude were maddened that they might be forced upon the country. This it was which in reality rendered it impossible for England to interfere with any effect in the concerns of other kingdoms, or to oppose barriers to the progress of revolution abroad, while it was removing the barriers which obstructed its progress at home. The Duke of Wellington would have been contented with a passive policy, and had he continued in power, it is probable that he would have observed a neutral course. Had the Belgians been able to effect their own independence, he would have thrown no obstacle in their way, but was, on the contrary, perfectly ready to recognize them in any form of government which they might please to assume, provided only it was compatible with the peace of Europe. On the other hand, had the King of Holland been able to vindicate his sovereign authority, and to reduce his revolted subjects to their allegiance, there is no reason to think that England, under the Duke of Wellington, would have made war upon him on their behalf, and so far forgotten not merely the letter, but the spirit of the treaty of Vienna, as to act in direct contravention of her engagements. But the Grey ministry took another view of the matter. Louis Philippe was their beloved and faithful ally. The spirit of revolution was one to which they owed too much not to regard it with great indulgence. The King of the Netherlands was an obstinate, old-fashioned bigot of legitimacy, towards whom they could feel no manner of partiality;—and the treaty of Vienna—why, that was the work of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh; and what liberal minister would not rejoice at the opportunity of rending into tatters a document which was, as it were, a conspicuous testimony

to the success and glory of their hated rivals.

The reader may be assured that we will not embarrass either ourselves or him, by attempting to lead him through the interminable protocols of Lord Palmerston. These celebrated documents, in which verbiage and chicanery are substituted for plain language and common sense, may be briefly described in the words of Grey, as—

“Great windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.”

Their object, from first to last, was, and is, to compel the King of Holland to renounce his undoubted rights, and to justify a species of compulsory interference, for which, if it were attempted between man and man, there could be found but one name. The King, we think prematurely, applied for aid against his revolted subjects; this was made the pretext for abetting the revolted subjects against the king. The king claimed the privilege of participating, through his plenipotentiaries, in the deliberations of the conference which had assembled, at his desire, to take into consideration the condition of his kingdom, such privilege having been expressly guaranteed to him by the fourth section of the protocol of Aix la Chapelle, which was signed on the 15th of November, 1818. Mr. White considers it a striking proof of the justice of the plenipotentiaries, *that this claim was disregarded*; for that would give the Dutch an opportunity of judging in their own cause—such, and no other, having been the reason why the privilege was first accorded! It is no wonder, therefore, that the King of Holland should have withdrawn his sanction from umpires who commenced their arbitration by a refusal to acknowledge the force of a provision of that very protocol by which their mediation was sanctioned. And this original defect in their authority has rendered all their acts, as far as Holland is concerned, of no avail. From that moment might superseded right, and French cannon and English ships of war were the only appliances by which the resolute monarch of the Netherlands could be compelled, as Lord Palmerston would say, “to listen to reason.” We shall only say here, that the legitimate governments did not do their duty by him. The bold, unscrupulous

pulous, reckless tone of the revolutionary governments was strictly in accordance with the principles which they professed, and the spirit which called them into existence. But the monarchies which were based upon old foundations, stood aloof from their brother, and left him to his fate—yea, and sought to derive profit from his distress, in a manner that may yet be remembered against some of them, when, in the progress of the revolutionary pestilence, they are themselves in danger.

But we must not anticipate. In Belgium the national congress assembled, for the first time, on the 10th of November, in the palace of the States General, and was installed in the name of the provisional government, by M. De Potter. This popular idol was soon, by his own overweening egotism, consigned "to the moles and bats."

"His colleagues in the government had the good sense to feel, that independent of the ordinary uncertainties and jealousies inseparable from power, their position was the more precarious from their being self-elected. They were, therefore, desirous to see their mandate revoked, or legitimately confirmed by the representatives of the nation. They consequently tendered their resignation to the chambers, and were rewarded for this politic act of apparent disinterestedness, by having their powers solemnly renewed, in terms the most flattering to their public characters. But De Potter, bitterly disappointed at the prevalent anti-republican spirit, and having neither tact to yield, nor influence to stem the tide of opinion, and who saw his hopes of establishing supreme power on the eve of destruction, was resolved to make one desperate effort to turn the current in his favour. Vainly imagining that he was still the popular idol, that the nation held him essential to the conservation of its liberties, and that the mere menace to abandon them, would create a movement in his favour, which would produce that anarchy without which he could have no political existence, he separated himself from his colleagues, protested against the supremacy of the congress, and, declaring the power of the provisional government to be antecedent to that of the former, declined to accept the mandate and withdrew.

"But his illusions soon vanished. The people, as if ashamed of the grovelling incense they had previously offered at his

shrine, heard of his resignation without murmur or emotion. The press, of which he had been the demigod, either turned against him or remained silent; and his colleagues, inwardly rejoicing at being delivered from a man whose exaggerated principles and ambition were inimical to the general voice, and injurious to the independence of the country, neither expressed regret, nor made the slightest effort to turn him from his purpose. Nothing more was heard of him until a few weeks after, when, having attended a political meeting, and having attempted to argue in support of his favourite theories, he had like to have fallen a victim to the exasperation of the people."

We have given the above not only because we have a pleasure in reciting the instances in which demagogues have been, Acteon like, hunted by their own hounds, but because we are desirous of exhibiting the perfection of policy by which the papal system is distinguished. As long as De Potter could subvert the ends of the popish party in Belgium, so long he was caressed and cherished. His talents were extolled, his services were magnified, his sufferings were exaggerated, and his very vices were commended. The great object at first was to withstand Dutch authority; and for this purpose no instrument that could be employed, no matter how vile, was to be rejected. But now that the national independence had been asserted, and was in a fair way of being secured, it was by no means the desire of the Romish clergy to encourage notions of republican equality; and, accordingly, the formerly meritorious demagogue was speedily denounced as "a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition," who ought to consider himself too happy if he was suffered to retire to his original insignificance without experiencing any marks of popular indignation. We certainly feel gratified at the fate that has befallen this inflated political charlatan, and would be still more so if we could be sure that the mischief which was done by his influence, could in any degree be expiated by his example.

Three fundamental questions were submitted to the congress, upon which it behoved them to come to a speedy determination. The first related to the

national independence, the affirmation of which was carried unanimously; the second, to the form of their future government, when it was determined in favour of a constitutional and hereditary monarchy, by a majority of 174 to 18; and the third, to their future connection with the Nassau family, when, after a protracted debate, the perpetual exclusion of the Orange dynasty was carried by a majority of 161 to 28 members. Thus perished the hopes of the Prince, for which he had suffered so much. He has, perhaps, lived to see that there was more of mercy than of punishment in his disappointment. It may not be amiss to make a short extract from the speech of Mr. Constantine Rodenbach, the mover of the proposition for exclusion, as it will exhibit in brief the prevailing sentiment by which the house of Orange was at that time regarded:—

“Have those,” said the speaker, “who admit the possibility of the Prince of Orange’s election, reflected on the painful position in which that prince would be placed? How could he return to his capital, and present himself to a too confiding people, with whom he has violated his promises? In what manner will he make his entry? Will it be by the gate that witnessed the shameful flight of his brother, and his cowardly and barbarous soldiers? Will he re-occupy that palace on which the traces of his own shot have inscribed the fatal sentence of the deposition of his family? Will he return to set up the statues of his father, that have been mutilated and trampled under foot by the people? Will he place on his head a crown defiled by blood and filth? What oaths can the son of a perjured monarch tender as the gage of his fidelity? What expiatory gift will he offer up at the tomb of the brave that repose in the square of St. Michael? No words of peace, no assurances, no promises, no expiations, can repay us for the evils that have oppressed our unhappy country during fifteen years. A river of blood divides us. The house of the Prince of Orange is buried beneath the smoking ruins of Antwerp!”

Thus it is that revolutionists reason; but the Prince, if he is wise, ought to rejoice in their determination. His crown, had they conferred one upon him, would have been a crown of thorns. He never could have satisfied

his subjects that he had not anti-national leanings or attachments; and if he did not act in a manner that would have been abhorrent to his instincts as well as to his principles, they would, assuredly, sooner or later, have renounced their allegiance. We would shudder to see a scion of the house of Orange, whose ambition had already led him to renounce his sovereign and set at naught the authority of his father, placed in circumstances where he might have been tempted to palter still further with his conscience by becoming a professing papist; for, had he been elected to the Belgic throne, nothing less would have silenced the suspicions of his bigoted and superstitious subjects. Perhaps it may have been this view of the matter which induced the old king of Holland emphatically to exclaim, that “he would rather see De Potter on the throne of Belgium than the Prince of Orange.”

Independently of the disinclination of the people of Belgium to the Prince, the other powers of Europe were not so circumstanced as to afford him any active assistance.

“In the first place, though France did not openly dissent, she was essentially adverse to the return of any of the deposed dynasty; not only on the ground of its being a dangerous example to her own Carlists, but from her entertaining other views in regard to Belgium, that is, from her still cherishing a hope, that England might be induced to listen to a partition. Secondly, anxious as Great Britain might have been for the success of the Prince of Orange, she had determined to confine her good offices to mere semi-official intercession, and to decline all other assistance or intervention, whether in the shape of embassy, or even of official remonstrance—a system rigidly adhered to from first to last. Thirdly, though the other powers may have promised some private pecuniary succour, they were equally resolved to avoid all active interference, and to leave the issue of the prince’s cause to his own energy and the exertions of his partizans. Besides, the bursting forth of the Polish revolution on the 29th of November, intelligence of which reached St. Petersburg before that of the exclusion of the Nassaus, utterly precluded the emperor from affording any assistance to his brother-in-law. Indeed the immense

influence which this event had over the negotiations was not long in disclosing itself. The Belgians were not backward in availing themselves of this favourable conjunction of circumstances, which thus completely neutralized the hostility of their most dangerous adversary."

It is not our intention to detail, at any length, the preliminary arrangements of the five great powers, who had taken upon themselves to settle the question of Belgic independence. Suffice it to say, that a revolutionary influence prevailed throughout, and that Dutch interests were, in many instances, sacrificed to French intrigue and Belgic ambition. At first, a disposition was made, both territorial and financial, such as would have perfectly satisfied the King of Holland, and obviated almost all the difficulties which have since arisen from his sturdy reclamation. But the violence of the deputies in the Belgian congress scared the plenipotentiaries from their purpose; and the dread of an European war furnished them with an excuse for retracting and qualifying their "final and irrevocable proposition," so as to excite the disgust and the suspicion of the sovereign, whose frank and confiding acceptance of their friendly mediation was the best proof of his honourable and pacific intentions. It is not, therefore, surprising that he refused to abide by their decision as arbitrators, in which capacity he had never acknowledged them, when they themselves refused to abide by their decisions as mediators, to which office they could alone with propriety aspire. Mr. White talks a great deal about the danger of a war in Europe, from opposing the violent party in the Belgian congress. Had the legitimate powers been true to themselves, no such result needed to be apprehended. Neither France nor England would have been prepared to enter into a war merely for the purpose of gratifying the popular ambition of the newly created state; the extravagance of which it might have been left to Holland alone to repress, if it would not listen to reason. Whereas, the course that was pursued was one which must of necessity have produced an European war, had not the conjuncture of circumstances been so extraordinary as to give employment to the cabinets of Vienna and Petersburg, such as

disabled them from taking that lively interest in the matters at issue between Holland and Belgium, which might have insured to the former its proper weight in the pending negotiations.

The Belgians had not yet chosen a king, and the choice was beset with difficulties which were not easily surmounted. In the first place, they had come to a resolution not to have a king of the Nassau family, a course which presented the most obvious mode of conciliating adverse interests, and to which, with the exception of France, the other European states would have had no objection. And, in the next place, the great powers had come to a self-renouncing resolution respecting themselves, and resolved that no one connected with their respective dynasties should accept of the throne of Belgium. In order to deter the advocates of the Prince of Orange, who were supposed to be not a few, from the support of a proposition which was now essentially anti-national, an act of terror was resorted to at which humanity shudders, and in the guilt of which the then government are directly involved. We will give the recital in Mr. White's words, as it is by an authentic narrative of such occurrences that men can be alone instructed in the miseries of revolution.

"The victim was, in this instance, a general merchant of considerable wealth, who was supposed to have furnished funds to the Orangists, and to be one of the most active and zealous partizans of the Prince. Not only was the intended pillage known many hours previous, and openly discussed in the streets, but the populace, the instruments of outrage, were regularly mustered, paid, and instructed; and influential members of the association were seen to applaud the disgraceful work. Nay, the ruling authorities were constrained to become indirect accessories. For, on their being informed of the meditated outrage, they deemed it advisable not to oppose the demonstration of popular feeling, which was admitted to be an evil, but an evil calculated to produce subsequent benefit. It was said to be essential to strike terror into the ranks of the Orangists, and thus to prevent more disasters that would inevitably ensue, unless the machinations of that party were checked. A sort of compact was, therefore, entered into between the authorities and the ringleaders, who were

to be allowed perfect impunity, provided this outrage were limited to the example in question."

What a picture of the incipient policy of a state which the five great powers had taken under their especial protection, and to whose violence and wickedness they were bent upon sacrificing the interests of a legitimate sovereign and an ancient ally, whose mildness and clemency furnished so striking a contrast to the cowardly ferocity of these sanguinary traitors! But let us proceed :

"This being settled, emissaries were employed to collect the most desperate characters from the neighbouring villages, by promising them ample remuneration for their loss of time, and a certainty of pillage without any personal risque. Consequently, towards the afternoon of the appointed day, groups of ill-favoured strangers were seen pouring into the city, when they forthwith proceeded to predetermined points of rendezvous and refreshment. There they were recruited with liquors, animated with songs, and having received their earnest money and the necessary instructions, soon worked themselves into a fearful state of excitement. As the evening closed in, they sallied forth; and being joined by an immense rabble of the lowest class, for a while they paraded the streets, singing, shouting, and vociferating, 'death to the Orangists,' until, at length, they rushed to the abode of their intended victim. Ere many seconds, the doors and windows being smashed to atoms, the wild horde darted into the interior, and commenced the work of devastation and pillage. Sugars, coffees, spices, valuable merchandize, costly furniture, plate, and linen, fell an indiscriminate prey to the fury and avidity of the savage invaders. The adjacent streets were literally strewn with rich colonial produce, which was either wantonly hurled into the mud, or had escaped from the plundered sacks. The very gutters absolutely reeked with coffee. Mats and bags, filled with this and other valuable commodities, were carried off and sold by the rabble at vile prices, or were secreted by them for their own consumption. This scene having lasted some hours, and every article of merchandize and furniture having been borne away or destroyed, the rioters dragged Mr. Matthew's carriages to the public squares; where fire having been procured, the whole were burned, amidst

the triumphant yells of the bystanders. Some of these, in a furious state of intoxication, mounted the roofs and boxes of the vehicles, and had nigh perished in the flames. All this was effected without the slightest impediment being offered by the armed force. It is true the drums beat to arms, the civic guards fell in, and moved about with the apparent resolution of maintaining order; but no effort was made to protect the sufferer's property. It was evident that there was a general understanding that a sacrifice was required, and that it was resolved to permit its consummation."

Had the above outrage been perpetrated against the British ambassador, what would the people of England have said? Would they have continued their relations with a people who could thus shamefully sanction so atrocious a violation of the law of nations? We know not. The reform mania was then raging; and the very same derangement of the public mind, which led to our espousal of the cause of the Belgian revolutionists, might have induced us to overlook a procedure by which the national honour would have been compromised. As it was, nothing but accident saved Lord Ponsonby from a visitation of popular vengeance such as has been just detailed. A similar 'expulsory measure,' with respect to him, was earnestly pressed upon the government; but its *impolicy* was too conspicuous not to be seen by those who paid and directed the revolutionary banditti; and the proposition was accordingly rejected. The hotel of the ambassador was, however, attacked and his windows broken; and if matters did not proceed to any greater length, it was only because the perpetrators and their abettors entertained a wholesome dread of British vengeance.

This is the first instance that occurs to our memory in which the British government directly countenanced a government of terror; and we are the more responsible, because, had it not been for our active interference, the new state would never have felt itself in a position thus to set at naught the dictates of justice and humanity. We should, assuredly, have protested against the great iniquity to which the governing powers in Belgium had thus, in a manner, set their seal; and the time may come when we shall be reminded

of our culpable indifference by a terrible retribution.

The picture which Mr. White gives us of Brussels at this period is too faithful and too instructive not to be submitted to the reader.

"The streets were dull and lifeless; the public walks and thoroughfares were nearly abandoned, or only animated by gesticulating groups of politicians.—The wealthier classes appeared to have abandoned the city, and surrendered it to the poor, hundreds of whom, especially females, obtruded themselves on the passenger. The mansions of aristocracy were closed, whilst advertisements upon almost every door denounced 'a house abandoned,' or 'to let.' Public vehicles now and then traversed the streets, but not a single private equipage. The very grass commenced growing in the squares, in the centre of which half-withered trees of liberty, surmounted with caps and bonnets, raised their unsightly heads. There was no society, no cordiality; all was uncertainty and alarm. Rumours of intended riots agitated the tranquil citizens by day, whilst shouts and vociferations disturbed their repose by night. The sittings of the Congress were often turbulent and disorderly, now disturbed by the groans or plaudits of the galleries, or now interrupted by the exaggerated declamations of orators, who, in order to strengthen their arguments, not unfrequently appealed to the passions of the spectators. Agents of the Parisian Jacobinical Society mingled in the groups both in and out of the chambers, menacing and insulting the deputies. Business was carried on, but the goods exposed in the shops were deficient in novelty and splendor. There was a demand for the necessities, but none for the luxuries or superfluities of life. Forced loans and contributions weighed heavily on the Burghers, whose sufferings from them and other causes, were augmented by incessant military lodgments. Brussels, from its central situation, being the rendezvous or place of transit for almost all the troops, scarcely a day elapsed without officers and soldiers, oftentimes exigent and ill-conducted, being quartered on its inhabitants."

The principal candidates for the Belgic throne were, the Duke of Nemours, son of Louis Philippe, and the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of the gallant Eugene Beauharnois, and now, in consequence of his marriage with Donna Maria, Prince Auguste of Por-

tugal. The first came under the self-denying ordinance, and was, in point of fact, only set up, to defeat the election of the latter, who, as the nephew of Napoleon, attracted towards himself the sympathies of all the revolutionists in Europe, but was, on that very account, peculiarly obnoxious to the French King.

Prince Talleyrand was, therefore, thrown upon his Machiavelian resources; and the course pursued was this—to assure the conference of the good faith of Louis Philippe respecting the self-renouncing ordinance, and at the same time to encourage the Belgic deputies to elect the Duke of Nemours, upon an express understanding that their choice would be ratified at Paris. Nothing was left undone to discourage the election of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, which the ambassador was directed to denounce as a direct act of hostility against France. The stratagem succeeded. The Duke of Nemours was elected by a majority of one. A deputation proceeded to Paris with what they conceived to be the joyful news; when, to their astonishment and mortification, they found that there was no hope of inducing Louis Philippe to accept for his son of the glittering prize, which was only placed within his reach because he had given them unequivocally to understand that he desired it. But his object was gained. The Duke of Leuchtenberg's claims were set aside, and he was relieved from the apprehension of having a troublesome neighbour.

The scene in which this royal humbugger received the deputies by whom the offer was made, and formally pronounced "the irrevocable fiat of rejection," as Mr. White calls it, is too good not to be given in our author's words.

"'If,' said the French monarch, 'I only listened to the dictates of my heart, and my sincere desire to obtemperate to the voice of the people, whose repose and prosperity are equally dear and important to France, I should consent with eagerness. But, however poignant my regrets, however profound the bitterness I feel at refusing you my son, the severity of the duties I have to fulfil imposes on me this painful obligation. I am bound to declare that I cannot accept for him the crown which you are charged to offer.'

"My first duty is to consult the interests of France, and, consequently, not to compromise that peace, which I hope to maintain for its welfare, for that of Belgium, and all European states, to whom it is so precious and so essential. Exempt myself from all ambition, my personal views accord with my duty. Neither a thirst for conquest, nor the honour of seeing a crown placed on the head of my son, will ever induce me to expose my country to a renewal of those evils that follow in the train of war, and that cannot be counterbalanced by any advantages. The example of Napoleon suffices to preserve me from the fatal temptation of erecting thrones for my children, and causes me to prefer the happiness of having maintained peace to all the splendour of those victories which, in the event of war, French valour would not fail to ensure again to our glorious standards."

"Having thus terminated his discourse, by assurances of undeviating amity and protection, Louis Philippe descended from the throne, and, taking the hand of Surlet de Chockier, exclaimed, 'Sir, it is to the Belgic nation I thus give my hand. Tell your countrymen, on your return, that they may rely on me, and that, above all things, I implore them to continue united'—a prudent and paternal counsel, though little heeded by the nation to whom it was addressed. The deputation now took its leave, and returned with heavy hearts to Brussels, where, the issue being already anticipated, it was proposed to entrust the reins of government to a Lieutenant-General."

This proposition was rejected. A regency was proposed, and the Baron Surlet de Chockier was elected regent. The Belgians had now need to bestir themselves, and effect some final arrangement, such as might enable them to present a firm front to their recent masters, as all Holland was in arms, and eager to be led against the ungrateful rebels, who had spurned the authority of their mild and lawful king.

It is necessary to mention that when Belgium was incorporated with Holland by the Allies, in 1815, Luxembourg was added, not as part and parcel of Belgium, but as compensation to the King of Holland for the hereditary principalities of Nassau Dillenberg, Adamer, Siegen, and Dietz, abandoned by them to Prussia. In the separation which was now about to

take place it was deemed no more than just that this grand duchy should be restored to the Dutch sovereign; inasmuch as it appertained not of right to the new government in Belgium, and the idea of a re-assumption of its equivalents from the King of Prussia was not to be entertained. The Belgians, indeed, affected a control over it, as integrally incorporated with their provinces, and set up a sort of antiquated historical claim, which Mr. White pronounces very plausible, but which, to us, sounds very like the claim of Caliban, in the dominions of Prospero, when he says,

"This island's mine, by Sycorax, my mother!"

However, be that as it may, the plenipotentiaries decided otherwise; and when we consider their uniform leaning against the King of Holland, we may be sure that the case must have been tolerably clear which they unhesitatingly ruled in his favour. The first and second articles of the basis of separation annexed to the protocol of the 27th of January, and to which, notwithstanding much violent opposition on the part of the touchy and grasping revolutionists, they as yet peremptorily adhered, declared that "Holland should comprise all the territories which appertained to the former republic of the United Provinces in 1790, and that Belgium should be formed of the rest of the territories that had received the denomination of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, except the grand duchy of Luxembourg, which, being held by a different title by the princes of the house of Nassau, constituted and should continue to constitute a part of the Germanic confederation." It is no concern of ours to vindicate the consistency of the Allies, in thus respecting treaties and hereditary rights, as far as this Duchy were concerned, while they so utterly disregarded them in the case of Belgium: we have only to express our regret that they were not consistent in their inconsistency, and did not finally resolve to abide by their determination.

The rejection of the crown by the Duke of Nemours, again excited the hopes of the Prince of Orange and his partizans, and a plot was formed to get possession of Antwerp, and surprise the provisional government at Brussels, which, had it been more vigorously

executed, might have been successful ; but it was detected, just in time to defeat its objects, and ended, as all unsuccessful conspiracies do, in making the revolutionary government stronger than it was before, and so far exasperating the national prejudice against the prince, as to put a final extinguisher upon his expectations. The Belgians were ready to go to war, not only with Holland, but with the confederated powers, in defence of their right to the possession of the Grand Duchy ; and they actually did make such a demonstration of hostility, as induced the King of Holland to call upon the confederacy to interfere by force of arms, for the purpose of compelling them to acknowledge the validity of the proposed arrangements. The spectacle of a people so circumstanced, assuming a hostile attitude to the five great monarchies of Europe, is, certainly, somewhat extraordinary, and would remind one of the frog in the fable, if it did not also turn out that their turbulent spirit and their boastful language was not altogether without producing the effect which they intended. It happened that every one of the potentates had, at that time, something to engage him at home, which would have rendered a foreign war particularly inconvenient. Great Britain was approaching the crisis of its reform fever ; Louis Philippe was consolidating his power ; and felt that every effort which he could make was absolutely necessary to enable him to maintain amicable relations with foreign states, while yet he sought to conciliate the movement party at home, by whom the throne of the barricades had been erected ; Prussia was all intent upon the securing of her Rhenish provinces, and was experiencing not a little alarm at the progress of the Polish revolution ; Austria was engaged in suppressing the insurrection in her Lombardo-Venetian possessions ; in the minor states, disorders were prevalent, which would have rendered the removal of their contingents a matter of difficulty and hazard ; and the whole force of Russia, which had been prepared for a western crusade, was occupied by the insurgents of Poland, who, if unhappily they accomplished nothing for themselves, were thus the means of giving completion and security to the project of Belgic independence. Such

were the external causes which conspired to aid the determination of the people of Belgium to resist, even to death, the arrangement respecting the Duchy of Luxembourg, and which finally turned that force which should have been employed, if employed at all, for the purpose of enforcing the edict of the great powers, against the only party who was disposed to acknowledge its authority.

The internal condition of Belgium itself, at this period, is thus, by Mr. White, graphically portrayed :—

“ Confusion, misrule, and distrust were rife throughout the land. The sacred name of liberty was a cloak for repeated excesses ; at Brussels the inhabitants were kept in a constant state of alarm, from anticipated riots, or from actual violation of the law ; now got up under pretence of striking terror into the hearts of the Orangists, and now fomented by native anarchists, or foreign propagandists, many of whom flocked to the city, invaded the press, and introducing themselves into the galleries of the chamber, attempted to overawe the legislative proceedings, by the most vociferous outcries. The hall of congress was often the arena of the most extravagant and boisterous discussions, rendered still more disorderly by frequent appeals to the passions of the public, from various leaders, members of the movement party. Every proposition, indeed every sentence, tending to moderation or concession, was met with clamour and interruption. The demon of revolution and recklessness seemed to possess a portion of the deputies and their auditors. To adopt the maxim, ‘ Aid thyself, and heaven will aid thee’—to exclaim, ‘ In fifteen days, a king, or war with Holland’—‘ No more negotiations,’ and to threaten annihilation to the old Netherlands, were nothing. Relying on being able to drag France into the same vortex with themselves, they proposed to summon the conference to fix a definite period for arrangement, and this failing, to bid defiance to united Europe. They read of the glorious deeds of the Poles, and fancied that their own declamations would produce the same effect ; utterly forgetting that the mighty and unequal struggle carried on by the former, was based on unity of purpose, if not on unity of action ; and, above all, on the most heroic devotion, patriotism, and self-abnegation, of all classes, from the illustrious Czartoryski down to the lowest

Missouri. On the banks of the Vistula the cry for liberty was universal. The noblest and best of the nation eagerly offered up their blood and treasure as holocausts at her shrine. Even young and lovely women seized the lance, bestrode the war-horse, and rode to battle. On the borders of the Scheldt, with few exceptions, the wealthiest closed their coffers, the noblest shrunk from their country's cause, and the fairest cried aloud for chains. In their struggle, the people, though often misled, almost alone stood pure."

To defer the remedy for such a state of things would be to abandon the people to their fate. It was, therefore, resolved, that as little time as possible should be lost in giving them a sovereign; and, to the surprise of every one, and of no one more than himself, that sovereignty was placed at the disposal of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. It is curious that this was the second time that this distinguished personage was destined to cross the Prince of Orange, by intercepting the very objects which his heart most ardently desired. It was in favor of Leopold that the Prince was slighted by the Princess Charlotte, to whom he had been almost betrothed; and it was now in favor of that same Leopold that he was to be set aside, after having incurred the royal displeasure by attempting to put himself at the head of a revolt by which his father was deprived of more than half of his kingdom.

The conference now determined to recede from their original arrangements, and to come to a new decision, more in accordance with the feelings of the Belgians, and, of course, less agreeable to the Dutch. It was only as the guarantee of such a revision of their previous judgments that Leopold could hope to be elected. And he accepted the proffered dignity, upon an express understanding that he would not, in any case, by consenting to what had been described as the fixed and unalterable determination of the conference, compromise the integrity of the kingdom. He, of course, took care to inform himself of the views of the allies before he gave such a pledge; and knowing that the king of Holland would be seriously aggrieved by the new measures which were meditated, he entered upon his duties not without

an assurance of external support against the anticipated violence of Dutch aggression.

Events speedily justified his precaution. He had scarcely been seated on his throne when rumours of war reached his ears; for the Dutch king was by no means disposed to acquiesce in that departure from the original basis of separation upon which the conference had now resolved. Trusting in the resources of his country and the patriotism of his people, he determined to put forth all his strength, not indeed for the purpose of resubjugating Belgium, but of securing those legitimate objects which had been recognized as rightfully belonging to him, even by a hostile arbitration. The Belgians, too, were eager for the fray, and seemed to have no other anxiety than lest the military character of the country should be compromised by the calling in of foreign assistance. But Leopold knew them better than they knew themselves, and he was not slow in apprising the French and British cabinets of the difficulties in which he was likely to be involved, unless an overwhelming force was sent in to the country to cooperate with his own troops against the invaders.

The military movements of the Dutch under Prince Frederick were admirably designed; and had they not been somewhat too tardy and methodical, the capital of Belgium would have been in their possession before their progress could be arrested by the arrival of the French. At the first reverses, the dismay and the consternation of the affrighted Belgians exceeded, if possible, their vainglorious temerity. Before the invasion all was rashness and confidence; now all was confusion and despair. Their army having fallen back, in anticipation of an attack upon Brussels, and taken up a position in front of Louvain, their disorganization and dejection are thus described:—

"With the exception of the king, Mr. de Brouckère, and a few others, the whole staff seemed to be overwhelmed in the danger of their position. A mournful foreboding enfeebled the energies of the officers; but the men, ignorant of their peril, and indifferent to moral results, seemed but little discouraged. Crowded with volunteers, artillery wagons and baggage, Louvain presented an indescribable chaos. There was no regularity, no

order; all commanded—none obeyed. The profoundest inattention to the ordinary rules of defence was exhibited, and the most necessary precautions neglected. Many of those who had started from Brussels armed to the teeth, and vexing the air with bombastic shouts of defiance, were now seen anxiously retracing their steps, crestfallen and dejected, and fully aware, that if the French army did not arrive promptly, Brussels would be lost. Some of them were so satisfied of this fact that they deemed it prudent to seek safety in the distant provinces. Indeed, had the Prince of Orange, in lieu of wasting valuable time in making reconnoissances and collecting information, boldly pushed on with the second and third divisions and light cavalry by the high road, while Van Gheen and the heavy brigade manœuvred on his right, he might easily have reached the heights commanding Louvaine on the evening of the 10th, and would have surprised Clump's brigade of Belgians, harassed and fatigued, in the act of filing through the long, narrow streets, and either have cut them to pieces as they debouched from the city, or forced them to fly in confusion towards Malines—an operation the more easy, since, until dusk on the evening of the 10th, there was not a man between Louvaine and St. Trond, save a few weak detachments of civic guards, and a score of mounted gendarmes, who must have retired at the first serious approach of the advanced guard."

But the very perfection of Dutch tactics proved on this occasion a protection to their enemies. The order and methodical regularity which prevailed in the one army, remedied, in some measure, the disorder and confusion in the other; at length, however, the Dutch were effectually roused, and did push on with the ardour of men who eagerly anticipated a glorious victory.

"But the Belgians, though full of ardour at first, were soon discouraged, lost confidence in themselves and their officers, especially when they discovered the desertion of the civic guards, who, with few exceptions, fled in every direction, casting away their arms and accoutrements. The effective force was thus reduced to little more than 7000 men. Disheartened and outnumbered in every direction they successively fell back from position to position, until, being completely outflanked, they were compelled

to take refuge behind the walls of the city. It was in vain that Leopold and his staff rode through the hottest of the fire, and with admirable coolness and self-possession, endeavoured to supply the deficiency of numbers by the ability of his dispositions. It was in vain that he multiplied himself in every direction, and performed the united duties of king, general, and subaltern. The odds were too powerful, the discouragement too great. Flight or surrender were the only alternatives. His situation was most critical, but the inertness of his opponents saved him. Had the Prince of Orange availed himself of his numerous and brilliant cavalry; had he dashed forward with that daring spirit which was once his characteristic on the field of battle, and had he not been shackled by the drawling routine of Dutch tactics—neither the king, nor a man of his army ought to have escaped. It is true that his royal highness, who had a horse shot under him, displayed his wonted gallantry and indifference to personal peril; but his movements were not sufficiently accelerated; and although his enemies retired before him in confusion, there was an utter want on his part of that rapidity and decision which is essential to decisive actions. The manœuvres ought to have been executed at the charge step—they were performed at funeral pace. He was, however, moving forward, and preparing to follow up his success, when a flag of truce appeared upon the high road, and arrested his career."

Belgium, left to itself, must have fallen an easy prey to the Dutch; but, backed as she was by the great powers, her discomfiture proved more advantageous than the most signal victory. The king of Holland now found himself at issue with all his late allies; and those whose aid he had invoked, and to whom he trusted, on the faith of treaties, to assist him in chastising contumacious rebels, were found by those rebels to be a tower of strength in resisting all efforts for their re-subjugation. Arrangements were now proposed which were highly acceptable to those who had tasted the bitterness of humiliation, and felt that if left to themselves they must be undone. Their recent master was to be compelled by force of arms, to accept of terms, which he could not recognise as just; and his interest was to be disregarded, and his fair pretensions set at naught, for

the sake, as the Allies declared, of the peace of Europe. It is true, that Russia, Austria, and Prussia demurred, in some sort, to this tyrannical invasion of the rights of an independent sovereign; but their opposition was feeble and ineffective, and they finally agreed to be passive though not active cooperators in the spoliation that was intended.

The operations against the citadel of Antwerp are too fresh in the public mind to need recital here; and the demolition of the barrier fortresses of Mons, Oude, Menin, Philipville, and Marienburgh, the proudest results of the treaty of Vienna, clearly shewed the sense of her interest which France evinced, and the powerful influence which she had obtained in these negotiations. By the marriage of Leopold with a daughter of Louis Philippe, ties of affinity were contracted which gave the French king a nearer interest in Belgium, and made that country, to all intents and purposes, as complete a family appendage, as it would have been had the crown been accepted by the Duke of Nemours. In all this we can perceive clearly the presiding mind of that old fox of European diplomacy, whom half a century of intrigue, (during which he wound his stealthy way through a thousand plots and conspiracies, and had seen antagonists and competitors without number, sink before his superior power, or struggling, in irretrievable enthalment, in the meshes of his subtle and Machiavelian contrivances,) had qualified for acting his part with such consummate skill in the various important affairs which were now entrusted to his direction.

He could have had no great desire to preserve the Belgic lion rampant, which had been erected to perpetuate the victory of Waterloo; and as the Duke of Wellington was the gainer of that victory, he did not, we believe, find it a hard matter to play Lord Palmerston's prejudices against his patriotism, and to induce him to consent to the obliteration of a trophy, which only served to remind the world of the once proud ascendancy of a hated rival.

The barrier fortresses were also the work of English blood and treasure; and were hateful to France, as well because they were an evidence of her

discomfiture, as a bridle to her ambition. A more acceptable service could not therefore be performed by the French minister, than to procure the consent of the Allies to their removal; and by Lord Palmerston's active assistance, this also was accomplished; a measure by which the principal advantages which were gained by the campaign of 1814, were virtually relinquished. What England and Europe are to gain by this is yet to be seen; but, doubtless, Lord Palmerston conceived, and rightly conceived, that it would be a great mortification to the Duke of Wellington. Thus the one minister gained, by every movement which he made, solid advantages for his country, such as may yet lead to the re-establishment of French domination in Europe; the other would seem to us to have been the mere creature of mean and paltry jealousies and resentments, and to have sacrificed, whether wittingly or unwittingly, the honour and the interest of England, to personal antipathies and French ambition.

It would be alike tedious and unprofitable to enter into an extended analysis of the various projects and counter projects which engaged the attention of the great powers, for the final adjustment of the matter in dispute between Holland and Belgium. Suffice it to say, that they all have a character of coercion towards the former power, such as appears to us to violate the soundest principles of international law; and of partiality and encouragement towards the latter, such as must have greatly cheered the partisans of revolution. A new arrangement was made respecting the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, to which the king of Holland was *to be compelled* to submit. A species of compensation was prescribed for his "enclaves" in Belgium, with which he was *to be compelled* to rest contented. Regulations were determined upon respecting the free navigation of the Scheldt, which interfered with what he considered the undoubted right of Holland, and these, also, it was resolved that he must agree to, before he should be suffered to rest at peace in his kingdom. It is surely no wonder that measures such as these should have been denounced by the Dutch minister, as "an unpre-

cedented and arbitrary act of international police, and as a system of hostilities, undertaken in the midst of peace, that tended to undermine the basis of the independence of states, to subvert the fundamental principles of the rights of nations, and to substitute the supremacy of force for that of equity."

We envy not Mr. White the feeling which leads him to sneer at the King of Holland, for thus opposing himself to the combined hostility of these formidable powers, and sacrificing what he calls "solid facts," for the maintenance of empty principles. The King has nobly proved himself an inheritor of the spirit and the resolution of his fathers, and it is impossible to view his intrepid bearing under the trying circumstances in which he was placed, without being reminded of our own King William, of glorious memory, who said, when asked what he would do, in case of the continued successes of Louis the Fourteenth, which threatened to overrun the united province—"I will die in the last ditch." But he lived to contribute to the dissolution of that portentous confederacy between England and France, which then threatened his country with so much peril; to repay the former for her insidious hostility, by delivering her from popery and arbitrary power; and to requite the latter by originating a series of conquests, which, had they been followed up with the spirit in which they were commenced and carried on, might have anticipated by more than a century the humiliation which the house of Bourbon has since endured from the violence and the wickedness of a sanguinary revolution.

An essential change has taken place in the condition of France, since she felt it her interest to patronize the revolutionists in Belgium. Louis Philippe has vaulted boldly into the saddle of absolute power, and his sympathies must now be in favour of the legitimates of Europe. That they should interfere, by force of arms, to compel any renunciation of the advantages which the Belgians have already obtained, would be alike impolitic and unwise. All that should now be done is, to withdraw as soon as they can from a position which they

never should have occupied, and leave these states to the ordinary operations of international law, as soon as they have fulfilled their several engagements.

It is our belief that Holland has already experienced advantages from the separation, which are more than an equivalent for her losses, or even for her humiliation; and that if the great powers thought fit to-morrow to propose the re-annexion of Belgium, it would, on her part, be refused.

On the other hand, it is quite impossible to view the combination of events which led to the creation of the new state, without feeling that they were providentially ordered; and the thoughtful politician, who habitually refers temporal affairs to that presiding Power by which the course of this world is wisely regulated, waits with patience for that development of the new combination, by which he may be yet made to see that all things work together for good. That Leopold finds himself uneasy upon his throne, and that the people of Belgium are already beginning to be sick of the agitation by which they have been disturbed, as well as sorry for the commercial advantages which they have relinquished, is, we believe, true. But their choice has been made, and to the destiny which they have chosen for themselves, they are irrevocably pledged. We would be glad if we could believe with Mr. White, that their destinies are bright in prospect, and we are very far from saying that a course of moderation on their part may not lead to the avoidance of many of the evils which are incidental to their position, and, which, we fear, the democratic nature of their government almost inevitably involves. No doubt, Belgium is not more democratic now than France was at the elevation of Louis Philippe; and in the former country a machinery exists, by which a similar "coup de état" might be effected. Of the future, therefore, we say nothing, but that matters can hardly remain as they are. Something must be done to give stability to the government, and independence to the throne, if it be intended that the new state should not be positively anti-sympathetic with the other monarchies of Europe.

I FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. II.

SONETTO DI VICENZO FELICAJA.

IL TEMPO.

Vidi poc'anzi un torbido e veloce
 Fiume che, pien' de rapidi momenti
 A giunger 'presti ed a passar non enti,
 Quanto si sente men, tanto più nuoce :
 Fiume che spigne, più che mai feroce,
 Di morte al lido i naufraghi viventi
 E va tacito sì, che appena il senti
 De l' obbligo nel gran mare a metter foce ;
 Fiume nato col mondo allor che stesi
 Fur gli ampj cieli e con piè snello e presto
 A fuggir cominciaron e i giorni e i mesi.
 A cotal vista sbiggotito e mesto
 Del fiume il nome al mio pensiero io chiesi
 E'l pensar mi rispose : il Tempo e questo.

SONETTO DI ANTONIO ZAMPIERI.

IL PIACERE E IL DOLORE.

Quando del cielo al bel natio soggiorno
 La despregiata Astrea rivolse il piede,
 L'almo Piacer che seco avea la sede,
 Seco far volle anch' egli al cielo ritorno.
 Per trattenerlo tutte allora intorno
 Gli fur le Virtù ; pianse Amore, e Fede :
 Ma tutto in van, ch'egli a fuggir si diede,
 Lasciando in terra il manto ond era adorno.
 Trovollo il Duolo, e sotto il manto istesso
 Ascoso errando, ei, che'l Piacer non era
 Accolto a grande error fu per quel desso.
 Quindi inganna il bugiardo ognun che spera
 Trovar quaggiù vero piacer ; che spesso
 Ciò che sembra piacer, è doglia vera.

SONETTO DI GIAMBATISTA ZAPPI.

GLI AMORI.

Cento vezzosi pargoletti Amori
 Stavano un dì scherzando in festa e in gioco
 Un dì loro comincio : sì voli un poco,
 Dove ? Un rispose ; ed egli : in volto a Clori.
 Disse ; e volaron tutti al mio bel foco,
 Qual nuvol d'api al più gentil de fiori
 Chi'l crin chi'l labbro tumidetto in fuori
 E chi questo sì prese, e chi quel loco.
 Bel vedere il mio ben d'Amori pieno !
 Dno con le faci eran negli occhi, e dui
 Sedean con l' arco in sul ciglio sereno :
 Era tra questi un Amorino, a cui
 Manco la gota e'l labbro, e cadde in seno :
 Disse agli altri : chi sta meglio di lui.

I FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. II.

SONNET BY VINCENZO FILICAJA

TIME.

I gazed (in thought) on a fleet darkling tide
 Rushing with many a headlong current's flow
 Even to my feet ; nor with a pace less slow
 Flew past ; the deadlier when 'twas scarce descried.
 A stream that ever, with unruffled glide,
 Strewed living souls upon the shores of Death
 Shipwrecked—Unheard, scarce seen, it hasteneth
 Into Oblivion's shoreless ocean wide.
 Coeval with the world, when first the skies
 Spread their wide azure plains, when days and years
 First moved their nimble feet, it took its rise—
 At this strange sight, saddened and filled with fears
 "What is that river's name?" unto my thoughts I cried,
 And straight "Its name is TIME" my thoughts replied.

SONNET BY ANTONIO ZAMPIERI.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

When spurned by man, Divine Astrea turned
 Her sinless steps to seek her native heaven,
 Bland Pleasure too, who dwelt from morn to even
 By his loved Maid, with lover's ardor burned
 To share her skies : Young Love and pure Faith mourned,
 The Virtues bright to stay his flight had striven
 In vain—Their fair arms' circling chain is riven,
 He's free—He mounts on air and earth is spurned.
 Deceit his mantle found, for in his flight
 It fell to Earth, and in the vesture drest
 He roams the world, and still 'tis his delight
 With lying guise to cheat the trusting breast
 That, fondly cherishing joys semblance bright,
 Soon finds, alas, that Sorrow's self's the guest.

SONNET BY GIAMBATTISTA ZAPPÀ.

THE LOVES.

A troop of little loves upon a morning fair
 In festive-hearted sportiveness were playing—
 One merry urchin led the gambols saying,
 "Come let us have a fly." The rest asked "Where?"
 "Into young Chloris' face"—Soon swarming through the air
 Like bees they sped and o'er the sweet flow'r straying
 This on her hair, that on her lip delaying,
 Her rich ripe lip, some settled here, some there.
 Oh, what a sight! with Loves to see her covered,
 One lurking with a torch in either eye ;
 One with arched bow on either eyebrow hovered,
 While one, from lip and throng'd cheek forced to fly,
 Into her bosom fell and soon his bliss discovered,
 Then joyous cried "Who's half so snug as I?"

LOTA.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES, GENT.

CHAP. XXI.

MALTA.

Tripoli appar sul lido; e incontra a questa,
 Giace Malta fra l'onde occulta e bassa.

Tasso.

THE tract of ocean that separates Malta from Algiers, may be traversed in a very brief period of time; but, morally and politically considered, how immeasurable is the space which has from the earliest ages divided them! In the annals of the world there is not a blacker page than that which relates to Algiers. Her history is one continued scene of iniquity and horror; pointing her out as the chosen seat of barbarism and infidelity, the infamous nest of robbers and pirates, the stronghold of crime, cruelty and corruption. Atrocities the most enormous and inhuman have ever found in her a genial soil; her very heroes, whose valour has been so much extolled, have been actuated more by the fiendish spirit of demons than the dauntless intrepidity of brave men. To the cause of infidelity alone has she been faithful, and even that she has maintained by treachery the most perfidious.

How different a picture is presented in the romantic story of Malta! Love of liberty and zeal for religion have ever been her distinguishing characteristics, and the unyielding bravery with which she has maintained and defended both, have spread her fame all over the world. The chivalrous valour, the munificent benevolence, the unobtrusive piety and Christian zeal of the knights of St. John, have ever been the admiration of surrounding nations. In many of the gallant men who have graced that illustrious order, may be found exemplified all those attractive attributes with which imagination is wont to invest the heroes of fiction—humility, forbearance, valour, virtue and sagacity, all combined. To them, indeed, a deep debt of gratitude is due by the nations of Christendom, for having stood so long the firm bulwark of our faith—resisting, with a fortitude and perseverance which have never been surpassed, the overwhelming inroads of the in-

fel; and one of the many crimes for which the abettors of the French Revolution have to answer, is the subversion of the noble order of the knights of St. John.

The morning that succeeded the night of our arrival was already far advanced when I ascended on deck. The bay of Malta, with its blue rippled waters and indented beach—and the town, with its tall minarets and lofty fortifications, lay in all their beauty before me. It was, indeed, a lovely scene, and one which imagination might well delight to people with the heroes of former days. I was now on the very spot which I had long been accustomed to consider as the native home of romance, and which was consecrated in my recollection by the many glorious deeds of which it had been the scene. Memory carried me back to the days of its former splendor—to the time when seven hundred valiant knights sustained victoriously the protracted siege of the whole host of Solyma, headed by the invincible Mustapha—invincible everywhere but here. Beyond the point of Ricasoli I could see the roadstead where the Turk drew up his huge squadron of an hundred and thirty sail, and summoned the little band of knights to surrender. Before me lay the fort of St. Elmo; and I almost fancied I could see the noble La Valette standing on the cavalier of its battlement, and shooting back his defiance on the bar of a cross-bow. Then came the thundering cannonade, and the fatal breach in the battlements, and the pass defended by one hundred knights against eight thousand Turkish assailants. Immediately above me lay the Citta Vittoriosa and the fort of Il Borgo, which on that memorable occasion was defended by the Grand Master in person. It was not till the last of the gallant band of heroes had

fallen at his post that the Turkish standard was planted on St. Elmo, and the tide of war swept down upon the Borgo, and the floating batteries of the infidel were stationed on the very spot where our ship now lay. The whole scene was vividly pictured in my imagination: I could even fancy I saw the very spots where the numerous breaches were made in the walls, and see host after host of the assailants rushing to the assault, and host after host repulsed by the valiant defenders of Christianity. Then came the retreat, sounded by the formidable Mustapha, after the loss of thirty thousand men, and the shout of triumph from the towers of the Borgo, and the procession of the few remaining knights, wounded, bleeding, and soiled with the conflict, to the church of St. John, where the venerable La Valette offered up thanks to the God of the Christian for having thus enabled them, with so small a force, to withstand for four months the whole array of Solymans' legions. Such were the knights of St. John of Jerusalem; religion, at once the cause for which they fought, and the source of their enthusiastic valor.*

But the days of the glory and the splendor of Malta are, ere now, gone by. The sacrilegious hand of the revolutionary French, whose devastations have extended so widely over Europe, has not been idle here. The noble monuments, the splendid sarcophagi, the rich tombs which decorated the churches, and which the hand of gratitude had reared to the memory of departed heroes, have been mutilated and overthrown. The magnificent paintings of Carravaggio, which represented the triumphs of the order, and were so long the pride of Malta, now decorate the walls of the museum at Paris. The cathedral, the university, every place that contained anything valuable for its material, admirable for its workmanship, or curious for its antiquity, has been plundered and laid waste. Even the Monte de Pietà, that glorious monument of the munificence

of the order, where upwards of fifteen hundred patients, of all countries and religions, were constantly entertained at the expense of the knights, has not been respected. The silver utensils, in which the food and medicines of the sick were served, could not escape the French—all were carried off, and the institution itself subverted. Had La Valette, or L'Isle Adam, or the invincible Vignacourt existed, these things, perhaps, had not been.

But it is vain to dwell on glories that are gone, and that can now never be recalled. Malta, under the more benign government of Great Britain, has already somewhat recovered from the cruel blow she received from France. The great increase of British residents, and the constant intermixture of officers of the British army and navy, has given a new tone to the manners and customs of the place, and rendered society there truly delightful. Never on any station have I enjoyed myself more than at Malta. The admiral resided constantly on shore; and as we midshipmen attended him everywhere by turns, in the capacity of sorts of aides-de-camp, it may be supposed we spent a very pleasant time. Parties of pleasure, dinners, balls filled up our day, and left no spare time for ennui. On Thursdays the admiral always entertained a large party at his own house; and on these occasions we were men of no small importance, acting as a sort of *maitres-de-ceremonie*—one taking charge of the band, another of the quadrilles, and so forth.

When not engaged in this pleasant sort of duty with the admiral, or otherwise employed on board, my time was chiefly spent with the officers of the various regiments stationed in the town, among whom were two near relations of my own, and many friends of my father. To these gentlemen I can never sufficiently express my sense of the kindness I experienced—a kindness not confined to me, but extended to every naval officer in the port. I

* The memorable siege of Malta, by Mustapha, the renowned general of the great Solymans, is one of the most spirit-stirring events which history has recorded. It seems to me to be more fraught with romantic incident than even that of Saragossa, so beautifully described by Mr. Squithy, and would afford a fitting subject for the graphic pens of Bulwer or James, or the classic author of *Valerius*.

shall not specify any particular corps: they were all kind; and should any of them chance to peruse these pages, he may rest assured that in saying this I do not express the opinion of an individual, but the known sentiments of every naval man on the station. Indeed it cannot be doubted, that the military at Malta, by their invariable frankness, hospitality, and gentlemanlike conduct, have done much to obliterate the foolish prejudices with which our army and navy were wont to regard each other, and which I candidly confess existed chiefly on our side. Long may the two services unite in harmony together; for whenever they do so, the work with which they are both mutually entrusted will be more pleasantly, as well as more effectually discharged. Not that I would have either of them forget the pride which it becomes each to take in his own peculiar profession. On the contrary, in this matter I am rather inclined to agree with the boatswain of the Flag-ship, who was rather given to philosophy, and was, withal, a most ardent despiser of the military. "Yes, my lads," he would say, after haranguing his messmates on the superiority of the naval service, "if the soldiers have their corps spree, (*esprit de corps*, I presume,) why the d—l shouldn't we have our ship spree!" This, however, can never interfere with the mutual feelings of kindness and respect with which it becomes them to regard each other. Each has given to an admiring world sufficiently signal proofs of gallantry and patriotism—each has carried off its share of glory, and no room is left for unworthy jealousy or petty rivalry on either side. Happily a deeprooted prejudice like that of our jolly boatswain, is now rarely to be found even before the mast. In him, however, it had grown with his growth, and he could never be brought to speak well of the army. I recollect a ludicrous ebullition of this feeling on his part, which occurred one day at Malta. He was standing on the gangway to pipe the side for a party of officers of the eighty— regiment, who were coming on board.

One of them, who was well known in messroom at the time, by the familiar appellation of "Bob,"* was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a very strong, athletic person. The party rowed their own boat; and Bob, who had the stroke-oar, displayed so much skill and dexterity in using it, that he attracted the attention even of the nautical boatswain. When their visit was concluded, and they had once more left the ship, he turned round to his messmate, the gunner, and aquirting out his chew with considerable energy, exclaimed—"What a pity that fellow's a soldier! D—n him, there's one good sailor spoiled anyhow!"

As we visited Malta merely for the purpose of refitting, our stay on the present occasion was necessarily short; and as soon as our repairs were completed, we once more set sail, and bent our course for Naples. It was evening when we entered the Straits of Messina; and as the land began to close in on either side, nothing can be conceived more exquisitely beautiful than the scene by which we were surrounded. On the one hand lay the lovely city of Messina, amid its groves of olive and myrtle, with its splendid Palazzata curving along the edge of the bay, its magnificent mountains, and the smoking summit of *Ætna* far in the distance; on the other stretched the romantic coast of Calabria, with the white-walled Reggio in the fore-ground, a range of undulating vine-clad hills in the middle distance, and the majestic Apennines towering up in irregular and picturesque beauty behind. Farther forward, the rock of Scylla arose from the sea in gigantic magnitude, and opposite to it was the point of Faro, the ancient Charybdis. When we passed the Straits the weather was calm, and saving the current which sets in with great violence, and the breakers occasioned by the rude collision of the tides, we had nothing to remind us of the dreadful tempests to which this place is said to be liable. The extreme proximity of the two coasts, however, the hidden rocks beneath the water, and the beetling crags above, sufficiently showed how difficult it must be to

* Every one at Malta at the time knew "Bob." God bless him!

weather a storm here; and had the fragile fleet of *Æneas* escaped the fate which befel them, it would have been little less than a miracle.

As I gazed on this lovely scene, it was impossible not to contrast its present state of peaceful security, with what it must have been when visited by the awful earthquake of 1783, which shook the land on either side, engulfing nearly the whole of Reggio, leaving the beautiful Messina in ruins, agitating the waters of the Straits till the waves rose and sunk like contending mountains, and committing such dreadful ravages among the population, that the coast on either side was said to be strewn with the mangled carcases of the dead and the dying. It was on this occasion that the Knights of St. John, at the time if I recollect aright, under the grand-mastership of Emmanuel de Rohan, gave to the world an admirable proof of the disinterested philanthropy and munificence of their order. It was late on a winter's evening when news reached Malta of this dreadful earthquake, and of the desolate and miserable state of the inhabitants, left wounded and lacerated by the sudden overthrow of their dwellings to endure the inclemency of the season, without a helping hand to heal their bruises, or afford them the shelter of which they stood so much in need. The galleys of the Order were at the time laid up in ordinary for the winter; the weather was tempestuous, and to brave the dangers of the Straits at such a time peculiarly perilous. But no selfish considerations weighed with the generous de Rohan, who instantly issued orders to prepare the galleys for sea. With enthusiastic alacrity, knights, slaves and soldiers, proceeded to the work; the preparations were carried on during the night with wonderful rapidity, and next day a chosen band set sail for Sicily, having on board their little squadron, provisions, medicine-chests, tents, beds, surgeons, every thing, in a word, which could be required for their charitable purpose.

Meanwhile the Sicilians and the Calabrians continued in a most deplorable situation. Shock succeeded shock after brief but awful intervals, each bringing new calamities, and inspiring fresh terror. The face of the

country was entirely changed; and it is said that the Neapolitan couriers were surprised to find plains where mountains had formerly been, and raging torrents where they were accustomed to meet tiny rivulets. Many of the wretched inhabitants were buried under the ruins of their houses, and such of them as escaped were seen dragging their wounded bodies to some place of supposed security, or dying in the streets. And amid all this distress, there was no one to assist or alleviate their sufferings—all were too much occupied in providing for their personal safety, to think of what befel their neighbours.

The squadron of the Knights at last reached the Straits, and the standard of St. John was seen floating in the bay of Messina. This was the first signal of relief to the wretched sufferers. With pious and eager zeal the Knights flew to their assistance. A large wooden barrack was constructed, and fitted up as an hospital, with beds and all other conveniences. Here the wounded people were brought, their bruises dressed, and their various wants attended to with all the care that medical skill could afford, or that the feelings of humanity could prompt. Parties of knights, accompanied by surgeons, were employed in searching among the ruins, and rescuing from destruction numbers of unhappy human beings whose wounds rendered them incapable of assisting themselves. These noble men, the strong of hand and the unyielding in war, saved themselves no pains or labour in executing this work of Christian charity. Hundreds, who must otherwise inevitably have perished, were thus rescued from destruction; and thousands, who had lost their all in the overwhelming ruin, and had not even food to give their famished children, daily received provisions on the quay, distributed by the hands of the knights themselves.

For three weeks they continued on those desolated shores; and during all this time they intermitted not their charitable labours night nor day. No expense was spared; even the most delicate luxuries were provided for such of the sick as required these stimulants; and numbers who had no dwellings to shelter them were lodged in tents erected for the purpose. And what was the reward which was to

crown all their exertions, and compensate them for the personal privations they endured while their liberal hands dispensed comfort and plenty to the unfortunate? None they expected; none they sought. For them the consciousness of having discharged the duty which their order imposed on them as hospitallers was sufficient; and richly did they hold themselves recompensed in the satisfaction with which every generous bosom glows when it has done a generous action. Shall we be considered illiberal if we curse the wretched policy which drove those noble-minded men from the place of their supremacy!

We had scarcely cleared the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis when darkness set in, and the burning mountain of Stromboli appeared before us in all its beauty and magnificence. A bright pillar of fire ascended from its summit, casting a lurid light on the surrounding atmosphere, and rendering visible the outlines of the mountain towards the top, while beneath all was lost in obscurity. Masses of red-hot stone shot up into the air, or were projected forward and precipitated into the sea; while, at intervals of a few minutes, huge heaps of smaller debris were vomited up, and hurled burning hot down the steep declivity of the mountain like mighty rivers of molten gold. It was a beautiful picture. Unlike most other volcanic mountains, the fires of Stromboli are in a state of constant activity; and as its altitude renders it visible at night from a great distance, it has long been distinguished by the name of the Great Mediterranean Lighthouse.

Onward we stood; and as the breeze was favourable, it was not long till we cleared the island of Capri, and entered the bay of Naples. The scene

which here presented itself I shall not attempt to describe: it is a subject to which my untutored pen is totally unequal. But if the reader's imagination can assist him in forming an idea of an immense semicircular bay of upwards of twenty miles in diameter, surrounded by a coast which presents a succession of the most lovely landscapes, rich with the luxuriance of luxuriant Italy, and sprinkled all over with towns and villas and palaces, till the whole terminates at either extremity in the beautiful promontories of Miseno and Sorrento; and if, upon the acclivity of a sloping hill on the margin of this lovely bay, he can suppose the city of Naples, with its suburbs stretching far along the beach, its quays and ramparts projecting into the water, and tier after tier of houses and palaces rising in the form of a splendid amphitheatre, till the whole is crowned by the surmounting turrets of the Castle of St. Elmo; if to this he add the famed Vesuvius, with wreaths of smoke issuing from its summit, and the blue outline of the picturesque Apennines stretching away in the extreme back ground, with a sea-view bounded by the beautiful islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida; and if he can imagine the whole invested in that lovely ethereal hue which an Italian atmosphere imparts to its landscapes, he may perhaps be enabled to form some inadequate idea of what the bay of Naples is when seen from a vessel traversing its bosom. He, however, who wishes to obtain a correct impression of its unequalled loveliness, has no alternative but to go there and view it in person. From the most graphic descriptions, and the most glowing delineations of the pencil, no idea can be formed that does not fall infinitely short of the reality.

CHAPTER XXII.

NAPLES.

“ Wohl furchtbar wird des Feuers Macht,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft,
Einhertritt auf der eignen Spur,
Die freie Tochter der Natur!”—*Lied Von der Glocke.*

Having moored the old craft securely, we now began to look forward to at least five or six weeks' real en-

joyment. Some of our officers, who had visited Naples before, made up a party to go to Rome, and invited me

to accompany them; but as I was in no hurry for the antique, and anticipated, besides, much pleasure in the society of Naples, especially when introduced to the circle of which the admiral had the entrée, I preferred remaining where I was.

It was, of course, my first business to make the grand tour of the museum, the churches, and the palaces, and bestow my meed of praise and admiration on all the wonders they contain. As I do not, however, mean to encroach on the province of Signor Ferrari and the guide-books, the reader's imagination must supply the place of a detailed description of pictures and statues, and antiques, and pillars and porticos, all of which abound here in no ordinary degree, and will afford entertainment to the *conoscenti* for a twelvemonth at least. My investigations were conducted with a strict regard to economy of time; and as I did not think I had performed any great feat in "getting over" a score of churches, not to mention palaces by the dozen, in the course of a forenoon, it was not long till I had completed the round, and felt myself at liberty to look after other amusements.

I had brought with me a letter of introduction to a French gentleman who resided at a villa about two miles from Naples; but as I have seldom found such credentials productive of any other advantage save that of a little ceremonious attention, I did not take the trouble of delivering it in person, but contented myself with sending it by a special messenger to its destination. Of course I never expected that any farther notice would be taken of it, and I was therefore a good deal surprised when next day I received a polite note from the Frenchman, inviting me to dine at his villa, and stating that his carriage would be at the landing place at five o'clock to carry me out. At first I thought of declining this honour, as I anticipated nothing but a stiff ceremonious "feed;" however, after considering the circumstances, particularly the promptitude of the invitation, and the attention of the carriage, I thought it right to go.

Accordingly, at the appointed hour I repaired to the landing-place, where I found an elegant English equipage, the horses harnessed in tandem, and a

servant dressed in the regular English costume waiting my arrival. A genuine Dandy Dinmont terrier and a thoroughbred milk-white bull-dog attended at the wheels; and as I was marvelling to find so complete an English equipage in Italy, the servant touched his hat, and increased my surprise by addressing me in the broadest Yorkshire.

"Measter says he's sent Tandem for ee; and if ee keant droive, whoy I'll do it for ee."

"Thank you, my fine fellow," I replied, jumping up into the vehicle, and assuming the reins; "but if my neck is to be broken, I prefer breaking it myself."

Our road lay through the suburbs; and as we pranced along my companion entertained me with an account of his horses, his master, and his dogs. Of the latter, the bull terrier was the finest specimen of the kind I had almost ever seen; his broad chest, strong limbs, and delicately tapered tail were sufficient to charm the eye of a connoisseur. With regard to his master, and the taste he displayed in his English equipage, the servant satisfied me with the sage remark—

"Whoy, sir, ee see measter served his time in England; and you wouldn't know him from an Englishman, sir, if he wasn't a Frenchman. But mind your eye there, sir," he continued, as intent on listening to his account of my new acquaintance, I was on the point of capsizing a fire-apparatus where an old woman was roasting chesnuts. With a little dexterous management, however, I succeeded in clearing the obstacle, much to the delight of the Yorkshireman, in whose good graces I evidently began to rank very highly.

A neat avenue of beautiful accacias brought us in front of the villa—, the residence of Monsieur, which, like most other Italian villas, consisted of a plain façade, flat roof, and handsome portico. In the interior, the arrangement and elegance of the furniture evinced the taste of the occupants.—The room into which I was ushered was a spacious saloon, with the roof tastefully painted in fresco, and the walls hung round with excellent pictures, chiefly the works of the ancient masters. The floor, save in the centre, where it was covered with a rich Persia carpet, was beautifully

inlaid in a tessellated form with wood of different colours, and polished bright as a mirror; the windows were hung with airy gauze draperies, and their tall casements turning on hinges, opened into a beautiful flower garden; from which the breeze came loaded with the most delicious fragrance, and cooled by the waters of an elegant fountain which played in a marble basin.

I was received with the utmost politeness by an elegant looking young man: who, in the most fluent and correct English, welcomed me to Italy, and presented me to two very handsome young women his sisters, and his father, a nice looking old gentleman of the French school of last century. These were the only persons present; and I had not been long in their company till I congratulated myself on having made their acquaintance. The manners of the young man, the master of the tandem, and the individual to whom my letter was addressed, as well as of his sisters, were so completely modelled upon those of England, that, like the Yorkshire groom, if they had not been French I should certainly have taken them for English. All that warmth of feeling, frankness, friendliness, and native good breeding which are said to distinguish the gentry of our own isle were theirs; and formed a delightful contrast to the Parisian elegance, punctilious etiquette, and unaffected *légèreté* of the father. In conversation, I did not know which to admire the most; so much good sense, justness of sentiment, and variety of information were displayed by all.

I was always fond of French society, I mean public society; but I certainly never expected to find all the amiable traits which I had been accustomed to admire in my countrymen, exemplified in their domestic circles. Yet, so it was here. The kindness displayed between the brother and the sisters; the polite attentions which they mutually exchanged, and the respect mingled with affection with each which regarded the father, shewed how happy a home was theirs, and gave the lie to the calumny which would charge the French people with heartlessness. In compliment I suppose to me, the conversation was conducted entirely in English, which the younger members of the family like with an idiom and accent quite

vernacular; and even the French style, and aristocratic buzz of the old gentleman did not impede his fluency. When I expressed my surprise at the knowledge which the young man and his sisters displayed of the localities and customs of England, I was given to understand by the former, that they had received their education there; that it was the home of their early youth, and that every thing English was particularly dear to them.

The two sisters were so completely alike in face and form, that being dressed exactly in the same manner, I had at first some difficulty in distinguishing the one from the other.—The elder was named Annette, the younger Pauline; both were brunettes, both had large dark sparkling eyes, thick clustering ringlets, and an expression of countenance at once lively and intelligent. Nay, the very tones of their voices were the same; and the manners of each, down to the minutest particular, seemed an exact counterpart of those of the other. A close observer, however, might detect a peculiarly pensive expression about the eyelids and lips of Annette, which could not be traced in the countenance of her sister. Not that she was less lively; on the contrary, the two seemed to vie with each other in animation; yet, still from whatever cause produced the thoughtful expression of Annette was there, and might be traced even in her smile.

I have seldom spent a more pleasant evening than I did with this amiable family; and I determined to prosecute their acquaintance as much as possible, during my stay at Naples. For this, opportunities promised not to be wanting. Conversation naturally turned on the different places of interest in the neighbourhood, and I expressed my determination to visit as many of them as I could.

"You have much before you," said Rodolphe. "Herculaneum, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Posilipo, Baïæ, Castel-a-mare, Poestum—"

"And the Museum," said Annette; "And the churches," said her sister.

"And the palaces," continued the brother.

"Nay," said the old gentleman, "do not puzzle our friend with so unmerciful a list. When I was young and

active as you, I would propose to myself the honour of being his companion in some of his excursions, but these limbs are now too old for climbing mountains, and scrambling among ruins. You, Annette, and you, Pauline, know every stone and tree all round the Bay, from Miseno to Sorrento; Rodolphe, too, is skilled in classic lore, and I think you might be of some service as guides to our young acquaintance. What say you, girls? It is not so long since you both climbed up the steep sides of Vesuvius."

"If Mr. Lascelles will accept of our guidance," said Annette, "we shall be happy to accompany him on some of his excursions, and point out all the curiosities with which we are acquainted."

"And I," said Rodolphe, "shall be too happy to make one of a party which promises to be so pleasant."

"I thanked them all for this gratuitous mark of kindness, in the best manner I could; and next day being fixed for a visit to Vesuvius, I took leave of my new friends, quite delighted with the reception I had met."

A short drive in a caleche brought me next morning to Resina, where my friends had agreed to meet me, and where mules are kept for the accommodation of travellers wishing to ascend the mountain. I found them true to their appointment, waiting for me at the hotel; and, as it was yet early in the day, and we did not wish to be on the summit of Vesuvius till towards sunset, it was agreed that we should pass the intervening time in visiting Herculaneum, over the ruins of which Resina and Portici are built.

A descent through a damp and dreary vault, but dimly lighted up by the flambeaux of our guides, brought us among the corridors of the celebrated amphitheatre of Herculaneum, of which it was impossible not to admire the massiveness and solidity of the structure—capable, indeed, of resisting the influence of time, though not of the overwhelming fire-streams of Vesuvius. But to form any adequate idea of this splendid building, as a whole, was impossible, the partial light of our torches not discovering any more than a very limited space at one time. Still it was interesting to wander through a place which had once contained the great and

the gay—which had rung with the applause of admiring multitudes, and whose stupendous pile had for sixteen centuries lain buried under ground. Had I visited it blindfold, still I would have felt an interest in being *there*.

I had lingered behind, endeavouring to measure the height of one of the piers of the corridor, when my companions unexpectedly disappeared with the torches through an adjoining opening. I followed on the instant, but, though from the sound of their voices, I knew they could not be far distant, I was so puzzled by the darkness and intricacy of the path, that some time elapsed before I could overtake them. When at last I did come in view of them, they had mounted on the proscenium of the immense theatre, among whose mazes I had just been wandering; and the appearance they presented was so striking, that I paused for a moment to observe it.

The guides having retired behind a projecting angle of the wall, were hid from my view, and the stream of light from their torches falling full upon the figures of my three companions, and partially illuminating the broken architrave and other ruined fragments, scattered around, produced an effect which, when combined with the attitudes of the principal figures, might be termed truly scenic. Rodolphe was engaged in animated conversation, explaining to his sisters the antiquities of the place; Annette was listening in the stately attitude of a tragic queen, and the lively Pauline was engaged in tossing pebbles into the dark area beneath. The whole group, the light that streamed full upon them, though I could not distinguish from whence it came, the dark and desert appearance of the place, and the obscurity of my own position, reminded me forcibly of some of the night-scenes in the castle of Udolpho. Any one visiting Herculaneum would do well to make the experiment; he will find the effect peculiarly imposing.

My absence was so short that it was not observed by my companions, and I joined their group, just as Rodolphe was winding up his observations by the remark, in my opinion a very just one, that a much better idea of the place may be obtained by inspecting the model in the Museo Borbonico at Naples.

than by encountering the dark and dampness of these subterranean recesses.

Having examined everything remarkable about the theatre, we continued our wanderings for some time longer, not because they afforded us any particular pleasure, but merely because the guides led the way, and the guides led the way merely because it was part of their routine. Indeed, it was no small relief to the whole party when we at last emerged from these dismal vaults, and breathed once more the free air of heaven. On reaching Resina we found everything prepared for our ascending the mountain.

On its seaward side, Vesuvius begins to rise almost from the margin of the Bay ; at first, with an acclivity so gentle, as scarcely to be perceptible, and then more steeply, till at last the ascent becomes extremely precipitous and abrupt. On the slope of its base, and near the sea, are situated the towns of Resina and Portici, built on the superincumbent strata of lava, beneath which Herculaneum has lain buried for so many centuries. Towards its top, the mountain is cleft, as it were in twain, and presents two distinct summits to the spectator. One of these, which is that from which the eruptions emanate, and which is strictly termed Vesuvius, is in shape a regular cone, and in appearance bare and rugged, without the slightest trace of vegetation ; the other is named the Monte Somma, and presents towards the neighbouring cone a concave front, tall, barren and precipitous, while on its northern side it slopes gradually away, covered far up with verdure and vines and fruit-trees, till it merges in the rich and lovely plain of Campo Felice.

The first part of our excursion, after leaving Resina, was extremely delightful, the ascent easy, and our path lying through those rich vineyards celebrated for the production of the famous *Lachrymæ Christi*. Mulberries and figs, and fruit-trees of every description, grew in profusion on either side ; the graceful vine interlacing its green shoots among their stems and branches, or hanging in gay festoons from the topmost boughs. The music of birds, the fragrance of odoriferous shrubs, the lively voices of the labourers at work

in the vineyards, and the gay conversation of my companions, all combined to raise my spirits to an unwonted pitch, and we pushed on at a pace which I believe was anything but agreeable to our guides.

But in a moment, and almost before we had left behind us the shadow of the last tree, a totally different scene was presented to our view. Instead of the smiling and pleasant prospect of green trees and fragrant shrubs, nothing now met the eye but an arid desert, covered with ashes and burned stones, and huge cindery-looking blocks of lava. Not the smallest sign of vegetation appeared ; not even the meanest lichen seemed capable of drawing nourishment from this desert collection of fire-dried debris. Several continuous unbroken streams of lava, that remained of the eruptions of the last fifty years, were seen, in different directions, adhering, in a congealed state, to the side of the hill, while here and there, large, tabular rock-like masses were discovered—the fragments, probably, of some anterior stream, which had been driven from their beds by the force of that which followed.

Through this dreary and horrid waste we plodded on till we began the steep ascent of the Monte Cantaroni ; a detached eminence, probably the creation of some early eruption, which rises to nearly two-thirds the height of the main mountain, but is completely separated from it by the intervention of a dark valley, known by the name of the Fossa di Faraonte. Upon the top of this eminence, at the height, it is said, of about two thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands the hermitage of St. Salvador, the residence of a brotherhood of pious monks, who have chosen this as the place of their abode ; thus braving as it were the fury of the fiery mountain almost at its very mouth. Near as they are to the scene of danger, however, and exposed as the situation of their dwelling may appear, the monks of St. Salvador run no risk from the streams of lava which overwhelm the neighbouring country. The intervening valley of Faraonte, intercepts the flowing mass, turning it off in a different direction ; and there is thus less danger to be apprehended in the apparently precarious hermitage, than in Resina or Portici, or even

Naples itself. In former times the chapel of this sanctuary, which has long occupied its present site, was dedicated to Januarius, the tutelar saint of Naples, who is supposed to have saved the city from many a past eruption, and whose statue may be seen standing on the bridge of the Magdalen, with one hand extended towards the mountain, as if commanding it to respect the place of his guardianship.

After a short colloquy with the monks, who treated us with a flask of the wine of Monte Somma, for which of course we left an equivalent in money, we descended the other side of the Cantaroni, and reached the wide vale beneath, which separates the exalted site of the hermitage from the rest of the mountain. Here the scene was absolutely appalling. The whole plain, which is of considerable extent, was covered with black masses of burned stone, and layers of ashes, and huge fragments of disrupted lava, all so parched, so arid, so sterile, that no living thing seemed capable of existing among them. In other mountain deserts which I have visited, there was always something grand, often something sublime; for we experience a mysteriously pleasurable feeling in gazing upon towering rocks and beetling crags, and there is seldom wanting some shrub or tree shooting from the stony clefts, or some patches of mossy verdure adhering to the summits of the precipices, which serve to shew that even there the living principle of nature is not totally extinct. But here there was nothing majestic, nothing grand; all was dead, sterile, dreary, without one single redeeming object to rouse the admiration, or inspire the awe of the spectator. There is nothing more dignified to which I can compare this desert place, than to the rakings-out of some immense cyclopean furnace, of which a very appropriate idea, in miniature, may be formed by those who have visited the fire-yards of some of the great English glass-works.

From this sterile plain, a short ascent brought us to the foot of the cone, at top of which is the crater. Up this we found it necessary to ascend on foot, ankle-deep in ashes and cinders; and it was an undertaking of no small labour to our ladies, every step taken being accompanied by a retro-

grade movement, caused by the sliding of the loose debris through which we waded. For my own part, however, I never thought of the fatigue; being fully occupied in assisting the steps of the pretty Annette, whose lungs were never so much affected as to prevent her continuing her train of lively conversation. We had bent our faces so assiduously to our work, that we never once turned round till we reached the summit. Indeed my companion laboured on so perseveringly at my side that I had no apology for doing so; and it was not till we had reached nearly the highest point of all, that she stopped suddenly, and called playfully out, "right shoulders forward!"

The view that presented itself when we turned our faces towards the bay, I shall never forget, and can never hope to describe. The declining rays of the setting sun shed a flood of golden light over the placid waters of the ocean; sharpening the outline of the rugged promontories on the coast, resting on the volcanic summit of Ischia, tinging the ancient turrets of St. Elmo, and gilding the spires and cupolas of Naples, till they shone with an almost rival splendour. The bright light on the western side, and the deep shadow on the east of those objects, tended, as artists express it, to render more articulate their beautiful and varied outlines. The bay itself lay in comparative shadow; but the sunbeams passing onwards, threw into bright relief the hill of Camaldoli, and the picturesque ridge of Posilipo, resting at last on the towering promontory of Torrento. On the other side of the picture lay the magnificent and rich plain of Campo Felice; and this too, like the bay, was seen in subdued shadow, save where the last beams of the sun rested on some prominent clump of foliage, or glittered on the windows and white walls of some opposing villa; and farther onwards still, the lofty Apennines, already invested in the grey tints of evening, stretched away till they were lost in the extreme distance. Immediately before us, thin fleecy clouds, fringed by the light of the departing sunbeams, floated over the summit of Monte Somma; above us hung a black canopy of smoke from the crater, and beneath us lay the desert Faraonte, now rendered

black and more dismal as the shades of evening drew on.

"Is it not a lovely and varied prospect?" said Annette, as she drew my attention to some merchant vessels that were standing into the bay, their white sails still reflecting the rays of the sun.

"Varied, indeed!" I replied. Around us, a perfect chaos of confusion, barrenness, and horror; the earth trembling under our feet as if opening to engulf us, and a mixture of hissing, crackling, thundering noises in our ears, enough to make us think that we stood at the very gates of Acheron. And beneath us, a landscape too vast for the eye to encompass, composed of every variety of form which earth and ocean can assume, and bathed in every tint of colour with which nature most delights to robe her loveliness.

"But do you not admire the bay," said Pauline, "how majestically it sleeps in the shadow; and the villages and towns that sprinkle the beach beneath our feet, smiling as cheerfully as if no dreadful Vesuvius were nigh."

"Dreadful Vesuvius, indeed!" replied her sister; "yet, happily, how little dreaded! The thought that destruction may every moment be preparing in the bowels of this awful mountain does not cause the voice of the singer to sound less gaily, or the limbs of the dancer to move with less activity."

"And is not this a merciful allotment of an all-bounteous Providence?" said Rodolphe.

"It is, indeed!" replied Annette; but instead of philosophising, let us proceed to show our friend the wonders of the crater."

The extent of this awful opening I shall not attempt to guess at, but I may well be justified in calling it immense. We took our station on the edge of the abrupt precipice which forms its western side; and as I gazed into the gulph beneath, I cannot describe the various feelings that rushed unbidden upon me. Awe, and wonder, and dread, and veneration for the mighty Being, one of whose wondrous works I was contemplating, were predominant, accompanied by that indescribable sort of fascination, so beautifully alluded to by Lord Byron, which would almost seem to impel the spec-

tator of such an abyss to hurl himself headlong within:—

When mountains rear

Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and draw
The gulph of rock yawns; you can't gaze a
minute

Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

Of the deep, black, cavernous recesses beneath, we could only obtain partial and occasional glimpses. Thick wreaths of rising smoke obscured the downward prospect; and it was only as volume after volume rolled away, that we could obtain a passing glance at the mysterious chasm below. A mixture of sounds, the most confused, incongruous, and appalling issued as it were from the very bowels of the mountain. Now, an awful report, like the explosion of cannon or the rolling of thunder, reverberated through the hollow caverns; now a quick, rattling, continued sound, as if of some cyclopean soldiery discharging a platoon of muskets; then a loud hissing noise would catch up the echo, and this again would be followed by a sound resembling the boiling of some enormous cauldron. The whole brought vividly to my recollection the description given by Tasso, of the direful noises that issued from the enchanted wood:—

Eccè all'hor de la selva un suon repente,
Che par rimbombo di terren chi treme;
E il mormorar di gli austri in lui si sente,
E il pianto d'onda chi fra accogli geme.
Come rugge il leon, fischia il serpente,
Com' uila il lupo, e come l'orso freme,
V'odi, e v'odi le trombe, e v'odi il tuono;
Tanti e sì fatti suoni esprime un suono.

Thick volumes of smoke followed each new explosion or throe, as it were, of the labouring mountain; masses of stone were projected into the air to a considerable height, from whence they fell again into the yawning gulph below; and sometimes a huge fragment of rock detached from the rest plunged thundering down the side of the precipice till the sound of its echo was lost in the depths. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring on the mountain; and the smoke ascended high in the still expanse, broken only by the occasional flashes of flame which shot through or towered above it.

The shades of night had now closed around us, and the interior of the crater

was only visible, as from time to time it was illuminated by the occasional flashes of flame that burst from its yawning gulph and shone beautifully in the darkness.

"Let us leave this appalling place," said Annette, who had all along been gazing intently over the edge of the precipice! "I can contemplate the awful prospect no longer."

"Let us leave it," rejoined Pauline: "my head is already giddy with gazing."

"Let us leave it," added Rodolphe; it is like the first entrance of Vathek into the Palace of Fire; every moment we linger only tends to break the charm."

The torches with which the guides had supplied themselves were accordingly lighted, and we commenced our descent in silence; the scene we had just witnessed affording too much food for thought to admit of conversation. As we once more passed through the vale of Faraonte the scene was peculiarly striking. This dreary place, rendered still more dreary by the darkness—for the light of our torches shewing it obscurely, only tended to increase its horrors—we traversed with the silence of death. The guides led the way; and the flame of their flambeaux, casting a passing glare on the rugged outlines of the blocks of stone and lava that lay around, rested

on the flowing dresses of Annette and Pauline, who followed close behind on their mules. Rodolphe and myself brought up the rear on foot, stumbling at every step over some unseen mass that impeded our progress. A few yards only on either side of our path were rendered visible by the torches; all beyond was blackness and obscurity, save when an occasional burst of flame from the crater above displayed to us for a moment all the horrors of the place.

I had advanced to ask some question of the senior guide, as we were once more ascending Cantaroni, to bid farewell to the hospitable monks, when I observed him stop and cross himself devoutly. I asked what it was that caused this act of devotion.

"We are passing the 'Pratere del Francese, Signor,'" he replied, "where a few years since a young Frenchman threw himself into a stream of burning lava."

"And was lost?" I enquired. "Not a remnant of him was ever seen, Signor!" said the guide; "he was burned, doubtless, to a cinder as soon as he touched the burning stream."

Having taken leave of the Monks of St. Salvador, a short time sufficed to bring us once more to Resina, where I ascended the carriage of my kind friends, and accompanied them for the night to their hospitable villa.

WILLS' LETTERS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF UNBELIEF.*

Few subjects can be more important, and yet none perhaps has been more neglected, than that which is discussed in the volume before us. The contemplation of unbelief as a moral and intellectual phenomenon of the constitution of man—the tracing of infidelity to those inherent causes in man's evil nature which by their natural operation produce a rejection of the testimony of revelation as their natural result—the exhibition of the connexion between the known and acknowledged tendencies of the human heart and mind, and the practical and theoretical unbelief

in the evidences of revelation, which follows from those tendencies as naturally as any other moral effect from its cause—these are branches of inquiry involving considerations of at once the deepest metaphysical interest and of the highest practical importance; and to this difficult investigation the writer of these letters has successfully brought the energies of an acute and logical mind, controlled and guided by the humility of the Christian.

It is useless to deny that to the superficial observer the existence of un-

* Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief. By the Rev. James Wills. London: B. Fellowes, Ludgate-street. 1835.
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belief does furnish a *prima facie* objection to the clearness of the evidences of Christianity. There is something very imposing in the sophism (for sophism it is) that the arguments which fail to convince, are necessarily insufficient; and it is not without an effort that the mind can divest itself of the impression produced by the known fact that men of acknowledged abilities have canvassed the evidences of Christianity, and yet been unbelievers. With the mind not accustomed to make large allowances for human error and human prejudice, this simple fact is enough to throw suspicion upon the evidences of our faith—evidences which the individual so affected has never studied. For the effect will be the strongest upon those who neither seek for the reasonings in support of Christianity nor even the arguments by which it is opposed. This may seem an anomaly; but observation will be sufficient to satisfy any one of its truth. There is a species of indolent scepticism, at once the most common and most dangerous form of unbelief, which finds in the authority of the infidel writers that support which it never could discover in their arguments. There are many who are glad to escape the trouble of inquiry, and take the report of these writers on the claims of revelation, just as they would the opinion of their lawyer on the title-deeds of a property, without ever thinking of understanding the reasonings by which it is supported. We do not deny that in inquiring into the truths of revelation, the unbelief of eminent men may be legitimately calculated to create a doubt; but we complain that by many this doubt is regarded as decisive. A blind and lavish assent is by no means the peculiarity of superstition. There are those who embrace the sceptical creed of Lord Byron upon no other authority than his *ipse dixit*, and are infidels for no other reason than because a poet disbelieved. This is a natural tendency of the human mind; but a tendency of which the best, and the reasonable, corrective would be an impartial examination of the arguments of those whose authority is thus blindly worshipped. But before this the conclusion is formed, and Christianity is rejected upon the assertion of an infidel. How many are there confirmed in unbelief by the

authority of Voltaire, who do not know a single argument put forward in his works. The cause of Christianity has been incalculably more injured by the names of Hume and Gibbon, than by all the hollow sophisms of the metaphysician, or the paltry sarcasms of the historian.

It is our intention in this paper to enter upon a deliberate examination of the volume before us, and we shall accordingly trouble the reader with but few observations of our own. Mr. Willis's Letters possess evidences sufficient of deep and philosophical reflection, to justify us in giving a careful and minute analysis of his reasonings. He has taken a most important, and hitherto unoccupied position. His object is not, to exhibit the evidences of Christianity—a task which, in the present day, would be almost superfluous—but to prove that the rejection of revelation by some, furnishes no presumption against the force and clearness of the testimony in its favour—that “unbelief is a *natural, usual, and highly probable* result of certain universal principles in human nature;” that it proceeds, not from any deficiency in evidence, but from the constitution of man's nature; and that the unbelief of eminent men, or even of the generality of mankind, presents no other difficulty than that which is involved in the mysterious question of the origin of evil. The design, we cannot but consider as a proof of an original and reflecting mind; and nothing, perhaps, can be more useful than thus to subject popular unbelief to the investigation of a moral chemistry, and fully demonstrate the worthlessness of the ingredients of which it is compounded. “Unbelief,” Mr. Willis rightly remarks, “is not confined to the professed unbeliever; neither is it the result of reason: it is the offspring of the world and of human nature; a disease inherent in the mind, and more or less affecting every one.” This sentence contains an epitome of these letters; it is a sentence fraught with meaning, and suggesting reflections upon which we could with pleasure enlarge. But we feel that, in justice both to Mr. Willis and to the cause of truth, we should make this paper a review and not an essay, and instead of indulging in disquisitions of our own, we

feel that we will be better occupied in exploring the rich mines of original thought—thought often profound, and always ingenious—which is contained in the volume before us.

When we apply the epithet unpretending to this work, we ought not, perhaps, to do so without some qualification. Mr. Wills has chosen to give his work a name which nothing but a perusal of the work itself could prevent us from regarding as affectation. This is a vice, however, from which Mr. Wills's subsequent pages are altogether free. There is a constrained conceit in the title "*Philosophy of Unbelief*" that but ill accords with the simplicity and perfect good taste of the letters. Perhaps we are fastidious: it may be our remembrance of a book of some Mr. MacNish's, on the *Philosophy of Sleep*, that has associated this form of expression with most somnolent recollections. We must, too, make full allowance for the difficulty of selecting an appropriate title for such a work as Mr. Wills's—indeed, we cannot immediately suggest a more appropriate one, and certainly the title-page is the only one in the volume that bears the slightest appearance of affectation.

The work is divided into two parts: the first, and that which we must consider as the main portion, is occupied in tracing unbelief to the evil principles and defects of our nature—in investigating the causes which produce a denial of the truths of revelation. In this analysis the whole course of self-deception, by which the understanding, without ever being permitted to exercise its faculties, is cheated into scepticism, is depicted with the most accurate observation; and the disposition of mind which terminates in the rejection of Christianity, referred to its origin and traced through all its tortuous modifications, is shown not to result in any degree from the exercise of the reasoning powers, but to be the product of a specious imposition upon the understanding itself. No man disbelieves because he has examined the evidences of faith—some few examine them because they disbelieve. The author exhibits all the successive states of the mind, which intervene between the formal assent that the world gives to truth and the avowed infidelity of the Deist;

and he shows that with each step reason, strictly speaking, has nothing to do. If reason is employed, it is in subservience to the passions, and not as their guide—as an advocate, not an adviser. Its powers are called in, not to decide upon the propriety of a resolution, but to justify a resolution already formed. The process commences in the natural repugnance of the mind to the system of Christian discipline; and in each stage the same repugnance, aided by other and aggravating causes, operates so as to control the exercise of the reason.

The truth of our author's theory—if we may apply the term to a system which seems the result of long and patient and attentive observation—evidently depends upon the existence of this natural and inherent repugnance of the mind to the reception of the Christian system; and, accordingly, this is the first proposition which we find urged in these letters. This repugnance Christianity teaches us to expect. The Bible distinctly lays it down, that so strong is the hostility of man's nature to the truth of God, that it requires the direct interference of a divine power to overcome it. No profession, however, is so commonly in the mouth of the infidel as that of his desire to believe. He represents himself as drawn by all his inclinations to accept Christianity, but irresistibly and painfully compelled by his reason to reject it. Latterly this has become the cant of infidelity. Perhaps its prevalence is somewhat to be attributed to the writings of Lord Byron, who well deserves the epithet "self-torturing sophist," which he applied to another. Byron's gloomy spirit loved to make miseries out of everything, and his scepticism he turned to the same account. We do not deny that the rejection of Christianity must add to the unhappiness of man. We are very sure that Byron was sincere when he lamented the misery of his unbelief. But still he, too, had the repugnance to truth which belongs to our fallen nature; and however he might disguise the evil of his heart in the language of sentiment and poetry, he was not willing to believe the Christianity of the Bible.

"It is a remarkable fact," says Mr. Wills, "that I never yet knew a sceptic

who did not occasionally affirm his willingness to be a believer. This is in fact the effect of a very common species of self-deception, and partly a creative mental experience. It helps to set the conscience at rest, and to cast an impression of honesty to oneself. The first principle of the inquiry into which I am about to enter is the direct denial of this assertion. My first proposition is, that your disbelief is the direct and necessary result of your unwillingness to believe."

With the author's profession of candour Mr. W. is very fairly justified in the line of argument which he generally adopts. But it is our desire, in bringing before our readers the three grand propositions with which the work sets out, to ascert机ner the exact nature of everything that is not strictly relevant to their point. The three statements which may be called the elementary propositions of his philosophy are these:—1st. That in the mind of man there is a receptance to the truths of Christianity; 2d. That in our intellectual constitution there is an incapacity, or at least a difficulty, to invest the conclusions of reason with the same reality which belongs to the suggestions of sense; and 3dly. That in the general tenor of a story there is everything to awaken and dissipate the impressions of faith.

The position of man, with respect to the truths which revelation teaches, is thus contemplated in a threefold point of view—with reference to his inclinations—to his intellectual powers, and to the circumstances by which he is surrounded. In each and in all of these respects, his position is most unfavourable to the teaching of Christianity; and it is only difficult to determine whether the wickedness of his heart, the imperfection of his intellect, or the evil of the world by which he is surrounded, present the strongest difficulties to his reception of religious truth. It is humiliating, but it is important thus fully to comprehend the true position of man. It may be well in doing so also to bear in mind, that it is not that in which God has originally placed him. "This only have I found," said Solomon, "that God made man perfect, but he hath sought out many inventions." The origin of evil is an

unsolved mystery; but, unfortunately, its existence is an unquestioned matter of fact. Revelation teaches us that man is a fallen creature—that his affections are perverted—his understanding darkened, and that the world is become evil instead of good; and the Christian need not wonder that truth will find in each and all of these perversions from the state of original purity, the most serious obstacles to its reception—obstacles that seem to man insuperable, and which revelation teaches us it requires the special interposition of divine influence to overcome.

All these counteracting influences revelation teaches us to expect. Mr. W.'s Letters are addressed to those who do not receive the authority of the Bible, and his proofs are drawn from other sources. Of his first proposition the following contains the enunciation and the proof:

"It is, indeed, impossible for any one who is but moderately endowed with self-experience and observation, to affirm, with unqualified sincerity, that he is by nature otherwise than exceedingly averse from the severely spiritual system of true Christianity. On this point I may confidently refer you to the general consent of all the ethic writers, and all experience on the moral constitution of the human mind. No one who has any reasonable pretension to the knowledge of mankind, of books, or self, will hesitate to acknowledge the universal ascendancy of aspiring pride and self-seeking vanity. Nor will any one deny the almost unlimited dominion of impulses, which have their origin in those passions and appetites, which are the moving springs of social life. These are the trite and proverbial topics of the poets and moralists of all times. You cannot admit these familiar characters of our nature, and deny that man is by nature strongly indisposed to a system of self-denial, humility, and unreserved devotion to God. Upon this point you have frequently alleged, that so far from being by nature disinclined to religion, you, on the contrary, felt in your disposition a strong tendency to religious feeling and a deep sense of the greatness and benevolence of the Creator. To this it is to be replied, that this is not religion in the proper sense—certainly not revealed religion, but rather an element of human nature which was perhaps a part of its original adaptation to the service of God. In our present state it is oftener sub-

servient to the uses of imagination; and, in its ordinary employment, more akin to poetry than religion. It does not in any way affect the conduct; it imposes no law; it throws no light upon the destinies of mankind. As it exists, a mere abstraction in the mind of the sceptic, it has nothing in it operative or vital; being entirely void of duties, forms, hopes, fears, affections, or motives. It is, withal, so arbitrary in its form, as to have already received nearly a thousand eccentric and uncouth distortions, from the philosophy of every age and nation. In a word, were it not that the mere existence of such a tendency affords a strong corroboration of the evidence for revealed religion, by manifesting its adaptation to mankind, it might be not unreasonably adduced in opposition to the great maxim, that "Nature (God) does nothing in vain." Were it not that it would be digressing too far from my course, I could easily satisfy you that this natural religion of which you boast is far from being inconsistent with Atheism, which it constantly accompanies, at least in its more refined forms. The Atheist who worships nature, and denies God, is virtually on the same level with the more timid sceptic, who confesses a Deity, but denies his Redeemer. The difference consists in the word only.

"Neither can it reasonably be said, in opposition to this first principle, that men have at all times been addicted to superstition. The subject is one of great extent: but it is enough for our immediate purpose to observe, that this fact bears the same conclusions as the former, indicating the primitive intent of the Creator, and that with at least equal conclusiveness, for superstition is obviously the depravation of either a truth or a natural principle, or both. Indeed, so far as it has any bearing upon the present point, it affords a strong confirmation of the truth of the proposition, that there is also in the heart of man so strong a repugnance to a revealed religion, which contains anything of discipline, or imposes any spiritual bond, that when he cannot get rid of it in any other way, he will yet corrupt, pervert, and distort it into some correspondence with the natural infirmities of his state.

"But to return from these evasive al-

legations to the plain fact which I desire to set before you: it is not the divinity created by poetry or philosophy, or the equally ideal phantom of ignorant superstition, that I assert your reluctance to believe; it is the actual God of revealed truth, who is not the creature of fancy, but asserts the sovereignty of life, and of the heart and conduct of man. If any doubt remains, I refer you to the only authority the Christian, as such, professes to offer—the sacred volume; a single extract from which may be here sufficient to express what it is known to express or imply in every page. "Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God. But ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now, if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you. Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh. For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—Rom. c. viii. v. 7 to 13 inclusive.* Now, surely, it is not to be affirmed that such is the condition of the sceptic's mind, but that, for the most part, there is an extreme antipathy to the direction of conduct and sentiment which it implies. On the contrary, whether we look abroad on the world, or examine sincerely within the recesses of consciousness, all things afford unquestionable confirmation of the law of sin described by the apostle,† as opposed to the law of God. On this almost self-evident truth, therefore, it is unnecessary to say more; nor do I fear that you will deem me too cursory if I ask you to concede, that there is in the human heart a natural repugnance to Christianity."

The matters contained in this extract suggest subjects of deep and heart-searching reflection—reflection,

* "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth."—Col. c. iii. v. 1, 2.

† Rom. vii. 22, 23.

however, that must be left to the candour and the honesty of each individual. Before proceeding to the second proposition we may stop to remark upon an important but still secondary service which Mr. Wills' investigations may render to the cause of truth. In inquiring into the elements of unbelief, he not only exposes the fallacy of the self-deception which leads to it, but he brings evidence to confirm the declarations of Scripture upon this subject; and this is by no means an unimportant consideration. In the exact accordance between what we learn from experience of human nature, and the declarations of the Bible upon the subject, there is the strongest internal evidence of its divine original. The book that lays bare, with unerring accuracy, the secret principles of the human heart, may reasonably be presumed to come from Him, "to whom all hearts be open;" and in contemplating the minute acquaintance with all the springs of human action, and all the modifications of human thought, which is discovered in every page of the sacred volume, the candid mind must be led to adopt the spirit of the reasonings of the woman whose rational and unanswerable argument was, "Come, see the man who told me all things whatsoever I did: is not this the Christ?"

But it is not only the perverted inclinations of our fallen hearts that thus predispose us to reject the religion, where severe spirituality refuses to compromise with a single worldly sentiment.

"It is now my purpose," continues our author, "to show that there is a predisposing cause in the constitution of the understanding itself, which, while it retards the assent of the mind to all facts which are merely to be deduced as inferences from reasoning, most peculiarly affects the understanding in its assent to spiritual truths. That impression or sense of belief, whereby the mind regards any object of thought as actually existing, is capable of two very important main distinctions, founded upon the different means by which the knowledge of these objects is obtained. First, there is a sense of belief founded on actual perception and habitual experience of consequences. To the same class may be also referred the similar assent, founded on probable grounds, in all matters connected with or

immediately deducible from the former. Of these it is the general character, that in them the mind is affected by distinct conceptions, and aided by those circumstantial analogies, which mainly constitute the habitual experience of mankind. Second, distinguished from these, is the assent which the understanding gives to a proposition, on the ground that it is legitimately to be inferred from admitted facts or principles, according to certain established rules of reasoning.

Now, the importance of this distinction consists in this—that the first mentioned methods are those chiefly concerned in the conduct of the affairs of this world, and the common uses of human thought, and supply the main motives of human action, in such a manner that the impression of *actual existence* entertained in matters relating to the common affairs of life is chiefly founded upon education, perception, and habit; and that this impression is maintained with difficulty, or not at all, when these means cease to give their assistance. You have but to reflect a little upon the usual course of human affairs to perceive how little reasoning, in the stricter sense, has to do with them. The experience of the senses—the strict discipline of education—the established routine and settled courses in all important concerns—the guidance of example, and the effect of combination and system—these rule the whole conduct of ordinary existence. Men are seldom engaged in any pursuits, the object of which may not, in some way, be reduced either to the information of the senses, or to some engrafted habit of the mind. In these there is a *practical confidence* in results, arising from habit. The consequences and objects of attainment in any course of action are realized to the conception by the constant recurrence of visible and tangible objects with which they are connected, and by the similar results observed in the concerns of the rest of the world."

The difficulty of converting (if we may use the expression) the abstract speculations of reason, into real and tangible existence in the mind, is one not unnoticed by the sacred writers. The chief difficulty in the Christian's walk is stated to be, that he walks by faith and not by sight—that he must realize, so as to become constant and animating principles of action, doctrines utterly unconnected with all the habitual conceptions of sense. Faith

is defined by St. Paul to be "the substance (*ουσια*, the realizing) of things hoped for; the evidence (the bringing conviction) of things not seen;" and this faith, we are told again, is the gift of God. Mr. Wills has laid down a general philosophical principle, and justly distinguishes assent into two species altogether different in kind. Every candid man will admit that he does not, that he cannot, repose the same *practical* confidence in the deductions of pure reason as he does in the suggestions of habitual belief. The instance which our author gives by no means conveys the full force of the principle when applied to the truths of religion; but it will serve to make the principle clear to every thinking mind.

["Thus there is a habitual sense of the effect of a fall from some great height; while the theory of the earth's form and motion is, to the generality even of educated persons, an acknowledged but *unconceived* conclusion of reason. The one is seemingly opposed to our perceptions; the other overpowers them. We shudder over the precipice; but cannot help doubting that we are glancing on through space, with the most inconceivable velocity and on the most complicated path: how widely different will it be felt at once in the species of assent which the mind gives to these different facts; yet it may be as truly observed that, of these instances, the consequence involved in the first is at least as difficult to prove by reasoning as the last."

But, we repeat, this illustration conveys but a very imperfect idea of the force of the general principle when applied to the truths of religion. The wonders of astronomy are not so far removed from the sphere—so different from the nature of our ordinary conceptions, as are the truths which religion brings to light. There is, too, this danger in the example—that it may be said that nobody denies the truths of astronomy—perhaps we would not be going too far if we say that it is because no one feels it worth while—these truths impose no irksome law; they set themselves against no darling inclinations of the mind: if they did, we feel little doubt that all the evidence that supports them would have been overlooked; and that men, blinded by their aversion to the requisitions which their reception would entail, would

have experienced the difficulty of believing what they could not or would not realize. They would have done that which our author well says has been done by the equally well supported truths of Christianity, have taken up a system of "scepticism founded not on any admissible question as to the truth of what it rejects, but on a strong antecedent difficulty, which is no objection to the facts, but a deficiency in the mind itself."

The reasonings on this second proposition are thus summed up:

"I now only demand the concession, that there is in the constitution of the human understanding, as well as in the moral constitution of man, a predisposition to unbelief in revealed religion. And that from the nature of this predisposition, there is a *practical unbelief*, quite consistent with that kind of *speculative assent*, which depends on proof.

"This principle affords the true answer to the question, Why is not the evidence of divine truth more plain to the understanding: for, first observing that it is full, clear, and conclusive enough for all who examine it honestly, it is to be added, that, according to the present constitution of our nature, no additional degree of *inferential* proof could meet the difficulty, as it consists, not in the degree of the evidence, but in the *nature of the assenting process* of the mind. Before this correspondence ends, I will revert to this point, and make it, I trust, abundantly clear that there is no want of evidence. If one rose from the grave, to confirm the Scriptures to you, powerful as the impression might be, it would still have but a momentary effect. The recollection, uncorroborated by habitual impressions, and the daily experience of the senses, would fade away from your memory, like the recollection of a dream. Were your reason ever so fully convinced, I cannot too often remind you that, until the habits of daily action and thought are engaged in confirming such impressions, they cannot be either operative or permanent.

"Thus, although the proof of revealed religion is unanswerably strong, and plain enough for the dullest who will seek it, yet, for the best understanding, something more than the mere assent to proof is necessary for one so constituted as man. The strongest understanding must for ever find its unaided faculties insufficient to quicken bare belief into the operative

principle of faith. In trusting to this effort consists the error of those who endeavour to realize the doctrines of Scripture into practical conceptions, without having recourse to those means which are actually appointed."

We cannot agree with our author that this principle will furnish an answer to the question "why the evidences of religion are not more plain:" his language is unguarded; but, with certain qualifications, there is much truth in his remarks. But the answer to the question, Why the evidences of Christianity are not plain enough to force conviction upon the most unwilling, (and this, and not "why they are not more plain," is the question of the infidel,) involves the solution of the more general problem, which human intellect will never solve—the existence of evil. He has, perhaps, shown, that according to the constitution of our own nature and that of all things, it would be difficult to conceive how proofs could be furnished more calculated to produce *operative faith*—we use the term as distinct from assent. But even admitting that he has thus far succeeded, he has but thrown the difficulty a little farther back, where it must rest, among those "secret things" which, in the language of Scripture, "belong unto the Lord our God, while the things that are revealed belong unto us and to our children to do them."

Upon the third of the propositions we have enumerated, it is not our intention to comment. All, perhaps, that may be said is contained in the words of our author.

"Whatever may be the constitution of the mind, no one can hold a reasonable doubt that the constitution of the social state is highly unfavourable to revealed religion. The beauty of its precepts, with their obviously beneficial tendency, together with the irrefragable force of its evidences, which are such as to be unassailable, without rejecting all the rules of right reason and common sense; these, with many other causes, operate to enforce from the world a formal assent, which may be considered as an involuntary tribute to truth, something analogous to that which vice is said to pay to virtue. The unbelief of the world is not speculative dissent, but practical indifference; and, were it an object worth while, might be deduced as a corollary from the prin-

ciple already established: the social state is but a result from its constituent elements: society is but the aggregate of individuals, with, however, these attendant circumstances, that the collected influence of the whole operates on every part, and generates customs, maxims, opinions, and impulses, which affect both the conduct and feeling of every individual. But first let us see as to the fact.

"Now, for this I must appeal to your experience, and ask whether it is not sufficiently obvious to admit of no doubt—That the whole social system is organized exclusively for the purposes of this life only, to favour its desires, and to forward its concerns."

That these elements, if left to follow on their undisturbed course, must produce scepticism as their natural result, is an inference which, admitting the truth of the premises, it is impossible to deny. In the following letters Mr. Wills accordingly proceeds to exhibit the process by which the mind arrives at a state of self-avowed scepticism. That the process should always terminate in this manner, it is not asserted; that it frequently does so, is only what we might expect. For the full and detailed application of these principles to the ordinary course of unbelief, we must refer our readers to the work itself, which will amply repay the labor of the study, without which it will be but imperfectly understood: but we will endeavour to give, in his own words, an abstract of the course which the author has pursued.

He prefaces this part of the enquiry by a remark very judiciously corroborating his previous propositions.

"Before we proceed to the detailed application of the principles established in the former letter, it may be useful to corroborate this application, by reminding you of a fact, of which no thinking man can be ignorant—that these principles are not peculiar to the subject upon which we are now engaged. This is but a case of that great problem, upon which the human mind is fixed with universal and almost incessant study, namely, to reconcile prudence and right with inclination and desire. Whether it may be the still, small voice of conscience, or the sense of future ill, or the care for future interest, that interposes to resist a present purpose; still, if there should chance to be some impulse of awakened desire, kept

alive by present objects, you must be aware how little the suggestions of reason, prudence, or duty, avail to subdue this prevailing desire. Such is the universal progress of moral evil, in almost all its workings, and the secret history of the most fatal and prevalent ills of life."

The first step is to ascertain the nature of the belief which the generality of mankind have in Christianity.

"The Christian religion—though actually resting upon the very highest evidence that our understanding can receive, consistently with the nature of the facts—is yet, for its general reception amongst men, quite independent of what is commonly meant by the term *proof*. The Gospel is received by the civilized world on that kind of moral evidence, which results from the fact that it is itself the real basis of the morals of civilized countries. I speak not here of that peculiar spiritual testimony, which it carries home to the Christian mind. It is also received on the *understanding* that it is supported by irrefragable proofs; which, though continually assailed, have still remained unshaken through so many ages: these proofs are supposed to subsist in the repositories of all solid truth that is known to mankind—ready to be produced when called for; and it is thus supposed by all persons of practical understanding, to rest on the consent of the united wisdom of past and present times; and finally, it is fixed by education amongst the earliest lessons of childhood. Thus, although the gospel of Christ is effectively established upon the first principles of all right reason, the belief of the world is the *immediate* result of habit and education, and not of reasoning. It is a state of mind, and not an inference."

We have, then, to enquire how this belief is acted on by the causes already stated.

"We have seen, that religious sentiment, however acquired, is subject to a constant counteraction from sentiments of an opposite tendency; which, for the most part, act with much greater power. * * * But to return: we have also established, that religious belief is unsupported, either by the habits of the understanding, or by the constitution of society. An observable consequence is, that in a great many instances, it becomes entirely inactive in the mind; and in the nature of a latent principle, which, though it can occasionally be excited into action,

yet has no effect under ordinary circumstances. This state, which is actually the unbelief of the world, is not necessarily subject to either increase or diminution; nor does it, in the multitude of cases, lead either to piety or scepticism.

"There are, at the same time, many, who, from the character of their minds, (not to speak of accidental causes,) cannot acquiesce in this neutral state: reflection will, though indistinctly, show, and human feeling shudder at, its fearful termination. And, whether they arise from circumstances or natural temper, those awful gleams of spiritual sanity will, according as they are more or less frequent and distinct, lead to varied consequences. In all cases, it is *mental conflict*; and tends to disturb the mind as to the future, and dissatisfy it with the present: and consequently, must tend to impel it to seek relief against such troubled reflections.

"This relief some will seek in prayer and sacred study, some from forgetfulness, some from reason, and some from sophistry. The case, when once agitated, is not one of indifference; it is a trial between conscience and all the passions—between the world, which speaks with strong allurements to every outward sense, and an inbred but vague conviction, which appeals to none. * * * If, instead of taking refuge either in prayer and the ordinary means of divine grace, or in the serious study of the actual evidences of Christianity, (a course rarely followed,) the sceptically disposed person has recourse to those casual appeals to reason which often characterize the progress of unbelief, it is at first sight apparent that, in the case assumed, the *true question* cannot be said to be before the mind. The true question relates to the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures; the actual question in the unbeliever's mind, to the possibility, reason, meaning, and operation of their facts and doctrines. This would, of itself, determine the result; for, whatever might be the conclusion of such speculations, no degree of fitness or efficiency, *perceivable by the human understanding*, can of itself convey to an unwilling mind the demonstrative evidence of divine original. The unbeliever is not, however, likely to come to such sane conclusions. Such speculations, even were they conducted by the profoundest genius, must, of course, tend to produce but error and uncertainty. In the repetition of these fruitless questions the sceptical sense must necessarily acquire the force of habit, and repeated

failure generate increasing doubt, while it also excites added reluctance and dislike. The question is, therefore, at each successive trial, more cursorily dismissed and less fairly stated. The very same processes, moral, mental, and social, which lead to the question, tend effectually to unfit the mind for its discussion. For, as the truth of God is opposed to the habitual tendencies of the unbeliever, the first principles of his reasonings are in themselves likely to be fallacious; and this the more, as one of the most common errors of men is a voluntary self-sophistication, for the purpose of suppressing conscience, and to promote a favourite tendency. Thus, by slow degrees perhaps, but at last, the unbeliever shall have entrenched his understanding in a set of principles, *themselves the results of unbelief*. Meanwhile, the primary causes still operate with incessant force to accelerate this course. The vicious affection alienates the mind; the treacherous reason misleads it; and the noiseless, yet vast force of the public mind, as it enforces discretion and sanctions indifference, still confirms it in each new stage."

These extracts will, perhaps, be sufficient to convey to our readers a notion, however imperfect, both of the line of enquiry which our author has marked out, and of the force with which he has pursued it. There is, however, another and a very important part of the enquiry which we are reluctantly compelled to dismiss with a mere notice. Our readers have probably remarked the sentence in our last extract, in which it is stated, that "the sceptic entrenches his understanding in a set of principles, *themselves the result of unbelief*." Without the development of the principle contained in these lines, our author's enquiry would have been incomplete. It is not enough to exhibit the viciousness of the process by which the mind has arrived at a state of unbelief, unless it be also shown that, even in its full and complete stage, unbelief rests upon unsound foundations—that the reasons by which the infidel justifies his scepticism are as fallacious as the influences which originally created it were deceptive. This, it will be observed, involves no enquiry into the strength of the evidences of Christianity; the very object of the book being to prove that it is not by any reasoning upon those evidences, but by a mental process

altogether illusive, that scepticism is generated and confirmed. With the nature of the evidences this enquiry is intimately concerned, but not with their strength. This is a point upon which we must dwell for a few moments, as upon the full comprehension of this depends the just appreciation of the merits of the volume.

The abstract truth of an opinion may be altogether independent of its reasonableness in any particular mind that holds it. The one has reference to the reality of existence; the other to the evidences or the influences by which the opinion is formed. The Roman Catholic, who believes the doctrines of Christianity simply because his priest tells him they are true, has a right but a very unreasonable opinion upon the subject. Had Copernicus dreamed the true system of the universe, and adopted it himself, and propounded it to the world upon no other authority than his dream, his belief in the theory would have been the most unreasonable; and yet this would not have affected its abstract truth. We need not, however, multiply examples to establish the distinction we have drawn. The imperfection of human faculties it is that creates the difference and makes the question very different, whether we believe or disbelieve aright, or do so upon right grounds.

Now, what our author has undertaken to accomplish in these letters is, to show the UNREASONABLENESS of scepticism; that is, be it remembered, to show that unbelief, in every particular mind, is produced not by a fair and candid consideration of the question, but created by influences and principles altogether illusive. He has not thus established the truth of Christianity, but he has shown cause for setting aside the verdict that the mind has pronounced against it. To pursue the legal illustration, the most appropriate one that suggests itself, he has simply moved for a new trial, a proceeding which does not meddle with the truth or falsehood of the former decision, but simply presumes that, whether right or wrong, that decision has been come to upon improper grounds.

It is evident that this line of reasoning must be greatly taken up by an appeal to the consciousness of those with whom he expostulates; and in

this view the epistolary form is admirably adapted for his design. He derives indeed some confirmation of his view from an examination of the popular arts of disputation on the subject, being, as he well observes,

"The only view of these operations that is offered to the observation—save what may be found by any one who will take the trouble to reflect diligently on what passes in the recess of consciousness, and with candid recollection survey the moral history of his own mind."

In this examination the concluding portions, and to us the least interesting of the volume, is taken up. Before entering upon this subsidiary branch of his subject, he follows out the principle already stated, that the sceptical principles behind which the understanding entrenches itself, are themselves the result of unbelief.

"The unbeliever is traced into some of those many varied positions in which he is impelled to stand on his defence, and endeavour to give reasons for his unbelief: and it is there attempted to be proved, that the main causes of his unbelief will naturally assume the form of reasons for its justification."

This is a most important and a deeply interesting view of the subject; and no one who reads these letters—no one, indeed, who candidly reflects upon the sceptical doubts that have passed through his own mind, can hesitate to acknowledge that it is the true one. Perhaps religion is not the only question with regard to which the suggestions of passion are obeyed as if they were the dictates of reason, and even in the retrospect are mistaken for them. With respect to this, the most momentous of all questions, there is a fearful interest in contemplating the wayward aberrations of the human mind, in tracing the progress of self-deception along its wilful path; to find the soul mistaking the phantom forms that are generated by the steam of the corruption that surrounds it, for the substantial realities of reason; and plunging into all the quagmires of folly in pursuit of the flickering and uncertain light, whose only origin is in the very morasses through which it leads.

We have been more anxious to lay

fully before our readers the general outline of Mr. Wills's plan, than to transfer to our pages the minute and most valuable observations with which he has filled up the details. We are sure that we have said sufficient to enable them to comprehend and appreciate his design. And here we might close our remarks upon the work, were it not that the author has added, as a species of appendix, a chapter in which he discusses a question only incidentally connected with the main branch of his enquiry. After having summed up, in the conclusion of his fourth letter, the evidence of the second part, he enters on a new field of investigation, in which he is called on to discuss the nature and grounds of probability and proof. Upon his theory on these matters we must offer a few remarks. All proof can be but a reference "to those *ascertained* conditions and relations of existing things, which are called the laws of nature." These relations he denominates relations of coexistence; among which he classes the relation of cause and effect.

By relations of coexistence we must understand our author to mean, that two things are so related, by the laws that regulate all nature, that from the existence of the one we are able to infer the existence of the other. It is evidently by the knowledge of these relations that we can proceed as we do in proof, from what is known to what is unknown—from what is acknowledged to what is ambiguous. It will be observed that Mr. Wills does not consider every relation of coexistence to be in the sense in which we have explained the term, *necessarily* one of cause and effect; and this at once places him at issue with those eminent writers who have regarded the relation of cause and effect as nothing else than uniform and invariable sequence.

Mr. Wills has put forward a new theory upon the subject—a theory which he somewhat indistinctly enunciates, and which we are not sure that he will find it possible to support. We must, however, permit him to speak in his own words:—

"These relations are all indicated by the *uniform and coordinate variation*, which is ascertained by experience to

exist between phenomena, which appear together or in *succession*: the latter are more strictly called cause and effect. Thus, for example, a greater application of force, of weight, of fire, or of light, uniformly causes a greater motion, or pressure, or heat, or illumination, increasing according to ascertained laws in each; and this with such accurate certainty, that such effects can be increased at pleasure, and in exact conformity with the nicest calculations. This certainty and uniformity of variation distinguishes the relation of cause and effect from mere sequence, which, by a strange infatuation of oversight, has been confounded with it by Hume. Considered in this view, it is at the same time, and by the same principle, the foundation of all art and of all right reasoning. In fact, the calculation which regulates the construction of a watch with its due regulation of various mechanic forces—or of a steam-engine, with its added applications of chemical knowledge, is an instance of both. The certain effects from the nice measurement of causes, and the nice and subtle processes of reasoning which lead to, and are verified by them, most fully and adequately establish the required connexions. And the more thoroughly, since you must observe that these are not casual instances of consequence, but of its uniform variation regulated by the will, and in unerring conformity with the minutest and most intricate reasoning.

"This constant relation between trains of reasoning and these variations, is all that we are here concerned with. It establishes that relation which subsists between *causation* and *right reasoning*, as applied to facts. Observation, experiment, and the conscious power of acting at will, are thus the data upon which the theory of probability rests."

To the whole of this paragraph we take objection. From the paragraph immediately preceding, we find that he does not regard every relation of existence as one of cause and effect. Here we find that all relations of coexistence are indicated by a uniform and coordinate variation; and even with this limitation he will not admit the relation of the phenomena which appear together to be strictly that of cause and effect. Thus to constitute this relation, it is necessary that there should be a uniform and constant variation, and, besides, a sequence in point of time.

We confess that we are by no means satisfied with the theory that asserts that our idea of the relation of cause and effect is nothing more than one of constant and invariable sequence. From observing this, the mind may infer causation; but it does not confound the two ideas, which are essentially distinct. Let us suppose two perfectly unparalleled phenomena in nature to be found constantly to appear, the one following the other, might it not be possible for a common cause to be assigned, and no relation be supposed to exist between the two effects, although the one never should appear without the other? But we are as little satisfied with Mr. Wills' theory of constant and coordinate variation. Does Mr. Wills mean to assert that the relation cannot subsist where the things admit of no degrees, and where, consequently, we should suppose there can be no variations? But the entire language of the paragraphs that treat of this subject is obscure; and, if we may judge from some hints of a future essay upon the question, the theory is, perhaps, one which he had but lately formed, and which had not rested long enough in his mind to be corrected and digested into shape.

Still less are we satisfied with his attempted application of his general principle to the establishment of the truth of the results of reasoning; if we understand him right, the relation of coexistence between causation and right reasoning is proved by the experiments that verify the results of mechanical or scientific calculation. Not to mention that both causation and right reasoning are relations themselves, we apprehend that the mind as naturally and as confidently reposes in the calculations of its own reason as in the evidence of the senses, which must testify to the result of the experiments which Mr. Wills requires to support them. If the philosopher rejoices when the results of his deductions are verified by experiment, it is not because he doubts the truth of the calculating process, but because he distrusts his own correctness in its application.

It is not our intention, however, to attempt any discussion of these abstruse and perplexing points—an enquiry into which would lead us into metaphysical

speculations, the barren inutility of which would be strangely contrasted with the deep and practical utility of the investigations through which Mr. Wills himself has been our guide. It would be like turning from the reaping of the harvest to pursue the butterfly. Of the general merits of the volume it is unnecessary for us now to reiterate the high opinion which our readers

must long since have perceived we entertain. Many years have passed since a work was issued from the press equally calculated to serve the cause of Christianity, and to set the honest, but self-deceiving sceptic upon the right path towards conducting the most momentous enquiry upon which the human intellect can be engaged.

SYLVÆ.—NO. III.

THE REVERIES OF A WALK AT NIGHTFALL.

I will go forth among the woods, and learn,
That sadness which is happier than joy.
Bless thee, eve's latest hour! thou holy time
When Fancy wears the truth of Memory,
Or Memory robed in radiance not her own,
Grows one with Fancy, and embathes the soul
In spirit-soothing dreams of Paradise.
Young Night her hymn of silence hath begun,
And Nature feels the deep INAUDIBLE strain
Thrill her eternal heart. Oh, whisper not—
Let thought be voiceless, lest the spell be broken!
—Storms die away, as mountain torrents sink
Entombed amid their grave serene, the depth
Of lonely lakes—oceans without a tide;
Or as a murmuring infant slowly hushed
From sorrow into sleep upon the bosom
Of that calm worshipper, its mother! All
Pales in the misty melancholy beam
Of Her, the Planet of the Dreamer's heart,
Whose solemn vision in all time hath been
Embodied Poesie! All yearns for rest,
Save the unsleeping Demon of the mind,
Or its more placid Genius; both arouse
The spirit of their strength in Solitude.

One happy hour, my soul! one happy hour!
A living rose amid the faded wreath
Of evil days that time hath garlanded.
One hour for thought or tears! Ye gloomy scenes,
Dim, silent, desolate, in which I move,—
Ye stay my Spirit's wandering. There is power
Breathed from the sullen glory of the Night
To calm and yet exalt—even as an Eagle
Soars on the upper air; ye cannot see
The stirring of his wings, and yet he soars!
Thus silently, as though 'twere motionless,
The soul of man floats in a rapture up,
Up to the beaming heavens on nights like these.
Alive—ay, thrillingly alive! it feels
The stars enlarging as it bounds aloft;
It hears the pean of the choir that peal
Their thunderous music round the Eternal's throne;

It hovers on those regions uncreate
Which only Thought can reach, or God inform—
The infinite Nothing of unpeopled Space
That bounds the Living Universe, and hurls
Its fiery glance upon the Void, to make
It pregnant with new worlds !

This very Eve,
An hour since, did I stand in musing mood,
Where amid rugged wastes abruptly rose
A green peak cinctured with a belt of pines ;
And wearied of the turbulence of thought,
The rapid chase of changeeful imagery,
My whole soul—as I watched the sinking orb—
Settled in fullest depth of rapt repose.
A scene how beautiful ! Small, shadowy clouds,
Purpureal isles in the transparent air,
Hung in the western heaven ; and to my thought
That glowing heaven seemed but a brighter Sea—
Some vast and glittering surface of still waters
Whose nearer shore lay hidden from the gaze,
Whose farther, and the thousand isles between,
Stretched beyond sight and met the stooping sky ;
As if our world's horizon were prolonged
Into the regions of the Air, and Heaven
Had taken the landscape up where Earth had left it !
Ye ! glorious is the show when clouds unfold
Their regal pall above the buried sun ;
Yet dearer to *my* soul this dying light,
Its earthly memories, its celestial hopes,
Its grief consoled, joy purified,—the heart
Serenely proud of its own *weakness made*
Strength by the might of Hope !

Sweet Earth ! I loved thee
Ever, and Man ! I learn to love thee now ;
Losing the fretful littleness of Life
In the o'erwhelming sense of Him who gave it.
For in such hours God walks abroad.

Thou world !
How beautiful beneath the glimmering gaze
Of the innumerable stars, the wandering moon,
Rest vales, and fields, and hamlets. A dim mist,
As 'twere the bridal veil of thee, fair Earth,
Wedded to Heaven to-night,—is softly thrown
Over thy dewy bosom. Trees afar
Melt into clouds,—an holiness is here,
And all the silence of a Temple. Pause,
My Spirit, pause in love, and worship God !

Night in the Forest ! I have rushed amid
Darkness, and down the echoing river's side,
River to me of unforgetten dreams !
From the bleak rock there bursts a laughing child,
A sparkling infant babbling his bright way
Along in waves of interwoven light.
The sun rests gladly on him, and the stars
Lengthened to threads of tremulous lustre lie
Traced on his heaving breast. Oh, richly pure,

Fragrant with blended breath of flowers, the air
 That floats at nightfall round the turfen slopes
 That prison that lone river. I have heard
 Tones—yet I know not whence—from the high clouds
 Or central earth—meet on that river's brim,
 And there embrace in harmony so sweet,
 So wildly piercing, that I've listened lost,
 And dreamed myself to heaven. There is a Fane
 By nature scooped from out the shagged rocks,
 (The *Fane* of muttering Gnomes) where oft at night
 I've lain in fearful bliss, and seen—alone—
 Wierd shadows veil the portal of the cave,
 And felt before me stand a nameless terror,
 The Ghost of mine own fears, a Silent Presence,
 A something more than man, and less than God!
 Aerial mediators circle us,
 There is no solitude for man!

Once more,
 All hail, thou glorious darkness, trembling transport,
 All the dread ecstasies of horror hail!
 These trees are urged not by a breeze, but seem
 Huge spectres in the unearthly light that wins
 Its course to this most savage scene—obscure
 Even in the fullest glow of day! And now
 The creatures of the brain are peopling all
 With ghastliness, and phantasms from the grave:
 And every bough that some uncertain breath
 Of murmuring air—the west-wind's sigh—may move,
 Glared on by chequered gleams, doth body forth
 A demon with a giant frame, to scare
 The life-blood from the heart! But this is past,
 For lo! a silent place of light, where oaks
 Unlink their arms to give the unshadowed moon
 A blessed leave to kiss the mossy knolls
 Of their old roots fantastic. Vernal flowers,
 Such as in woodlands grow, are here, and make
 This Dryad-haunt an Eden of sweet scents:—
 Flowers moulded with a dædal hand, and smiling
 Starlike upon the earth, the sinless types
 Of innocence like childhood's fresh from heaven!
 Hark! one seducing Bird whose wavering note
 Floats like a spirit-tone from the green bushes,
 Startlingly sweet—the very voice of silence.
 One bird alone, lost in its home of leaves,
 Its citadel of verdure—and still heard
 (Vocal while all the voiceless woodland dreams)
 Trilling a song—ah, sure in that last song
 Expired the music left from paradise,
 For ever more unheard!

I too will sing
 To this soft symphony of mingling waves,
 And woo the genius of calm thoughts to come;
 Wreathing a passing fancy into verse,—
 My muse the pale-eyed night-queen!

A lonely child sate by a stream,
 Clear, shadowless, and still;
 He looked upon the skies above,
 He looked upon the rill;

'Twas midnight, and the stars of heaven
 Revealed in glory stood,
 And every star he watched on high
 Was mirrored in the flood.

"How pleasant," dreamed the raptured boy,
 "How pleasant 'twere to rove
 Through all those fields of light with her
 The sister of my love !
 How blest our starry hours would glide
 In joys unknown to earth ;
 Oh, would that Heaven had made those skies
 The country of my birth !"

His sad gaze drooped—he saw the stream—
 Another heaven was there,
 The same blue vault that beamed aloft,
 The stars, the sky, the air.
 "I cannot dart to heaven," he cried,
 "Nor wing on high my flight;
 But I can rush beneath these waves
 And meet a heaven as bright !"

He plunged, the gorgeous dream was o'er,
 The mimic stars were fled,
 The cruel stream that lured the child
 Swept o'er his sinless head !
 Oh thus, oh thus this false cold world
 Appears an heaven to youth,
 Till crushed beneath its treacherous tide,
 And martyred into Truth !

But Night's expanse of lustrous darkness grows
 Deeper and brighter in its solemn course
 On to the spirit-haunted Hour. 'Tis time
 To furl the sails of Thought, to bid the soul
 Pause, and congeal into reality !

W. A. B.

HIBERNIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS—ELEVENTH NIGHT.

THE next night was rainy and tempestuous. The captives, listening to the wind without, as it whistled dismally through the embrasures and battlements of the surrounding walls, gathered round their hearth, awaiting the arrival of their keepers with more than usual resignation. "It is something to have a roof over one's head on such a night as this, even though the door be bolted on the wrong side," said Henry.

"We would not be long without better shelter if the bolts were drawn," said Art ; "yet many a poor wretch tonight would be glad to change places with us, for the sake even of such dry quarters."

"For one night he might," replied Henry ; "but the first glimpse of sunshine through the bars of his window in the morning, would make him rue his bargain speedily. Oh, Heaven ! it is enough to set one crazy to see the tops of the Dublin mountains basking in the sun of a clear day, seeing just enough of them to know that there are running streams there and fresh banks of heather ; and then to think that you are here built up in stone and lime, like a lintel or a doorpost in the wall—. I have been dreaming of the green fields every night for the last week."

"And I dreamt last night that the Deputy had put us into a dungeon ten

times worse than this," said Art, "with neither light nor fire; but full of dead men's bones, and cold and damp as any grave. It is true, when I awakened I found that the coverlet had fallen off, and that the rain was beating in through the open loop-hole at the head of my bed: but the place I thought we were in seemed so horrible, that our vault tonight looks almost cheerful by the contrast."

"And what were you dreaming of last night, O'Donnell?" enquired Henry of his cousin.

"I dreamt," replied Hugh Roe, "that I was standing on the rock of Kilma-crenan, and that John Oge MacSweeney, of the Battleaxes, was with me; and somehow I thought that all the mountains of Ireland were visible from the spot where we stood, from the Reeks to Magilligan, and from Croagh Patrick to Ben Edar; but Slieve Gallion stood highest of them all; and I saw Hugh O'Neill and the Kinel Owen arrayed in order of battle, from one side of the mountain to the other; and all the free-towns of Ireland were burning brightly in the plain at their feet. But, after that, the sea came between us, and I was sailing, I thought, out of the harbour of Killibegs, in company with the Earl and Manus O'Kane; and John Oge, with the fosterers, was standing on the beech wringing his hands and lamenting. God knows what it means; but I think there will be a blow struck out of Ulster yet, and, by Columb Kill, if I could but see the clans once fairly in the field, I

would have little fear of ever crossing the sea against my will again."

"I would like well to cross the sea to Spain," said Henry; "I hear that it is a brave country, and we have friends there before us. They say, indeed, that it was out of Spain the old clan Milé came long ago."

"I would rather remain in Ireland," said Art; "though indeed I am told that Santacruz and Madrid are pleasant places to live in; but what is it to a man to be among palaces and gardens every day of his life, if he cannot see the faces of his friends and kindred? To my eye there is nothing in nature so lovely as the sight of one's own people."

"And yet," replied Henry, "if our own people were to come and see us now, altered as we are by imprisonment, and they by sorrow, I question much if either they would remember us, or we them."

"It would take a strange disguise to make me forget the face of one of my father's nation," said Art; "I would know the well-set eye of one of my race, though it had been wept blind for my misfortunes; I would know the light step of an Ulster man as far as I could see him, though he were walking among a hundred shuffling Saxons."

"I hear the step of a loyal Ulster man just now," said Hugh, as the warden's men were heard coming up the stairs with supper. Turlogh was in attendance as usual; and, after the others had retired, resumed his tale at the request of the expectant princes.

CORBY MAC GILLMORE—CONCLUSION.

Brother Virgil first directed his steps to the booth of the wounded outlaw. Here was a scene of sad trepidation and alarm; for Mac Gillmore's fever, aggravated by the excitement of his people's danger, was rapidly increasing.

"Are you making haste with the litter?" he cried impatiently to his attendants, who were busied in the outer apartment framing a rude bier of osiers; "bring it as it is; if it bear my weight it is enough. Would ye keep me here, ye villains, till Mac Seneschal sets fire to my doors?"

"Be patient, my son, be patient," said good Virgil; "the danger is not

yet so pressing; I am assured that the wood will not be passable for a full hour at the least, and this over-great anxiety will but increase thy malady."

"How can I be patient," exclaimed the wounded man, "with the deadly enemies of my people waiting only for the fall of a few burning trees to carry fire and sword into the last retreat of our nation? There—by the light of Heaven, I see the reflection of the flame upon the door!"

"Nay, my son, this is but fancy," said the monk; "the smoke of the conflagration is scarce visible even from the brow of the hill; but neither smoke nor flame can reach us here."

"Make haste with the litter!" again cried the wounded man, not attending to the good brother's explanation: "bring me some drink, Mary, and send some one to bring me word from the kindred. King of the Elements!" he exclaimed, raising himself impatiently on his couch as the faint echo of a shout from the woods below fell upon his ears—"King of the Elements! that I should lie idle here, and the Savages shouting at my door! Bring the litter, ye villains, finished or unfinished! Carry me out in your arms, if ye can do no better!"

"Oh, be patient, be patient, dear Hugh, and they will soon be ready," said the lady, holding the drink to his lips.

"Believe me, chieftain, thou hast still time enough for gaining a place of safety," expostulated brother Virgil.

"Oh, it is not that he means," cried the lady; "it is to heed the kindred that he would be carried forth. Alas! Hugh, with these broken limbs, of what avail will your presence be among the people? You will but encumber them, and put yourself in the way of needless danger. But the exertion alone will ruin you. Oh, do not go down! You know that we must retreat sooner or later, and why should you strive to delay a necessity at the risk of your own life? Let us carry you as far, at least, as the top of the hill, where you will be in safety: you know how swiftly they will pursue us when they once break through; and if your bearers be not already in advance, you will never be able to endure the rapidity of our flight."

"When did you ever know me to head a flight, Mary?" said the outlaw: "my place is with the men of the kindred; but do you get ready to join the creaght, and take Harry with you; for we will have to fire the booths after you leave them, and the farther you are from the danger and confusion the better."

"And do you suppose," said the lady, half reproachfully, "that I will leave your side and you in this condition?"

"And why should I go with the creaght?" cried the boy: "let the women go on—I will stay with you, father."

Before Mac Gillmore could reply, a messenger rushed in. "What news,

Donagh?" cried the chief, rising eagerly on his elbow.

"Owen sent me to hurry off the creaght," replied the messenger: "the wind has risen, and the flames are bearing all before them; the clan Savages' arrows are falling already over the blazing barrier; Tieg Carragh is hurt, and the wind is against us; so that all our shot, so far, have fallen short."

"Lift me into the litter," said Mac Gillmore, less vehemently, as the attendants at length brought it in. He was raised in their arms and placed on his new bed, not without considerable pain and difficulty; but he did not utter so much as a moan. "Carry me down now, my men," he cried with renewed animation as they raised him to their shoulders. "We will see the churl's strength at least, before we take the road. Ah, if I had but the use of my limbs for one hour again, I would mind their burning no more than a bonfire at beltime! But give me another drink before I go, for this thirst is hotter than fire itself."

"Oh, do not venture beyond the brow of the hill," besought the lady, again ministering the cup to the sick man; "your fever is getting worse every hour, and if the crisis overtake you on the road, you will be lost!"

Attending little to the lady's expostulations, Mac Gillmore was borne out on the shoulders of his clansmen; and brother Virgil, prompted as much by interest in his fate as by a curiosity which might for some time be safely gratified, prepared to accompany the little procession. "Oh, holy father!" cried the lady, when she perceived the good man's intentions, "do not let him rush into needless danger; speak to him and persuade him to come with us; his presence below can be of no avail; he is in no fit state to issue orders; his eyes are wild and glassy, and he has been already wandering in his mind, until roused by the report of our danger."

"He is, indeed, in burning fever," replied the monk; "but, while thus obstinately bent on his purpose, it would be ill done to thwart him. But I will go down along with him, and my best advice and aid shall not be wanting. Meanwhile, dear lady, prepare thyself for flight, for I fear this is like to end

in a bloody piece of work." So saying, good Virgil again went forth to view the new dangers of his extraordinary situation.

Even during the short time he had spent in the chieftain's booth, a fearful change had come over the scene without. The thin, hazy vapor from the burning wood had but a few minutes since been barely visible past the foot of the projecting rocks, amid the flood of ruddy light with which the declining sun filled all the space between; but now the sun had sunk behind the intervening mountain, and the cliffs threw their shadow over all the lower region of the hill, where volumes of smoke, both white and heavy, were plainly to be seen rolling from the advancing conflagration like banks of clouds before a stormy sunrise; for the reflection of the flames, although the fire itself was still concealed from view, shot up into the darkened air upon the right, as if a rival of the setting sun were about to burst from the bosom of the woods. They were now fast approaching the fire itself: showers of embers first proclaimed its vicinity, then came the crackling and rustling of the flame, confusedly heard amid the cries of defiance which at intervals sounded from the parties at either side, until, on turning the rocky base of the great southern precipice, the whole scene of devastation and approaching strife lay at their feet. The steep front of the hill was clothed, as has been said, with natural forest down to the water's edge. This belt of wood and thicket clasped also the southern declivity of the mountain where it sloped away to the valley which there stretched somewhat farther inland to the base of another range of hills less advanced towards the coast. It was from this side the enemies of Mac Gillmore now made their attempt upon his fastness. By dint of severe labor they had cleared themselves a passage through the exterior thickets, and gained the close wood within. But here the axe had failed them. The timber of the main barrier was close and weighty, and a tangled undergrowth of furze and briars rising as high as the lower branches, filled every interstice. The axe had then been cast aside, and the torch applied instead. The substitute had proved successful. A favorable breeze had

already carried the flame through more than three parts of the remaining defences, and a practicable way was rapidly opening; for the lighter under-growth was parched as if into touchwood by the heat of summer, and the blaze of its conflagration soon wrapped the heavier green timber in an equal flame. But while the underwood was consumed with the rapidity of stubble, the standing trees burned with a slower and more formidable fire, falling successively with the crash and ruin of numberless branches, and overspreading the ground which had been cleared of its incumbering thicket the moment before, with fresh piles of smouldering and blazing timber. Thus, while the underwood, the original defence, was already cleared from side to side, the standard trees, which had at first been, in comparison, but minor obstacles, remained impassable and unapproachable, like pillars of red-hot iron glowing in the midst of the smoke and blackening ashes, while, from the remains of the burning branches above, a red shower of embers kept falling like incessant flakes of snow. From where he stood, the good monk could see the assailants in the smoky track behind, busied in clearing away the logs as they fell, or extinguishing the embers and pressing forward amid smoke and fire, ready to burst in upon their enemies the moment they might be able to pass the few standing trees between. The Muintir Gillmore awaited the incursion under shelter of a ledge of rock that protected them alike from the sweep of the flame and the fall of their antagonists' arrows, which, mixed with the less destructive missiles shot forth by the vehemence of the flame itself, might occasionally be seen rising from the farther verge of the conflagration, and arching the fiery barrier in a flight more rapid than the sparks themselves. Mac Gillmore cast an eager but unsteady glance at the scene. The hand of the fever was strong on him; and he shook from head to foot, as he tried to raise himself, and take a fuller survey of the danger. He gazed a moment, and seemed to observe the position of his men with approbation, but his glance soon grew vacant, and he sunk back with a moaning sob of disappointment:—"I am weaker than I

thought myself," he murmured; "I can see nothing clearly; yet Owen has placed the kindred well; send him to me—quick, Donagh; or bear me down till I speak with him."

"Send him thither," said the monk, "the chief is too ill at ease to be carried into such a scene."

"No," cried Mac Gillmore, "bear me down; it is all alike now; I will die among my people."

"This is the madness of his distemper," said brother Virgil in a low voice to the bearers; "carry him back towards the camp, and I will be your warrant."

"Carry me to the breach, I say," cried the outlaw; and the monk, unable to combat his authority, was reduced to the alternative of either deserting his patient, or of venturing with him into great and gratuitous danger. Benevolence, however, still supplied the worthy man with courage, and he prepared to descend into the valley with his charge; but they had not proceeded many steps, when Owen Grumagh was seen coming hastily from his company to meet them. "Tierna," cried the clansman, advancing to the side of the litter, "by your hand, I beseech you come no farther. We are well able to hold the breach till the kindred get clear of the camp. If you could strike a blow at all, I would never ask Adam Gar's son to turn back; but, by your head"—

"By my head, and by my father's head," cried Mac Gillmore, "I will not turn back while I see my people in the breach before me!" he spoke with renewed energy, and, rallying at the words, again raised himself and looked around. "It is a brave burning," he said with a ghastly smile; "but I will make a bright-r blaze of Dundonald Castle some day yet, ah! *Righ na Nul!*" he then exclaimed, extending his clenched hand, and striking it fiercely at the wood, "if I had but the use of my limbs again, how I would trample these dogs of the mountain into their own cinders before an hour! Son of Rory, is there no way of firing the trees behind them and catching them where they stand in a trap of flame?"

"I have tried it twice, tierna," replied the clansman; "but none of the kindred could pierce the thickets far enough to windward. Savage has a

hot stand of it as it is. He had good need to be shod with iron who would walk in the track of such a fire; though by my hand, I think we will make him wish for lighter brogues presently."

"Oh! God, that I could but stand upon my feet!" cried the unhappy outlaw, relapsing into despondency as he sank back from an ineffectual attempt to rise.

"Would to God, that thou hadst called earlier upon his name!" exclaimed brother Virgil.

"What, is the Franciscan there?" muttered Mac Gillmore; "I had lost sight of you, friar, come hither and give me your hand."

The monk placed his hand in that of the outlaw; "I am here by thy side, chieftain," he said, "and would fain have thee accompany me back to a place of greater safety, for alas! thou art ill fit for such violence as is here approaching."

"Friar," said the outlaw, "I thought that you had deserted me."

"I have been with thee since we left the camp together," replied brother Virgil.

"My memory has been wandering," said Mac Gillmore vacantly; "I am not sure how I came to be here; but, friar, do not let the bantierna wait for me."

"I promised to her not to return without thee;" said the monk.

The outlaw made no immediate reply, but grasping the Franciscan's hand, he muttered shortly after: "I am glad you christened the boy, it is what I would wish to have done to myself."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed the pleased ecclesiastic, readily overlooking any incoherency in language so unexpectedly pious; "it is never too late to choose the better course; if heaven but spare us out of this present peril, I will baptize thee my son before another day of darkness shall have passed over thy head."

"This is no time for practising your spells, Gilly Francisagh;" interrupted Owen Grumagh sternly, "but for your idle incantations, the kindred would never have been taken in this surprise."

"But for your sins and sacrileges, son of Rory," retorted the Franciscan, "you would never have had enemies to surprise you."

"What smoke is that?" suddenly

exclaimed MacGillmore, in suppressed but hurried accents : the bearers stared at one another : "there is a strong smell of fire," muttered the sick man in the same rapid under-tone ; "they have set fire to the church door : Owen Grumagh, why did you fire the church ? You will burn no priest with my consent—the prior's blood's enough—the prior's blood's enough !"

"Oh God, be merciful to the poor delirious sinner !" prayed the monk, while those around stood half incredulous, and still subdued by the presence of their chieftain.

"Let him go," muttered the outlaw again ; "I say there has been blood enough shed."

"Whom would you have us to let go, tierna ?" asked Owen Grumagh ; but MacGillmore drew back, shuddering, as the clansman bent over him : "Keep back, keep back ;" he cried ; "I have no quarrel with you, Raymond Mac Seneschal !"

"He is raving," said the clansman ; "He takes me for a man who is dead and gone these two years."

"Son of Rory, what, in God's name, is to be done ?" asked the Franciscan, now greatly alarmed ; for at the moment a heavy fall of timber sounded from the fast sinking barrier, while a sheet of flame and embers burst into the sky, with a glare as strong as to overcome the remaining light of day, and redden the mountain on all sides, as with the momentary reflection of a sea of blood.

"That was the roof that fell in," cried Mac Gillmore, recurring in his delirium to the vision of the burning church ; "how the flames growl and crackle among the rafters ; did ye hear how the young priest screamed from under the blazing king-post ? will no one pull him out ? he is writhing under the beam like a crushed worm. Ah ! put him out of pain, put him out of pain !" Another crash from the falling forest and a whirling drift of embers that fell round and among them, prevented brother Virgil from hearing more of his unhappy patient's ravings ; and now it was imperative on all to take immediate means of security.

"Mac Gillmore must be carried back," cried Owen ; "go with him, Gilly Francisagh, and prepare the bann-tierna for the worst. I must waste no

longer time dallying here while Black Alan is advancing on us step for step with the burning. Farewell then, friar, but wait till you see us driven back part of the foot of Carrick MacArt before you quit the camp. Now then, Donagh," he cried, turning to the young clansman at his side, "we will go down and stand together for the kindred, like two true men ; and Donagh, never let me fall alive into the hands of Clanna-Chriost, as you would be a true gossip to my father's son."

"By sun and wind," replied Donagh, grasping his hand, "I will be a true gossip to you this night, come life or death !" then turning with his companion, descended to the scene of approaching action.

The bearers of Mac Gillmore's litter, now turned their faces from the breach, and began to retrace their steps towards the camp. Twilight was already darkening down, and, where the inequalities of the ground they had to cross, occasionally excluded the light of the burning woods from their path, they moved in gloomy darkness. The cries of the hostile troops behind, and the faint tumult of the camp ahead, reaching them alternately, as they rose or descended into hearing of each, filled their minds with alarm and melancholy apprehensions. All were silent save the unhappy sufferer himself, who, unconscious of all that was passing around him, continued to mutter his incoherent fancies in the same rapid and monotonous under-tone. It was impossible to contemplate without a shudder, the forlorn condition of one who so shortly before had been the stay and protection of his people, thus assailed by human enemies with fire and sword, while the vengeance of Heaven overtaking him in the same hour with torture of body and imbecility of mind, left him equally unable to repel or comprehend the danger. Alarmed and agitated more and more, as he considered with himself the actual peril in which he stood, the conspicuous and awful judgments exhibited on every side, and the possibility, however remote, of his own vain glory and ambition having had a part in their provocation, brother Virgil walked by the sick man's side with more wretched feelings than he had ever experienced before. As often as their path com-

manded a view of the conflagration, he would turn with a sick heart, expecting to see the fiery gap crowded with enemies, for he could not reconcile it to his imagination, that they who were now approaching could be friends to him, yet vowed exterminators at the same time, of those with whom he was so strangely associated. "Alas!" thought he, "in the darkness and confusion of such a strife, how can I hope that men with weapons in their hands will wait to examine the dress or aspects of their antagonists? and whither can we fly? these inland fastnesses are surely not more impregnable than they considered this—and this, what is it but a trap where they will be taken like ensnared beasts of chase? Oh holy and blessed Francis, look down on thy distressed servant! I know not which way to turn, or whither to betake myself!" A louder shout than had yet sounded from the woods, now interrupted his painful meditations, and, on looking round, the affrighted monk at last saw all he dreaded, an irruption of armed men pouring in a dense column through the breach, and joining hand to hand in battle with the Muintir Gillmore, on the very verge of the spent conflagration; these striving to thrust their assailants back into the flames on either hand, and they struggling to make their escape out of the narrow furnace up which they had rushed to the assault. "Hasten on, hasten on!" cried the monk to the panting bearers of the litter, himself scarce less exhausted; "Oh, make speed, my friends, and hasten, or they will be upon us! they are pouring through like a torrent! the brands are trampled into ashes under their feet! the flames are like walls of fire on each side of them: oh Jesu, it is as though the pit itself were vomiting forth its legions!"

The increased clamour had reached the ears of the sick man also. "They are coming down from the king's castle," he exclaimed; "they are coming down the main street with horse and foot—don't wait to search the prior's house—it is iron we want; we have enough of gold and silver—Ay, down with it, down with it; the bars are worth a king's ransom to me—

~~bring~~ *bring* crows and hammers—tear it u at any cost; no matter for the

breaking of the glass; it is the iron we have need for, and the staunches are of hammered iron!"

"Jesu Maria! he thinks he is at the plundering of our chapel," exclaimed the monk; "he is acting over his sacrilege, while God is avenging it! he thinks it is but the painted oriel of our church that he has torn away, while Heaven, with wind and fire for its avengers, is dragging down the last bulwark of his own fastness! Oh God, how wondrous are thy ways; how fearfully is wickedness by thy hands made the instrument of its own punishment! Oh, friends, hurry on! we are scarce yet half way; and your kindred cannot long resist that pouring torrent: blessed Francis, they rush upon us through fire and smoke, like the infernal ministers of vengeance!"

"Make haste, make haste," repeated one of the foremost bearers; "I see them coming from the camp to urge us on."

"It is the bantierna coming to meet us," replied his supporter; "it is Harry Oge that is with her; I saw them plainly in the last flash from the breach below."

"We carry them a doleful burthen," said the other; "but better this than when we brought home Adam Garv from the breach of Lisnagarry; but here they are approaching us: shall we set down the litter?"

"No time for stopping now," cried the leader briefly; then, raising his voice, he cried to the lady, now within call:—"Turn back, bantierna; Clan Savage has passed the breach, and we are bound for the hill with what speed we may."

But the lady only came forward the faster:—"Is Mac Gillmore safe?" she cried, pressing forward to the side of the litter, and eagerly bending over its wretched occupant.

"He is safe, daughter, from any new infiction," replied the monk; "but his malady has been sorely aggravated by these luckless efforts: hurry on, hurry on, and I trust that if he can be borne to a place of safety before midnight, he may yet recover."

But the sick man's ravings only increased. "Oh, dear Hugh, do not talk so," cried the lady stooping to wipe away the froth from his lips, as he wandered from one horror to

another, unconscious of her presence ; "only speak to me, and say that you know I am by your side—it is I, Hugh, it is your own Mary that is with you. Alas, God help me ! he does not even know the sound of my-voice !"

"You might have judged, bantierna, that he would not have left the breach if he had known the work he was leaving behind him," said one of the bearers.

"Alas, the day that he ever put his hand to work of such a murderous sort !" exclaimed the lady, bitterly.

"Daughter," said brother Virgil, "it is sinful to repine while any hope is left ; thou mayest still escape, and Mac Gillmore may still recover : let the bearers carry him forward, and we will accompany them as far in advance of thy people's retreat as our time permits : are thy fastnesses in the interior such as will afford security when gained ?"

"They will give shelter for a time," replied the lady, mournfully, "to the few who may escape the sword to-night ; but, father, you are forgetful of your own safety in anxiety for ours. It is time that you took shelter either in the caves, or on the skirts of the wood below, until the confusion shall be passed, when your people will be safe of approach ; for if you remain among us, angry men such as these are, may not wait to make distinctions among those who come in their way."

"But it is not my design to await their coming, lady," said the monk.

"Then you must abandon our dangerous society without delay," she replied ; "for I fear that we have but a few minutes left for our last preparations. Your safest path is to the right : you can await the issue in security anywhere out of arrow range. If you can win your people to mercy on such children of our nation as may fall into their hands, we will bless you for your charitable advocacy. Farewell, father," she continued, extending her hand, while her broken accents attested the depth of her emotion, "farewell—may the blessings of the Christian's mother go with you ! If my child be but spared me," and she drew the boy closer to her side ; "if God spare him longer to us, I will teach him to pray for the good priest who came to save him and his people. I would to God

I could offer you better protection," she continued, perceiving that brother Virgil still delayed ; "but, alas, I can only pray you, as you value your own safety, to avoid us ; yet believe me we would not be ungrateful : all the remaining spoils of your priory shall be returned before noon tomorrow."

"Lady," said the Franciscan firmly, "thou dost mistake my errand and my purpose : I came to preach the gospel of peace among thy people ; and if war have for a time interrupted the good work, I am not on that account to abandon it. I have taken my resolve, daughter : I will not leave the Clan Gillmore in this trouble."

"But, dear father," said the lady, "you know not what hardships and privations are before us : we have no means of lodging you as becomes your station in the woods. You are unaccustomed to the fatigue of such journeys as our people must make from day to day. I well know what a comfort it would be to all of the name to have the minister of peace and righteousness among them ; but, holy father, we have no right to look for that blessing, while we are by our own wickedness deprived of the means of enjoying it. Leave us, father : you have done all that Christian zeal and piety can do for our aid : if God has decreed that we should be outcasts, be it so : you, at least, have done nothing to participate in his displeasure."

"Daughter," said the good man, "it is sinful to give way to this despondency. God has not abandoned you ; do not urge me to abandon Him. It is for the good of my own soul as well as of yours that I go with you into this wilderness. I came hither, God forgive me ! too much on the selfish and unworthy impulse of ambition, hoping to gain worldly glory as the wages of my service to the church ; and worthily indeed have I gained the wages of my desecrated office in shame and in disappointment. It has been my own fault that I have failed : my punishment, I trust, has taught me purer motives. If God spare me I am ready to make the trial again in a spirit worthier, I would fain hope, of success ; and I doubt not but that if it please him to favor my errand, I will be enabled to endure whatever sufferings we shall have to encounter."

Brother Virgil's determination had sprung up irresistibly in his own bosom almost while announcing it. It was not until the lady urged him to take measures for his separate security, that the baseness of such a desertion had appeared to him in its full extent. Knowledge of his unworthiness had humbled him in his own estimation long before; but it was not till he felt the lady's unintentional reproach, when she enumerated the difficulties which seemed to obstruct the path of such a man as he had heretofore shown himself that he became also conscious of the new strength which that humility had imparted. In a word, the good man felt himself impelled to a nobler exercise of duty, and, if his heart secretly whispered that a corresponding reward of self-approbation awaited its performance, it was only one of a number of motives, none more natural, although some might boast of higher origin. His purpose announced, and no room left for further hesitation, the excellent man proceeded to assist in all the final preparation of his friends; and when, having at length gained the pathway, where quadrupeds could pick a footing they transferred the sick chief from the shoulders of his clansmen to a larger horse litter, brother Virgil aided in spreading the cloaks and drawing the curtains round his patient; and when on finally departing, each man placed a lighted turf under the thatch of his deserted dwelling, brother Virgil might be seen entering booth after booth, though the tide of war was now rolling louder and nearer every moment, to see that no infants or bedridden elders had been left behind, that no cattle remained fastened in their devoted stables, and that no necessary stores which might be carried away had been neglected. But there was now no longer time for circumspection; darkness had set in; the train of cattle had long since filed through the narrow pass to the top and back of the hill; the women and children were following in their track, and the escort of the chief, bringing up the rear of the cavalcade, had next to set forward. Towards the scene of battle, every thing gave token of rapidly approaching danger. Scout after scout rushed in to urge the loiterers on their journey. Owen 'rumagh, unable to resist the multitude

of his assailants, had fallen back from pass to pass, and was now with difficulty holding the enemy at bay, at a distance of scarce three arrow flights. The good Franciscan was mounted hastily on his own mule, and hurried forward with the rest. He found the lady and her son in a conveyance similar to that which bore Mac Gillmore. The two litters proceeded side by side so long as the breadth of the road permitted, but when they had ascended about half way to the pass, those bearing the chieftain had to fall back and let the lady's take the lead up the narrower pathway. Meantime the conflict resounded louder and fiercer from behind; every moment brought the battle nearer, and at length in the light from the now blazing booths on one hand, and from the burning woods upon the other, the combatants themselves rushed into sight. "On, on!" was now the cry from every mouth. "The kindred are flying; the Clan Savage are driving them like sheep before them! They will be among us before we pass the gap—hurry on, hurry on!"

"Who is it that stops the way?" now exclaimed some one in front.

"Back, back! or you will choke the pass!" replied another.

"Forward, I say, or Mac Gillmore and the bantierna will be cut off!" next cried a guard or leader from behind.

"King of the elements! we are crushed to death! hold back as you would not trample over us!" again sounded in shrill accents from the head of the column, eliciting new shouts of "Way for the Tierna More!"—"way for the bantierna!"—and these again responded to by frantic cries:—"We cannot make way without slipping from the pathway; turn back yourselves, if ye be men, and face the enemy!"—"Tis hopeless now: we cannot make another stand till we pass the gap."—"Jesu Maria! their arrows are falling close to us already!"

The last was the exclamation of brother Virgil, who now perceived with dismay that the path ahead was so choked with fugitives crowding on one another, as to prevent the possibility of advance, at least for some time, while the approaching multitude of combatants, now fearfully near, and so intermingled in the uncertain light, as

scarce to be distinguishable into their respective parties, cut off all retreat, and almost made the situation of the outlaws desperate ; for they were pent up on a narrow strip of greensward, with a sheer descent on one hand, and an overhanging precipice upon the other, and, should their assailants succeed in pushing their advantage but a little farther, would be exposed to the deliberate aim of archery from all the heights around. Random arrows were already whistling through the twilight overhead, and many of the fugitives, pushed from the path, were scrambling along the side, or rolling helpless to the bottom of the ravine beneath. In the midst of this disastrous confusion, brother Virgil suddenly found himself side by side with the lady, who, having dismounted from her litter to attend the sick chieftain, at the beginning of the delay, was now unable to regain her place, and stood patiently awaiting her fate among the hindmost. "Mac Gillmore is safe," she said, in answer to the monk's hopeless glance of enquiry, "they bore him forward by main force."

"And, dear lady, why didst thou not accompany him ?" asked brother Virgil.

"It shall never be said," she replied, that I saved myself at the expense of my husband's people ; they could not have borne me through without trampling over those in front."

"And the boy, lady ?"

"Thank God, he is safe also ; they placed him beside Mac Gillmore in the litter. Now that they are out of danger, I care not so much for myself ; but would to God, father, you had never remained among us, for I fear this night will end badly for us all."

"It is a fearful adventure surely," cried the good monk, as he was pushed to and fro, in the tumult of a renewed alarm, for the band which had so long protected their retreat was again broken before the enemy, and forced to another position, still closer on their rear. Desperate efforts were now made by the fugitives to force a passage, but the gap became only more impassable the more it was crowded ; many threw themselves down the steep declivity, in the hope of making their way, by separate paths, to the woods, but the arrows of Clan Savage arrested the flight of some, and others, falling headlong,

lay crushed among the rocks, or clung midway to scattered tufts of grass and brushwood on the bank. At length, however, the column began, once more, to move forward, but scarce was the door of safety thus opened to those in front, when the rear-guard, after debating every inch of ground to within an arrow's flight of their friends, was finally beaten back, broken and driven in pell-mell, on the hindmost fugitives.

The unfortunate Franciscan in vain invoked the saints, in vain he cried that he was a Christian priest ;—Savages and Gillmores fighting hand to hand poured round him with the sweep of a torrent ; he was whirled about like a straw in an eddy. One glimpse he caught, and no more, of Owen Grumagh, all bloody and begrimed, beset with enemies, and staggering under innumerable blows, yet still facing his antagonists, and crying to his kinsmen to stand by him, and fight it out. He saw no more, for the light suddenly left his eyes, and he fell from his mule under a blow, received he knew not whence, but weighty enough to deprive him of all sensation for the time.

When the luckless monk returned to consciousness he found himself lying on the ground, much bruised, and suffering great pain. It was not without considerable difficulty that he rallied his senses so far as to recollect what had just happened ; and when at length he grew fully conscious of his situation, nothing could exceed the anguish that took possession of him—natural sorrow for the mischance of his adopted friends, horror of the scene of carnage which he was conscious lay around, the sense of utter bereavement when he considered that those on whom his dearest hopes had been fixed were now dispersed and gone for ever ; all this, joined to the pain of his own wound, and the dread that death was fast approaching, conspired to fill the poor man's heart with feelings of intense misery. Nothing doubting that the blow which had prostrated him was dealt by the sword or axe, and confusedly sensible of general pain, he lay for a minute half afraid to raise his hand to his head, or to make what he dreaded would be the ineffectual attempt to rise to his feet. At length, however, finding that, save a painful contusion on the back of his head,

there was no wound which the hand could detect, and that, although stiff and painful, his limbs had not lost their power of motion; he slowly rose to his knees, and, relieved of half his apprehensions, looked around. He was in the bottom of the ravine, whither he had rolled after being pushed from the path above by the feet of the trampling combatants. The reflection of the fires still played upon the gaunt wall of rock above, but in the deep hollow all was dark and melancholy. The fugitives had either fallen or were gone, for the pathway was occupied by the assailants only, and it seemed as if the Muintir Gillmore had once more made good a position beyond the narrow pass above, for the sound of strife still rose from among the rocks, and the halt of troops midway upon the ascent appeared to indicate a repulse. Brother Virgil had scarce observed so much, and returned thanks to God for his unhopèd-for escape, when his ever prompt benevolence was excited by a low moan issuing from behind a clump of brushwood beside him. Rising on the first summons of charity, though his feeble limbs almost refused their burthen, the good man tottered forward in the direction of the sound. The dark reflection of the light from above showed him a prostrate figure half sunk among the heath; he bent down, and gazing narrowly, perceived that it was a female. She was moaning pitifully, and the monk, when he stooped to lift her, felt his hands wet with blood.

"Do not move me," faintly articulated the wounded woman—"I am dying—friend, send me the Franciscan priest, if he be among your people, for the love of God."

"Alas! alas! my daughter, is it thus that I find thee?" exclaimed brother Virgil, forgetting his own wretchedness in deep and painful commiseration, for it was the hapless lady herself who lay before him, pierced through with an arrow, and panting forth her life on the ensanguined earth. Kneeling down beside her, the good monk would have tried to draw the arrow out of her breast, but she prayed that he would not pain her by the hopeless attempt. "I am fast approaching my deliverance," she whispered, "render me the rites of the church, dear father, and I die contented."

"Blessed be God, who hast sent me to thee in this good time!" exclaimed the pious man; and perceiving that her last breath was nearly drawn, he hastened to administer the long lost consolations of her religion, with earnest and affectionate zeal. When the solemn rite was ended, the lady, who had been supported in the arms of her kneeling confessor, sank back heavily to the earth, and the Franciscan for a moment thought that the last struggle was over; but perceiving shortly after that her hand moved, as if to claim his attention, he bent down, and holding his head near her face, caught some imperfect request connected with a benediction on her child, whose name was the last word that the ill-fated lady uttered.

Bending over the lifeless clay, brother Virgil long knelt, forgetful of all but the absorbing presence of calamity and resignation greater than his own. "Alas!" he cried, "why should I murmur at the pains and disappointments with which it has pleased Heaven to try me, when this daughter of affliction, without better aid or counsel than the feeble exhortations of a sinner like myself, has turned her grief into rejoicing, and gained the victory over death? Surely my mission has not been unavailing, when one soul, at least, by my ministration, is soaring through the gates of paradise. Glory to God and the blessed Francis! I repine no longer at aught that I have suffered; and yet the flesh is weak to bear these pains and bruises—but, out upon thee Fergall Mac Naughtan! dost thou complain of wounds and bruises, yet seek to share the joy of Him who died upon the tree?"

"*Benedicite*, brother, whom shrive you?" suddenly demanded some one coming up behind him; and the Franciscan, raising his head, beheld with astonishment that he was addressed by an ecclesiastic. The new comer was attended by several men at arms, one of whom bore a torch, by the light of which the monk recognised a well-known dignitary of the church.

"*Deus vobiscum, Domine reverendissime*," said brother Virgil, rising painfully to his feet, "your Lordship has found me in a time of great danger and tribulation."

"Glory to the blessed Comgall of Bangor," cried the stranger, who, although panting and spent for breath,

for he was advanced in years, and of unusual corpulency, had cordially embraced the monk the moment he recognised him. "It is Virgil, the son of Naughtan, the Minorite brother, whom we all deemed murdered of the pagan!—tell us, brother, how thou hast escaped; the heathen held thee to ransom, I conclude, else had we never rescued thee, as we have done this day.—Oh! holy Congall, it hath been a fearful, but a glorious day for the church!—we have scattered the heathen before us, even as Joshua smote the Amorite from Gilgal to Beth-horon!"

Brother Virgil shuddered; but he had no need to make further reply, for the abbot's attention was arrested by the torch-bearer, a rough man-at-arms, who stooping down to look at the dead body, let his torch drop in sudden amazement, and drew back, exclaiming, "By the bells of Bangor it is my Lady Mary risen from the grave!"

No sooner did the abbot hear the words than he snatched up the nearly extinguished torch, and cast a hurried glance at the dead lady's features; uttering a deep exclamation, he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the man who had recognised her first, and imposing silence by a significant look on him, as well as on brother Virgil, he commanded the rest of the guard to withdraw, "and tell Sir Alan," he cried, "to hold his hand, and hasten hither, for that I have something weighty and urgent to impart to him. Friar," he then said, in a lower voice, turning to the minorite, "how is this?—we heard that she was dead of fever last autumn."

"Last autumn," muttered the man-at-arms, "the report with us, my lord, has been that the Lady Mary was drowned by mischance in the *pool dhu*, this time nine years."

"Stephen," said the abbot, in a reproving, yet conciliatory tone, "events sometimes occur in noble families which make many reports necessary that might otherwise be well dispensed with. Whatever thou mayest see or hear to-night, it is for the honor of thy lord and his house that thou confine it to thine own bosom, and, Stephen Chamberlayne, it may also be for the good of thine own soul, to mark well and obey my injunctions, as it assuredly will be at the peril both of soul and body that

thou infringeest on the least of my commands in this matter."

"I never failed the Seneschal, my lord," replied the soldier, "whenever his honor or his safety was concerned; but, by my hand, if I had thought that my young lady was among them to-night I would have struck no stroke against Clan Gilmore in your lordship's quarrel."

"The quarrel is not more mine than thy lord's, sirrah," replied the Abbot; "and what, though it were?—it is a work acceptable to God, at all times, to root out the pagan; and it would be thy duty, as the vassal of thy master, who is the vassal of the church, to aid in that blessed and pious service, no matter though thine own father were leaguings with the infidel! I tell thee, sirrah, we deemed her dead long since: we had certain tidings that she perished in the pestilence which overtook her accursed kindred last autumn in the woods. Be discreet, Stephen Chamberlayne, there must be no scandal to a noble family through thy imprudence."

"God help us, God help us! it is a strange world to live in!" was the old man's only reply.

"A strange and a sinful world," said the abbot, "and full of unnatural wickedness and lewdness. She fled from her home among friends and Christians to be the paramour of a wandering and sacrilegious pagan. Why should her people proclaim her shame and apostasy? I hold the deceit they practised, when they would rather have the world believe her dead than dishonoured, to have been both prudent and praiseworthy."

Brother Virgil felt his indignation rise at hearing the luckless lady's memory so defamed, but he knew he could not altogether justify her, and he was conscious of the difficulty of even palliating her conduct without entering on a full relation of all he knew: but while he stood still undetermined whether to speak out or wait a fitter opportunity, the guard who had been dispatched to summon the man most interested in his disclosures, announced Sir Alan Mac Seneschal's approach, and the abbot, signing to the man-at-arms to cover the body with his cloak, turned to meet the terrible chieftain.

Black Alan descended into the hol-

low, attended by torchbearers. "What would you, abbot?" he shouted as he came down, his armour flashing in the red light, and his voice hoarse with rage and impatience.

"Thy counsel, my son, on a matter which concerns thee nearly," replied the abbot.

"It had need, by Saint Columb," cried the fiery warrior, "for I have left my people at a time when I can ill be spared: the powers of hell are on the villain's side!—we are repulsed!—the pagan dog has escaped me, and if we cannot force the gap before an hour we may give up the pursuit—what is the matter in hand, then, quick, my lord."

The abbot motioned to those around to withdraw, and, when left alone with Sir Alan, the man-at-arms, and Brother Virgil, he addressed the chief:—"We have been deceived, my son, in the tidings that came to us last autumn regarding thy unhappy sister."

"Staff of St. Patrick, abbot, remember these are private matters!" exclaimed the chief, reddening to the eyes to find his family's dishonor mentioned in the presence of his vassal.

"They are known to both," said the abbot, indicating the involuntary confidants by a significant glance, while Alan, comprehending him at once, but uncertain what was to be done, regarded the Franciscan and his companion with looks of ominous suspicion. "They are both aware of the misfortunes of thy house, my son," replied the abbot, "but we can trust implicitly in their good faith. I told thee we were deceived in the report of the unhappy woman's death."

"I care not," replied Alan, hoarsely, "I have no part in her, she is no sister of mine," but he turned pale as he spoke, and his startled eye with sufficient eagerness asked the question which his tongue refused to give utterance to.

"I grieve to say it, my son," said the abbot, "she has found a more violent death than we hoped had been vouchsafed to her,"—his eyes as he spoke rested on the dark bundle at his feet. The dreadful truth seemed to flash at once on the mind of Black Alan; without a word he pushed the Franciscan aside, and making one stride towards the body, grasped the skirt of the mantle and drew it back, but he

stayed his hand almost as soon as he stretched it forth; the sight of his sister, face to face, was what he had been little prepared for; the pale features, as they emerged from their covering in all the rigid calmness of death, were not to be confronted without emotion even by his stern and revengeful spirit. He stood pale as ashes with staring eyeballs, and distended nostrils, the cloak still clutched in his rash hand, and his body bent forward as if spell-bound; while those around, subdued by the vehemence of his astonishment, kept a dead silence. At length, drawing a hard breath and letting the cloak fall from his relaxed grasp, he turned aside exclaiming, in a voice half choked with emotion, "Mother of God! I never thought that it would have come to this!"

"It is a wretched fate for her indeed," said the abbot; "but what better fate has ever yet attended apostacy and sacrilege?"

"Oh, my lord," exclaimed the good Virgil, roused at length and full of zealous indignation, "her faults have scarce deserved such censure. If she strayed from the fold she came back to it before nightfall—if her lot was cast with the heathen, she knew not among whom she went till too late to return to her own kindred. Oh, my lord, thou who didst thyself wed her to that lawless man, forced though thou wert to the reluctant service, canst vouch to this noble gentleman, her brother, that she hath never stained his name by any reproach of concubinage! I who confessed, and on this very spot absolved her, can testify, before Christendom, that, whatever may have been the crimes and impious practices of her husband and his people, she died as she had lived, a penitent and faithful daughter of the church. The waters of baptism wherewith, at her most earnest instance, her only child hath been this day made a citizen of Christ's heavenly kingdom, are scarce yet dry upon these hands, stained though they now be with the blood of her most cruel murder. Oh! my lord, and thou, Sir Alan Savage, ye little thought, when bearing fire and sword into the retreat of those whilome God-forsaken men, that ye were robbing the church of many hearty penitents, already eager, even through my own poor ministrations, to

escape from the bondage of Satan, and to embrace the gospel in sincerity and truth—ye little deemed, when imbruing the sword in the blood of babes and women, that your victims had been startled from the baptismal font where but another hour of security, and their precious souls might have been saved from that perdition into which your hands this night have plunged them eternally ! Behold this unhappy lady who lies before you: ten years of shame and sorrow she has borne as the punishment of one hour's fatal folly; for ten years she has sought, with unavailing efforts, to instruct and civilize her barbarous kindred, teaching mercy to men on whom ye have shown no mercy, tenderly ministering to the wants of men whom ye have made desolate, grieving over the wickedness of those whom she could not restrain, and meekly enduring the wrongs and contumely of those whom she could not appeal to."

Exhausted with fatigue and excitement, the good monk could say no more: carried on by an honest impulse he had far overtopped the bounds which discretion would have set to his speech on any ordinary occasion, and his temerity called down a corresponding denunciation from the affronted abbot. "Presumptuous priest," exclaimed that angry dignitary, so soon as surprise and confusion would permit him to avail himself of the pause in Brother Virgil's invective, "dost thou set thyself up to judge between the church and her sacrilegious enemies?—What! are impious and infidel outlaws to plunder our houses, pillage and burn our churches, and put unoffending servants of the saints to cruel and ignominious deaths upon God's very altar with impunity? Are the avengers of wasted abbey lands, of convents and cathedrals levelled with the ground, of innumerable families of monks and nuns dispersed and driven forth upon the world, to hold back their hands from the punishment commanded of God to be inflicted on his enemies, because a disaffected, and, I fear me much, heretical friar hath profaned the mysteries of his religion by proclaiming them in their brutish ears? What! is the arch rebel both to church and king, the excommunicated and bloodstained heathen, Hugh Mac Gillmore, to escape the

wrath of an offended Heaven because his wretched paramour—"

"Hold, abbot!" cried Black Alan, who had stood with a countenance changing like the varying hues of a thundercloud as he listened to the passionate appeal of the Franciscan, "hold there!" he exclaimed, suddenly and sternly, "what was it, Minorite, you said of this lady having been wedded to Mac Gillmore?"

"I said," replied Brother Virgil, "and I call upon this proud churchman to vouch for what I state, that Mac Gillmore forced the Abbot of Bangor to perform a marriage between him and this luckless lady in the woods that very night she left her father's castle with him; and I say further, and the abbot knows it well, that that was either a true marriage, or that he who celebrated it is forsworn—"

"I was forced to both," exclaimed the abbot, reddening with anger and confusion, "I was forced to both, and neither oath nor marriage can be binding."

"What oath? what marriage? why have I not been told of this before?" demanded Black Alan, impetuously striding towards his astonished ally.

"I was forced, I say," exclaimed the abbot, "I was forced at the sword's point to celebrate a marriage, and to swear that it was binding. Wherefore should I proclaim the indignity they had put upon me?"

"Villain!" cried Black Alan, bursting into a paroxysm of rage, "how hast thou dared to defame my father's daughter?" and so great was his transport of indignation that he would have laid violent hands upon the terrified churchman but for the intervention of the Franciscan and the man-at-arms.

"Oh, noble sir," cried Brother Virgil, "respect his sacred office! remember that the persons of God's ministers are inviolable; he doubtless believed that a ceremony so celebrated was void, else he would surely have informed thee of it."

"No, by the light of heaven," exclaimed Savage, "I well know now why he kept that marriage a secret from me? You dreaded the loss of my galloglass and stout men-at-arms, priest," he cried, turning fiercely on the abbot; "you feared unless I was stimulated by shame as well as injury that we

would no longer fight the battles of your cowardly brotherhood as we have done, till father and brother and sister have fallen sacrifices to your sordid ends! Ho, Stephen Chamberlayne, sound the retreat to Clan Savage, both Galloglass and Kern: let the church fight her own battles; I have no quarrel with any man of Kinel Gillmore, save one, and I will choose my own time and place to keep the vow I am under in that regard. Sound the retreat, I say: let the churls pursue Clan Gillmore into Massareen and Kilultagh if they list. As for me, by Heaven, my brain is on fire with the unfounded thoughts of dishonour that have haunted me for years! And you—you, churl of a churchman, you, villain priest, you are the man that urged me on!"

"Art thou mad, Sir Alan? art thou possessed of devils? hast no fear of God before thy eyes?" ejaculated the abbot, drawing back in ill-concealed trepidation, step by step, as his furious accuser advanced upon him, a stride nearer at every indignant sentence. But brother Virgil, alarmed by the menacing aspect of the knight, again threw himself between, and besought the abbot to leave them. "I go," cried the enraged ecclesiastic; "I go, Sir Alan Savage; but by cross and bell I swear I will make thee rue these insults, if there be thunders in the storehouse of the church! And thou friar, it will go hard with me if I unfrock thee not ere long for this night's insolence!"

"Go!" cried Alan, scornfully; "go, my Lord Abbot of Bangor! but," he added, in a voice of thunder, "by Sun and Wind I swear that if you practise any mummery against me——"

"Oh, sir, do not blaspheme!" exclaimed the shocked Franciscan.

"What care I?" replied Black Alan, recklessly. "Were he the priest of Crom himself, I would not be duped by him!"

"Of Crom?" repeated brother Virgil. "Thou wouldst not say that the priest of a pagan idol hath any right to reverence?"

"No; nor the false priest of any God!" replied Black Alan.

"There is no God but one," said Virgil, solemnly; "and he hath said, Thou shalt have no other gods but

"Be it so, be it so," cried the chief, impatiently; "these are your concerns; my business is with mortals." So saying, he turned and walked back towards the corpse. He stood looking fixedly at the dead body for some time, then said, "Let her have Christian burial. She was the first lady of her house that ever bore reproach; and now—to think that it has been undeserved"—he stopped short, and it was evident that remorse was rising at his heart.

"My son," said the good Virgil, eager to improve the opportunity of inculcating better feelings, "thou didst doubtless play a cruel part by her; but thou wast deceived, and knewest not thine own injustice; so that perchance, with due repentance, thou mayest still be absolved of Heaven, as I can truly bear witness thou hast been already fully pardoned by thy wronged but gentle-hearted and most forgiving lady."

"What? Did she say she forgave me?" asked Alan, in a voice of great surprise, but low and shaken.

"With almost the last breath she drew she prayed to God to turn thy heart, and pardon thee, even as she had pardoned thee," replied the monk.

"If I could think that she was led astray"—said Alan, struggling with increased emotion.

"Surely she was deceived," cried brother Virgil, eagerly improving his success. "MacGillmore gained her love under another name. She knew not whom she went among until too late to return. I can vouch for it on mine own knowledge: the outlaw wooed her as one of the MacRory's of Kilwarlin."

Natural affection had by this assumed full sway in the breast of the repentant chieftain. "Mary!" he exclaimed, in dreadful agitation, stooping to take the dead woman by the hand; "Mary, my sister, we have wronged you foully and unnaturally"—but the words were scarcely pronounced, when he started back with a countenance of unutterable horror and dismay; for, in withdrawing the mantle, he had bared her breast, where the fatal weapon was still planted, and the feathered extremity of the arrow protruding from the wound at once arrested his eye with some horrible token of despair.

"Oh Jesu! what new calamity have we here?" exclaimed the monk, ap-

pealing to Stephen Chamberlayne, who at the moment came running up, in sudden alarm. The man-at-arms cast one glance of inquiry at his master, and one blank look of dismay on the corpse; then smote his thighs with his hands, and burst into incoherent exclamations of horror and commiseration. But the chief, seizing him by the arm, with the gripe of a maniac, gasped—"Stephen!—who—who tonight, besides myself, shot with my Flemish cross-bow?—answer!—speak!—King of the Elements! did any else shoot with it?"

"God forgive us!—none—none—none!" cried the terrified retainer.

Black Alan's countenance from the paleness of death grew livid with despair. "Then I am the most accursed man that lives!" he exclaimed: "I have murdered my own sister, who ought never to have had unkindness at my hands! After this I need never look upon the light of heaven! My doom is fixed: I am a wanderer henceforth. Let house and land fall to the portion of the wolves!—let kith and kin go to beggary and perdition! Hell has risen up against me, and the powers of hell pursue me evermore!" With these dreadful words upon his lips, he rushed into the darkness, holding his clenched hands before his head; and ere the astonished monk or his companion could follow with their torch, was out of sight.

"Stop him, stop him!" shouted brother Virgil, at the top of his voice; "stop him! he hath gone mad!" but, spent and bruised, and scarce able to sustain his own weight, he was soon fain to give up so hopeless an attempt, and leave to Stephen Chamberlayne to continue the pursuit alone. But Stephen was a man advanced in years, urged only by duty and attachment; while Black Alan, young and vigorous, swept down the dark declivity like an arrow from his own fatal bow, winged by despair and madness. Many of the troops, alarmed by the cries of the man-at-arms already hopeless of overtaking the maniac chieftain, rushed down the hill, thinking that a new attack was there approaching; but before the foremost of them had reached half-way to the burning woods, Alan had plunged through or into the flames, no man knew which; and the Clan Savage suddenly found themselves in

the clouds of night, hard by their enemy, without a leader, and in doubt whether they might not be again in action before an hour. All was consternation, hurry, and tumult. The offended abbot had drawn off his force of church vassals, and had taken up a separate position. The person next in command, not understanding the cause of Black Alan's sudden disappearance, hesitated to take any decisive step, lest the chief should return and countermand it. Brother Virgil, exhausted, wearied, sick at heart, could scarce drag his bruised limbs after him to the ground where the army thus deserted were awaiting the result of Stephen Chamberlayne's search. On arriving he found himself assailed by innumerable questions, guesses, and solicitations, as to the reasons of the chief's extraordinary conduct: but, discreetly slurring any explanation which might excite the clansmen's suspicions of whom they had been fighting against, the good monk confined himself to a general statement that there had been a private misunderstanding between Sir Alan and the abbot, and that the assault upon Clan Gillmore, in consequence, would not be renewed. Soon after, Stephen Chamberlayne returned, without having procured either trace or tidings of the wretched man; and it was generally resolved to withdraw their force to a safer position on the hill below, where, if not joined by their chieftain by the next morning, they should proceed homeward without further delay. Brother Virgil was charitably borne by his new associates to their temporary encampment, where, having his slight wound dressed, he got himself wrapped in a soldier's cloak; and, in spite of pain, anxiety, and danger, slept on the bare earth till sunrise. Morning brought no tidings of the chief. The abbot moved his force before daybreak; and the Clan Savage, after waiting in vain till near noon, proceeded, with heavy hearts, to follow in their track. By the assistance of Stephen Chamberlayne, the good Franciscan procured the body of the lady to be privately conveyed from the field; and he himself, not being able to mount his mule, (for the quiet animal was found next morning grazing on the field of battle,) was carried on a hand litter in the same procession.

Comparatively little curiosity was excited as to who the lady might be, among men occupied with conjectures of so much more immediate interest to themselves. Stephen Chamberlayne, a discreet and faithful retainer, kept his own counsel, out of regard to the honour of his master's house; the abbot cared not to revive the question of his share in the poor lady's misfortunes; and brother Virgil, simply stating it to be the body of a woman of the Clan Gillmore, whom he had converted to Christianity during his imprisonment, satisfied any inquiry that was made by those about him. Stephen, too, was now a man of good account in the chieftain's household, and had sufficient influence to obtain the permission of his new captain to escort the monk to Carrickfergus with a separate band, while the main body of his people continued their journey across the Fords into their own country.

It may well be supposed that brother Virgil's reappearance was a source of much joy, and of infinite wonder among the fraternity. But the cenobites of St. Francis were in a condition ill-fitted for the reception of their recovered brother. A few of the cells, and one or two of the cloister arches had, it is true, been already cleared of their encumbering rubbish, but the main portion of the building was one ruin. The sight of his cherished home so desolated caused a considerable revulsion in the mind of the Franciscan: he found it difficult, when contemplating the works of MacGillmore's hands, to think of him with that perfect charity which had influenced him towards the outlaw, while these unfavourable memorials were still at a distance. Accordingly, while narrating to the astonished brotherhood his adventures of the last two days, brother Virgil rather suppressed than exaggerated his anxiety for the welfare of those who had given his community so little cause for good will towards them. The lady's rescue from paganism, and the baptism of the boy were hailed with pious approbation on all hands, and the corpse of the convert was interred with solemn ceremony in the vaults of the chapel, but neither the temper of those around him, nor his own feelings at the time, permitted brother Virgil, when record-

ing the heathenish ignorance of the Muintir Gillmore at large, to broach those further schemes for their conversion which had engaged his mind so strongly before he thus came to experience the effects of their barbarity on his own hearth. Still, it would be great injustice not to admit that, while the excellent man was open to every impulse of benevolence when acting by himself, his duty to his order obliged him in great measure to identify himself with the feelings of the brotherhood whilst among them. A certain consciousness of discipline restrained him too from the over free indulgence of his own bent; the atmosphere of the priory was uncongenial to adventure. He might have gone forth freely on any pilgrimage of peril from the mouth of the outlaw's cave; but it was a far different exploit to cross the threshold of his own monastery on a mission unauthorized by his prior. Thus it was that the man, who, when thrown on his own resources, had shewn himself equal to all the demands of most novel and arduous circumstances; and who, on his own honest impulse, had acted in every emergency with the fearless and unhesitating zeal of a Christian champion, sunk back, without a struggle, on his return to monastic discipline, into his original quietude, and, perhaps it might be called, timidity of character. His dreams of ambition gave place to a placid and meditative contentment; his daring zeal was succeeded by a tender, compassionate anxiety; denunciation now never burst from his lips; he had no longer need even for the severity of bold rebuke; day by day he settled down insensibly into his former character, until, when the priory of Saint Francis was in some measure restored, about the middle of the ensuing winter, the lately zealous and apostolic Virgil Mac Naughtan could scarce have been distinguished from the quiet rider of the mule who hesitated to turn aside from his path at the cry of distress, six months before.

Meanwhile Clan Savage was ruled by another lord. Black Alan had been never heard of after the night of his mysterious disappearance. The general belief was that he had perished in endeavouring to cross the burning woods, a little to one side of the true breach by which his army had entered.

The kindred, unacquainted with the nature of his dispute with the abbot, did not long remain at variance with their powerful neighbour, and, on more than one occasion since Alan's supposed death, they had aided the church vassals of Baugor in scouring the woods about their common frontier. But the Muintir Gillmore for a time appeared to have abandoned their confines: that wandering race had fallen back upon the central deserts of Kilultagh, where they sojourned during the autumn, undisturbed, although the report went that they were rapidly perishing of hardship and privation. Towards Christmas, it would appear that hunger had forced them out of their retreat, for accounts of depredations along the valley of the Lagan became more and more frequent as that inclement season approached. But the plunderers were few in number, and the outrages stealthy and unimportant compared with the former descents of the clan. Numerous expeditions were, however, undertaken to clear the woods of the returning nuisance, for the remnant of the once terrible Muintir Gillmore was now, alas, little more. The abbot, whose brother's bawn had been broken in one of these petty incursions, once more took the field, and at the head of some of his own people, aided by a party of the clan Savage, drove the main body of the famished wretches, scarce thirty in number, back to their inhospitable retreat, while a few, among whom it was reported was Mac-Gillmore himself, now quite recovered from his wounds, being separated from their friends, had been constrained to fly in an opposite direction, and were now supposed to be lurking in the woods behind Carnmoney and the Knockagh, whither a detachment of the hostile force was already gone in pursuit.

In this posture stood affairs on Christmas day. The morning devotions were over in the chapel of Saint Francis; and brother Virgil stood conversing with another friar beside the reconstructed altar. "Our repairs go on prosperously," observed his companion, looking up at the fresh timbered roof, and round the newly whitened walls: "if we had but a new oriel one could scarce trace any vestige of the heathen."

"A glazed window is, indeed, our

chief want now," said brother Virgil: "So large a space open to the weather makes the chapel miserably cold; but I hear that Sir John Bisset, of Glenarm, has promised to restore the whole window, in consideration of our prior's good will in the matter of his divorce. If he make it equal to the former one, it will be a magnificent and costly gift. Holy and blessed Francis! how desolate and bare we would have been left by our calamity, but for the piety of that noble family!"

"Ay, brother," replied his companion, "ours was a visitation and a judgment, indeed!—door and window, joist and rafter, pulpit and altar, all ruined and consumed! but, blessed be God! we are rising from our ashes, as our prior indeed aptly figured it after yesterday's refection, even as that Arabian bird called phoenix, which is averred to spring forth in renewed youth and beauty from its own funeral pyre. But, as to the munificent intention of Sir John Bisset, I would counsel the brotherhood to make their request to him that he would have the window constructed as at Armagh, with stancheons and mouldings of stone work; for thou mayest remember, Virgil, that it was the iron of the old oriel which caused its destruction; and I would have nothing to tempt the cupidity of violent men in this new one."

"Thou art right, brother," replied Virgil: "I have sometimes myself been half tempted to wish that such a metal as iron had never been known; but, when I see the useful works produced by men employing it in a peaceful and lawful manner, I forget my abhorrence of its other uses; and truly, if men had not steel wherewith to fulfil the evil desires of their hearts, they would fall on one another with weapons of some other kind—clubs or stones, or swords of brass, such as that wretched pagan Mac-Gillmore, attempted my own life withal. Ah! had he been but satisfied with a brazen dagger it would have been well both for him and for his people! but he must needs turn the iron of church windows to his unholy uses, and see if the vengeance of God hath not pursued him from the day of that sacrilege down to the present hour!"

"True it is," said his companion, "crime

such as his never failed to work its own punishment in the end—but listen : I think I hear some tumult in the high street."

"It is only the noise of the town's people assembling for the evening service at the high cross;" replied brother Virgil—but, after listening a moment, he altered his opinion. "Nay, there is surely something amiss, as thou sayest, brother," he cried; "let us go down and see what the matter is."

The monks had scarce crossed the threshold of their chapel, when they perceived two men and a boy running towards them at desperate speed, pursued by a tumultuous body of soldiery and townsmen. "Stop them, stop them, or the villains will take sanctuary!" was the cry, while stones, arrows and missiles of all sorts were showered after and around them; but the fugitives, looking neither to the right nor left held straight for the gates of the priory, now lying open at scarce a bowshot ahead. The men were savage and gaunt-looking, their hair hanging matted over their brows, and their stark and bony limbs scarce covered by ragged garments. One ran halting, as if he had lately been lame, and by his side, and holding him by the hand, the boy apparently exhausted by his flight came half running, half pulled along.—Alas, for the changes of fortune! It was Hugh Mac Gillmore, with Harry Oge and Owen Grumagh, coming to take shelter in the very sanctuary they had spoiled—the monk knew the three at a glance, and it seemed as if the recognition was mutual, for a ray of hope lighted up the countenance of the outlaw the moment he saw him; and, lifting the boy in his arms, he ran for a while with fresh vigour; but his pursuers crowding after with shouts and imprecations, called to shut the priory gates and bar the fugitives out: "Now, God forbid that I should ever shut the gates of mercy!" exclaimed the compassionate Franciscan, throwing wide the chapel doors, and extending his arms to receive the foremost fugitive.

"Shut the door monk, you know not what you do!" exclaimed a dozen voices; "it is the pagan Mac Gillmore! it is the heathen church robber!"

"Shut them out!—shut them out!" exclaimed the good monk's companion when he heard the dreaded name; "they are coming to burn and plunder us again. Ho, brethren, fly! the pagan are at your doors! Fire, fire! St. Francis to the rescue!" and he strove to close the doors; but Virgil repelled him with a determined hand—the excitement of present emergency, which had before developed his peculiar character, again awakened all his slumbering energies—he was again the fearless and independent advocate of charity, prepared to act on the impulse of his own benevolence, no matter what might be the consequence.

"Fie! brother, fie!" he cried in tones of vehement reproach, holding back the folding leaves of the door as the other, in haste and trepidation, sought to push them together;—"Fie, fie! wouldst thou refuse sanctuary to a repentant sinner?—Run, Mac Gillmore!—son of Rory, make haste!—this way, this way—holy and blessed Francis, they are overtaken! Ah, they are beset!—they are down!—no, no—they have burst through again—here, here!—ye sons of affliction, blessed be God, ye are safe at last!" he exclaimed, as the panting and exhausted fugitives dashed past him and staggered up the aisle. The pursuers followed furiously on to the threshold of the chapel, but they were chiefly townsmen, and dare not cross the scared barrier. "Back, back! would ye violate God's holy sanctuary?" cried the monk, as they pressed forward to the very verge of the privileged ground, with drawn weapons and frantic exclamations of rage and disappointment. The townsmen, awed by his rebuke, fell back apace, but the Savages, who were now crowding up the main street in pursuit, were not to be deterred by his most vehement denunciations. "He never spared either priest or sanctuary," they shouted, "and neither priest nor sanctuary shall save him now!—in, in! sons of the Seneschal—drag him down, though he be holding by the very rails of the altar! drag him down, we say, and we will cut his throat upon the steps!" On hearing this, brother Virgil, in serious alarm, closed the door, and it was well he did so, for its bars had hardly fallen into their

places when a rush was made against it that made both posts and staples shake again. But the door was of thick oak plank, and firmly withstood the shock. "Ye are late, ye sacrilegious dogs!" cried the monk, with a smile of sterner satisfaction than had ever crossed his countenance before as he turned to assure the fugitives of their safety. Owen Grumagh had laid himself down at full length on the floor, panting like a dog after the chase, his reeking weapon still grasped in his hand. Mac Gillmore had advanced to the altar, and sat with one arm round his boy upon the steps. He had cast his sword away, and his right hand rested motionless upon the ground. He seemed even more spent than his prostrate retainer, reclining his back against the altar, and labouring convulsively at every breath he drew: the boy lay with his head on his father's bosom, sobbing and trembling. "Thou art safe, Mac Gillmore," said the good Virgil; "even here thou art not beyond God's mercy; though thou of all men hast the least right to claim sanctuary at that altar."

Mac Gillmore attempted no reply: he was too much exhausted to speak; but he raised his hand and pointed to the altar overhead. A bundle wrapped in rags lay on it: brother Virgil untied the knots, and perceived with joyful surprise that it contained the restored spoils of the priory: the salvers and chalices and the relics of Saint Francis, in their little oaken box, were all there, safe and sound. "Mac Gillmore," exclaimed the delighted monk, "this is an offering which will stand thy soul in a good stead yet, if thou hast but brought a contrite heart to lay along with it upon God's altar."

"I have brought a better offering," gasped the outlaw; "here, friar," giving the almost unconscious boy into the good man's arms, "take him; he is innocent and undefiled—it was his mother's wish—let him be one of your order—and, Harry Dhaa, when you are a priest, oh, pray for your people and for your wicked father!"

Owen Grumagh raised his head reproachfully from the flags: "you would not make a gilly of the tierna oge, Mac Gillmore?" he said in hoarse and broken accents.

"It is a servant of God I would have my son to be, Owen," replied the outlaw.

"His grandfather never owned a master," muttered the faint savage, as his head sunk again upon the stones.

Meanwhile, the tumult without was increasing. The clan Savage, rendered more furious by resistance, surrounded all the chapel, trying at door and window for an entrance; but the door stood unshaken, and the narrow slits which lighted the side aisles, would not admit a man's body. Brother Virgil stood to listen: he heard them consulting in the porch: what they said he could not distinctly understand in the confusion of so many voices; but one word fell upon his ear with terrible import. "My God!—the open oriel!" he exclaimed; "they are crying for ladders to come in through the open window."

The outlaw groaned.

"Ay, well mayest thou groan," cried the monk; "if thou hadst not turned the bars of that window to weapons of destruction, thy blood would not reddened the weapons of thy enemies this day. Oh, God, surely this is thy judgment: surely thy hand hath been manifest throughout!"

The outlaw cast one glance at the open window overhead: the top of a ladder was seen at the same moment rising above the sill: he made no effort to escape, only exclaimed, "Oh, save my child!" and stretched his hands in supplication to the monk. The Franciscan bore the now reluctant boy to a side door; the outlaw followed them with his eyes till they were out of sight; then sunk back with a sigh of relief, and gave himself up quietly to his fate. But Owen Grumagh seeing their assailants thronging through the window, scrambled once more to his feet, and tottered forward to resist their ingress; but as he rose the floor was seen covered with a pool of blood where he had lain, and, before he could reach the altar, his strength failed him, and he fell, never to rise again: the Savages leaped down unresisted, and, when brother Virgil, after leaving the boy in a place of security, returned, accompanied by other monks to prevent their violation of the sanctuary, he found the doors thrown open, and the aisle crowded with men-at-arms waiting only for some one more hardy than the rest to drag their victim from

his seat upon the altar steps, before they should commence the butchery. Mac Gillmore regarded his executioners with a glassy eye; he was fast escaping from their vengeance, and neither moved nor spoke. "Drag him down!—of what are ye afraid?" shouted those near the door.

"Send an arrow through him!" exclaimed some, standing closer to their victim, yet hesitating themselves to use the sword.

"Ye have broken sanctuary now, and ye can do no worse," exhorted others, but still no man was found willing to lay hands upon him in that place. And now the monks, casting themselves between, with crucifixes in their hands, and imprecating dreadful punishments upon those who should persevere in the sacrilege, drove them half-way back to the door. At the same moment a horseman galloping up leaped from the saddle and rushed among them, exclaiming, "Shame, shame! ye are no better than the pagan ye pursue!"—pushing some aside as he spoke, and beating others back with the flat of his sword. It was Stephen Chamberlayne, now captain of the Clan Savage Galloglass, and his authority was exercised with full effect. The reluctant soldiery gradually withdrew from the chapel, but crowded round the door, still burning for revenge, and crying that they only waited till their enemy should be given forth by the proper authority.

"Let us take him forth, then," said one of the brethren, who had only contended for the inviolability of his altar from the assaults of laymen; "give him into their hands, and let them do execution on him at the high cross: he is a felon whom the church cannot pardon."

"Nay," exclaimed brother Virgil; "thou knowest not what he hath done to atone to us for his crimes: wait till the tumult is appeased, and let us hear what can be said in mitigation of his punishment."

"Give him a fair trial," said Stephen Chamberlayne; "God knows he has had strong provocation at all our hands."

"Let us not act with unseemly precipitation," said another of the brethren; "whatever we determine must not appear to be done through terror of this ungodly and base rout at our doors." This last opinion seemed to bear the greatest weight, and the brethren were

about to close the doors and proceed to further consultation, when a new tumult among the crowd attracted all their attention. Some one was approaching, who, no one could guess, but the multitude made way in a panic, opening a lane in front of the advancing person and closing in behind him with cries of astonishment and eager expectation. "Way, way!" they shouted, and a voice of terrible intonation thundered over their clamour, "Way for me!"—The tumult approached nearer and nearer; the dreadful voice was heard again; the crowd opened, as if before a spectre, and Black Alan Savage, wild from the woods and caves, rushed with the speed of a maniac, as his flashing eyes proclaimed him, into the chapel.

"I am sworn by Sun and Wind!" he exclaimed, dashing monk and man-arms out of his way, and striding forward to the altar. Mac Gillmore, raising his head, regarded him with a glance of mixed amazement and defiance; and it seemed as if he had altered his design of waiting death without resistance, for he half rose to his feet, and made a grasp at his weapon, but the dagger of Black Alan was twice plunged in his breast before he could make any effort at defence, and he sank back and expired upon the altar, a frightful sacrifice to the retributive justice of Heaven.

The moment the deed was done, Black Alan turned and fled. None cared to stop him, for he still held the bloody weapon in his hand, and threatened death to any one who might oppose him. He took his course towards the mountain of Slieve-a-true, and, so great was his speed, that neither horse nor man could at that time trace him farther. It was said that he was often afterwards seen about the rocks and caverns of Benmadigan, nay, that the upper cave in which he had once been imprisoned by Mac Gillmore was his usual habitation; but his strength and ferocity had made him an object of terror, and no one ventured to dog his steps for any length of time. Some also who were present that day in Carrickfergus declared that the weapon with which he had perpetrated the horrid deed was one of the rude pike heads found in the lower cave which Mac Gillmore's people had used as their smithy; and, as these were known

to have been made from the bars of the fatal oriel, the report excited many a shudder among those who heard the history of the original sacrilege. It needed but one other deed of blood to fill up the measure of calamity which had been dealt out to that ill-fated district: the abbot of Bangor was found murdered in his own cloisters, about a month after the death of Mac Gillmore; whether by one of the survivors of the outlawed clan, or by Black Alan, is uncertain: but the general belief was, that he had perished by the hands of the latter.

Brother Virgil had now but to fulfil the injunctions of the dying chieftain. Harry Oge was taken under his protection and tutelage: the boy, with a natural fondness for gentle pursuits, soon became the darling of the fraternity: his piety and benevolence made

him equally beloved by the people; and when he had been some time in orders, he was enabled to procure a plenary pardon for such of his wandering kindred as still remained without the pale of the church. The remnant of the Muintir Gillmore came in with ready submission and acquiescence in whatever was required by their missionary chieftain, and brother Virgil had the satisfaction at last of assisting at the baptism of as many of his old catechumens as remained.

"I think I may stop here;" said Turlough; "only adding that the name of Stephen Chamberlayne appears as Seneschal of Ards in a patent roll of the next reign, and that Harry Oge, having assumed the name of Junius, lived to be prior of his order."

EPIGRAM BY THE REV. MARK BLOXHAM.

THE author of the new *Paradise Regained*, having been much censured by his religious friends for dedicating his book to a nobleman of reputed heterodox opinions, on being made aware of

the latter circumstance, of which he was quite ignorant till after the publication of his book, has made the amende honorable in the following epigram:

What! Bloxham, a sound divine, inscribe his book
To Brougham, a Deist or Socinian known!
Why think it strange our bard such hero took
When he to Milton had the gauntlet thrown?
To out-do *him*, the bard to Brougham was civil;
Remember Milton's hero was the devil.

M. B.

This is a funny little epigram, and if it be written by the Rev. Mark Bloxham, as we are credibly informed it was, it will gain him more credit than his *Paradise Regained*. Our readers are perhaps aware that the Reverend Gentleman has offered the completion

of *Paradise Regained*, as the price of a living to any one who will sell him one on the terms.

N.B. To constitute simony there must be a valuable consideration.

A. P.

AN EVENING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

"Naples! thou heart of men which ever pantest
 Naked beneath the lidless eye of heaven;
 Elysian City, which to calm enchantest
 The mutinous air and sea: they round thee even
 As sleep round love are driven.
 Metropolis of a ruined Paradise,
 Long lost, late won, and yet but half regained,"—*Shelley*.

I.

Down Ischia's steep the sun has set,
 And left the stainless blue of heaven
 Flushed with the sultry glory yet
 His sinking beams have given,
 As richly o'er the trembling sea
 Lingers still the light of day.
 How rich the light, how pure the hue
 That spreads o'er yon fair sky,
 No heart may dream, no tongue may tell
 But their's whose fate 't has been to dwell
 Beneath the ever-glorious blue
 Of sunlit Italy.
 And now, as comes his latest ray
 Dancing o'er the smiling sea,
 Hark, from the distant minaret pealing,
 To mark the hallowed hour of pray'r,
 The mellowed chime of bells comes stealing
 Soft o'er the stirless air,
 Making such clear unearthly melody
 Athwart the growing shades of even,
 That mortal ears may take it well to be
 The tongues of angels chanting down from heaven
 Midway to man's abode,
 To hear the songs of praise that rise
 From countless lips into the skies
 Hailing the stainless Bride of God.*

II.

Down Ischia's side has sunk the sun,
 And Capri's vine-clothed isle
 Flings o'er the sea its shadow dun,
 Lengthening o'er many a mile
 To Castel Mare's sheltered strand,
 As though, to join the rock and shore,
 'Twere strewn by spirits' unseen hand
 A shadowy causeway o'er;
 While ever through the roseate sky,
 That looks like northern morning's breaking,
 Bright as a young babe's cheek when waking,
 The sulphury smoke mounts taperingly

* The moment of sunset is appointed, in Roman Catholic countries, for the evening service to the Virgin, and the "Ave Maria," as it is called, is proclaimed by the peals that ring out from all the church bells, which produce a strikingly fine effect. This custom has given rise to a very sweet episode of Byron. (Don Juan, canto 3, stanza 102.)

From Vesuvio's cratered cone,
 Whose azure brow
 Is tranquil now
 As he sleeps on his lava throne.
 God! 'tis a solemn and thoughtful sight
 To look on that murderer's sleep,
 As his head is bright in the fading light
 When the sun is on the deep :
 His black thick breath, in sulphureous wreath,
 Puffs in the still clear air,
 Forced by the soba when his hot heart throbs
 As he heaves in his restless lair.
 Bared to the bone are his ribs of stone,
 Stript by his own heart's fire ;
 Round his feet are piled the ruins wild
 That he wrought in his wakeful ire.

III.

Down Ischia's side the sun has set,
 And now the purple tints of even,
 Along the far horizon met,
 Steal mellow o'er the gloaming heav'n,
 Bathing in their dulcet light,
 Sant' Eremo's castled height,
 Blending with the shadows deep
 Of Buttress strong, and tow'r, and keep,
 A hue so soft and hoar,
 That Time's all wasting hand appears
 To sanctify the pile he sears.
 With many a deep rent o'er.
 And high into the dreamy air,
 From the terraced city fair
 That sinks to meet the ocean's bounds,
 Rise, in ever thronging sounds,
 Laughter wild, and faint cries telling
 Of restless life within her dwelling.
 And softly o'er the silent sea
 Falls the plash of some lone oar,
 Wafted in faint melody
 To the gently curving shore,
 Whose peopled edge is flaring bright
 With many a moving, flashing light
 Streaming through the sombre air,
 As if the baffled daylight there
 Were struggling still with night—
 And all along the world on high
 The fadeless stars are hung,
 From Zenith to the boundary,
 Where azure sea meets azure sky
 In thronging myriads flung ;
 You scarce can tell if yon faint light,
 That burns with trembling beam
 Upon the distant verge of night,
 Floats on the sky or stream.
 And well that ocean, still and blue,
 Might cheat the charmed eye
 To deem, outspread beneath its view,
 Some wondrous nether sky,

For many a snowy sail unfurled,
 As 'twere in mimicry
 Of clouds within the skyey world,
 Floats o'er the slumbering sea—
 And many a star-like light is seen
 Along its breast to rove,
 That burns as fair and bright, I ween,
 As those in heaven above ;
 For the fisherman's flinging his net in the sea,
 And joyously singing his barcarole free—
 And the sea-star that lights the ocean dark
 Is kindled in his lonely bark ;
 And these are the strains that steal along,
 Faintly floating to the shore,
 Waking many a deathless song
 Of the bards of the days of yore.

IV.

And who are they that sing these strains,
 That erst Torquato sung ?
 A race of slaves in all, save chains
Not yet around them flung.
 Degenerate children of the brave,
 The virtuous, and the free,
 Too feeble now their land to save,
 Too vicious and too cowardly
 For that best boon to mortals given,
 The heritage of God in heaven—
 The boon of Liberty !

V.

If, as ye boast yourselves, ye be
 Sprung from that mighty sire,*
 Jove's noblest earth-born progeny,
 Who triumphed o'er the tyranny
 Of Juno's vengeful ire—
 Where is the all-sustaining soul—
 The strength, the God-like energy
 That sunk not 'neath the stern control
 Of heaven's unjust decree ?
 Does not one smouldering spark remain,
 Of him whose infant clasp
 The full-flushed serpent's heart could strain
 Within his strangling grasp ?
 Or yet has cankering sloth and years
 And foreign threats and coward fears
 So worn ye to decay
 Ye cannot crush the snakes that climb
 Around ye in your manhood's prime
 To sap your lives away,
 Till men believe your lineage high
 A jest in bitter mockery
 To show you, to all nations' scorn,
 In utter feebleness forlorn.

* The Campanian cities are said to have been originally colonized by the descendants of Hercules.

VI.

Sweet clime! where all that Nature gave
 With bounteous hand and free,
 Mountain and valley, isle and cave,
 Still smile unchangingly
 In all the fair and lovely hues
 That first awoke Italia's muse.*
 The wanderer—who has left his home
 In a far, chill northern land,
 Amid the classic scenes to roam,
 Sweet Naples, near thy strand—
 He blesses thee with fervent pray'r
 As his footsteps linger o'er,
 In the balmy evening air,
 Thy ever-beauteous shore.
 When winding up the caverned side
 Of that fair verdant hill
 That looks upon the outspread tide
 So ebbless and so still,
 He views so sweet a scene around
 That men have named it holy ground,
 Where Sorrow's voice is charmed to rest,
 And all who gaze perform are blest.†
 Or straying through the leafy bow'rs
 Where the broken sunshine pours
 Its light upon the gushing vine,
 He pauses o'er the spot divine
 Where Maro chose his shaded rest
 Mid scenes he loved and sung the best.
 He blesses thee, when on the deep,
 At the hour that daylight dies,
 He sees the golden sunset steep
 In crimson light thy cloudless skies
 Thy hills, thy countless leaves and isles
 Glowing in the day-god's smiles.
 May thy sons awake from sleep,
 Like the smouldering fire that dwells
 Harmless long within the deep
 Of Vesuvio's sulphury cells—
 May the hour of their awaking,
 O'er the world in glory breaking,
 Flashing fierce in angry pride,
 Sweep with hot resistless tide
 O'er the locust tribes that dare,
 Tampering with thy sleeping strength,
 Settle on thy bosom fair
 As if their puny might at length
 Could strangle thus the throes of ire
 That throb within thy heart of fire.

Naples, September 25th, 1835.

IOTA.

* Sorrento, on the bay of Naples, was the birth-place of Torquato Tasso.

† Pasilipo or Pausillipo is said to have acquired its name from the words (παυσις της λυπης) "pausis tes luyes," rest from sorrow, on account of the beauty of its situation and view.

SOME EFFECTS OF UNNOTICED INSANITY.

To the feeling and reflecting there cannot be a subject of more profound interest than insanity. The man of quickest sensibility and of the most elevated and concentrated intellect will frequently be compelled to reflect how near he may in possibility stand to its blighted and fearful verge. He will most fully and sensibly appreciate the whole extent of the most fatal incident within the compass of mortal apprehension; the living separation from the pursuits of life and the sympathies of kind; the morbid fears and haunting phantoms of the brain; the embittering passions; the perverted perceptions and reasonings, and the moral death. These consequences which we here enumerate as attendant upon the milder forms of this dreadful disease render it superfluous to dwell upon the more revolting but not more truly afflicting forms which retain no trace of humanity but a frightful outward semblance.

Of late years insanity has become the subject of much humane and enlightened consideration. Its treatment is become more rational and humane, and a merciful limit has been placed to the legal construction of lunacy. The saner capabilities of the person thus unhappily visited are allowed for, and no one is now liable to be on the slightest foundation deprived of any legal or natural privilege consistent with his own welfare and the safety of others.

The physiologist and the metaphysical inquirer have also not been idle, nor have their labours been altogether fruitless. The first has, from a large induction of well-considered cases, ascertained all that is likely to be known of the forms and indications of this disease, and arrived at the probable inference as to its organic nature: while the precise description of organic disorder, or the precise organ affected, remains to exert the industry and perseverance of future inquirers.

With more ingenuity, but far less success, the metaphysical student, prosecuting his researches, sometimes in conjunction with the former, sometimes apart, has traced to a considerable extent the moral and intellectual characters of insanity, while he is still to

be regarded as comparatively unsuccessful in his attempts to reach to any precise knowledge of its intellectual principle.

The hallucinations of delirium and the dim phantoms of dreaming have been traced into an affinity with the phenomena of mental aberration by many writers upon this latter subject. They are all, it is not to be denied, reducible to some mode of organic affection, of which mind is the part affected of our compound nature. All, too, present many similar indications and results. They are, nevertheless, perfectly distinct, and in their principal indications wholly different. That a class of affections, the operation of which is probably confined to one small organ, should not only exhibit many common characters, but even in some of their various forms closely approximate, or even become identical, may be quite consistent with this position. And we do not deny that if of these any one is more open to experimental investigation than the rest, the kindred tribe of affections may (within due limits) be legitimately concluded upon from the facts thus derived. But we suspect that merely theoretical inquirers are often misdirected by the light of this ingenious analogy; and, if we may use the phrase, we think that the morals and metaphysics of insanity might be both more successfully and usefully explored in a different direction. The connexion between the mind and its diseased operations might (one should suppose) be more successfully traced in those cases in which the ordinary operations of the intellect are still discernible in combination with derangement, than where it can scarcely be said to exist in its natural condition. Nothing, indeed, can apparently be more remotely different from each other than many of these disorders to which the term insanity is applied. The ferocious maniac, whose looks and actions, as well as utterances, are below the level of the wild beast—the moping idiot, at whose foul resemblance humanity shudders—how broadly are they separated, in every feature, from the refined and exquisitely subtle mono-maniac whose intellect is manifested on every topic,

with more than natural activity and intelligence, while he is affected by some apparently slight error upon one subject. On this slight error depend results, curious, melancholy, and most important, under whatever aspect they are viewed: not because they are the workings of disease; but because they are the results of sane intellect governed and guided by diseased intellect.*

Of such cases the common indication is, preeminently acute perception of all that passes, mingled with and interpreted according to some perverted perception: with this is often combined the most subtle, and exactest logic, deducing rigidly the most fallacious and revolting conclusions, from the most nonsensical assumptions. Such persons we have frequently conversed with on almost every topic within the range of ordinary information; and always had occasion to admire the prompt intelligence and sound judgment which mostly accompanied their opinions—so long as the one dark thought could be kept in abeyance. So remarkable, indeed, are the intellectual qualifications, thus dwelling as it were on the borders of insanity, that we have known one instance of very aggravated monomania, the subject of which was the adviser to whom most of his friends and neighbours resorted for counsel in all matters of difficulty and delicacy; and this even long after the influence of a single error had so perverted his views, that in all things relative to his own concerns he was nearly childish. Such is the class of cases to which we are desirous to call attention, and this not for the sake of any new light we can expect to add to professional knowledge or opinion, but because we think that the phenomena of which we shall speak have not been sufficiently observed, and are in some respects important.

When we undertake to comment upon the *moral* and *social* effects of insanity, it will be understood that the objects of our notice must be chiefly found beyond the ordinary scope of professional experience. And although correct reasoning requires that the slightest modification of disease must be stated as such, yet we shall be best understood by considering these effects as reducible to a place among the ordinary moral and social causes of which the operation is or might be similar. That peculiar effect to which we have applied the term *social*, has indeed no essential connection with its cause; as it is the influence which the aberrations of one may be sometimes observed to have on others. The moral may similarly be traced to processes, which, however originated, yet lie strictly within the natural and saner workings of the mind.

It is also of some importance to premise, that the application of the term, insanity, would be disputed in most of the particular instances which fall within our notice; as they are outside the limit of legal, or even, for the most part, of medical cognizance. But the actual phenomena of nature are not limited by those arbitrary distinctions, which are best understood as containing rules of application; and as fixing those lines of demarcation which are required to govern the uncertainty of human knowledge.

There is nothing more important to the friends of one affected with, or liable to this disease, than to be distinctly acquainted with the circumstances of its treacherous growth and progress, which, in many cases, baffle all observation, until it is past the power of all remedial means. In many instances, neither the mental or bodily symptoms are such as even remotely to suggest the melancholy truth. The slight disorders of the stomach and bowels, which so

* On a subject so deeply interesting and so little understood, it is impossible to resist the temptations of a theory. Neither is it easy to find distinct language quite free from the adulteration of some professional system. Opinion is so closely related to language, that we cannot use the latter without being involved in the assumptions which it seems to convey, unless by having recourse to the cautious definitions and circumlocutions of a formal treatise. In a summary sketch like the present, we can only throw ourself upon the charities of liberal construction. Our remarks are independent of any creed; and we only notice certain opinions to show that they do not (necessarily) lessen the truth of our own.

often accompany the earlier stages of mental derangement are such as to be referable to many causes, but mostly too slight to be thought worthy of medical assistance. Should it, however, be resorted to, there is seldom anything to guide the attention of the physician to the fact. The indications of *mental derangement* having been not recognised as such, are omitted both by the patient and his friends; and the physician has nothing before him but a very common dyspeptic case, for which, as it is but symptomatic of concealed disorder, he prescribes with little, and that not permanent, success. Even when these symptoms have assumed a more decided character, it seldom occurs to resort to medical aid. The resources of domestic quackery still appear to be sufficient for the commonest and least fearful of human ailments; and the hypochondriacal symptoms, though more decidedly perceptible, are not yet referred to their true character. In this stage also, by a very common perversion, the state of mental depression, and the constant recurrence of complaint, are explained into what is called hippishness, and appealed to as a kind of proof, that there is no disease—thus finding a treacherous security in the most aggravated proofs of danger.

A very similar, but much more serious, error takes place with respect to the moral and intellectual changes, which are seldom slow in making their appearance, with more or less intensity, and produce consequences which, while they destroy the happiness of their victim, extend on every side around him, and but too often cloud the peace of families with suspicions and resentments, of which they do not often discover the source, until the evil is done.

This last is one of those prominent, but little noticed, phenomena, to call attention to which is the main object of this notice of the subject. We have, in the course of our own experience, had the opportunity of witnessing the curious, but most melancholy and fatal process, by which the utter ruin of the happiness and union of whole families, as well as of the principal person, has been the consequence of an ignorance of causes and a misconstruction of effects, which to those who judged more justly, wore the appearance of insatiation. Such cases cannot, from

their nature, and from the feelings, and even reputations they involve, be dragged into the full daylight of public discussion; we cannot dissect the living, even though they may be insensible to the knife; nor can we even have the benefit of accurately stating an anonymous case, because the facts of such cases are, in their nature, too special to escape personal application. What seems indeed to be a strange phenomenon of insanity is, the wonderful uniformity of the illusions to which it gives birth. It seems to be unaccountable that two persons in quite different stations, and having no intercourse with each other should agree in entertaining fancies, founded altogether upon the accidents of society, or upon the seemingly accidental errors of theoretical reasoning. Of such a nature is, for instance, the fancy of being haunted by a ventriloquist, or of being poisoned in food. Yet such is not merely a common case, but, we have some reason to believe, among the most common class of cases.

That class of cases to which we shall now give our entire attention, is by far the most usual in life; yet least studied by the professional; as it must, for the most part, appear in a more aggravated form to arrive within their peculiar province of observation. We shall content ourselves with popularly describing it as a state of morbid suspicion, which mostly begins with suspecting individuals, and ends with suspecting mankind. The importance as well as the difficulty of this case is owing to the fact of its similarity, both in its mode of exhibition and operation, as well as moral results, to the common conduct of sane persons. He who imagines that he is made of glass, or that his head is put on the wrong way, stands at once separated, by a broad and well-marked line, from sanity. But it is different with respect to the person who imagines his nearest friends, or the servants of his house, to be in some way leagued in enmity against him;—the thing is not impossible, and he has reasons, which, if they were not the result of illusion, might be founded in fact, and are still probable. His error, and particularly his first error, is mostly quite natural; he lights upon some object of suspicion such as to afford very specious grounds;

he assumes that his next heir desires his death—and is probably right ; but the cause of this suspicion is disease, and the grounds are false ; still they are natural grounds, and hypochondriac suspicion converts them into observed facts. Every one is aware of this tendency of the suspicious mind, even in the absence of disease. The soundest minded man will seldom long entertain an error, in which his feelings are in any way concerned, without soon finding abundant reasons to confirm the notion. The slightest fact is enough when interpreted by prepossession. Thus, a suspicion engendered by insanity will, besides the diseased perception, be fomented and increased in its action, by the natural process : and a thousand minute observations of words, looks, and actions, partly distorted, and partly, or wholly, misinterpreted, will quickly afford grounds sufficient for the scrutiny of such reasoning as the subject himself can apply, or his friends offer. These errors, when questioned in confidential intercourse, he can maintain by facts, which no one can undertake to deny, and by reasons which are perfectly consequent upon these facts ; so that more or less, his friends are deceived, and taking his facts upon his unimpeachable veracity, acquiesce in his reasons, and adopt his conclusions. So far, we assume two facts : that the insane person is in the first stage of intellectual aberration, and that he is surrounded only by persons who are not aware of the nature of insanity.

The first ordinary indications of this case, though various as to particulars—because they are mostly colored and formed out of the peculiar profession and habits of the individual—are yet easily represented by a case, to which all the rest will be found to bear the strictest relation of class.

An eminent watchmaker was observed by his near relations to fall into a sullen, reserved, and brooding habit ; his anxiety about his trade perceptibly diminished, and he took very much to solitary walks in the suburbs of D——. He had a cousin, to whom he had always been much attached. This person, at the instance of his wife, endeavoured to discover the occasion of his seeming dejection, and sought an opportunity of confidential talk with his relation. The other seemed gladly

to avail himself of an opportunity to unburthen his mind ; and presently informed him that another well-known person in his own trade was anxious to supplant him with his customers, and employed persons for this purpose to malign his character. Of this he was in the first instance convinced by the hostility of his looks and manner on several late occasions ; that he had watched also his intercourse with many eminent persons, whose watches he had himself made : these had also betrayed that they were set against him, by the strangeness of their manner and by the questions they asked him in his own shop. Against all this, little could be replied ; for he stated a variety of minute facts, which, as he stated them, gave the strongest color to his story. His cousin was completely imposed upon, and by confirming his story, led his wife and children also to believe him and to adopt his resentment. The first consequence of this was, that they all joined him in slandering and doing various ill offices to this supposed enemy. After a little time he was observed to become much more gloomy, reserved, and capricious in his fits of reserve ; and one day assured his cousin, that everywhere he went he was insulted by some one, and that there could no longer be the least doubt that he was to become the victim of some horrid conspiracy against his life. Every one stared at him, he said, as if he were a monster ; and he could hear some muttering frightful hints as they passed. His cousin, who was a simple person, and quite unacquainted with insanity, still had sense enough to perceive that there was much in these stories not easily accounted for, and hinted that he thought so. The other frankly acknowledged that it was unaccountable to himself, but that the evidence of his eyes and ears was not to be set aside. He could scarcely believe that he, or any one, without having committed some dreadful crime, could thus become the object of universal execration and espionage. He added that he had sure reason to know that some of his most intimate friends were concerned in it ; as this alone could account for the certainty and rapidity with which all his motions became known to the public ; nor

could he conceive why none of his family took any step in his defence, unless they were, for some iniquitous reason, become accessory to the plot. He then told, as facts, some occurrences which strongly heightened this suspicion; and although they were quite inconsistent with the known characters and habits of the persons concerned, they were yet so speciously and circumstantially told, that the cousin, knowing his character for veracity, could not deny or explain them away.

The next stage of this malady took place elsewhere. One morning early he was missing at the breakfast-table; but a note was left for his mother, saying that he was obliged to travel upon commercial business, and could not return for some weeks. The next account was a visit from a very low person, who had attended him for some time in his walks, to say that he had a letter desiring him immediately to have his entire stock of watches sold off at the highest bidding, and to remit the amount to himself. Upon the annoyance and suffering of his wife, children, and mother, it forms no part of our intent to speak: that they were very great may be well conceived.

Some of his relations were living in the city of B—. To these he went, and made his hapless story known with great fulness of detail, mentioning new particulars, which he had concealed from his own family at D—. They were shocked to learn that his mother and wife had joined in a plot with his cousin to take away his life by a slow poison; and that they had circulated reports of his conduct and character for the purpose of preventing the resentment of the town. They whispered about that he was a monster, and had contrived to produce a general abhorrence against him. All this was so avouched by strong facts, that it was impossible to doubt his account; and he was immediately joined in measures of an exceedingly cruel and vindictive nature against his own family at D—.

Some time further elapsed—and the same series of observations and complaints which had taken place in D—, began at B—: but with such manifest exaggeration, as to cause suspicions of the truth. From telling

improbable incidents, he went on to incidents which were impossible. And after setting whole families by the ears together, he was discovered to be far gone in madness by all.

This case is an accurate sketch of half a dozen which have taken place within our immediate observation, and probably of hundreds which exist—traceable only by the extensive mischief they have occasioned. The effects which we have loosely mentioned are, indeed, but a small part of those which actually take place. Some of them we shall presently notice.

These illusions, together with the moral influence they exert upon the mind, increase often with great rapidity. Their advances are, as in the above case, concealed by the spirit of distrust and reserve so often consequent upon insanity. The action of the intellectual faculties becomes more intense; observation becomes morbidly acute, and suspicion distorts all that is heard or seen into assumed intents—the perceptions of sense become subject to the illusions of the mind—the cunning is quickened, and the power of specious misrepresentation grows almost irresistible. There mostly too appears an increased intelligence upon such general subjects as are within the usual scope of the observation or knowledge. The conduct of acquaintances and neighbours is discussed with so much clearness and plausibility, and everything that presents itself to the mind, so well understood, that there is much added difficulty in suspecting a disease, the nature of which is commonly, but erroneously, supposed at variance with all this. Hence, when the turn of the insane person's mind is misanthropic, another cause of mischief arises. We can recollect, in one unhappy case which came within our notice, eight or ten persons, who were the acquaintances of an hypochondriac—each firmly persuaded that all the rest were the greatest scoundrels breathing. Until the course of circumstances and the accidental comparison of notes, undeceived one or two of them entirely, and the rest partially, and but partially, for it requires more than ordinary attention to disentangle a web of true and fictitious facts, such as the ingenuity and the poisoned fancy of

madness will devise. The sane action of the mind is both quickened and interwoven with the diseased faculties, in such a manner as to increase all its illusions and render them consistent. Thus, when it happens that the members of a family become objects of insane suspicion to one of their number, and are in turn made the depositaries of the black revelations of a hypochondriac fancy—it can easily be understood how mutual suspicion may spring up, and so influence them to each other, that each becomes readier to believe ill of all the rest. Nor will it be sufficiently allowing for the ignorance of many, and the infirmity of nearly all, to affirm that the subsequent discovery of the origin will be enough to remove all its consequences. It may be easily imagined by many of our readers, how ill feelings, sometimes aggravated by mutual offences, whether of word or deed, soon convert into substantial grounds of ill will, prejudices founded upon the slightest causes or none. Such, independent of the present subject, is but too observably the common course of family feuds—in which a slight misinterpretation of a word or deed, blameless if not misunderstood, occasions years of bitterness. When once offended, there are many, (to speak moderately,) who will voluntarily look upon the darker side of everything—and even foster a mistake in which an angry feeling is bound up: for it is the nature of most, to interpret from the feeling rather than by reason or cool reflection.

We must now turn our attention to the moral influences of these illusions upon the person whom they possess.

Let us now suppose a common case. A man of intellectual temperament and habits believes as in the watchmaker's case, that his friends have engaged in an extensive conspiracy against him. This is the illusion; it is combined most probably with other fancies as to sight, sound, and taste—which are partly the illusion of disease, partly moral and common to most; for it is the nature of all illusion to pervert reason and observation. What will then be the probable effect of this compound state of mind? The sane faculties cannot, we know, be so separated as not to be in some degree affected. The insane person will both reason

and act upon his prepossessions, on the principle that they are true. He will do evil offices, or refuse kind offices—he will avoid certain persons; and as the circle extends, most persons and all persons, to the extent that circumstances and counteracting influences or other causes permit. He will modify in the mean time his moral opinions of mankind, and (gradually) of moral obligation, to the facts he believes and the course he pursues. He will persuade himself that all men are selfish, unjust, and dishonest, and that they are leagued against him. He will next infer that he cannot be bound by any law of obligation to all or any. By degrees, (it takes time to alter habitual feelings,) he will reduce these principles to action, and become selfish—false—dishonest: while he also forms a code of morals by which all this is perfectly justified in his own thoughts: and he will feel himself (perhaps, for there are differences) the best as well as the most hapless and persecuted of mankind. Few can be extensively acquainted with the world, without having met one case or more of this prevalent modification of hypochondria.

The principal writers upon insanity seem to have recognized none of its secondary effects. Partly, we imagine, because it might be considered contrary to the exact method of a professional treatise to discuss insanity otherwise than as a disease. The delicacy of entering upon details seeming to implicate opinions upon the moral character of individuals, might also have its just weight. But more, we suspect, is due to the prepossession of those theoretical opinions to which we have adverted. From the desire to regard insanity wholly as disease—from the analogies of delirium and dreaming, and from some known cases, it would appear to have been inferred that the whole effects, moral as well as intellectual, caused by insanity, are wholly resolvable into this disorder.

Of the contrary, we have no doubt. In the cases chiefly within the scope of professional experience—it is very probable that the result of such a theory will mostly seem to be confirmed by the fact, that convalescence has put an end to all the perceptible consequences of disease, as completely as the

illusive phantasms of a dream or a fever are dispersed with the cause. We need not, however, dispute the theory, to establish a plain distinction; this arises from the mere difference of the duration and intensity of the phenomena, together with the extent to which they possess the faculties. In some cases the mind is too violently disordered, to permit of the continuance of any of its saner processes; in some the illusions are not such as can blend with sane notions, or be in any way referred to a place among the perceptions of health. Or, lastly, all these effects which we have designated as secondary, *being results of habit* the disease may have been too transient to cause them. It cannot be strictly said that habitual effects are essentially inconsistent with any form of mental affection. Many persons will, indeed, recollect how often the mind has continued after awaking, in a state of feeling consequent upon the incidents of a dream. This, too, may be observed to depend on the nature of these incidents, being such as to affect the character of the individual, and to blend with his real prospects and circumstances.

But, lastly, it is not necessary to make any supposition, as to the probability of the moral effects of insanity, continuing to affect the disposition when the disease shall have been removed. For the case immediately under our consideration is of all others the most permanent—as it is the least separated from perfect sanity in its illusions.

Nevertheless, we are compelled to regard it as essentially the most afflicting state to which a human mind can be reduced. Exempted from the necessity of any system, either of medical treatment or legal control—fully possessing all the faculties of reason; competent to guide and govern in the affairs of life. But, affected by a slight hallucination, which, while it is itself governed, suppressed, and, in the course of some time, rendered practically of no direct importance, by not being acted upon—yet by its moral influences upon the heart, effecting in the end a wider and more fatal separation between the sufferer and his kind, than if he had been struck with the most frantic condition of lunacy.

To conceive rightly the true nature and progress of these effects, and to separate the sane from the insane part of the combined character, which is often sweepingly attributed by some to disease, by others, to natural disposition—both erroneously and unjustly—it is only necessary to *consider the illusion real*, and then examine what upon such a supposition should be its effects upon an undiseased understanding. Such, though much aggravated perhaps, will be its secondary effects upon the insane. Were this duly understood it might have the effect of disarming the cruelty which in some cases confounds the effects of disease with natural worthlessness, and the folly which sees an aggravated case of lunacy, where insanity is scarcely noticeable. Indeed, it is our own experience that in such cases—as life advances and the action of the vital powers diminishes, the actual disease is reduced to nothing, while its effects remain; and this because they are either such as to perpetuate themselves, or because a determinate course of habit has confirmed them. And here we are led to notice the main principle of these secondary affections, which causes them in this particular class of insane persons, rather than in such as are more violently affected. *Habits are contracted in the one and not in the other.* It is not disease but nature, and therefore, in proportion as the mind is nearer to sanity, it is liable to be increased.

It may be made a question to what extent such considerations can be available for any practical purpose. If rightly understood, in the possession of good sense and sound discretion—they are of much importance. It is important that the slightest modification of insanity should be recognised as soon as may be; it is still more so, that its effects should be known and guarded against; and this as well for the sake of the principal party, as all his friends and intimate connexions. Much may depend, in various ways to others, much to himself upon the way in which he is treated. Insanity, acting on the mind, is liable in its first approaches to be modified, and mitigated or aggravated by all that affects the mind—the action is naturally affected by the reaction. Nor is it a slight

consideration, that in very many cases, medical persons (of ordinary intelligence at least) have little more to guide them than the most ordinary symptoms of a dyspeptic habit—unless by the aid of rightly directed observation upon a variety of small indications which a knowledge of the person's habits alone can supply.

Insane persons are mostly conscious that their notions are not reconcilable to common experience; and are actuated by a jealous and sometimes highly vindictive apprehension, of their becoming the subject of remark or contradiction. For this reason they conceal their thoughts and become peculiarly reserved; while at the same time they are constantly letting fall mysterious hints easily understood.

The great test of the distinction between insanity and what is called eccentricity is, that the former is a sudden change, the other a permanent habit; we omit all consideration of the question as to their essential sameness or distinctness. In the particular class of cases which we are considering, there is, however, a more obvious distinction, as these illusions are almost uniformly resolvable into errors of sensation.

When a person who has been of sound mind and reasonable habits becomes, without any apparent cause, estranged, brooding, solitary, and dejected, slightly dyspeptic, and shortly after begins to account for it by incidents of an improbable, though still very possible kind, there are two exceedingly important cautions to be observed: such indications are part of any case to be submitted to a physician; and still more—nothing affirmed by the person thus affected, of any other person, that may in the least degree affect his character, is to be heeded.

A question often arises—are such illusions to be contradicted or reasoned against. This we can only answer by stating, that there are two principles, which may serve to govern sound discretion upon this point. First, irritation should not be unnecessarily inflicted; and secondly, pernicious illusions, such as bear consequences dangerous to the insane person, or to others, must not be in any way confirmed. It is very well known, that a mental illusion, when it is the result of disease, is altogether independent

of the reason; and they who are acquainted with it by experience, are well aware that this is true to the extent, that a person under the influence of mental illusions of this class, can be thoroughly convinced of the fallacy of the impression, while they are at the same time unable to resist it: it affects them like the testimony of the senses, and produces an instinctive belief which cannot be entirely superseded by any force of reason, for more than a moment; the rational conviction passes, and the false impression continues. From this the inutility of reasoning is apparently to be inferred. This, however, has its limits:—in the milder cases, and the earlier stages, the organic affection is not confirmed or extensive; the effect of a strong moral and intellectual reaction may be productive of the best effects. The enlightened physician is aware, that although the disease is ruled to be purely organic, in its proximate cause, yet its origin is often purely moral. Hence the advantage or evil of judicious or ignorant moral treatment. But there is a limit to be found in the other principle, that an illusion leading to evil results, is to be counteracted, resisted, urgently opposed, as the case may call for or admit.

In cases of the kind of insanity under our immediate consideration, the advantage of social intercourse is incalculably great. An affection of this kind, like all moral affections of our nature, can be much alleviated by confidential communication, when judiciously and kindly entertained. The rankling of an unexpressed bitterness is thus expended by confessions; and turned from their channels, by seasonable suggestions into milder courses. But above all, the most deplorable consequences are never truly reached, until a growing dislike to his kind operates to drive the victim of some embittering and corrupting illusion into solitary life. Then a change at once begins, of the most truly lamentable kind. First, reason morbidly acute, changes side, and from being opposed to illusion, begins to support and even systematize it. All previous notions and experience; all things seen, felt, heard, or understood, from this moment, become “confirmations strong” interpreted to accord with illusions no longer resisted. Having

believed for a time, (as has been said,) against reason, the sufferer now believes according to a theory, as firmly evidenced to his own mind as any of the conventional impressions of the social world. He winds his understanding in a web of sophistry, that nothing can henceforward break through; and presently begins to act upon it with resolution and sagacity. Will not this, it may be asked, lead him into absurdities so totally opposed to the laws of society, as to place him within their jurisdiction. It is not a consequence. Assuming his illusion for a first principle, and taking a basis of realities, such as the whole sane portion of his observation presents, he will, with wonderful acuteness and sagacity, adapt his system to that of the world; so that he will be, in his own secluded walk, quite free from any collision with it. Such intercourse as his purpose may require, will be regulated by much more discretion, than he could have exerted at the earlier period of his disease. And why? he is now disciplined by his system—he no longer has two purposes, or two sets of feelings at war within him—his human weaknesses and affections have been obliterated—and he considers those with whom he has to converse, as the instruments of his own purposes, or in some such class. We are, of course, for clearness, taking the extreme case. He is in this state, arrived at a stage of moral disorder, more melancholy than the worst example of intellectual annihilation, that the walls of Bethlehem hospital ever enclosed. A totally hardened and corrupted heart, in which there lingers not a gleam of moral sympathy, or of old affections—or care for, or confidence in mortal. A state the more fatal, because it is not—as seems to be the inference from the writings of medical men—an immediate consequence of disease; but an effect of moral habits, and fallacious theories, which, however caused, are perfectly distinct, both in their growth and principle, from any case of insanity; and strictly reducible into another class of cases, in which the same moral errors, and similar philosophic principles have produced nearly similar results. We say nearly, because an allowance is still to be made for the cooperation of insanity.

In truth, and it is a curious truth, the actual existence of theories, and of classes, who practically maintain theories favourable to the state we have described, has the effect of maintaining, and partially concealing its true character. An insane person of this class—that is to say, possessing his rational faculties entire—can seldom go far without discovering a class of individuals, and a theory, such as to reconcile his *general* notions; the persons he may shun, but their notions he will adopt.

To obtain a true insight into the process we have described is easy. It is only to assume the truth of the illusive notion. By reasoning consequentially upon this, a set of conclusions, and of moral impressions quite distinct from insanity, are to be arrived at. And the person knows little, indeed, of his mind, who is not aware, how these, if sincerely acted on, must gradually alter the whole compound of the man.

The informed reader will probably recollect some curious cases, from which it would be inferred that all the varied consequences of even long continued instances of insanity have disappeared upon convalescence. And we can (stating this in its most difficult form) easily suppose the change of the whole mental action to be so great, or even total, that a system of moral habits, acquired under the operation of disease, may (however explained as to their growth) pass like a dream, and leave the old system of habits to resume their unimpaired dominion. But this admission does not impair our statement; which simply amounts to this, that in such cases of partial insanity, the mind, by rational consequences, and by *its sane processes*, attains a state of disorder which is *not insanity*. Such cases are very slight, so far as actual disease; but they are, in every case to which our experience reaches, either permanent, or subject to a very peculiar modification, in which the illusion gradually and very slowly wears away with the physical powers, leaving the moral condition disordered and depraved. It little matters how this is to be explained.

Practically, we fear, such cases are to be regarded as beyond the reach of human means. But they are peculiarly important, as affording an extended

scope to the search into causes, by sure observation of effects.

There is a large class of cases, connected nearly with the topics we have had under our present notice, of much deeper interest, and demanding a more immediately practical attention. We mean the numerous instances in which, from different causes,

insanity is feared to lurk in the constitution of young persons. A professional volume on this topic, might well claim the public attention. We should be too happy to have the opportunity of introducing such a valuable acquisition in these pages. We shall, at all events, offer some reflections upon the subject in a future number.

WOODWARD'S ESSAYS AND SERMONS.*

THE appearance of such a work as this, at such a time as the present, is to us deeply gratifying. Such are the silent pleas which the church of Ireland professes to the tribunal which is to try the cause between her and her persecutors. She has argued the question of her rights and deserts till even impudence itself has grown dumb if not abashed; she has descended into the arena of *legal* disputation, and won the high triumph of being abused by those who could not confute; she has stood upon the low ground of *political* utility, and established the important truth that she is indeed the keystone of the arch of union between the country she adorns and the nation that professes to rule it; she has done all this, yet *this* is but half of what she may do, and what (we thank Heaven!) she is doing. When before the tribunal of enlightened and candid reason, this church—or any church—has demonstrated her temporal and secular merits, she is not justified to the extent of her justifiable claims; she has proved her expediency as a *human* institution, but it is a different test that is to vindicate her character as a *divine* one;—that is, as one adopted of a heavenly Parent, sustained by His power, favored by His goodness, and inspired with a rich measure of His unbounded wisdom. Such an evidence can only be afforded by the efficient piety of her ministers, their activity in the work of evangelization, their zeal in the diffusion of all real knowledge as subservient to the growth of divine truth, and, as a consequence, their production of those works which preserve for the

ecclesiastical body a place in the van of the enlightened intellects of the age.

The church of Ireland, with many disadvantages, has on the whole nobly fulfilled these demands. But of late years, from a variety of causes, the efforts of the clergy have been more of a practical than of a speculative nature. They have laboured more for the good of the current generation than (except indirectly) for that of future ones;—they have worked more with a view to the concerns of the literal immortality than for that metaphorical immortality which we are wont so fondly to ascribe to the creations of mind. Living in the midst of a divided people, surrounded by an artful and designing priesthood, struggling for the very existence of reformed Christianity in the country, they have been forced to expend their intellectual resources in providing against or remedying the temporary difficulties of a most harassing situation,—in checking by direct opposition the incursions of that powerful heresy which for so many ages has overspread their land, and whose roots are sunk so deep in the soil of human nature, in protecting their scattered flocks from temptations to apostacy almost irresistible, in endeavouring to extend the light of general knowledge in the face of a darkness supported by the deepest policy; and in later times—alas that we should say it!—in the bitter task of obtaining the common necessities that are to sustain the lives which assassination has scarcely spared. Such has been the condition of the Irish clergy; the very zeal of practical piety which would

* Essays, Thoughts and Reflections, and Sermons; by the Rev. H. WOODWARD, A.M. Rector of Fethard, in the diocese of Cashel.—8vo. 1835. London, James Duncan.

have made their more elaborate performances so valuable to the public, acting with all its energy to prevent their attempting them. In the centre of confusion, and of confusion made by their crafty foes to bear special reference to themselves, where shall our churchmen find that calm and collected temper which is indispensable to research on the loftiest subjects of earthly contemplation? It was a singular case, that of the great French painter of ocean scenery who was wont to launch into the midst of storms, in order to catch and transmit instantaneously to his canvass the realities of nature in these her most awful phases: few can be composed enough, when the fiercer tempest of a maddening populace rages round them, to turn to the desk and forget the dangers of the scene in the fervour of the intellectual exertion. Or we might borrow another illustration from the same element, and remind those who may be pleased to censure the church's supposed deficiency in spiritual literature, how hard the pilot has ever found it to take due note of the *heaven* that is above him and draw from thence the knowledge that is to guide himself and his companions in their difficult pathway over earth, with the vessel in which he is borne rocking beneath his steps, and its unsteady motion disturbing all the continuity and definiteness requisite to give any stability or value to his observations.

It is not for us to suggest the remedies that even now might be proposed in order to alleviate this partial defect. We have not time to enter into the details which such an enquiry would demand. But our "reform" would be, we can promise our readers, of a very different kind from the blundering robbery (for it is quite as stupid as it is criminal) which our modern renovators are engaged in accomplishing. Glad indeed should we be if we could behold a system in operation by which the sinecures of our church establishment, instead of being rudely erased from its roll, were secured to that class of clergy (perhaps the highest of all) who, formed more for thinking than acting, and for teaching the age than teaching a parish, are ill adapted for the physically laborious duties of parochial ministrations, and destined by nature and constitution to be, not the armed warriors who sally

from the gates to personal conflict, but the watchmen who sound the trumpet and guide the entire host, crowning the topmost towers of the "City of God."

However this question be determined—and would to Heaven that the heads of the Irish church, taking into their counsel its most prominent ministers, and making a glorious sacrifice of petty jealousies and private ambition, would but lay themselves seriously to consider this and similar difficulties!—however, we say, this promotion of future exertion be thought to be best secured, of one point our own experience leaves us little doubt, and that is, of the creditable advances that *are* made, even in spite of the appalling discouragements which we have noticed, in pure and elevated meditation and the high spirit of Christian philosophy among our clergy. To speak of the practical piety of our rising ministers were wholly unnecessary; even the cant of our enemies admits their "working" and laborious excellence; and we sincerely believe them to be at this moment the most exemplary body of clergy in the world. But our elder ministers have duties beyond this. From them is expected not solely practical piety, but that mature wisdom which, though the result of practical piety, is something yet more: that wisdom which arises when the Spirit of meditation has reduced the varied and manifold results of long experience into one harmonious whole capable of being reproduced by him who has mastered the divine art of instruction, for the confirmation of those who are yet to run their own career of difficulty and danger. Among the members of our church who are most distinguished in this high and holy path, assuredly the author of the volume before us merits a prominent rank. We presume that many of our readers have already enjoyed the privilege of hearing from his own lips that tone of lofty exhortation with which he has occasionally animated the pulpits of our city, and which is continued, or exalted to a still higher strain, in these most interesting pages. A style which combines much of the graceful purity with more than the fervour of the English school of divine literature enables him to convey with touching effect views of the nature of Christian truth and the influences of the affections which it evolves, always

original, often profound, and not unfrequently invested with a character of the highest moral sublimity. It is indeed a book which, though its unaffected style is the very antithesis of ostentation or pretence, we suspect our theological libraries can seldom parallel—one of those which not only is itself pregnant with thought, but has the higher and rarer merit of setting its readers thinking; and—above all—which, not content with this discipline of the intellect, makes it all subservient to the lovelier instruction of the heart. To use a phrase of Mackintosh, a paragraph of it “sets with a blow the two worlds of reason and sentiment in motion.” “Some authors,” says an old writer, “are like the moon which giveth light without heat, some like a stove which giveth heat without light, but the better sort are like the great sun himself which bestoweth light and heat together.”

A book which contains so great a variety of subjects, even our practised criticism can with difficulty characterize, except by general approbation. There is no universal system to be analyzed, no continuous theory to be examined. It is not one vast and uniform structure, but a group of separate edifices of various forms and no mutual connection—except, indeed, that secondary connection which they all derive from the common relation of each individual instance to the one great system of Christian truth. It becomes the duty of the honest critic, who is placed in such a position, to warn his readers that no citations or remarks which he can make, devoted as they must be to particular and isolated subjects, can at all be regarded as doing justice to the merits of the entire work;—a single draught may tell the quality of its own fountain; but, were we to exhaust the fountain itself, it could give us no knowledge (beyond that conjectural knowledge derived from the identity of the soil in which they rise) of all the springs in the neighbourhood.

Reduced to some difficulty in selecting where so much is attractive, let us try the *sortes*, and abide the hazard of fortune. We open upon the third essay. Truly, no very promising topic: *God's knowledge of our past*

and secret history. But as we read, the subject brightens into value, and we begin to wonder how so rich a vein of meditation should have remained so long unwrought. We will let our readers see what pure ore our gifted author can discover in it.

“The devout communion of a soul with God embraces a wide extent of objects, and draws its sustenance from a vast variety of materials. Amongst the rest, there is no more endearing motive to that exercise than the consideration that God is the only being to whom we can appeal, as intimately acquainted, not only with our present thoughts, but with the whole of our past experience. Self-preservation is styled the first law of nature. Nor does this law imply merely the wish that life, and its attendant blessings, should be continued: it includes, in addition, an anxious desire to know that the successive portions of our existence will not perish in the using. The wish is bound up in man's inmost nature, that his past history, with all its fleeting moments and impressions, should be preserved; and that somewhere, independently of his own frail memory, a record should be kept of all he has felt, and all he was. There is then, I say, something unspeakably delightful in the consideration, that this memorial is faithfully registered on high: that our path through the perils of this wilderness, and through all the mazes of our past existence, is traced unerringly upon the map of God's remembrance, is noted in his book, and laid up for ever in the storehouse of his mind.

“I know not how others feel it: but to me, without this consoling thought, the past would press with insufferable weight upon my heart. Carried, as we are, along the stream of time, looking on each object as we pass, and, like the mariner bound from home, straining the eye of memory, till they fade successively from our view, it would be to me, I say, distressing to the last degree, to think that when I had forgotten them, their memorial could nowhere be found. But it is not so. Not a hair of our head has perished. No passing moment which was once our present life, no day of childhood, no sun that ever rose, or evening that ever closed upon our view—none of these have been thrown to the winds of oblivion. All live in the bright consciousness of that Being with whom we hold intercourse in prayer. And may we not indulge the pleasing anticipation

that in our future life we shall be permitted, while we look upon God, to read the record of our past eventful history; to meet again our early days, our dangers, our deliverances, our fears, our hopes, and prayers; to recognize our own portrait, in bright exhibition, and drawn at full length, in the mirror of the infinite mind?

"If this appear too fanciful to some, they will at least admit the following to be a fair conjecture. They will allow that He, who, while here on earth, invited the humblest of his creatures to his familiar presence, continues the same yesterday, today, and for ever. If so, may we not be yet permitted to hold converse with him on the subject of our former lives; to hear his observations upon things we know not now, but which we shall know hereafter; to sit at his feet, and learn from his lips how all the changes and chances of mortality were working together for our good—how, in our darkest days, his hand was in the storm, and his mercy in the raging of the waters; and how both wind and waves arose at his command, to waft us to the land of everlasting life?

"But it is not merely in the general retrospect, but in special instances of fond remembrance, that it is consolatory and delightful to find that there is a witness always at hand. Without this conviction, man would be but a solitary wanderer over the ruins of the past. When the images of days long since departed rise in all their tenderness before him, in vain does he look, amongst his fellow-creatures, for one who can revisit with him the scenes which open to his soul. The companions of those times are, perhaps, now numbered with the dead; or, if still living, other thoughts may occupy their minds. Even if they should retain some interest in the objects which engage him, yet he may want their sympathy at the very moment when they are least at liberty to lend it. Besides, when we invite a fellow-creature to travel back with us to any past event or scene, all that *he* can remember are the outward circumstances, and the objects which then surrounded us. But to the impression which these were making upon our minds—to what is primary in the recollection—to *our* concern and interest in the thing—in a word, to the image which rises before our view, and to the thoughts which press upon the heart: to all these the nearest friend on earth is as insensible as the cold and

lifeless statue. The impression was all our own; and, consequently, in the remembrance of that impression, we are, as it respects human sympathy, isolated and solitary beings.

"It is, then, in this solitude of the soul that we find it good to draw nigh unto God. When days, now lost for ever to those around us, rise in all their freshness to the mind, we feel, with inexpressible comfort, that there is a witness more intimately conscious of their presence than we are ourselves. On such occasions, we instinctively look up to Him, who not only sees the object to which we point, but knows its hold upon our affections, and its bearing upon our hearts, and what it is which throws an air of sacredness around it. Does memory recur to seasons of gloom and trial? We can, with the Psalmist, say, "When I was in heaviness thou knewest my path." Or do we look back on bright and happy days? It was God that gave them all their brightness and all their charm. Do we recall the early years of childhood? He was with us ever since we were born, and "was our hope when we yet hanged on our mother's breast." Or do we, in imagination, place ourselves in the midst of that animated circle who once surrounded us under a father's roof, but now are scattered through the earth, or sleeping in the silence of the grave? Alas! where shall the full heart betake itself, but to the Being before whom the members of that beloved circle were daily assembled, to offer up the morning and the evening sacrifice?"

Do we err when we say that the brightest musings of Hall or Fenelon cannot fairly be said to surpass the soft and solemn beauty of these affecting reflections? The continuation is even more impressive. He shows the pre-eminent blessing of this divine companionship in the visitation of a sorrow occasioned by sudden bereavement: when, in his own musical language, the mourner's "remembrance of things which *were* merges in the animated belief of things which *are*. And thus his departed friend meets him in his solitary contemplations, not as the shadow of what he was, but as the bright substance of what he is—a saint now living an immortal life in heaven."

If we wished to turn the attention of our readers to matter more argumentative, we might refer to the inge-

nious discussions of the second essay ; * to the very valuable descriptions and illustrations of the secret connection discoverable in our Lord's discourses, which may be said to constitute a new species of evidence for the genuineness of the sacred records and the reality of the Saviour's character ; to the analogy traced between the systems of Romanism and Judaism, and the conclusions based on it relative to the millenarian question ; to the very striking speculation as to the final causes of the implantation of the passions of patriotism and loyalty in the human breast, in the eighth essay ; to the metaphysical reflections on the nature of eternity, in the ninth, which at least engage if they do not convince ; and indeed—if we had leisure to make the references—to some part of almost every dissertation in the volume, as they are all characterised by more or less of the same originality and acuteness. But there is no peculiarity of this writer's style which is more calculated to charm than the extraordinary fertility and felicity of his powers of illustration. We must, in spite of our very limited space, subjoin the following beautiful comparison, which forms part of an essay in refutation of the supposition that Christianity alters the subordination of ranks and due influence of wealth in society.

“ Christianity is frequently compared in Scripture to light. And in nothing

does the resemblance hold with more exactness than in this—that neither the one nor the other can, by any description, be made apprehensible, unless the object itself be directly presented to the appropriate faculty. Let us suppose a person to have lived from infancy in a region on which material light had never shone. Let us suppose him to be told, that light was now about to visit that realm of darkness ; that when it came, it would fill, at once, the whole expanse, and be present, at once, in every department and corner of the land. Such a person might naturally conclude, that at the approach of this new visitant the whole system of things must be displaced, and that a general removal must be made, to leave room for the presence of this all-occupying substance. But these false notions would be wholly dissipated when the dawn arose. Then, and not till then, it would be manifested how light can be every where, and yet disturb nothing ; how it can occupy every place, and still remove no former occupant ; how it can, in a word, co-exist with every thing but darkness. Thus it is with that which is, in a higher sense, ‘ the light of the world.’ The office of religion is to fill and to pervade the whole, and shed abroad its influences through every ramification of the system. But it is not its nature or its province to remove the landmarks, or to make way for itself, by levelling the scale and order of society. All notions which imply this arise, more or less, from a want of discerning the spiritual character of religion.

* Which, by-the-by, have been most strangely misrepresented by a facetious, but not very accurate, contemporary reviewer (in the *British Magazine*). Mr. Woodward's object, if we understand him aright, is simply to remind us of the grounds upon which that remarkable ordinance of nature proceeds, that man should be often dependent on the benevolence of his fellows ; and to show that the consequent obligation of benevolence is appointed in the real and ultimate design of Providence for the benefit, not of the *object*, (who plainly might have been assisted without any such intervention, had it been God's good pleasure,) but for that of the *agent*. Upon this, the reviewer talks of the possibility of double motives for the same act (by which he only confirms our author's reasoning) ; and seems astonished that our own advantage should be set down so unblushingly as the sole motive to our social charities. As if, by the very apposite illustration derived from bodily exercise, Mr. Woodward had not guarded against this misconception, and evinced the real nature of his doctrine ; first, that there may be final causes for certain obligations, which it would be injurious to keep in mind while fulfilling these obligations ; secondly, that therefore it is no valid objection to the reality of such final causes to affirm that they ought not to be so kept in mind and made immediate motives of action ; and, thirdly, that nevertheless it may be useful *not wholly to lose sight of* these original causes in the progress of our life and conduct. We regret to have to add that the accounts which are given in the same article of the sentiments of Mr. Woodward, relative to the education of the children of religious parents, are still more grossly erroneous and exaggerated. The reviewer first sets up a phantom, and then overthrows his own creation most valiantly. In sooth, a cheap way of gaining

They are bottomed on a misconception of its mode of operation. They confound the kingdom of grace with the kingdoms of this world; and turn the animating principle into the rival of the very things which it comes down from heaven, not to disturb, but to sanctify, to purify, and to bless."

Some of the occasional reflections, which form the second portion of the volume, are very striking. The apparent enigma, that the crime of being ashamed of the profession of religion should be mainly prevalent among those who profess the *true* one, is strongly expressed and satisfactorily explained.

"And thus, while the votaries of the most senseless superstitions glory in their shame, the worshippers of the true God are ashamed of their glory. In ancient Greece and Rome the gods were honoured with open and ostentatious display. Amongst the Hindoo and other nations of the East, religious rites are matters of pomp and magnificent parade. The Mahometan boasts of the unity of God, and glories in the name of the false prophet. The Jews performed their devotions in the corners of the streets, and for a pretence made long prayers. The Romanist carries the host in triumph through the public ways. It is, in a word, the professors of the true faith alone who know what it is to be ashamed of their religion. Whence this cowardice? this proneness in the soldiers of the cross to desert their standard? It is because their standard is the cross. Other religions are "of the world." They tread with confidence, because they tread on friendly ground."

And there is much ingenuity in the proof of our original destination for happiness, derived from our manifest anxiety to appear to possess it. The statement, however, is altogether too long for citation. In a style somewhat different, how keen and searching is the following description of the *literary* religionist!

"This may illustrate to us the disposition in every man, in some sense, to make a god for himself; or, in other words, to see God through the medium of his own governing tastes and feelings. Of this many examples might be given; but I shall content myself here with one. *There is*, I believe, in what may be termed the mere literary man, a tendency

to think God altogether such an one as himself; to think of him, in a word, as a literary God. His own heart is centred in the love of letters; his highest ambition is to be an author; and, therefore, the God he is chiefly conversant with is the writer of a book, *the Author of the Bible*. It is not the door of mercy opened by a Saviour's merits; it is not the living bread which came down from heaven, or the well of water springing up into everlasting life: it is not the matter, but the manner of the revelation—the mode of expression, the choice of words, and turn of phrase—which engage the mind of the mere literary student."

Perhaps our favourite passage in this portion of the volume is the very forcible view of the real nature of that imaginary solitude which the disposition of man so deeply dreads. "It has," says Mr. Woodward, "no existence in the truth of things. It is a dark illusion of the mind; a spectre which haunts the soul while dead in trespasses and sins, but which flies at the approach of light, and vanishes at the dawn of an eternal day." And this he proves by bringing before us the magnificent assemblage which surrounds the confiding believer in the truths of religion. To him loneliness is impossible: he retires from the tinselled pomps of the world to his closet, only to find himself instantaneously encompassed by the throng of blessed spirits that crowd the levees of the Monarch of the universe—"the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven." What wonder that the human heart should naturally abhor a solitude which in the actual constitution of the world has no real existence?

Of the sermons we have left ourselves no room to speak adequately. But we are not employing the formal eulogies of an indolent (and therefore dishonest) criticism, when we say that in our language we know nothing superior to the tenderness and beauty of some of them. Nor can we easily call to mind any which they strongly resemble. Perhaps Alison, if he were somewhat more scriptural in language and feeling, (we speak not of doctrine, but of style,) might furnish a closer parallel than any other pulpit orator. In defiance of the reclamations of editorial economy, we *must* insert the following fragment from a sermon in be-

half of that invaluable, but we fear too much neglected, Institution—the National Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

“Our Lord appears to have felt peculiar compassion for persons visited with this affliction. When one was brought unto him that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech, Jesus took him aside from the multitude, and looking up to heaven—as if contrasting the miseries of this world with those bright regions where sorrow is unknown—he sighed, and said unto him, ‘Ephphatha, that is, be opened.’ Before he performed the miracle, the whole past life of this isolated wanderer upon earth, and all the cheerless circumstances of one, so long cut off from the common charities and endearments of social converse, at once were pictured to his imagination, and rushed like a torrent upon his heart. All this was known to his omniscient mind. But, alas! how can I adequately describe to you, or apprehend myself, the privations and sufferings of the deaf and dumb? If we have a sense which nature denies to them, they have a knowledge, to which we, happily for ourselves, are strangers. If we have lived in a region shut out from them, amidst concords of sweet sounds, and in a land where every breeze can waft instruction or pleasure to our ears; they have trod a silent desert, and penetrated into lone recesses, which none but the deaf-mute can traverse.

“But it is my duty, as far as I can know it, to tell their sad tale of sorrow. And in doing so, it is equally my duty to bespeak, if I can, your sympathy for another class of sufferers, scarcely less pitiable than they: I mean the parents of children thus heavily afflicted. It is true, that in their case, as well as others, a woman, when she is delivered of her child, remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world. The infant, for a time, returns to her smile for smile, and catches, with dawning intelligence, each token of affection from her eye. But too soon does the unhappy doubt arise; too surely does the sad suspicion force its way through every fond effort to be still deceived; too soon does the agonizing certainty reach a mother's heart, that her child is not like other children; that the life she brought forth in pain, and is to preserve by watchfulness and care, will be but a burden to it, a grief and sorrow to herself. No morning salutation, nor sound of evening blessing—no mother's voice, or accents of a mother's love, will ever reach its

ears. Instead of the delightful task of training up her child in wisdom as in stature, it will be hers to watch the silent process of a solitary being, growing as a root out of a dry ground.”

And here we are compelled to cease. Some of our censors may, indeed, ask us why we ever began. They may deem that a performance of so purely religious a nature has no fitting place in our cabinet. We have no time to give them one-half the answers that crowd our mind. But we will just remind them of the peculiar circumstances of our depressed country—of its narrow circle of existing literature, which all (for its *all* is but little) demands that devoted attention and assistance which our Magazine was first organized to furnish. We confess it, we are Irish—Irish thoroughly, both in our affections and our efforts; and we would feel it a duty, we who are placed to hold unceasing vigil over *Irish* literature, to examine, be it for praise or censure, a volume of commentary on the epic of Goody Two Shoes, which had appeared in our native land, in preference almost to a new poem of Wordsworth, or a posthumous novel of Scott. How much more, then, a work whose religious character certainly does not prevent it from being highly creditable to the reputation of our national intellect. In the crowded literary mart of England it is indeed necessary, or at least convenient, that every species of intellectual commodity should have its own register, and that *distinct* records should be preserved of the produce of every different domain of thought. But with us the case is sadly otherwise: here the progress of mental improvement is miserably impeded; and accordingly we are always glad to have it in our power to encourage it in every department, whether secular or spiritual, where it endeavours to advance. And even if this were not so, even if necessity did not force upon us in Ireland this catholicity of feeling in our literary tastes, a work of the character of that before us calls for our notice. We are *not*, indeed, accustomed to criticise a book of devotional exercises, or a collection of pious aspirations. But God forbid that we should consider the subject of religion in its highest sense as proscribed from

our pages. And here is a work which, with that enlarged spirit of contemplation which genuine Protestantism fosters, is philosophical no less than religious, appeals to reason as well as to faith, and thus invites the attention of *all* who are disposed to exercise their

rational faculties, and are wise enough to think it no intolerable drawback upon the invitation that they happen to be asked to exercise them upon the most momentous subject that can engage the intellect of man.*

* We are happy in announcing that the eagerness of the public so far corroborates our approbation, as to have already exhausted the *first edition* of Mr. Woodward's volume.

ENGLISH THEORIES AND IRISH FACTS.

"Who ever expected knowledge of Ireland from an Englishman? They know more of Siberia or Caffreland than they do of their next door neighbours." Such is the answer of the dispirited and ill-used Protestant, elicited half in indignation, half in apology, for the repeated injuries and insults heaped upon him by his brethren of England, at the instigation of that gang of traitors whom he knows, by long and bitter experience, to have succeeded, by audacious falsehood and sneaking plausibility, in rendering even the noblest feelings of the British people the instruments of their own seditious and murderous designs. Such is also the exhortation employed by the popish ringleaders to encourage their vassals in their career of crime, by the assurance that it will be easy to persuade the people of England that all their exertions to destroy every stay of British connexion are nothing but the noble effusion of the love of liberty, and a desire to enjoy the blessings of the English constitution. The systematic, bold, and ready audacity with which those traitors turn to the destruction of British interests in Ireland, that ignorance of the true state of this country, which is so general, in the sister kingdom, and of which, we blush for our species when we say it, many of our fashionables actually affect to be proud, would be truly surprising, were we not aware of that perfect discipline by which the Romish church communicates to the dullest of her votaries the results of the talents of the most able, and secures that all in their several vocations shall, whether consciously or otherwise, aid the accomplishment of her designs.

It has often been said, and is indeed an opinion too constantly enforced on the observation of the Irish people, of all parties, to be among them a matter of doubt, that Ireland has never been judiciously governed. It has been said that the policy of England has been as mischievous in its omissions as in its acts. It has been said that England has no real desire to improve Ireland to any greater extent than to render her a good recruiting station for her armies, or victualling office for her fleets. All this, and much more has been said by the popish population, influenced by their instinctive and innate hatred of the English name; and by the Protestant under the feeling of disgust at the patronage held out by English policy to those who have revelled, are revelling, and are determined yet more to revel, in the prostration of the religion and the destruction of the property and lives of his kinsmen and fellow-christians. All this has been said; but all this is not strictly true.

"What!" our English readers will exclaim, "is this all you can say in answer to such charges?" No, this is not all we intend to say in the defence of our English brethren. We have indeed denied a part of the accusation, though well aware how small a part that is, compared with that which is too woefully true to admit of question in the mind of any one acquainted with the past history, or present state of our unhappy island. But, while we admit the facts of misgovernment, while we attribute them, in many instances, to motives in the breasts of individuals at least as bad as any of which the British nation is accused, yet we would

stand up to vindicate that nation in general from any participation in those motives, we would advance, in excuse of her omissions, that many of them were caused by despair at the ill success of her acts, and we would account for the mischievous results of those acts by endeavouring to demonstrate that they originated, not in a desire to promote discord, to encourage superstition, error, and crime, and to retard civilization, but in a vain desire to reconcile things essentially at variance, and in a mistaken attempt to apply to Ireland the principles of English government, before she had by any preparatory process been qualified to receive them.

If our brethren on the other side of the channel would but consider what little hope there would have been of their attaining the advanced state in which they are now, if their present system and principles of social organization had been suddenly forced on their ancestors at the period of the wars of York and Lancaster, they will see how idle the task is of persisting in treating the savage, superstitious papistry of Ireland, as if they were educated, loyal, civilized yeomanry.

Much of the mismanagement of Ireland, which has now gone on for so many generations as to make it seem as if the kingdom possessed an especial and intrinsic talent for misery, may be traced to its situation, not as rendering such a situation of things necessary, but as inducing the errors in which the evil originated.

When we say that it is our opinion that much of the mistaken policy adopted towards Ireland has been induced by her situation, we would be understood to mean, that her close proximity to England has prevented her being treated like a colony, when in fact, her separation by the sea, and the circumstances of her original junction with Great Britain, made it as necessary to apply the colonial policy to Ireland, as to Canada or Australia.—What is the difference then of our colonial and domestic policy? Precisely this. In our colonies we maintain our footing at first by a powerful standing army; we make laws suited to the circumstances of the colony; we examine the character and habits of the natives; if we have any hope of render-

ing them good subjects, we instantly apply the whole influence of government to root out their superstition, to improve their ideas of comfort, and to induce regular habits, to encourage manufactures, to diffuse education, and above all, and as a principal means of attaining all this, to enforce a strict obedience to the laws; and when we have brought them to a complete conformity to English habits and laws, we then, but not sooner, begin to think of admitting them to British privileges.

Now, had this been our policy regarding Ireland? In one part of the kingdom, James the First put in operation somewhat of this system of civilization; he introduced a great body of persons, thoroughly trained to British principles and habits, and he instituted such a system of laws and regulations as, even in the imperfect manner in which they were acted on by the short-sighted and selfish colonists, succeeded in rendering that part of Ireland, which was, till then, by far the most savage and the most hostile to England, not only the most civilized, educated, and peaceful, but actually that portion which at this day supports the connexion of the two islands. It may indeed with truth be said of that sovereign, the weaknesses and eccentricities of whose character are more remembered than his virtues and wise political designs, that he effected more to forward and secure the power and glory of England than any other prince, except Edward the First. Edward saw that it would be impossible for England ever to attain a first rank among empires, while hostile and independent nations occupied different parts of the same island; he therefore applied himself, not perhaps in the most just and honorable manner, to reduce Scotland and Wales, and in a great degree succeeded in laying the foundation at least of a future consolidation of the empire. The Reformation did more to complete this work, however, than even the accession of the house of Stuart to the English throne, or the birth of Edward the Second. In the time of James men had become better acquainted, not only with geography, but with the effect upon nations of their relative geographical position. He accordingly, with that sound wisdom and high sense of duty, which seemed so confined to acts

of importance as not to prevent him from rendering himself, in trifles of daily life, one of the most ridiculous and contemptible of modern sovereigns, perceived, that as Ireland became more populous, and nations became better acquainted with, and more capable of acting on, each other, it was absolutely necessary that Ireland should be reduced to a conformity with England in religion, manners and laws, in order to prevent its being rendered an instrument in the hand of the enemies of England, by which to divide her strength and waste her resources. James felt that there was no alternative between Ireland being a mainstay of strength, or a constant thorn in the side, increasing in proportion as its resources were developed, and the superstition of its natives was increased and made more dangerous by a false system of education. He, therefore, applied himself boldly to the root of the evil ; he attacked the enemy at first in his citadel, and he chose the most barbarous portion of the kingdom for the experiment. The peaceful, moral, religious, and civilized province of Ulster, that part of Ireland, the British character of which has reduced the foes of English connexion, the popish agitators, to derive their sole hopes of ruining Great Britain, and extirpating true religion, from the bold and crafty attempt to render England the author of her own destruction, and to induce her to put into their hands the keys of the citadel which they despaired to take by open force ; that province which presents almost the only spot where social order, tranquillity, and the Protestant faith, the cause and the sure accompaniment of both, now raise their heads, was the offspring of the policy of James the First. Had that system been executed up to his intentions, and extended to the whole island, the power of the empire would be at this moment doubled, and its tranquillity secured. James looked on Ireland as a British colony, the close proximity of which only rendered it more urgently necessary to pursue towards it a colonial policy, until every vestige of distinction, not in rights and privileges, but in religion, habits, and feelings between the two countries, should be absolutely extinct. He knew by experience that while a slight

difference in their views upon church government, did not prevent two portions of a Protestant state from acting together in the most sincere harmony for the public good ; yet that so utterly incompatible were the doctrines of Popery, even though veiled and modified so as to present their fairest front, not only with the existence of any real community of feeling with Protestant England, but even with the very principles and nature of British liberty and laws, but that he felt that the influence of their superstition must be broken down before any substantial improvement in the state of the island could be hoped for. The course of policy then which James considered necessary to attain the great object of tranquillizing Ireland, and which he in part executed with such success, was not that of conferring on the natives all the privileges of British Protestants, encouraging and endowing national colleges to propagate superstitious idolatry, and removing all inducement to conform to the religion, habits and principles of the rest of the empire, but that of implanting such a mass of Protestants as should ensure peace ; and by a union of example, influence, and religious education, inducing conformity among the natives. It would have endangered the head of "Steenie" himself, to have proposed to that prince the establishment of a Maynooth seminary, as a means of infusing British principles and loyalty into his colony.

The first and leading error, to which may be traced a great part, at least, of the mismanagement of this country, is the supposition that its mere proximity to Great Britain is in itself sufficient to render its natives qualified to enjoy British privileges, and fit to be trusted with legislative powers ; and that the qualifications requisite to persons to be endued with political influence, arises from numbers or local situation, rather than from moral character as a class of society. The modes in which this theory has been brought to bear injuriously on the welfare of Ireland, are too numerous to be detailed ; but the result has been, that the English people—those at least who took any interest in Irish affairs—have been alternately labouring to raise a noble superstructure without a

foundation, or viewing with despair that failure of their most philanthropic theories, which they attributed to some fatality which forbid the improvement of the island, or as we shall take the liberty of calling it, the colony, instead of perceiving that it was no more than the necessary result of the weak and unstatesmanlike project of producing civilization by acting as if the people were actually already civilized, and engrafting all the powers conferred by the constitution on loyal and trustworthy citizens, upon persons labouring under the darkest thralldom of superstition, and inflamed by the most deep-rooted hatred of every thing connected with those whom they viewed as tyrannical conquerors and excommunicated heretics. It must be remembered that the effect of every such attempt was two-fold. The acts of England were those of an external power, but of that power which originally planted the colony. The colonists themselves were necessarily acquainted with the true state of things, while they were also most deeply involved in the result of such experiments, the failure of which, while it encouraged the natives, disgusted and alienated the colonists. From this theory have resulted the concessions made successively by England to Irish agitators, the total failure of which in inducing anything like gratitude or loyalty, and their direct effect in raising their demands, and increasing the audacity of their protégés, has greatly surprised the English people ; who yet seem carefully to close their eyes to the somewhat humiliating recollection, that every single fact that has occurred, was clearly, coolly, and demonstratively pointed out to them so long since as the first introduction of the fatal measure of popish emancipation into parliament. They then turn round, and, with the greatest calmness, say to us, "You, Irish, are most unreasonable, you are always fighting among yourselves." Now this is, as we "Irish" say, really too bad. The phrase "you Irish" is in itself an illustration of the whole policy of Great Britain towards this country. They planted us here as a colony, for the purpose of supporting their power, not with the help of, but directly in opposition to, the desperate, treacherous, and restless hatred of those

natives, whose national feelings and political creed alike forbid the possibility of any reconciliation to, or toleration of British connexion. They sent us over here, not merely to control, but to reform these natives ; in short, they planted the colony for the express purpose of retaining and improving Ireland ; and on the avowed understanding that the duty and value of the colonists was to consist in their bringing the natives to a conformity with the new system. Such was the purpose, the plain, wise, rational, and necessary purpose, for which the English nation colonized Ireland with English, Scotch, and Welch ; and yet no sooner are these said colonists convicted, not, be it remembered, of murdering the natives, not even of persecuting them, but actually of differing from them, of not having assimilated to those very superstitions, manners, feelings, and principles, the extirpation of which was the very object of our mission. Then forth flows from all corners of the mother country a torrent of righteous indignation against our intolerant bigotry and tyrannical exclusiveness, and we hear ourselves confounded with the native savages in the reproachful exclamation—"You Irish are always differing among yourselves." This exclamation is followed by soothing encouragement to the recusant natives, and by laws enacted in their favor ; and to all succeeds the sage and philosophic expression of surprise, why the reformation should have failed in Ireland ?

This is a light, and we would even, when comparing it with the actual details, consider a favourable view of the policy pursued towards Ireland by Great Britain, yet, monstrous as this must seem, we would unhesitatingly repeat, that while too much indifference has been displayed towards the real interests of Ireland, and too much indolence has been allowed to prevent them from acquiring practical acquaintance with the true state of their country, and from examining their own theories with sufficient care, yet that our English brethren have in many of these mischievous errors been actuated by the very best and most generous principles of their nature, and the most sincere and disinterested philanthropy, and desire to fulfil their duty and to benefit

this island ; nay, more, we would admit that the baneful results of one error, had a strong natural tendency to lead them into the next, especially when acting upon mistaken principles, and comparative ignorance of facts. But while we would disclaim the intention, and shun the appearance of every harsh language or feeling, and while we feel assured that England is at length becoming acquainted with its mistake and deriving valuable experience from the conduct of those perjured and ungrateful traitors whom it has so long encouraged, and at length admitted to a share in its legislation, we feel it not less our duty to take every opportunity of exposing the most ruinous causes of these ruinous effects of Anglo-Irish policy.

We have laid it down as our most decided opinion, and one which we think will be confirmed by the most intimate study of our national history and circumstances, that the leading English theory, as contrasted with the Irish fact, to which all or most of the errors in policy of which we complain may be traced, is the supposition that Ireland being an integral part of the empire, the native Irish were qualified to be treated as citizens of that empire. The source of this error was simply this : the numbers of the colonists produced a similarity of feeling and action between the ostensible portion of the the people and the mother country, which induced the latter to forget that every particle of British character for which they gave credit to the whole nation, was in fact confined to the British colonists. Thence also they acquired a habit of confounding the natives with the colonists, who are in reality at this day as distinct, or nearly so, from them in feelings, character, and principles, as at the period of their first colonization. They would have started at the idea of treating the natives as English citizens, when they saw their character displaying itself in its full vigour on their first acquaintance with the island. Any man who had at that time proposed to give them the power of legislating even for their own island, not to say for the whole empire, would have been deemed insane. Do these suppose that such a change has been wrought in these people in the interval, as to

qualify them for this office ? or rather, to speak more correctly, do they suppose that such a change has been made in their moral and religious character in that interval, as to render them so much more improved in proportion to the people of England, that they who were notoriously unfit to be trusted with the power of legislating for England in the state in which England and Ireland were four centuries since, should now be qualified to be trusted with such power in the state in which England and Ireland are at this day ? for if the proportionate civilization, not of the two nations, but of the one nation, and the aboriginal portion of the other, be not materially altered, it is obvious that that aboriginal portion is as unfit to legislate for the former now as at any previous period. Now, what grounds have the British nation for the supposition, nay, for such a certainty as would justify the alteration of their constitution in consequence, that this gigantic improvement has actually taken place ? This question is very easily answered. These people have in several parts of the island learned a smattering of the English language ; a few of them have been taught to spell and read ; they have imitated to a certain extent, the English habit of enclosing fields and living in houses, and have adopted a few of the most obvious conveniences of clothing and tillage. Imperfect, however, as are their ideas of comfort or cleanliness, even these seem rather imposed on them by the necessity of intercourse with the colonists, than by any natural taste. These are, we fearlessly assert, the sole grounds which have induced the supposition, that these people are so changed from what they were at the first colonization of the island, that whereas at that time they were confessedly unfit to legislate, even for themselves—they are now competent lawgivers for themselves, for the colonists, and for the whole British empire. And all this improvement is to be presumed on such trivial grounds as we have described, and in open defiance of the glaring facts, that they retain their old idolatrous superstitions in their grossest form ; that they glory in the most audacious violation of the laws ; that they boast of their hatred to Britain ; and that this very hatred is

selected by their ring-leaders as the most powerful and deep-rooted motive by which to urge them to action; and that they daily and hourly display a ferocity more brutal and sanguinary than what they showed four centuries since. Yet these are the beings to whom an English parliament entrusted the office of appointing legislators to alter or destroy our institutions, properties, and even our lives. We shall not enter at length into the motives which induced a British parliament to try this fatal experiment. Some were actuated by that mock liberality which proceeds from secret dislike to religion, or total and wilful misconception of the term charity. Some were desirous to gain the assistance upon which they knew they could securely count in furthering their own revolutionary schemes. Some were guided by that feeling which is common to timid politicians and cowardly soldiers, when each man runs away because his neighbour runs away; and this he calls yielding with a philosophical enlargement of mind to the spirit of the times. Some thought that because the measure had been often proposed, it must at length be passed, and hoped by voting for it, to rid themselves of any further trouble on the subject. Many, ignorant alike of the Irish character and the popish religion, hoped by granting power to that church to weaken its influence. The result, the bitter, the degrading result, has already forced itself on the attention of the empire; and Great Britain has seen the day when the majority of her representatives, expressing her national feelings, have been trampled down and dictated to by the insensate insolence of savages, nurtured by their agitators in hatred to British connection, and trained by their priests in the belief that heaven is like the pit of a theatre, where admission can be gained by paying money at the door. Such has been, and such will be in a far greater degree, the reward which Britain will reap for that unconstitutional, irreligious, and irrational act, which consummated the errors of the Irish policy. It is little better than hypocrisy to say that we pity her; that we, whose liberties, religion, and lives have been sported with in the whirlpool of unconstitutional experiment, who have seen her errors from the

commencement, and have witnessed the bigoted contempt with which our faithful warnings were disregarded for the hollow sophistries and audacious lies of those traitors, who, having for centuries laboured in vain to destroy Great Britain, at length adopted the more successful plan of inducing her to destroy herself. It were little better than hypocrisy to say that we could pity England for the consequences of the emancipation act—for the effects of having taken the legislative power from the hands of accomplished and honorable gentlemen, to confer it upon disaffected and superstitious bores. We do not pity England, because she has richly deserved these consequences. We do not pity England, because we are assured that this lesson will do her good; and that, however painful, degrading, and mischievous it may be, that the majority of her representatives should day after day be overborne, and a ministry in whom she places no confidence be supported in office by a gang of perjured papists, who feeling themselves as much cut off from others by their manners and station, as united among themselves by restless disaffection, band together like a pack of wolves upon every measure; yet we feel a strong, and, we think, a well-grounded hope, that she will be aroused to the necessity of retracing her steps, and altering her Irish policy before it is wholly too late; and that she will become aware that the progress of information, and facility of intercourse, acting as a syphon between the countries, if she does not raise, not the power and privileges, but the habit and principles, of Connaught and Munster to the standard of Kent and Yorkshire, will sink the latter to the level of the former.

But the emancipation act, as it is absurdly called, was not the sole, though the principal and most efficient, evil consequence of the unfounded theory that the native Irish were assimilated in feelings and character to the colonists, or to the English; or that the best means to produce such an assimilation was to confer political power and privileges upon them, and thus to remove every earthly inducement to improve. It is the habit of those to whom the government of this ill-fated country has been committed, rather to

look to the beauty of the means than their adaptation to the end to be attained; rather to consider whether their measures are suited to the ideas and tastes of the people of England than to the peculiar circumstances and character of the native Irish, and as soon as experience and acquaintance with Irish facts had induced any of those persons to alter his English theories or change his line of policy, he was immediately recalled by the government at the other side as being no longer fit to fulfil his office. Improvement under such a system was hopeless. Even to retain possession would have been impossible but for the powerful strength of the garrison of colonists; yet we hear persons coolly expressing their surprise that Protestantism and its concomitant civilization should have made so little progress in Ireland; and saying that the church of Ireland had neglected its duty, and was in fact a useless establishment; when the fact is, that the only ground of surprise to the rational investigator of Irish history is, how, under such a system, the church is able to support its existence, working, as it has done, against a most powerful tide of opposition from without, and either neglect, or yet more baneful interference and discouragement, from at home.

It may be true that the church of Ireland has not at all times exerted itself as much as it ought to have done, and that, even under existing circumstances, somewhat more might have been than actually has been effected. To admit this is no more than to acknowledge that its members have been human beings; and does not even militate against the assertion, the truth of which we firmly believe, that the church of Ireland is the most pure and perfect institution of the kind in the world. But for those who have wholly neglected their own duty, nay, have actually been zealously engaged in preventing the success which they presume to blame the church of Ireland for not having effected; for them to call that church an inefficient establishment—for the landlords who have preferred papist tenants—for the masters who have chosen papist servants—for the gentry who have patronised papist tradesmen, and the farmers who have encouraged

papist cottagers and labourers, and this to such an extent and with such persevering uniformity as not only to hold out a constant premium to the natives for continuing in their ancient superstition and retaining all those half-savage tenets, and principles which it was the duty of England to have exerted her whole power to extirpate, but actually to render it difficult for the poorer colonist himself to resist the powerful temptation to adopt the idolatry and character of the native—for these men to stalk forth and charge the consequences of their own selfish, unprincipled, and narrow-minded criminality upon that system which in spite of their endeavours has succeeded in maintaining Protestantism and civilization, and even in some degree extending their influence—this may be natural, but, if it be, it is natural depravity.

We cannot, indeed, be surprised that such men should gladly grasp at the opportunity of undoing the Irish Protestant church, the scapegoat of their iniquities; but however they may in this nefarious attempt succeed for a moment, the truth will soon be made manifest, and the guilt of the present state of Ireland be heaped, as it deserves, on the head of English government and Anglo-Irish religious covetousness.

But to proceed: one of the most remarkable instances of an English theory, contrasted with the Irish result, and originating in the administration of Irish affairs by men acquainted only with English habits and character, is to be found in the constant habit of instituting, or permitting to be instituted, government investigations and prosecutions against the magistracy and police for the execution of their duty. Now this is frequently done from the most sincere desire to vindicate the cause of justice; and, as in the case of court martials in the navy on officers whose ships have been fairly captured, merely with a view to clear the character of the accused: but on the other hand, they are more commonly instituted in subservience to the mean, vacillating, miserable, double-dealing policy, which, instead of manfully standing forth to avenge the insulted majesty of the law, at one moment makes a puny effort to enforce it, and the next

soothes and apologises to the rebels for having attempted to control them. But the ruinous effects of this system are not confined to the cases where the motive is such as we have last described; and to understand the reasons why this practice, even in cases in which in England it would be beneficial, is in this country productive of the worst results, it will be necessary to compare briefly the character of the two nations, as natural, and as fostered by circumstances. Steadiness is the characteristic of the English, quickness of the Irish, character. The laws of England having been of their own creation, enforced by themselves, or rather by officers chosen from themselves, and with that uniformity which is the result of the national character, and looked on rather as bonds of social, than engines of political government; the disposition of the English is to obey the laws, unless powerfully tempted to the contrary; and, viewing the laws rather as friends than as enemies, they do not consider a trial as a condemnation. In Ireland, on the contrary, these laws are viewed by the unreclaimed part of the population as the arbitrary enactments of foreign power. They have, moreover, never been steadily enforced. These and many other motives, acting on the quick talent which prefers a shilling obtained by ingenuity and danger to a guinea earned by honest industry, have, from generation to generation, with the un-failing aid of the popish priesthood, whose power over their flocks was increased by the number of crimes to which they were made privy by the confessional, reared up the lower Irish papist in the idea that the law and all that enforced it were fair game; the most innocent effects of which principle were poaching, smuggling, and bailiff-beating, but which, engrafted on political designs and religious conspiracy, burst forth in the perpetration of crimes to which no other power but popery could ever have depraved the naturally warm and generous heart of the native Irish.

The worst cause, however, is the unsteadiness of the administration of the law. In proportion to the talent of the individual will be the disposition to overrate the chance of escape, and to underrate that of punishments; so

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that if we consider what are the inducements to commit crime resulting from the hope of impunity, viz. the possibility that the crime may not be discovered; that the perpetrator may not be known; that if known, he may not be corrected; if arrested, tried; if tried, convicted; or if convicted, punished; we shall readily see that all these chances are actually increased in proportion to the talent of the criminal, and that they are yet further magnified by his imagination and consciousness of ingenuity. When we consider, then, the character of the native Irish, it becomes obvious that the greatest activity should be used in enforcing the law. That every possible means should be taken to impress on the people the idea that conviction is the necessary result of crime, and punishment the necessary result of conviction. Now, we fearlessly assert that the system pursued for ages in Ireland, has been directly the opposite. That system has been arbitrary and despotic—despotic, not in degrees, but in nature: for the government, and even the magistracy of Ireland, have assumed to themselves the power of dispensing with the laws at pleasure. The government of Ireland have presumed to take the liberty of enforcing only such laws as they approved. They have, in fact, constituted themselves a legislative body. Now, we tell the government of Great Britain, that they are a purely executive machine; that they have no more power to choose when they will enforce a law, or even to soften its most rigorous provisions, unless where such a power is granted to them by express statute, than they have to consecrate a bishop or confer an academical degree. We tell the British government that this assumption of power is not only unconstitutional, but that it has produced more evil in Ireland, than perhaps any other cause in existence.

If there is any feature in the Irish character more prominent than the rest, it is the disposition to trace disagreeable events to any possible cause, however improbable and absurd, rather than to their own acts. If a master discharges a drunken or dishonest footman, not only the culprit, but all his fellows, attribute this, not to the fault of the man, but to the influence

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of some other servant, or even of some friend of the family. The lower Irish always prefer to discover a circuitous rather than a direct cause. If a man is hanged for an offence, they attribute it to his having belonged to a particular party. If he is pardoned, to the influence of a judge, a juror, or a magistrate. This forms another source of influence to the popish priesthood, who always take to themselves the merit of preventing the enforcement of the law. It is obvious that with a people like this prosecutions should be active and uniform, punishments should be definite, and pardons exceedingly rare.

Now the fact is, that there is a greater power exercised by the Irish government of not enforcing laws, a greater uncertainty in the statutory punishment, and more frequent pardons, than in any other part of the empire. The government also act on the extraordinary principle, that the degree in which indulgence should be shewn to any particular violation of the law should be in proportion to its prevalence, that is, it should bear, not an inverse, as it ought to be, but a direct proportion to that prevalence. The proposition that a law should be abrogated the instant that it becomes disagreeable to those whom it was designed to control, is no doubt sufficiently absurd; but what shall be said to the notion that a government invested with powers purely executive should assume a right to neglect the enforcement of the laws in proportion to the refractory and uncivilized hostility to them displayed by the natives? yet such has been, not in one or two instances merely, but so constantly as almost to amount to a system, the principle on which Ireland has been governed.

It is easily seen how such a system must tend to increase the disposition we have noticed; and to induce the lower Irish to regard a government prosecution as a proof of the hostility of government to the accused, and of their disapprobation of his acts, rather than as a regular and necessary means of ascertaining, either whether he committed the acts, or whether those acts were blameable or praiseworthy, and laying the guilt upon the right persons. The effect of this is to

induce these people to confound a trial with a conviction, at least so far as the feelings of the government are concerned. To illustrate this by an instance. A ringleader of ribbonmen is instigating a peasant to attack and burn a house and its inmates; or a priest, in admonishing his flock, to rescue a distress for tithes. The savage replies, that certain of his friends had been killed by the police in a similar attempt. The ready, and to them satisfactory reply is this, "Well, but were not the police *tried* for it." The police were tried and *acquitted*, but the prosecution was viewed as a proof of the indignation of the government against those who enforced the law, and the acquittal as evidence of the want of true Irish spirit in the jury. The unhappy wretch goes off on his mission of treachery and blood, encouraged by the thought that the government secretly approve his acts, and that the magistracy and police, having been visited with a public prosecution for having interfered with him before, will not be willing to expose themselves to another.

And he judges rightly, for it were to expect more than human sense of duty to suppose that those men would willingly hazard a second chance of a jury who would view their execution as a grateful offering to their favourite superstition. When we state our most decided conviction that such conduct is in the highest degree injurious to Ireland, we would be understood to speak of such cases when the facts are publicly known, and where the government, fully aware that the taking away of life, or other act done by the officers of the law, took place in the execution of their duty, intend the prosecution as a means of justifying them. There are two other cases of which we would use different language. The one, where there is reasonable ground to suspect that the police transgressed their duty, in which case an investigation is necessary; the other, which too frequently has occurred of late, where a government, supported in office by a seditious faction, and owing their places and the success of their measures to the cooperation of the public enemy, are afraid to sanction the enforcement of those laws which would tend to prevent or retard the

treasonable projects of their allies. To say that prostitution, such as this, of the forms of justice to the encouragement of disaffection and crime, must be in the highest degree destructive to the welfare of the country and to the respect for the laws, is indeed needless ; to say that it ought to be visited with the heaviest consequences of a parliamentary impeachment, is to say less than its criminality deserves.

It may be asked, " Would you then advocate the principle that the persons charged with enforcing the laws in Ireland should be allowed to shed the blood of the people without even an enquiry being made as to their motives ? " We reply, we would give them the rights to which private individuals are entitled. Some years since a gentleman in the south of Ireland, being aroused from his bed by the sound of robbers entering his house, and finding no weapon at hand, save a carving knife, seized it, stationed himself at his bed-room door, and stabbed to the heart successively the three first of the gang as they entered. The fourth grappled with him and both rolled in mortal strife upon the floor. The gentleman made an ineffectual attempt to stab the ruffian, and perceiving the point of the weapon was turned, he deliberately straightened it on the floor, and killed him also. The remainder of the gang fled. The gentleman in reward for his heroism received the honour of Knighthood. Had he lived in these days, and seen a policeman defending his life against the murderous assault of a gang of Whitefeet, he would have been most fortunate if he were not honoured with a crown prosecution before a jury composed of the accomplices of the ruffians from whose presence he had liberated society, and, even if acquitted, yet dismissed from his situation for having endeavoured to check " the patriotism and love of liberty of the Irish people."

It is, doubtless, well known to our readers that the fortifications of the Dardanelles consist, in a great degree, of huge mortars cut in the rock, for the purpose of throwing stone bullets into the enemy's vessels passing underneath. Let us suppose one of these great masses falling on the deck of a ship, and, as was not unfrequent, forcing its

fearful way clear through the deck and out at the bottom. What should we think of the captain who, in such a case, would summon all the carpenters to repair the deck, while the sea was momentarily rushing in at the bottom ? Or should we much more approve of his skill, if he ordered all hands to the pumps, but took no measures to stop the leak ? Yet this is a just illustration of Anglo-Irish policy. The leak, the fatal leak, which, whatever exertions may be made to diminish its effects, debilitates the strength, destroys the peace, depraves the heart, and imposes a veto on the improvement of Ireland, is—Popery. Yet the remedy proposed for the evils of Ireland is bodily employment, and such species of education as "*will not interfere* with the superstition of the natives." There is no doubt that the fracture in the deck ought to be repaired, and the pumps to be kept working. There is no doubt that every means should be adopted to employ the Irish peasantry, and to give them general instruction ; but we distinctly assert that the first, or, to speak more correctly, the principal, remedy (as all may be cotemporaneous) for the evils of Ireland, is its conversion from popery ; and, without this, all systems for the improvement of this country are not merely vain and fruitless, but actually baneful, inasmuch as men are more dangerous as their natural powers and resources are increased, if their dispositions are not improved in at least an equal proportion. We tell the people of England that the exclusive feeling, the crimes, the hostility to England, manifested by the native Irish, result from popery ; and we prove our assertion by the fact, that the instant an Irishman becomes Protestant he abandons all these qualities, and the moment an Irishman becomes papist he acquires them.

We shall state an instance, which shews more eloquently than words can do, the justice of our assertion, that while popery is encouraged in Ireland, it is vain to attempt to ameliorate the condition of that country, even by the most unbounded munificence, or the most elaborate enactments.

It is, no doubt, fresh in the recollection of all who read these pages ; it is certainly so in that of the Irish Protestants, always glad of an opportunity

of being grateful to English generosity, that at a time, not long since past, when a famine had been partly brought upon the nation by the fiendish outrages of the native Irishry, in burning all the stores of provisions, and neglecting their farms, while engaged in treasonable excursions, the English people, with that noble munificence which is one of their most genuine characteristics, raised a subscription to an immense amount to relieve the sufferers of all persuasions. Well do we remember the sensation caused by that act ; well do we remember the warm gratitude and admiration expressed by the poorer classes of Protestants. We also remember the eulogies passed at some meetings of the papist agitators, in those places where they knew it would be reported to the people of England, whom it was their policy to deceive. We hear our readers exclaiming at the illiberal tone of this statement ;—justly, no doubt, if the statement were to stop here. Ere they come to such a conclusion, let them, however, mark the following facts, for the truth of which we pledge our veracity, and let them then proceed to pass judgment on our illiberality. Well do we remember observing that to the feeling we have described there appeared no responsive chord in the hearts of the lower orders of papists, the very class to whose atrocities the distress was owing, and to the relief of whom the money had, in many cases, been, by the contrivance of the priesthood, *exclusively* applied. On inquiring into the cause of such obstinate, we had almost said brutal, ingratitude, they coolly informed us that the people of England never had subscribed any such sum ; that the whole was a legacy left by the late King ; and, to remove the necessity of gratitude even to the memory of a Protestant and a British sovereign, they added, and, as they stated, on the best authority, for they were told it by the priest, that this was done in remorse, in payment of a sum left by James the Second by his will, to be applied to *clear off money borrowed by him in Ireland*. Thus did they, by the aid and instigation of their priesthood, and influenced by hereditary and religious hatred to England, invent, and persuade themselves and each other into believing this monstrous fabrication, rather than endure the idea of gratitude to a

nation of heretics, and in order to turn the noble generosity of that nation into a tardy disingenuous act of justice.

Are such then the people of Ireland ? God forbid ! Such are not indeed the people of Ireland, for Protestantism is not yet, nor shall, be extinguished in Ireland ; but such are the class of native papists, who combine the brutality of savages with the craft and ingenuity of civilized life, and whom Irish demagogues and English theorists, and they alone, dignify with the title of the “ people of Ireland.”

We ask our English brethren what hope can they entertain of gaining the affections of a people labouring under such baneful influence ; a people who would assert that Ireland was not an island, or that the Atlantic was a rivulet, rather than admit the remotest tinge of kindly feeling towards that nation which is at this moment sacrificing her only Irish friends to favor and promote the dark and deep-laid designs of these ungrateful traitors ? We ask them, why should they attempt to give power to a people whose highest aim and most sacred object is the ruin of England ; and who are not only disposed by inveterate prejudice, but daily taught, by the priests of their idolatry, to turn every power and resource they would thus obtain to the injury of Great Britain ? Why should they at the national expense educate them in the tenets of their anti-English superstition ? They would reply, perhaps, that they hoped by degrees to weaken the influence of popery ; that any education is nearer to Protestantism than none. We tell our English brethren that Protestantism was not with them—was not with their ancestors—was not, nor ever will be, with any individual, or any nation, the fatherless and accidental offspring of the undirected depravity of the natural intellect of man. Mere intellectual education will never produce Protestantism ; employment, commerce, wealth, will never produce Protestantism : and without Protestantism the sun of virtue, peace and happiness, can never rise upon the Irish shores. True it is that all these things should be done, that they should be done actively, energetically, perseveringly. True it is that they should long since have been done, not merely for the sake of Ireland—for the sake of Eng-

land, of the empire at large, the resources of this country should have been called forth by the uttermost power of that empire. But we deprecate the theory that these alone can improve Ireland; that these alone can benefit the empire—we deprecate the theory which would whet the edge of the weapon while the point is aimed at our breast, and the hilt in the hand of our deadly enemy. All these measures will, indeed, be beneficial to the empire when united with a steady, fearless enforcement of the law, and, above all things, a system of Protestant religious education.

We shall next notice another most preposterous theory which appears prevalent in the sister island, and than which none can be more opposite to the fact. It is the theory which induces some persons to denominate, and what is worse to treat, the popish part of the native Irish as the Irish people. Now, what would these sage theorists, we address ourselves to those who are misled, not to the crafty knaves who are deliberately misleading them, what would they think of the sanity of any man who was to call the pedlars, gypsies, manufacturers' apprentices, day labourers, and paupers of England, "the people of England?" Yet these classes and those of the same level bear a greater numerical, and at least as great a moral, proportion to the other inhabitants as the papist Irish do to the Protestant. Would they then deem them more worthy of this title, if they all united in adopting a creed at variance with the established religion, or if they had for generations been signalized by repeated violation of the law; and contempt of the principles of social order and civilization? Yet because this class in Ireland, a portion of the inhabitants neither by rank, wealth, education, property, or any other title whatever, possessed of a right to any influence in Ireland, yet call themselves, and are called by their slave-drivers "the agitators," "the Irish people." The people of England acquiesce in the impudent assumption, and think, theorize, speak, act, and legislate, as if the whole body of the land-owners, farmers, merchants, clergy, nobility and gentry, as well as above a million and a half of the finest peasantry of Ireland, had been actually already annihilated.

This is surely sufficiently absurd; but we have not done with the theorists. Of all the errors prevalent in the minds of the English people, perhaps the worst in its consequences, and yet the most excusable, is the notion that with respect to the subject of scriptural education the people of Ireland are divided into two parties, Protestants who will not have education without the Scriptures, and papists who will not endure it with the Scriptures. There never was, perhaps, a theory more wholly and egregiously unfounded. It would be much nearer to the truth to assert, that among the people of Ireland there was not on this subject a dissentient voice; that the whole nation were unanimously desirous of scriptural education. We do not consider the popish priesthood a part of the nation, nor, in fact, does the policy of their church suffer them to become a part of the people of any country, but merely to continue as the janissaries of superstition unconnected with the nation by any domestic or local tie. We think we shall not exceed the fact, however repugnant it may be to English theory, when we state, that, with the exception of these priests and a very few of their agents, the lay-brothers, who are perhaps the most depraved, superstitious, crafty, and disaffected, inhabitants of the whole empire, there is scarcely a man among the lower classes in Ireland who would not prefer a scriptural education, not only to no education, but actually to any other education whatsoever. Nay, to such a degree does this desire of scriptural education pervade the lower orders, that in numerous instances the heaviest denunciations of their priests, and even excommunication itself, have been found ineffectual to prevent their attendance at schools where the scriptures are read. We shall state only one instance out of the numbers daily falling under our observation which illustrate this position. Most of our readers are aware that a society had been for many years established in Ireland under the name of the Kildare-place Society, the principle of which was, that in all its schools the Bible should be read without note or comment. This society was in fact so liberal in its principles as to have almost incurred the disapprobation of some of the more uncompromising Protestants. It suc-

ceeded, however. The government gave a grant of money to extend its efficacy. It became a general favorite with all classes and persuasions; and had diffused education to a greater extent than has ever been effected by any other system; when the popish priests and agitators became alarmed at a change so fatal to their dominion. They acted a double game; the one threatened the people with excommunication, and the other insinuated in no ambiguous terms the vengeance of the midnight assassin, if they suffered their children to attend the schools. The unhappy peasantry in some cases resisted this outrageous act of inquisitorial tyranny, but in general they were compelled to submit; and as soon as their masters had attained this point, they assailed the government and the legislature with representations of the unpopularity of the Society, and at length succeeded, through the weakness of some, and the want of principle in others, in procuring the withdrawal of the grant, and thus paralyzing the exertions of the Society. It had been the habit of the Society to give annual grants to such of the schoolmasters in connection with it as were found deserving, as well as to supply books and other necessities for the schools, and when necessary, to assist in the building of school-houses. Of course, when the parliamentary grant was withdrawn, these were discontinued for want of means, and many of the schoolmasters were obliged to join other societies. The national grant was transferred to that agent and offspring of the popish priesthood, bombastically denominated the "National Education Board;" the principle of which is to give the children greater qualifications for good or evil, and to take chance to which they will be turned. What was the result? The people in many instances, and even the popish schoolmasters, rather than place themselves under the patronage of this "No-Light Board," as it was emphatically called, although it held out great pecuniary advantages in order to swell its lists, and to make plausible returns, yet went over to the Hibernian Society, one so Protestant and proselytizing in its nature that its leading principle is to insist on the use of the Protestant margin-noted Bible in all its schools, yet to this Society did the

popish peasantry and schoolmasters in many instances attach themselves, in defiance of the infuriated anathemas of their priests, rather than give up the use of the holy Scriptures. But this number was but small; the immense majority yielded to temporal and spiritual terrors, and either relinquished education entirely, or sent their children on particular occasions to make a shew at the schools of the Education Board, which the priests just so far supported by these means as was necessary to enable it to wear the appearance of efficiency, and to prevent the adoption of any better system. Such has been the policy of the popish priesthood; and such their success in deceiving the English nation into listening to them, as if they were expressing the sentiments of their unhappy slaves, who groaned under the success of those measures which they were represented as desiring, and who were at heart attached to that society which these representations had been employed to destroy.

The limits of an article like the present, will not permit us to do more than merely state the general outline of the erroneous theories to which is, in a great measure, to be attributed that almost unbroken train of mismanagement which has rendered Ireland a stain, rather than an ornament, to the British empire. In fact, so uniform has this misgovernment been for centuries past, from the first authentic annals of this country to the present hour, that even when a change of ministry has kindled sanguine anticipations with respect to an improvement in our policy towards every other portion of the world, the people of Ireland—that is, those who hold the property, education and intelligence of the country—look on the change with that dejected indifference which is the result of an almost superstitious feeling, produced by long experience, that Ireland will prove an exception—that towards Ireland all ministers will prove incompetent—that Ireland is doomed to misgovernment—that Irish policy is the Charybdis that swallows up, without hope of benefit, all the systems adopted for her improvement. We have endeavoured to show, not perhaps all the causes of this apparent fatality, and certainly not all, nor even a con-

siderable part of its modes of operation; for we do not wish in this article to notice the misconduct of individual administrations; but at least enough to demonstrate that this state of things is not the consequence of any intrinsic incapacity in the nation to receive improvement, but exclusively of the injudicious means which have been adopted—to the obstinate and perverse adherence to theories wholly at variance with the fact—and to the infatuated practice of consulting rather their avowed enemies than their approved friends, which has so long disgraced, and so often injured the English nation.

We would remind our English brethren, that the annoyance which they are suffering at present from Irish affairs—and we admit that annoyance to be very great—(and we are assured that if they do not most rapidly and completely change their present policy it will soon become incalculably greater, and ere long pass the limits of mere annoyance)—is, in fact, their own fault; and that if they had given to Ireland at the commencement of their dominion here, that attention which it was their duty to give, and which they gave not only to their own country, but to every other portion of the globe which they reduced under their dominion, Ireland would now be the strongest and most attached dependance of the empire, instead of a perpetual source of embarrassment and danger, which it is at present difficult, and soon likely to be impossible, to reduce even within the bounds of nominal allegiance. If Great Britain had paid us regularly the interest of that attention which was our due, we would not now demand the principal; if she had uniformly acted on the sound and conscientious policy of James the First; if she had compelled the colonists to act up to her principles and their duty; if she had made the moral and religious improvement of the people, the development and application of the resources, and the promotion of the agriculture and manufactures of Ireland the first object of her Irish policy, instead of contenting herself with retaining possession by force—controlling, when they interfered with her safety, the effects of ignorance and superstition, without an attempt, or even a desire, to remove

their cause—making use of the peasants for soldiers, and the land to raise provisions for their fleets, but never exerting themselves to teach the former to worship his God, or to render the latter available to the comfort of its population. If Great Britain had even acted towards Ireland with clear, rational, judicious attention to her own interest, that country would now boast the most enlightened, loyal and happy people in the world, and her almost infinite resources would be easily and cheerfully applied to support even more than her share of the burdens of the empire.

Let us, then, hear no more complaints of the time occupied by Irish affairs from those who are at last compelled to smart under the consequences of their own culpable misconduct. The true ground of shame, and sorrow, and indignation is, not that English statesmen and legislators are at length compelled to pay up the long accumulated arrear of attention to Irish interests, but that that attention is directed, not with a sound, conscientious and constitutional endeavour to repair the evils of former neglect, but with a cowardly, unprincipled and blind subservience to sedition and treason; that their acts are calculated, not to promote the cause of religion, good order and peace, but with an impious and suicidal infatuation to hasten on the gigantic strides of their and our ruin.

If, then, we are asked the comprehensive question—"Men and Brethren, what shall we do?" we reply—Relinquish theories; be guided by facts; exert yourselves to become acquainted with these facts; banish from your imagination the idea of any system for tranquillizing Ireland without removing superstition and implanting true religion in its stead; abandon the notion that the evils of Ireland are owing to the existence of *two* parties in the island; and learn, or you will learn when too late, that they are to be attributed to the existence of *one* party in Ireland—the popish priesthood; that that party are, in their nature and essence, hostile to all improvement, and dark, crafty and treacherous enough to render that hostility effectual, and that in proportion to the degree, not that that party are opposed, but that they are yielded to, the miseries of Ireland will increase. Above all things,

protect the poor, misguided slave of Irish popery from the inquisitorial tyranny of the priest, and the murderous dominion of the agitator—grant to the peasant the free exercise of his conscience—instruct, employ, encourage, indulge the peasant; but stand between him and those terrors, whether of the assassin of the body or the assassin of the soul, which are exerted with unrelenting fury to prevent him from availing himself of the opportunities of scriptural education. Away with that offspring of crafty priests and silly ministers—that expensive and ostentatious nuisance, the National Education Board! Restore that system which was dreaded, hated, misrepre-

sented and denounced by the priesthood, because it was loved by the people; extend its root, and it will extend its branches; subject to the heaviest penalties all, whether priest or layman, who shall, by act, word or deed, endeavour to deter the peasant from exerting his free will in sending his children to what school he pleases; tell the seditious agents of Rome that it is not to them you will apply for advice in the improvement of Ireland. Try this course for one year, and you will learn the wishes of Irish natives on the subject of education; persist in it for ten years, and you will have Ireland the brightest gem in the British diadem.

MAN.

Addressed to Lord Byron.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

I.

Thou, whose mysterious name Earth yet can scarcely tell,
 Man—demon—demigod—the birth of Heaven or Hell,
 Byron! whate'er thou art—Spirit of Ill or Good,
 I love thy barbarous lyre and darkly museful mood,
 Even as I love the whirlwind and the thunder's sound,
 And the strong torrent's roar when tempest howls around.
 Night is thy bosom's home and Horror thy domain:
 The eagle, desert-king, thus, too, disdains the plain;
 Like thee he scorns to dwell except on jagged rocks
 Which Winter swathes in snows and lightning vainly shocks,
 And desolate shores whereon the wrecks of storms are lying,
 And battlefields all gory with the dead and dying:
 And while the Bird of Earth, which weakly pipes and grieves,
 Builds by the river's brink its nest in flowers and leaves,
 The other, soaring far where Athos' peak appears,
 His cry o'er the gulf 'mid carcase-carrion rears,
 And there, encompassed round by limbs that writhe and quiver,
 And crags from which black blood trills trickling in a river,
 He hears with savage joy his victims' bootless cries,
 And, cradled by the tempest, slumbers in the skies.

II.

Thou, Byron, too, like this bold outlaw of the air,
 Drawest music from the shrieks of Anguish and Despair.
 Earth is thy slaughterhouse—thy victim's name is Man;
 Like Lucifer's, thine eye has dared the Abyss to scan.
 Renouncing the bright spheres where God and Beauty dwell,
 Thou plungest headlong down, and biddest Hope farewell!

With him—that Evil Power—thy soul in darkness reigns,
 And pours its miseries forth in groans and funeral strains;
 He triumphs—and thy muse, with lamentable skill,
 Awakes the hymn of glory to the Prince of Ill.
 But what avail thy struggles in this blind estate?
 Can thy rebellious reason hope to conquer Fate?
 Thy reason, like thine eye, moves in a bounded sphere:
 Seek not to pass beyond while Sense's captive here.
 Beyond it all is cloud—all baffles—all is *not*.
 Within its narrow round thy God hath marked thy lot.
 How? Wherefore?—Who shall say? His will and word have given
 Breath to the race of Man, form to the circling Heaven,
 Even as His hand hath pied Earth's fields with flowrets fair,
 And sown the Light and Darkness through the unending air.
 He knows it all: Enough—Wisdom is His, and Power.
 And what are we? Dust!—shades!—the ephemera of an hour!
 Our gravest crime is this—as *Men* we seek to know,
 Nor feel that blindfold bondage is our doom below.
 Byron! the word is hard; I spurned it in my youth,
 But wherefore dupe ourselves? Why wrestle with the truth?
 What art thou before God? His handiwork—no more.
 To own thy holy thralldom and in dust adore,
 An atom borne through systems to thy final goal,
 To yield thee to His will with unupbraiding soul,
 And, as His mind conceived thee from the eternal Past,
 To glorify His name while Consciousness shall last,
 To such fate wert thou born!—Ah! blame not Life's Great Giver,
 But rather kiss the yoke thou mayest not hope to shiver.
 Descend from that false height thy maniac daring scaled.
 Whatever is is well; the Godhead hath not failed.
 Seek not to fathom Him whose hand outrolled the skies,
 When grains of sand and worlds are equal in his eyes.

III.

But this harsh law, thou sayest, revolts thy sense of right:
 It strikes thee as unjust—a freak of despot might—
 A clueless labyrinth by Blindness to be trod.
 So, Byron, *let it seem*—yet, yet, judge not thy God!
 My reason is as weak, as dim as thine can be,
 Nor is it mine to expound this world of woes to thee;
 Let Him who gave it birth illumine thee on this:
 For me, the lower I sound the deeper seems the Abyss.
 Here everspringing sorrow is twinborn with sorrow,
 And woe is linked with woe as morrow throngs on morrow;
 Yet, mendicant in means, but *Cæsus*-rich in will,
 Man is a fallen god whose thoughts tend heavenward still.
 Whether—condemned an outcast from the skies to roam—
 He still preserve the memory of his primal home,
 Whether his high desires, though indistinct and dim,
 Be presages of glory yet unveiled to him,
 The one grand Mystery of the Universe is Man.
 Caged in the prison of Sense on Earth's contracted span,
 A slave, he bears a heart aye-panting to be free,
 A thing of sighs and tears, he woos Felicity!
 His mind is dulled with clouds, yet he would all things prove;
 His idols are but clay, yet he would always love!
 How like to Eden's Exile is each mourning mortal!
 An alien from his God and from the glorious Garden,
 He still discerns, through tears, the interdicted Portal,
 And sees the flaming sabre of the cherub-warden.

Still to his weary ears, far-heard and faintly swelling,
Float the ineffable music of the heavenly Dwelling,
The choral notes of Joy, the beatific lays
Of those who in God's bosom celebrate His praise,
Till, from the mocking vision forced to turn away,
He gazes on—*himself*, and shudders in dismay.

IV.

Woe to the wretched one who, bound and groaning here,
Is won by those illusions of a dreamier sphere !
Soon as the nectar's glow—the *ideal* bowl—is quaffed
Nature grows drunk at heart and loathes each homelier draught.
Away she flies and flies, upborne on Fancy's pinions,
Through the Supposed and Vague, the soul's own vast dominions ;
Then is she mistress of the revels in those bowers
Where Love and Science charm the intoxicated hours,
There doth she bathe in seas of loveliness and light,
And slake her thirst of bliss with ever fresh delight ;
Then—then—in thunder calling, Truth invades her sleep,
Her gorgeous halls are dust—she wakes, and wakes to weep !

V.

Alas ! such fate was mine—such is my destiny !
I, too, have madly drained the empoisoned cup, like thee.
Like thee I had eyes and saw not : long I strove to pierce
The impenetrable veil that shrouds the Universe ;
I called on Nature for the secret of her birth ;
I asked its being's end of every shape of Earth ;
Height upon height I clomb, depth below depth explored,
And prayed Earth, Air, and Heaven for one illumining word ;
I anticipated Time ; I traversed eldest ages ;
I passed from shore to shore to gather lore from sages ;
But Nature was and is a clasped scroll for Pride.
Despairing here, to explore the inanimate world I tried :
I buried myself in the heart of Solitude,
Which spake, methought, a tongue my bosom understood.
I studied the great laws whereby the planets roll,
And through the wilds of Heaven bade Newton guide my soul ;
I meditated o'er the ashes of dead nations ;
Rome's sepulchres reëchoed my interrogations :
Troubling the old repose of the world's mightiest ones,
I weighed their urnless dust—I arraigned their whitened bones ;
I asked those bones, that dust, Were *they* designed by Fate
To prove the immortal lot which men anticipate ?
What further shall I say ? Close by the bed of death
I watched the o'erglazed eye, I inhaled the gasper's breath ;
High upon sharp white peaks piercing the dun of Heaven,
Far upon boiling waves by tyrannous tempests driven,
I shrieked, I shouted through the elemental din,
For I believed that (like the ancient Sibyl in
Her frenzy) Nature 'mid convulsions and in storm
Intelligibly spake and gave her oracles form.
I trod her path of flowers, I trod her gloomiest path,
But vainly in her smiles, bootlessly in her wrath
I sought the eternal secret until reason Reeled :
God everywhere I saw, God great, but God concealed.
I saw Good, Ill, Grief, Joy, without design or care,
Showered from His general hand, fall here, there, everywhere ;
I saw Crime laurel-crowned and Virtue without friend,
And I blasphemed that Power I could not comprehend ;

But vain my blasphemies, vain as my prayers had proved,
 Heaven's floor of triple brass repelled my voice unmoved ;
 Till of a time, one day, when, drowned in my despair,
 I had wearied with my plaints the unanswering wastes of air,
 The day-spring from on high on my couched vision burst,
 And I, even I, knelt down and blessed the Might I had cursed ;
 And, yielding up my Spirit to this newborn sway,
 I seized my poet's lyre, while Heaven inspired my lay.

Byron.

Glory to Thee, through Life, in Death, alway,
 Eternal Wisdom, all-upholding Will,
 Whose presence the Unknown of Space doth fill,
 Whose reign Creation publishes each day !
 Thy Providence unsearchable, decreeing
 My existence, spake me from the Abyss of Nought ;
 I answered to Thy call while yet I sought
 Admission at the Vestibule of Being.
 Behold me, Lord ! An atom of the Earth,
 A nullity salutes Thee at its birth !
 From Thee to me what thought can span the distance ?
 For me, who in Thee respire my fleet existence,
 Fashioned by Thee ere Thou to me wert known,
 What didst thou owe me ere I saw the Sun ?
 Nought then—nought since. Glory to Thee alone,
 Framers of all, who overlookest none !
 Employ the work, Great Artist ! of Thy hands ;
 I am here the minister of Thy commands ;
 Dispose, direct, fix, change, through Time, through Space,
 Even as Thou wilt, me, my term, my place ;
 My soul without enquiry or complaint
 Shall yield its powers to Thy divine restraint.
 Like those pale globes which through the Inane of Night,
 Marshalled by Thee, ever pursue their flight,
 I, whether Light or Cloud o'erspread my day,
 Shall follow where Thy finger points the way.
 Whether—called up from old chaotic gloom
 To fret with novel fires the vault on high—
 I shine, a sun, ordained by Thee to illumine
 Surrounding worlds and beam from sky to sky,
 Whether—a thing minute beyond the reach
 Of eye—my place in darkness I shall find,
 A trampled grain of sand upon the beach
 Or atom wafted by the volatile wind,
 Proud of my fate, because it is Thy will,
 I, though next-neighbour to Nonentity,
 Thy grand design shall everywhere fulfil,
 Nor murmur aught save—Glory, Lord, to Thee !

So high, so low not yet ! My doom, as Man,
 Involves a problem which I may not scan.
 I am like that mournful orb which Thou hast given
 To Earth when daylight flees the face of Heaven,
 Whereof one part reflects the empyrean light,
 While one looks out into the waste of Night.

Man is that mystic point wherein the two
 Infinities are fraternised by Thee ;
 As aught but Man less wretched, it is true,
 But still, at worst, that which he ought to be.
 I adore Thy wisdom where least understood :
 Glory to Thee ! All Thou hast wrought is good.
 Supporting daily my downdragging chain,
 I have known through Life little but Care and Pain ;
 I stumble on a lone and lightless mountain,
 Unknowing my forward as my bygone track,
 And vainly call my vanished Youthtime back,
 Which passed, a headlong torrent, from Life's Fountain ;
 Glory to Thee ! Even from my cradle Woe
 Has tossed me as its plaything to and fro ;
 I have steeped my bread of bitterness in tears
 And drunk the waters of Thy wrath long years :
 Glory to Thee ! Thou hast condemned my cries :
 I have glanced with dreary gaze round my clay prison ;
 I have looked to see Thy Day of Justice rise,
 And it has risen,—and for my torment risen !
 Glory to Thee ! The Pure offend Thine eyes !
 One being was left to me below the skies ;
 Her heart and mine, her soul and mine were one ;
 Thyself hadst blended them. Thy will be done !
 Even as a flower blasted while yet in blossom
 Was she torn ere her season from my bosom,
 And this dread blow, that I might suffer all
 Its agony, was tardy in its fall !
 In her expiring lineaments I saw
 Love battling against Nature's changeless law ;
 I saw the vital flame, even while its glow
 Under the damps of Death was ebbing low,
 Afresh rekindling at Affection's ray :
 I cried each morn, O Sun, one other day !
 And, like those criminals of old, whose doom
 Of death immured them, living, in the tomb,
 And whose immovable eyes were ever turned
 On their last hope, the lamp, while yet it burned,
 I would have chained the soul about to fly,
 And watched it flitting from the filmed eye.
 At length, O God ! that soul to thee she sighed :
 She died,—and if with her my hopes, too, died,
 Forgive the blasphemy Despair dictated !
 I abjure it here. I adore Thee, Uncreated !
 Who madest oaks to flourish, fire to burn,
 Ocean to undulate and Man to mourn !

And well have I fulfilled that law for Thee !
 Nature obeys her God unconsciously ;
 I only, led by Reason to adore Thee,
 Here immolate my proud self-will before Thee :
 I, only, from intelligence obey ;
 I, conscious of obedience, shall rejoice
 To hear and follow everywhere, alway,
 My destiny's injunctions and Thy voice.

I adore Thy wisdom in my lost estate,
 I bless Thy goodness in the pains I dree.
 Glory to Thee, Lord ! Strike ! annihilate !
 My last breath shall be—Glory, Lord, to Thee !

VI.

Such was the solemn chant, which long, too long repressed,
 Burst from my lips :—I adored, and Heaven achieved the rest.
 But hush, my lyre ! And thou who knowest so well to move
 Thy fellow-belongs' hearts to anguish and to love ;
 Come, Byron, thou, and wile new magic from its tone !
 For God created Genius for the Truth alone.
 Why must the Powers of Ill monopolise thy praise,
 Till Heaven half envies Hell the music of thy lays ?
 Look to thy God ! Perchance a ray from His bright brow
 May dissipate the gloom that overcasts thee now ;
 Perchance thy heart, forgetting all its pains and wrongs,
 May yet in holy transport throb to thine own songs,
 And thou, at last enlightened by celestial love,
 Mayest share with us the lamp vouchsafed thee from above.
 And ah ! if once, but once, the ambition for that goal
 Thy God would win thee to shall sanctify thy soul,
 If, weary of thy bondage in Death's dark dominions,
 Thou, like a fallen angel, spreadest thy broad pinions,
 And winging thy bold passage skyward, shalt aspire
 To rival the rich music of the eternal choir,
 Never to those blest sounds that ring from sphere to sphere,
 Never to those gold harps Jehovah deigns to hear,
 Never to seraph's lute is, was, or shall be given
 Such melody as thou wilt wake throughout wide Heaven.
 Courage ! legitimate infant of a royal race !
 Thine origin divine stamped on thy front we trace,
 Nor can we look on thee and fail to recognize
 In thee, though eclipsed and dim, a fragment of the skies.
 Sovereign of mighty Song ! know thine own place aright,
 Leave blasphemy to demons and the Sons of Night,
 And, spurning the base incense of a spurious fame,
 (For Glory without Worth is but immortal shame,)
 Come and resume the rank thou hast foregone so long
 Among the myriad legions of that glorious throng
 Whom God first made to people the bright realms above,
 And made for Faith in Him, and Happiness and Love.

J. C. M.

THE JEW AND THE BEGGARMAN — A TALE OF ORIENTAL SWINDLING.

TRANSLATED FROM A PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT IN THE LIBRARY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

CHAPTER I.

HOW RAPHAEL THE JEW DESIRED TO BE A GREAT MAN, AND TO BE MADE A CALIPH.*

THERE lived in the city of Shiraz a Jew, whose name was Raphael, and he was an exceeding cunning man, and gathered up money by all means, until, in process of time, he became very rich, and had gold and silver, and fine garments, and much possessions.

And Raphael said unto himself—"Behold, I am rich and increased with goods, above all the children of my people; and I have gold and silver buried in the ground, and I can buy whatever is to be sold; and yet, though I am very rich, I am, as it were, one of the dishonored of the earth. Of what use is gold unless it can bring respect, and unless people bow down to me as I go forth? Cannot riches buy greatness? for if it is to be sold, I surely will buy it, and I will be no more accounted one of the mean men. I will also become great as well as rich; and then it shall come to pass, that men will forget both who I have been and what I have done; and neither my mean extraction, nor my mean acts shall be remembered, by reason of the greatness which I will buy with my gold; and I will leave a name unto my son that shall come after me; and it shall be that I shall not be forgotten when I die, neither shall my name perish. Yea, my former meanness shall be no more thought of—as, in the gardens of the king, men, when they see the golden oranges upon the tree, think not of the dung that is about its root." These things thought Raphael on his bed at night, and by reason of his thoughts his sleep went from him.

So in the morning he arose, and he went unto the elders of his city. Now, it was the custom in that city that each year they should appoint two men to be

thief-catchers for the city, and Raphael bethought himself that if he could be made thief-catcher he would be somebody, and that perchance he might find opportunity of coming before the king, if he should send any commands unto the thief-catchers of Shiraz, and that thus the King might make him a Caliph, which he coveted exceedingly. And he went unto the elders of his city, and he sought to be appointed thief-catcher. So the men of the city thought of the old proverb, and they saw that there was no man more fit to be thief-catcher for the city, and they chose him accordingly. And lo, Raphael rejoiced, and he was exceeding proud; and he thought within himself—"Now surely when the king sendeth for me that I may catch thieves for him, I shall kneel before the king, and he will make me a Caliph, and all the city will honor me very much."

So Raphael was made thief-catcher for that year. But he was sore disappointed, because he did not kneel before the king, neither was he made a Caliph; and he was very much discomfited, and of a very heavy heart: and when his year had expired, so that he was thief-catcher no more, he went to his home sore distressed, and he would not be comforted; for he had given gold unto the servants of the king, and he made for them great feasts, to the end that they might speak unto their master on his behalf; and he lamented exceedingly the loss of his gold and of his sumptuous banquets; and he wept bitterly when he thought of what he had spent, and that he was not made a Caliph, neither was he thief-catcher any more.

* The word in the original is not correctly rendered by the word Caliph. The Persian word signifies a low degree of nobility, corresponding nearly to our Baronet.

CHAPTER II.

HOW HE MET WITH DANIEL THE BEGGARMAN, AND WHAT HAPPENED HIM.

But there came into the city of Shiraz a beggarman, and his name was Daniel. He was a man of ill-favored countenance, and of an evil tongue, and he was fat and sturdy, and five-and-thirty ill-looking and ragged men followed him, of whom no one knew whence they came or how they had their living; but they were called in the city "the men who broke their oaths;" and he seemed like as if he had a vow, and round his neck he had hanging a symbol like unto a death's head and cross-bones; and he went through the city, and he shook these at all men, until they became sore afraid of him and of his evil tongue; for he spared neither small or great, but he would abuse them exceedingly with every species of ill names, the like of which had never been heard of before; so that by reason of him the whole city was scandalized, and yet was sore afraid; and he had a wallet over his shoulder, and he did call out lustily for meat, and whoever would not put anything into the bag he reviled and slandered, so that many gave unto him for very fear.

Now this man came unto Raphael, and he said unto him—"Behold, now thou desirest to be great, and it is in my power to make thee so." And Raphael wondered; but he said nothing, for he feared the man; and he looked upon the death's head, and he was sore afraid.

Now, Daniel, the Big Beggarman—for so had they called him by reason of his sturdy shape—was, as it hath been said, a man of a foul tongue; and when he chose to revile, he regarded neither virtue nor age; but yet was he at times a man of smooth words, and he could flatter men when it served his ends. So now he spoke softly unto Raphael, and he said unto him—"Wonder not at what I say; for, though I be a beggarman, think not that I am poor or powerless"—and he shook the cross-bones as he spoke—"I have not become a beggar from poverty, nor yet is it because I am greedy of

gain; but I have a vow in heaven, and it is for the good of my country that I take what men put into my wallet: but if thou desirest to be great—of which I know thee to be worthy—I will put thee on the way to become so."

So Raphael hearkened unto his words; and his heart was glad within him as Daniel continued to speak.

"Thou knowest that the King doth hold a council, and that he has desired that certain places of his dominion should send men to be of his council, and to advise with him on what he may do for the good of his subjects in those places from which they come. Now behold he has sent unto a city, of which I know, to send him a man who is wise and prudent, who may tell unto the King the wants of those who dwell therein; and now, what wilt thou give me if I send thee to be the councillor unto the King."

So Raphael rejoiced exceedingly, and he said—"Ask me never so much and I will give it unto thee, if thou wilt make me councillor unto the King."

Then Daniel laughed, and he said—"First, thou must fall down and worship me; yea, thou must lick the dust from off the soles of my feet."

So Raphael knelt down and worshipped Daniel; and he did lick the dust from off the soles of his feet, and behold it was exceeding nasty, and Raphael had well nigh to vomit; but he compelled himself, by reason of his desire to become councillor to the King, and also because he had been used to filthy things, even from his youth up.

Then said Daniel, "Thou hast done well. Now thou must give unto me two thousand pieces of gold, and then I will make thee councillor unto the King."

But Raphael's countenance fell when he heard of the two thousand pieces of gold, and he thought within himself that Daniel might be cheating him of his money; so he took courage, and he said unto Daniel—"How shall thy servant know that I shall indeed be councillor unto the King?"

Then Daniel was wroth, and he said—"Dost thou doubt what I say unto thee? Hast thou not my word; and is not the security good for thy paltry gold, which I take not for mine own sake, but for the good of my country? But if thou wilt now give me one thousand pieces, and promise to give me one thousand other pieces when thou art made councillor, I will be content."

So Raphael was perplexed, and he went and he brought out a bag, and he told a thousand pieces of gold; and Daniel grinned when he saw the gold; but Raphael looked at it wistfully, and he was loth to part it, and he said—

"Let not my lord be wroth; but how shall thy servant know that the men of the city of which thou speakest, which is far off, will indeed choose thy servant to speak for them unto the King? I am a stranger unto them, and I know not what they want, and peradventure they may find some wise man of their own city whom they may send."

Then Daniel explained unto him how it should be, and he said—"Fear not—the men of whom I speak are ignorant, and they know not their own interest, but will do as I say unto them; and if any wise man of their own city should desire to be sent, I will see that he be stoned with stones; so, therefore, thou shalt be sent to speak for them unto the King. Thou knowest also that there are sorcerers in the land that is far off, and that these men do lash the people with whips, so that they are afraid; and I will write unto the sorcerers, and they will compel the people to send thee; and they will make them afraid, so that they shall do as they are commanded; and besides, I will pay men who will come and stone with stones whoever shall say a word against the sorcerers: fear not, therefore, for thou shalt assuredly be sent."

Then Raphael took courage when

he heard of the sorcerers, for he had doings with them of old, and he knew that they were evil men who deceived the people, and his heart was glad; and he said again unto Daniel—"But, does not my lord the King know that the sorcerers are sworn against him to take away his crown from him, and why does he send unto their country for councillors?"

Then Daniel laughed exceedingly, and he said—"Behold, thou speakest as one of the simple ones; dost thou not know that now of a long time the King hath been deceived, and that all the power is given unto the sorcerers now?" And Daniel laughed exceedingly again.

Then Raphael spoke once again—"But it may be that the men of the place may send a letter unto my lord the King, and may tell unto him of the stoning and the sorcerers, and then I may be turned away as one of the wicked men, and shame may come unto me more than honor?"

Now Daniel looked at the gold, and his teeth watered exceedingly to get it; and he said—"Fear not; I will make a covenant with thee, and we will seal it. Give me the thousand pieces of gold and thou shalt be sent unto the King; and when thou art sent, thou shalt pay me yet another thousand; and I will bargain and engage that no writing shall come unto the King which I will not prove to be a lie, so that thou shalt be a councillor unto the King. I will do all, and thou needest not to trouble thyself at all."

So they made the covenant between them twain, and they signed it and sealed it. And Raphael gave unto Daniel the thousand pieces; and Daniel put them in his wallet, and went out to beg in the streets; but Raphael sat him down to think upon the greatness he should have; and he was exceeding puffed up, and said within his heart, now indeed shall I be councillor unto the King.

CHAPTER III.

HOW RAPHAEL WAS MADE BY THE ARTS OF THE SORCERERS COUNCILLOR UNTO THE KING.

Now it happened unto Raphael according as Daniel had said—for Daniel wrote unto the sorcerers whose

servant he was—and he told them that Raphael should be sent to be councillor unto the king; so the men

of the city came together to choose whom they would send—and the sorcerers came too : and the men of whom Daniel had spoken, who brought stones and staves, to the end that they might beat all those who should say aught against the sorcerers.

Then there arose up a man of that city, a rich man and a virtuous man, and who had done much for the men of the place, and he desired that his people might send him to speak for them unto the King ; and he had lived among them from his youth up, and was known unto all the men of that place ; and the men of the city hearkened unto him, and they said, " Behold now thou art a good and a wise man, and thou shalt go for us unto the King, and speak prudent words : why should a stranger whom we know not, speak for us unto the King ? " But the sorcerers, when they heard this, were exceeding wroth, and they said that they would have no man but Raphael ; and the sorcerers spoke most outrageously unto the people, and they said that if they did not do as they commanded them they would cause them to become goats, and they would burn them with fire, and they cursed them by their gods, so that the people were sore afraid by reason of the fierce words of the sorcerers ; and the men whom Daniel and the sorcerers had hired came with stones, and they said whoever would say aught against Raphael should surely be stoned until he died ; and there was an exceeding great commotion. But by reason of the men with stones and staves, the voice of the sorcerers prevailed ; and the chief sorcerer sent a message unto one of the servants of the King, a man with whom he was in league, to the intent that Raphael should speak for the men of that city unto the King.

Then the King's servant went and told Daniel, and Daniel went unto Raphael, and told him the words of the message which he had heard, and Raphael was glad and rejoiced. And Daniel said unto him, " Pay me now the other thousand pieces of gold, for behold I have made thee surely councillor unto the King."

But Raphael thought within himself, and he spake yet again, for he feared

that some of the men of that city would tell of these doings unto the King, and, therefore, he said unto Daniel, " Behold, I am not yet surely councillor unto the King, for it may be that the men of that city will write unto the King, and if I be put away from being councillor, I am not to give thee the other thousand pieces of gold."

Then Daniel waxed wroth, and he cried aloud unto Raphael, " What hast thou to say why thou shouldst not pay me yet another thousand ? Behold, I have made thee councillor unto the King, and thou must abide by thy covenant, and pay me what thou owest ; think not that thou canst deal with me as though I were of the simple ones." And Raphael began to tremble for his thousand pieces of gold. So they looked to the covenant, and behold, it was even as Raphael had said. But Daniel did not heed the writing ; but he said that Raphael should pay yet another thousand ; and he threatened Raphael, and Raphael feared him exceedingly ; but he loved his money also, and altogether he was perplexed.

Then Daniel spoke softly, and he said yet again unto Raphael, " Behold, now I also was bred unto the law, and I was practised in all the arts of the lawyers before I became a beggarman ; and it shall be that if any men of that city do write unto the King, and he make inquisition touching this thing, then fear thou not, for the sorcerers will send men who will swear falsely unto the King, and it shall be that the words of those who say against thee shall not be believed by reason of the oaths of the men whom the sorcerers will send. I also will see that thy cause be pleaded by men who know how to pervert the right, and thou shalt be at no cost at all. Pay me, therefore, what thou owest, and thou shalt surely continue to be councillor unto the King."

Then Raphael hearkened unto his words, and he counted unto him yet another thousand pieces of gold ; and he thought not of the money by reason of his great desire to be councillor unto the King. But Daniel put the money in his wallet, and he went on his way rejoicing.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW RAPHAEL WAS PUT AWAY FROM BEING COUNCILLOR UNTO THE KING.

But the men of that city were angry with Raphael and with the sorcerers, because by reason of their fierce words, and the violence of the men that were with them ; a stranger who knew them not, had been sent to speak for them unto the King ; so they thought and they took counsel together, and they wrote words in a book ; and they wrote how the sorcerers had overcome the voice of the men of the city ; and how they desired that Raphael might not speak for them unto the King. And they sent a trusty man with the books, and they prayed that the King might make inquisition of the matters they set forth.

Now Raphael was of the council of the King, and he was sitting with the rest of the councillors when the writing came in which were written all the words of the men of that city ; and those words were read in the ears of the King, and of all his councillors, and Raphael became pale, and was sore afraid, for he thought of the two thousand pieces of gold, and he was vexed. And the King said unto Raphael, "Are these things true?" And Raphael answered and said unto the King, "they are lies, O King, of mine enemies, who have slandered me unto my lord the King." And he spoke very boldly, even with the boldness of the innocent, for he thought on the words of Daniel, and of the false swearers whom the sorcerers would send.

So the king desired discreet men of his councillors to make inquisition touching the matters set forth in the writing of the men of that city, to the end that if they were true Raphael might be put away from being councillor unto the King, but that if they were not true, the men of that city might be proved liars.

So these men met, and they caused proclamation to be made ; and they sent word unto Raphael and unto the men of that city—but Raphael troubled not himself, for he remembered the words of Daniel that he should be at no further charge.

But behold, Daniel heeded not the cause of Raphael, neither did he get lawyers to plead for him as he had said ; and the men who came from the sorcerers were not believed ; and there was danger that Raphael would be put away from being councillor unto the King. So Raphael went unto Daniel, and he showed him the covenant between them twain ; but Daniel heeded him not, nor made him any answer at all—and he would neither pay men to speak for him, nor give him any money at all.

Then Raphael was at charges, and he brought men to plead for him, and he gave unto lawyers yet other two thousand pieces of gold more than the two thousand which he had given unto Daniel ; but the words of the men of that city prevailed, and Raphael was put away from being councillor unto the King.

CHAPTER V.

HOW RAPHAEL WENT UNTO DANIEL FOR HIS MONEY, AND DANIEL GAVE HIM BIT OF PAPER—AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

Then Raphael was exceeding wroth, and angry with himself, and he went to his house in great tribulation ; and he thought of how Daniel had cheated him, and how he had given so much gold for nothing ; and he was exceedingly vexed. So he rose up, and he went unto Daniel, where Daniel, as his custom was, sat begging and brawling in the highways and in the streets ; and he used hot words, and said unto him, "Didst thou not say that if I gave

thee one thousand pieces of gold I should surely be councillor to the King ? And now, behold I am put away from being so, and I have been at great charges beside. Give me, therefore, back the money, and pay me that which it hath cost me over and above what thou didst bargain for."

But Daniel heeded him not, and he put his one thumb upon his nose, and stretched out his two hands therefrom : for such was the manner of that country

when one scorned another. Then did Raphael say, "Verily, I am an ass;" and Daniel made him no answer, but he put his thumb upon his nose, and showed him the tip of his tongue; and he thought in his own heart that Raphael had rightly said: howbeit, he said nothing.

But Raphael began to revile him still more; but Daniel answered not a word, but put his thumb upon his nose, so that many people gathered together to see the strange sight. And Raphael's voice grew louder and louder, and the people wondered. At last Daniel opened his mouth, and he said—

"I got thy two thousand pieces of gold; and I have been at charges with thee: therefore go thy ways in peace. But that all men may know my honesty, I will give unto thee a token, whereby thou mayest yet get thy money." And Daniel laughed as he spoke; and he took out a bit of paper, and made as though he would write; and when he had put certain marks upon the paper, he handed it unto Raphael, and he said, "Take this in thine hand, and go a long journey, even to the city of Bagdad, and when thou hast come there, tarry yet many days, even according to the days of a woman when she hath conceived; and it shall come to pass that when the days of thy tarrying are expired, thou shalt meet a man

carrying a barrel, and thou shalt show him this token, and he will give thee thy money." And Daniel looked exceeding grave.

And Raphael wist not what to say; but when he saw that the man was mocking him, he was very angry, and then he lifted up his voice and wept, for he had been made a fool of; and he wept for his gold which he should never see again; and all that passed by laughed at Raphael, but Daniel laughed the most of all.

So Raphael went his way: but it came to pass that he wrote all these things in a book, and sent it unto the King and to the council, and unto the men of the city; and though they thought Raphael was rightly served, yet they all thought Daniel was an exceeding great rogue. Besides, about that time he had become exceeding impudent—insomuch so, that he reviled every one, and, in his filthy rags, all polluted with vermin, he would jostle up against all whom he met—yea, he had taken the King's servants by the arm, and had dragged them through all the filth in which he was wont to wallow. So now, men were exceeding wroth; and when they read the book in which were written all the words of Raphael, they rose up with one consent, and

(The original is here illegible.)

LETTER FROM THE REV. MARK BLOXHAM TO THE EDITOR.

[We verily believe that there are some men in the world so unreasonable that nothing will please them; and we further believe that the Rev. Mark Bloxham, author of the "New Paradise Regained," is among the number. Mr. Bloxham is very anxious to be a poet, and certainly belongs to the "genus irritabile." Of course, gentle reader, you have read our review of the "New Paradise Regained." Now only think of Mr. Bloxham being angry with us for that review! and then of his writing us a letter to show this—and charging us in this letter with making false quotations, in order to make his book ridiculous. Works of supererogation we have long since disclaimed. But we have promised to print Mr. Blox-

ham's letter, and, reader, you shall have it. No doubt, you will be anxious to see anything from the pen of so great a genius—who has "taken the shine" out of Milton entirely—if we may borrow the critical expression of Mr. Bloxham's parish clerk—the only favorable critic he has found out yet. But we must be serious, as becomes our pitiable situation; we forget that we are lying under grievous imputations, and besides suffering the wrath of Mr. Bloxham. By the way, Mr. Bloxham should have known that we are not very fond of permitting persons to dispute with us in our own pages. We do not feel much inclined to make an exception in his favour; but there is something so inexpressibly funny in the solemn manner in which Mr.

Bloxham (we wish his name had any other commencement—we are always in danger of putting a different termination) prefers against us the most ludicrous charges of garbling his book, that we cannot resist the temptation of laying his epistle before our readers.

In our defence we will not say a single word. We plead guilty to all

the omissions. Mr. Bloxham has given the extracts both as we printed them and as they appeared in his book. It is for the reader to decide with what intention the omissions were made, and according to which version the "New Paradise Regained" appears more absurd.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—A volume, lately published for me, entitled "Paradise Regained," &c., has been made, I perceive, the subject of an article in your number for this month. On that article I wish to make a few remarks. I am not about to comment on the criticisms it contains, nor on the style and language in which they are conveyed. My object is simply to state, that the majority of the professed quotations from my book are not in accordance with the printed text; and to request you will allow me to set the public right on the subject. I shall not occupy your pages with a detail of the particulars in which my preface has been quoted inaccurately. I shall confine myself to the five extracts, professed to be taken from the "Paradise Regained." Not one of those extracts has been given faithfully. In the first and second, the punctuation only has been altered; in the last, both pointing and words. On those three extracts I shall, however, dwell no further. In the third extract an intermediate line has been omitted. In the fourth, three whole and two half lines have been left out; and a line of the reviewer's compounding, which is not to be found in my whole book, has been introduced. The third article, as given in the article referred to, is as follows:

But whilst the choir
Of hymning cherubs, 'mid their highest notes
Make solemn pause, and o'er his mournful fate
Shed seraph tears!!!

In the published volume, it stands thus:

"But whilst the choir
Of hymning cherubs, 'mid their highest notes,
Make solemn pause, and o'er his mournful fate,
Thus exiled from his brethren, and their God,
Shed seraph tears—"

The fourth extract, as per article:

Within which veil
A something indistinct with brightness, seemed
As if the Sun, to tenfold brightness sworn,
Was car-like borne along, leaving a train
Of fluid blaze, like dazling comet seen
Through glass augmentive; and as it sailed
along,

A glory, like the gas by spirits breathed,
Tinged every object through the wide expanse,
And Tabor lighted up.

As per printed volume:

Within which veil
A something indistinct with brightness, seemed
As if the Sun, to tenfold brightness sworn,
Was car-like borne along—leaving a train
Of fluid blaze, like dazling comet seen
Thro' glass augmentive—or as when the rays
Of Earth's great luminary, thro' a breach
Of sullen clouds dark brooding, forms a line
Of lengthened lustre joining Earth to Heaven;
Such it appeared; and as it sailed along,
A glory, like the gas by spirits breathed,
Tinged every object thro' the wide expanse,
And Tabor lighted up.

I have to request that, in justice to me, you will give this communication a place in your next number.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MARK BLOXHAM.

Portlennone, Oct. 19, 1835.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

THE conclusion of another volume of our journal forms an epoch in our labours that seems to present us with a favourable occasion of saying a few words with regard to ourselves. It is an opportunity which we confess we would not willingly let pass. There are a few observations which we have been for some time anxious to make to our readers, but which could not, without an unpardonable degree of

egotism, be introduced into any of our ordinary papers. In presenting our readers with the sixth volume of our periodical, we may perhaps be permitted to claim the privilege of pausing or a few moments to review our progress for the past, and to consider our prospects for the future. The success of our periodical is a subject in which we may perhaps venture to hope that the lovers of our country are not alto-

gether uninterested—we flatter ourselves that we do not presume too far in calculating upon the good wishes of our countrymen.

We have promised, however, that our words shall be but few, and we will not spend them either in preface or apology. We shall at once proceed to speak of that most interesting subject, OURSELVES; satisfied that we are privileged to regard this as one of those happy occasions that so seldom occur, when self is a topic not altogether proscribed, and when it is possible to be egotistical without being impertinent.

Three years have now elapsed since this periodical was first established. It then had many prejudices to overcome, and many difficulties to contend with. The failure of every preceding Irish periodical induced many to regard the attempt to sustain one as impracticable. As has been the case with Irish affairs of far more weighty moment—men attributed want of success, not to the blunders of management, but to some inexplicable fatality connected with every thing Irish. Those who had failed in the attempt would naturally be inclined to lay the blame any where but where it was deserved. Like the statesmen who have misgoverned the country, they were glad to attribute to the imagined evil destiny of Ireland those failings which a little self-knowledge might have enabled them to trace to a much simpler cause. Having found, however, this mysterious scapegoat, they were fain to lay all their own sins upon its head. The attempt in which they had not succeeded they boldly pronounced impossible—and the evil genius of Ireland was the convenient abstraction that bore the blame that would have more justly belonged to the incompetence of its inventors.

What was, however, so confidently asserted, was very generally believed. A prejudice arose against native literature; and the prophecy that no Irish periodical could ever succeed, tended to contribute to its own accomplishment. The chief difficulty this periodical met with in its starting was the general belief that it must fail. In contemplating the present position of our journal we have many causes for satisfaction; but none greater than this—that it has “lived down” this ca-

lummy upon our country. Its success has proved that an Irish periodical can both exist and flourish; and that if the experiment was never before successful, it was because it was never fairly tried.

We speak thus in no spirit of personal exultation. For ourselves we can take credit but for two qualities—industry and honesty; but these are, perhaps, the qualities most essential to the management of a periodical such as ours. We speak merely of its management. We know that neither industry nor honesty can supply the place of talented contributions; but when this essential requisite is obtained, they can do much towards stamping a character of respectability upon the work. The spirit and liberality of the proprietors have secured for our pages the contributions of the most distinguished native talent, a liberality which has been fully met by disinterested and generous exertion; and while we cannot particularize, we must content ourselves with a general acknowledgment of obligations, the extent of which we fully feel.

With respect to the editorial management of our periodical, the principle upon which we have acted may be summed up in one word, and that word is INDEPENDENCE. Independence in politics—in criticism—in everything. No person or party could ever command our pages upon any other than public grounds; we have never permitted any private influence to control us in the line we thought it our duty to adopt; and we have never suppressed our sentiments from the fear of giving offence. To our political principles we have been steady; and by steadiness to their cause, we are proud to say we have earned the confidence of the Protestants of Ireland—a confidence of which we trust we shall never prove unworthy. It is perhaps needless to pledge ourselves to be true to those principles which we have always, it may be inefficiently but honestly, maintained. Our past political conduct is before the public, it is perhaps the best security that we will not abandon the cause to which, through evil report and good report, we have adhered.

We know that there are those who think that with our political articles there has been mingled, at times, an

unnecessary degree of bitterness and personality. There have been times—the occasions have been rare—when we imagined that our duty called on us to expose the conduct of individuals in high station; and we admit that upon such occasions we have been more anxious to give expression to our feelings than to soften down the language in which those feelings might be conveyed. We feel strongly upon politics; and when we see political baseness in high places, we cannot always tame down the language of our honest indignation to the measured terms of polite discretion. When we felt that the rights of Britons were assailed, we did not hesitate to break down the conventional etiquette which never was intended, which never ought to protect the enormities of dignity and rank. We never have disguised our hatred of apostacy, because it might happen to be seated on the woollack; nor concealed our contempt for meanness, even when found in the wearer of a coronet. With nothing to hope from patronage, and nothing to fear from power, we have never scrupled to denounce the faults or the crimes which seemed to us to endanger the well-being of our country, even though the delinquent might happen to be an Archbishop, a Chancellor, or a Lord Lieutenant.

But while we confess, and glory in the confession, that we have carried to its utmost bounds the liberty of the press, we defy any one to adduce from our pages a single example of its licentiousness. We have never lent ourselves to the detestable occupation of private slander. Our opinions we have expressed, without any other restraint than that which our own sense of propriety imposed; but this is a controul which has ever influenced us; and we cannot recollect that, even in the heat of political excitement, an expression has escaped us of which, in our cooler moments, we have seen reason to be ashamed.

The name of our periodical is a subject upon which we are anxious to make a few observations. It is, perhaps, calculated to give a very false impression as to the nature of the work. We contemplate far more popular, and far more important objects than to send forth to the world a *bulletin* of scientific intelligence, or

a register of academic proceedings. We desire that there should be nothing in our pages to distinguish us as a University Magazine. The truth is, that if we had our name to choose, our present denomination is not the one we would adopt. Few persons are aware of the accidents in which this Magazine originated; and it is needless to detail the circumstances which, in the minds of its projectors, determined its appellation. With the exception of the list of honors, which we generally make it a matter of conscience to insert, there is nothing in our pages to render the name peculiarly appropriate. Still less do we wish it to be supposed that our journal is in anywise the organ of the heads of the University—of them we are perfectly independent. We are anxious, for many reasons, that this should be distinctly understood. While it is but justice to that learned body to state, they are not in any degree responsible for our sentiments upon any subject; it is, perhaps, no more than justice to ourselves to say, that we owe to them neither patronage or support. There is one sense, indeed, in which we may be entitled to the name of the University Magazine—the sense, we believe, in which it was originally adopted—we do claim to speak the sentiments of the great majority of the graduates of the University. Our name was adopted at the period when the wise extension of the franchise had admitted all graduates to a species of connexion with the University; and it was supposed that the title of University Magazine would be an appropriate one for a journal which aspired to be the monthly advocate and representative of the Protestantism, the intelligence, and the respectability of Ireland. Unquestionably the graduates of the University, as a body, combine all these elements in themselves. We cannot, however, help thinking that the selection was injudicious. Unfortunately, in our Irish University, the graduate who has once left her walls has but few associations to bind him to his Alma Mater; and even the extension of the franchise has done little to connect him more closely to the institution, except, perhaps, as it creates the somewhat harsh reminiscence which is annually excited by the never-failing exaction of a pound.

But it is now too late to quarrel with our designation; our space, too, is limited, and we must turn to a more pleasing topic, which it would ill become us to neglect. We cannot omit this opportunity of expressing our deep sense of obligation to the newspaper press of the empire, without distinction of politics or party, for the tone and temper of their criticisms. Severally to express our gratitude to each British journal would be impossible, and to particularize any would be invidious. In Ireland our national undertaking has been kindly looked on, even by those whom we have most uncompromisingly opposed. To the leading Protestant journals of Ireland we are deeply indebted. The *Evening Mail*, a journal which stands triumphantly where it ought to be, at the head of the Irish press, and its honest and excellent ally the *Warder*, have placed us under repeated obligations; while the provincial Protestant press has, almost with one voice, expressed an opinion of our periodical of which we cannot but feel proud.* Support, however, from these journals our principles give us in some degree a right to expect: but even by the radical papers we are received, if not in a spirit of love, yet certainly not of hostility. The criticisms of the *Evening Post* and the *Freeman's Journal* have been anything but unkind. To the latter paper in particular we are indebted for comments, in which, mingled with what we must consider intemperate abuse of our politics, there has ever been a full disposition to appreciate whatever literary merits we may possess. We confess that we feel peculiar pleasure in witnessing a spirit such as this; it proves to us that party spirit has not yet pressed into its service every feeling of Irishmen; it could almost revive the dream that once filled our minds in our younger and more enthusiastic days—a dream that all party distinctions might one day be obliterated, and all Irishmen unite together in the bonds of fraternity and peace.

But we must have done—we must turn from these fond imaginations to the stern duties which belong to our occupation—duties, the labours and the cares of which are not altogether unrelieved by the sweet consciousness

that they are effectual. We took up our pen to say many things—we must lay it down when we have said but a few. Like a traveller who has paused on his way for a few moments' rest and conversation, we have been communing with our friends and readers, and we now again address ourselves to the road. We do so with the feeling that our path is one along which our prospects are brightening at every step. We have toiled up many a rough and arduous steep; we can now look back upon our difficulties as past. We certainly are proud of having at last ESTABLISHED an Irish periodical. It has cost us much of labour and of harassing anxiety; but we are more than repaid in our success. We need hardly say that we shall equally exert our energies to retain the confidence and the favor with which we have been honored; and perhaps the exertion may not be the less efficient, as a rapidly increasing circulation is placing increased resources at our disposal. We have struggled in the days of difficulty and danger; we will not relax our efforts in the days which we may call those of our prosperity. Our most anxious desire is, that whatever influence or power may attend upon our success, we may feel to be a sacred trust, and that in the solemnity of that feeling we may honestly employ them in support of those political and religious principles, by an adherence to which we have risen.

It is time, however, that we should release our readers from a colloquy which probably they have found tedious. We could not present them with the completion of our sixth volume without indulging in a few words of self gratulation; and we shall now take our leave of them for this year, wishing them many happy returns of the merry season of Christmas, at least a season which was once merry in the good old days, and which, in spite of Whigs and Radicals, will be merry yet once more. Let every honest Briton in the land cheer up his heart; and as he takes his Christmas glass, let his sentiment be, that he and we may both survive the reign of Whiggery, and live to keep a truly "merry Christmas" in honester and better times.

* To the 'Cork Evening Herald,' the 'Londonderry Sentinel,' the 'Belfast Guardian,' the 'Belfast News-Letter,' the 'Cork Constitution,' the 'Newry Telegraph,' and the 'Kilkenny Moderator,' we beg to return our sincerest thanks.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MICHAELMAS TERM EXAMINATIONS AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

The names of the successful Candidates in each Rank are arranged, not in the order of Merit, but in the order of Standing on the College Books.

JUNIOR SOPHISTERS.—PRIZES IN SCIENCE.—Senior Prizemen—George A. Shaw, William Lee Junior Prizemen—John James, John M. Lynn, Malachi S. Hussey, Richard W. Biggs, John B. Murphy.

PRIZES IN CLASSICS.—Senior Prizemen—John Walker, Thomas Wrightson, John W. Hallowell, William Lee, John Walsh, James Eccleston. Junior Prizemen—Robert Welsh, Joseph Wilson Higginbotham, Thomas Rice Henn, Joseph Le Fanu, William Kelland, John Orr, James W. K. Disney, John Tyrrell Baylee, John Allen Shone, William Falloon, Thomas Walker Stanley, Frank Voules, Daniel Ryan.

SENIOR FRESHMEN.—PRIZES IN SCIENCE.—Senior Prizemen.—Charles Kelly, Thomas Galwey, Henry Connor, Michael Roberts, Edmond Meredith, John H. Jellett, James A. Lawson. Junior Prizemen—Henry Burke, Robert R. Warden, Edward Owens, Thomas Sanders, Stephen Flanagan, William Roberts, Robert Beere.

PRIZES IN CLASSICS.—Senior Prizemen—Thomas Francis Torrens, Richard Wrightson, William Roberts, John Watson, Patrick Murphy, Cornelius Percy Ring. Junior Prizemen—William Knox, James Douglas, James Hodder, John Francis Walters, Michael Roberts, John Perria, John Robert Minnett, John Ogle, Edmond Meredith, John Marchbanks, John Jellett, James A. Lawson, Henry Edwards, William Ahern.

JUNIOR FRESHMEN.—PRIZES IN SCIENCE.—Senior Prizemen—William B. Blood, George Salmon, Michael M'Cann, Joseph Galbraith. Junior Prizemen—

John Reid, Conway Dobbs, George Kirkpatrick, James Lendrick, Matthew White, Charles Bagot, Archibald Rutherford, Henry Rutherford, Francis M'Gillcuddy, John Coen.

PRIZES IN CLASSICS.—Senior Prizemen—John Storey, Hugh Cairns, John Flanagan, Nicholas Wrixon, Thomas Tracy, John Coen. Junior Prizemen—John O'Neill, G. Salmon, Edward Moriarty, John Laughlin, George Longfield, James Gwynne, William Fausset Black, Robert Peebles, Hugh Law, Richard Longfield, Peter Fawcett, Robert Fulton Neely.

The Senior Moderators are placed in the order of Merit: Junior Moderators in the order of standing on the College Books.

Initio Termini S. Michaelis, habitis Examinationibus pro gradu Baccalaureatus in artibus.

IN MODERATORES SENIORES NOMINANTUR.—In Disciplinis Math. et Phys. 1. M'Dowell, (Georgius); 2. Stack, (Thomas,) Sch; 3 Webb, (Franciscus.) In Ethica et Logica.—1. Davis, (Johannes), Sch. 2. Hughes, (Johannes Gwyggher); 3. Ball, (Johannes) Sch.

IN LITERIS HUMANIORIBUS.—1. Bentley, (Johannes); 2. Owgan, (Henricus), Sch.

IN MODERATORES JUNIORES NOMINANTUR.—In Disciplinis Math. et Phys. —Chichester, (Gulielmus), Sch.; Le Marchant, (Gulielmus H.); Vickers (Henricus Thomas.)

In Ethica et Logica.—Murland, (Jacobus.) Soc. Com.; Stack, (Thomas,) Sch.; Mullins, (Robertus,) Sch.; Townsend, (Aubrey); Davis, (Thomas.)

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